

**DRIFTWOOD**

There were many days last month when the farmers of Nebraska might have plowed, but they waited for moisture and look at us now.

The lawmakers of South Dakota are planning on a capitol building that will make our own state building look like a horse barn in comparison; and South Dakota is a much younger and poorer state than this. Some of our citizens, living along the Missouri bottoms are going so far as to oppose the small appropriation necessary for bracing the cracked south wall of the east wing.

Writing for *Outing Magazine*, John Burrows declares his belief that animals, with the exception of man, never commit suicide. This is not true. Anyone who has ever trapped muskrats will agree that this little animal unless able to gnaw its leg off to escape from the cruel trap will invariably drown itself if in reach of water. So will the beaver under like conditions, and a tantalized rattlesnake will in desperation turn and rend its own flesh, dying from the effect of its own virus.

I've heard there's no such thing as pain, But somehow I can't make it plain That such can really be the case— There's something shoots along my face And through one eye; I cannot tell thoroughly spiritualized as to obtain Its name—I know it hurts like every-thing.

Some say this is but "error," now Though truth or error, anyhow It gives me more than my deserts, And when I say I know it hurts And speak it out before all men, Please do not contradict me then, Lest in the frenzy of my mind I might do something real unkind, If what I suffer is not pain, Please tell me what, and make it plain, If any other name will take Its place I'll be right glad to shake

J. C. Troyer, a civil war veteran, who for three long years endured all kinds of dangers and hardships to keep this old union from breaking in two in the middle, writes to say that he is opposed to the present system of Grand Army parades at the annual reunions of the boys in blue. Mr. Troyer doesn't like the order now observed of having the grand procession led by a military band and a regiment of brave boys from the nearest military station, followed by the mayor and city council and prominent citizens in carriages, all wearing plug hats and imagining themselves the real attraction of the parade; and last the white haired fighting force of the early sixties limping along to the music of the squeaky old fife and the rat-a-tat-tat of the snare drum. He thinks the order ought to be partially reversed, and that the remnants of the battle-scarred veterans of the union ought to occupy carriages while the bottle-scarred politicians of the several city wards hay-foot-straw-foot in the rear of the open buggy containing the mayor and chief of police. That's the thing exactly. Give honors to whom honors are due. The members of the Grand Army of the Republic have had their share of weary marches, and where their annual encampments are held they deserve the free use of the best vehicles in the city.

Neuralgia! tic douloureux! This is a distemper to which people of every age and clime are subject, though it rarely occurs in tropical countries where people live out in the radiant sunlight and perfumed air, wearing little except ivory rings and a tawny complexion. The ravages of this monster are most widespread and fearful when the frost is on the sundog, and the snow is two feet deep. Look at Minnesota! No, don't; it will snowblind. Besides those who live in glass houses should not throw frozen potatoes.

To return, if you have neuralgia you have got something. You cannot see it. You cannot hear it coming down the road proclaiming itself the sovereign grand hell-raiser of the mighty empire of mortal misery, but you know the hour of its arrival, what it is up to while here, and how long it stays.

In the Father's limitless kingdom of worlds and systems of worlds, all the mighty forces that move things are invisible. You see the ponderous steam engine pounding along in the lead of ten coaches, at the rate of sixty miles an hour, but were the cylinders made of glass, the steam as it enters them, still in the hey day of its wonderful expansive power could not be seen by mortal eyes. Here comes the loaded trolley car heekity-split, but who is pulling it? Show me. There is nothing in sight but the motorman with one hand on the brake and the other on the controller. You see him, but he doesn't see you and the next car comes along in ten minutes. But we digress.

The pain of neuralgia is not visible. You cannot put a collar around its neck, fasten a chain to it, lead it out to the barn and tie it in a stall adjoining that of the spotted cow called Speck, where it can howl all night and keep you awake. It is you who will do the howling all right. You cannot gather it up in a basket and put it into cold storage where it will keep all summer and pass for the fresh article in the fall. It has neither length, breadth nor thickness and you cannot spread your fingers around you take off your hat when it comes, put on hot applications and howl like an Indian. Whoope! Wow! Oh, mister! Call it "mortal error," call it anything you please, but if it comes when you call it, you'll be mighty sorry all the way through.

I rise from off the bed where I have lain To sing the power and potency of pain It is, I am convinced, as fully real As anything that anyone can feel.

Some tasks there be that stump the one who tries.

And pain's a thing no one may analyze, But any man whose head is on for fair Will moan responsive when he feels it there.

I took a cold the other day and so Began this siege—I have tic douloureux, A thing which makes a poor benighted cuss, As one might say, forsooth, tic douloureux.

Along this line I could expatiate A whole day, or a half at any rate, But this game eye continues to offend, And pain is pain. If not, say what. The end.

In the recent game at the state house where county option was the issue, the amalgamated association of brewers held all the trump cards. Must have been a misdeal.

It takes the conceit out of a man to serve a term in the legislature. He never accomplishes a hundredth per cent of what he thinks he can when elected, and he goes home wearing a hat a quarter of a size smaller than the one he wore when he came to town.

Again the snow has disappeared, The sky is fair and clear, And this once aching heart is cheered By signs that spring is near. The robin hasn't tuned its throat, I haven't heard it sing, But Adler has my overcoat, And that's a sign of spring.

"Let all things be done with charity:"— 1 Corinthians xvi:14.

Every man has a notion that his way is the right way. If it were otherwise it might be difficult for him to get along with himself and not occasionally fall out and have a row. He may do things as he was taught when a boy, in which case he will modestly give the credit to his father, and manifest his loyalty by declaring that father's way is good enough for him.

Back in the state of New York, where the soil is very rocky and poor but always an abundant rainfall, it was long ago discovered that to get the best results in raising potatoes, it was necessary to set the rows a considerable distance apart and "hill them up" that there might be plenty of earth for the new potatoes to "set" and to develop in. The same system will not work well in Nebraska, for the reason that these "hills" are apt to dry out in the wind and sun, and the spud fails to fill out and mature properly. The better way in this soil and climate is to plow deeply, thoroughly pulverize the soil, plant early, putting the seed in at least three inches below the frost line, then drag and level the ground with a roller. When it comes time to cultivate the same plow used in the cornfield is entirely available and no other cultivation is demanded to insure the largest possible crop. And such great, luscious tubers, with skins that pop open when boiled. Did you ever cover one with codfish gravy, shut your eyes and bear down upon it like a blizzard against a haystack? If you know of anything better it is probably so high priced that the poor cannot afford it. But you cannot convince a native of New York that the way father prepared for a potato crop there is not the way to prepare for one here. More often than otherwise he despises you for even making such a suggestion.

We not only desire that people shall do things our way, but we want them to think as we think, to believe as we believe, and we are apt to blame them if they do not and cannot.

You and I believe that county option is a measure of temperance reform; so do the brewers and distillers, else they would be in favor of it themselves. They maintain that under the license system there is less drinking than in the communities where the lid is on, but their contention doesn't stand the test of reason. The manufacture of booze is not a philanthropic enterprise. It is to satisfy a popular demand already existent or to be created. A system that will extend the general thirst is the one that meets the cordial approval of manufacturers the world over.

Has anyone ever spoken of our old friend Anheuser Busch as a man who did business pro bono publico? He had a railroad built to his palace in St. Louis so he could be put aboard the train without having to be jostled down town in a hack. Who cares for expenses when there is an assured income of fabulous proportions from the sale of something that makes a multitude of headaches, and of heartaches, and does nobody an atom of good under the shining sun?

But what has this to do with the text? The vote in the senate stood twenty to eleven in opposition to letting the farmers have anything to say on the question of license or no license in the counties where they live. Maybe the majority is in the right in this matter. If the farmer doesn't like to do business in a town where there are saloons he has the privilege of hauling his oats to the one that has none. We who believe in county option may feel like abusing the twenty in the senate who voted against the measure, but it is charitable to believe that they did what they thought was right, and there may be the ghost of a possibility that they were right. Possibly these powerful temptations are thrown in the way of man to test his manhood. If he stands up against it like a rock against a tornado, and never gets a scratch, good for him; if he tumbles into the gutter as many have done and will do as long as the opportunity exists and is clothed in the garments of legality and respectability, well, God pity the wife and little ones. They don't get much anywhere else.

I am not very much inclined to say harsh things when people do not think my way.

For I am sure, to put aside all jokes, I make mistakes as well as other folks. Men cannot if they would be of one mind.

And it were folly, then, to be unkind because my neighbor doesn't seem to see the matter in the light that gleams on me.

This is my prayer, and shall be while I stay: Dear Lord, direct my steps along the way.

And give me strength to stand up in the fight

And strike hard blows for what I think is right.

I do not fear to publicly confess I need more wisdom than I now possess, And don't know where to glean it on life's course

Unless I get it from the fountain source, Strengthen my faith until life's race be run,

Let all I do in charity be done, And all my thoughts, as among men I mix, Be less unkind and more forgiving.

BIX.

When Andrew Jackson Davis wrote "Nature's Divine Revelations" he thought he was giving to the world the grandest, compilation of demonstrable truth ever bound in cloth and put upon the market at \$1.50 per volume. In the use of high-sounding phrases he certainly did have some of the old masters looking like a ten-cent novel by the side of Dickens complete in half-morocco. But after reading him, the average man really didn't know what he had read. If anything the mysteries of life were a shade deeper than before. That which was a mystery is a mystery no longer. Dr. G. W. Grammer of Amsterdam, California, has found out the whole story, and has no object in living now save to let it be known to the world. Dr. Grammer knows it all—he says so himself—and he makes this liberal offer: He will tell it all to you, or to any other person who can read plain English, for the nominal sum of \$25, one-half down, the balance in two equal monthly installments. In a leaflet he informs you what you will get when you get it, and the most important fact is this: It will teach you how to live on earth forever. No use of dying at all, and here is the argument:

"The law of change and growth provides that the cells which are worn out and lost in our daily routine of work and thought, shall also be daily renewed, or replaced, and exactly in the same ratio. And the very day that the building or living process decreases in its supply below that of the disintegrating or dying, and the proper ratio of cells and tissue is not kept up; that every day old age and decline begins to steal upon the individual, and keeps apace until it claims its victim for a habitation beneath the sod."

The doctor's reasoning seems logical, but is it? Years ago we had a fine and fat aunt who used to laugh a great deal and was splendid company because of her everlasting good nature. And such doughnuts as that woman could make! The cells worn out and lost in the daily routine of her work were replaced every day and then some. Though a great worker, the process of repair in her fleshly tissues was always more rapid than the tearing down and every year she grew a bit heavier and found it much more difficult to run up hill. One day when she was about her regular household duties she toppled over and died, and the doctors said it was apoplexy. This is merely to illustrate that it will take something more than the rebuilding of broken down tissue to establish eternal life on this cold earth. It may be worth it, but we can't come in on the doctor's game unless he lowers the ante. Our impression is that the fellow is a fat fakir who will have to be dealt with by Uncle Sam for using the mails to secure more money than is honestly coming to him.

I would not assume to hammer On the cause of Dr. Grammer Though in looking through the leaflets that his minions sent to me,

There is born the strong conviction, Without any contradiction, That the doctor is a fakir of a rather low degree.

He would have his patron cherish Hopes that he would never perish, Fill him with the fool delusion he might always stay alive;

All he need is proper knowledge From this Amsterdamster's college, And the knowledge from this college may be had for twenty-five.

**A HORSE AFRAID OF MICE**

He Rears and Whinnys When One Enters His Stall.

(Kansas City Star.)

"Why do you keep so many cats around the station?" John McNarrey, chief of the fire department in the West Side, was asked recently.

"So that Ben can sleep soundly," replied Chief McNarrey.

Ben is one of the fire horses. He is a big bay; kind and gentle. One great trouble Ben has is a constant fear of rats and mice. The instant a rat pokes its head up through a crack in the floor or ventures up too near Ben he throws his front feet on top of the railing which stands two feet from the floor and there he stands until the mouse or rat disappears.

"Talk about a woman making a fuss over a mouse, but a woman isn't in is compared with Ben," Chief McNarrey said recently. "That horse can make more fuss over a mouse than a room full of women. He climbs on top of that railing with his front feet and stamps on the floor with his hind feet. That horse dreams about rats. But Ben is the best horse in the department and we humor him."

Ben and the cats work together. When the horse begins climbing on the railing and making all kinds of noise, the cats have learned that there is a mouse in Ben's corner. They come from all parts of the station and the frightened horse is soon at peace again.

**Of Interest To Women.**

To such women as are not seriously out of health but who have exacting duties to perform, either in the way of household cares or in social duties and functions, which seriously tax their strength, as well as to nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proved a most valuable supporting tonic and invigorating nerve. By its timely use, much serious sickness and suffering may be avoided. The operating table and the surgeons' knife, would it is believed, seldom have to be employed if this most valuable woman's remedy were resorted to in good time. The "Favorite Prescription" has proven a great boon to expectant mothers by preparing the system for the coming of baby, thereby rendering childbirth safe, easy, and almost painless.

Bear in mind, please that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a secret or patent medicine, against which the most intelligent people are quite naturally averse, because of the uncertainty as to their composition and harmless character, but is a MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, a full list of all its ingredients being printed, in plain English, on every bottle wrapper. An examination of this list of ingredients will disclose the fact that it is non-alcoholic in its composition, chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine taking the place of the commonly used alcohol, in its make-up. In this connection it may not be out of place to state that the "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce is the only medicine put up for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, and sold through druggists, all the ingredients of which have the unanimous endorsement of all the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice, and that too as remedies for the ailments for which "Favorite Prescription" is recommended.

A little book of these endorsements will be sent to any address, post-paid, and absolutely free if you request same by postal card, or letter, of Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take as candy.

In the county court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

In the matter of the estate of Guenther K. Plessman, deceased.

State of Nebraska, Lancaster county, ss. To all persons interested in the estate of Guenther K. Plessman, deceased:

Notice is hereby given that on the 12th day of February, 1907, Mary Plessman filed her petition in the county court of Lancaster county Nebraska, praying for the assignment to her for life for the use of herself and the minor heirs of deceased of all the real estate owned by deceased at his death as the homestead of said Gunther K. Plessman.

You and each of you are hereby ordered to show cause, if any, at the county court room in said county on the 11th day of March, 1907, at 1 o'clock p. m., why the prayer of said Mary Plessman should not be granted, and the real estate aforesaid be assigned to her and said minor heirs as a homestead as prayed for in said petition.

Dated this 12th day of February, 1907. FRANK R. WATERS, County Judge.

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