

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS



Safe. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS. Red and Green metallic capsules sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. Buy your Druggist, or send us in stamp for sample. "The English Pennyroyal Pill for Indigestion," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists.

CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO.
120 Madison Square, PHILA., PA.
Mention this paper.

A Preventative of Cornstalk Disease.

The following communication to the Logan County Pioneer may be of interest to our readers:

Dear Sir—I noticed your article on corn stalk disease in your valuable paper and will say I lost three head, but I found out what killed them and I cured the rest of mine. I had twenty head more coming down with it. I noticed my cattle were very restless, traveled around from cornfield back to water tank, drank ten or twelve times a day. When I opened my cattle I found the stomach dry and hot, it showed to me that there had been a great deal of fever. Now my theory is based on these facts; in the fall of the year, for about six weeks, we have very short feed, then we turn our cattle in the corn field, they gorge themselves, their stomachs ferment and sour, digestion stops, which causes the fever that kills the cattle. Nothing will cure them after they are once paralyzed but there is a preventative; I use salt and soda. Take one and a half pounds of soda to one half bushel of fine barrel salt put the same in a box or half barrel, place the same between the water and where they bed nights. My reason for this is, they will take a lick at the salt every time they pass by it; keep the salt and soda well pounded up all the time, in four or five days add another half pound of soda. The fever has all left my cattle. With the exception of four or five days I have had my cattle in the stalks right along. They are doing well up to the present time. Don't give them any other salt. I know I am right.

Yours truly,
C. C. BARBOCK.

MIDWINTER EXCURSION TO FLORIDA.

The Burlington Route again offers a midwinter excursion to Florida, to leave Nebraska ponies Tuesday, January 6. Through standard Pullman sleepers will be run from Lincoln and Omaha to Jacksonville, Florida, during, with the necessity of any change of cars.

The route will be via St. Louis and thence to Jacksonville, Florida, closely following the line of Sherman's famous march to the sea. The journey will be pleasantly broken at Chattanooga, Tennessee, where a day will be spent in visiting Lookout Mountain and other points of historic interest. Those who desire to stop over in St. Louis can join the party en route.

The excursion will be personally conducted by a representative of the Burlington Route who is familiar with points of interest en route and in Florida. After leaving Jacksonville, members of the party will have the choice of a number of attractive side trips, and may return home to their leisure. An exceedingly low rate has been made for this excursion, and the opportunity to escape the snow and ice,

Rasmus Anderson,
Real Estate.

ANDERSON & MOORE.

LEADS FOR SALE AND REPAIR IN Custer county and adjoining counties. Equities and mortgages bought and sold. Abstracts promptly and neatly made.

Office—Main Street, between 4th and 5th Avenues, Broken Bow, Custer County, Nebraska.

J. C. Moore,
Abstracter.

CLOSING OUT SALE!

Having bought the goods of the Carlos Second Hand Store, I will

CLOSE OUT THIS STOCK

at a Bargain. Those desiring to purchase anything in my line will find it to their interest to call at once as these goods must be sold.

Call and see goods and get prices if you want bargains.

Location—in Realty Block, South Side of Public Square.

JUD KAY.

the wintry blasts and coal bills at home is a notable one.

If you contemplate going it would be well to advise me early. In the matter of accommodations, you know, "it's first come, first served."

Booklet giving complete itinerary of the above excursion mailed free to any address on request.

J. Francis, G. P. A.,
Burlington Route,
Omaha.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

Do tired people in the world is dem dat takes de most ease.—"Son."

The only safe investments are education and health.—"Daniel Everett."

The thing I did not pay for I found most expensive.—"The World's People."

You may be sure the devil will bump himself if you don't.—"Those Delightful Americans."

There is no such certainty of knowledge on all subjects as one holds at eighteen and eighty.—"Captain Macklin."

There are greater virtues than thrift. It is better to die penniless than to have been too much of a saver.—"The Unspeakable Scot."

"Let me get over this difficulty somehow," says youth, "that I may play the game of life well." And our hair is turning gray before we learn that the difficulty is the game.—"The Way of Escape."

The knights of the world no longer fight in armor, but in every street of every city there are still men "sans peur et sans reproche," who not only live for love, but who are ready to die for love's sweet sake.—"The Loom of Life."

An Emperor's Strange Fancy.
Strange fancies have taken hold of some men regarding the manner in which their bodies were to be disposed of after death and the ceremonies to be observed at their funerals.

The great Emperor Charles V. had the curious idea of celebrating his own funeral. Shortly before his death he caused a tomb to be made in the chapel of the monastery of Estremadura, to which he had retired after his abdication, and on its completion he was carried to it as though dead. Placed in a coffin and accompanied by a procession, he was borne along, while chants were sung, prayers said and tears shed. After the solemn farce was over he was left alone in the chapel, where he remained a short time before rising out of the coffin.

Too Good Highlanders.

Some years ago a vote was taken among the men of a certain highland regiment (at that time not wearing the kilt) to find out how many would be in favor of wearing the highland costume.

In due time the sergeant major appeared before the commanding officer with the result of the voting.

C. O.—Well, sergeant major, how many are in favor of the kilt?

S. M.—Two men, sir.

C. O.—Only two. Well, I'm glad there are at least two good highlanders in the regiment. What are their names, sergeant major?

S. M.—Privates Patrick O'Brien and Michael Rooney, sir.—Scottish American.

Struck For \$16 a Day.

In San Francisco in 1849 clerks in stores and offices had magnificent salaries. Five dollars a day was the smallest stipend even in the custom house, and one Baptist preacher was paid \$10,000 a year. Laborers received \$1 an hour. A pick or a shovel was worth \$10 and a butcher's knife \$30. At one time the carpenters, who were getting \$12 a day, struck for \$16.

All Tastes Provided For.

Sam—rid de pawson tell his flock dat St. Peter would give dem each a halp? Remus—No; he knew bettah. He told dem dat St. Peter would give dem each a banjo.—Philadelphia Record.

What Started the Jar.

Wife—I wonder how you can look me in the face.

Husband—Oh, a man can get used to anything.—New York Times.

It's easier to explain your neighbor's failure than your own misdirected efforts.—Chicago News.

A HEROIC TRIO.

Travis, Crockett and Bowie and a Neglected American Epic.

The late Frank Norris in an article in the World's Work says that the American epic, which on the shelves of posterity should have stood shoulder to shoulder with the "Heimskringla" and the "Tales of the Nibelungen" and the "Song of Roland," will never be written because the Hector of an ignored "Iliad" has been forgotten. "One of the requirements of an epic—true epic—is the action must devolve upon some great national event. There was no lack of such in those fierce years after forty-nine. Just that long and terrible journey from the Mississippi to the ocean is an epic in itself. Yet no serious attempt has ever been made by an American author to render into prose or verse this event in our history as 'national' in scope, in origin and in results as the Revolution itself. The prairie schooner is as large a figure in the legends as the black ship that bore the Grecians homeward from Troy. The sea meant as much to the Argonauts of the fifties as it did to the ten thousand."

"And the Alamo! There is a trumpet call in the word, and only the look of it on the printed page is a flash of fire, but the very histories slight the deed, and to many an American born under the same flag that the Mexican rifles shot to ribbons on that splendid day the word is meaningless. Yet Thermopylae was less glorious, and in comparison with that siege the investment of Troy was mere wanton riot. At the very least the Texans in that battered adobe church fought for the honor of their flag and the greater glory of their country, not for loot or the possession of the person of an adulteress. Young men are taught to consider the "Iliad," with its butcheries, its glorification of indiscriminate selfishness and vanity, as a classic. Achilles—murderer, egotist, ruffian and liar—is a hero. But the name of Bowie, the name of the man who gave his life to his flag at the Alamo, is perpetuated only in the designation of a knife. Crockett is the hero only of a 'funny story' about a saucious coon, while Travis, the boy commander who did what Gordon with an empire back of him failed to do, is quietly and definitely ignored. He died in defense of an ideal, an epic hero, a legendary figure, formidable, sad. He died fighting down injustice, dishonesty and crime; died 'in his boots,' and the same world that has glorified Achilles and forgotten Travis finds none so poor to do him reverence."

Needless Alarm.

Dangerous things look safe, and safe things look dangerous. The trouble is all in the beholder's eye, as the common expression is. An Englishman was on a voyage to Spain.

Ships were flying by of varying shape, rig and color. One, the Englishman noticed, was bearing slowly down toward him, with her cargo piled on deck half way up the masts. What could she be? How could she hope, laden in this way, to live out the faintest suspicion of a gale?

The English traveler was considerably exercised about her. Something surely ought to be done to make such rascally "deck loading" illegal and impossible. He scanned the vessel with his glass. The breeze was light, but she rode buoyantly. At last a sailor cleared up the mystery.

"Why, sir," he said bluntly, "she's only a coaster loaded with cork."

Advantage of Advertising.

"Will you allow me to ask you a question?" interrupted a man in the audience.

"Certainly, sir," said the spellbinder.

"You have been giving us a lot of figures about immigration, increase in wealth and all that," said the man. "Let's see what you know about figures yourself. How do you find the greatest common divisor?"

Slowly and deliberately the orator took a drink of water.

Then he pointed his finger at the questioner, lightning flashed from his eyes, and he replied in a voice that made the gas jets quiver:

"Advertise for it, you ignoramus!"—Chicago Tribune.

He Caught Him.

Slick (to Blossom)—Is this Mr. Bloomer's office?

Blossom—No. His office is across the hall.

Slick (leaving the door open as he walks out)—Thank you, sir.

Blossom—Hh! Come back and close that door. Haven't you any doors in your house?

Slick—Yes, sir, but they all have springs on 'em. Allow me to show you, sir, my patient double back action door spring. It closes without a bang and is warranted to last a lifetime.

Professor Was Noting Things.

"Wasn't it a terrifying experience," asked his friend, "when you lost your foothold and went sliding down the mountain side?"

"It was exciting, but extremely interesting," said the college professor. "I could not help noticing all the way down with what absolute accuracy I was following along the line of least resistance."—Chicago Tribune.

No Better One.

"Poor Robinson! He couldn't make a living and married a woman with money."

"But isn't he all right now?"

"Hardly. She is so close with it that he has to work harder than ever."

Life.

But They Help Not a Little.

"Of course, clothes don't make the man."

Certainly not."

"At the same time, if you have a new suit you'd better put it on when you go out to ask for credit."—Chicago Post.

WHAT IS A "COLD?"

The Word That Covers a Multitude of Ills Expounded.

Professor Lohnberg, in the Vienna Clinical Review, on an essay on cold in the head, says that the "ordinary cold is no individual complaint, but only a collective name for a large number of different complaints."

He continues: "The attempt to discover a universal remedy against a cold is just as absurd as to search for a generally efficacious remedy for headache." The particular complaint of which the cold is the symptom can only be ascertained by "careful examination of the nasal cavities and neighboring parts." Hence sufferers should be circumspect in the use of remedies.

The professor says only that which is true, but of which the mass of mankind is ignorant. Colds are of innumerable varieties, but the most common one is that which is persistently misunderstood. It is attributed to anything but the right cause, which is a microbe.

All its symptoms are those of a highly infectious fever, and the public instead of blasing the microbe of infection and striving to kill it will persist in denouncing drafts, wet feet, low temperature, etc.

They exclude air, the enemy of the microbe, from their rooms; they supply a temperature in which it can multiply, and, having become thoroughly inoculated by breathing the germ laden atmosphere, they find that a cold current of air causes them to shiver. The shivering of the ordinary mind decides the question of causation.

It is significant of every fever that it begins with shivering, and a cold is no exception.

Cold, wet feet, drafts, etc., are at most only accessories. By putting a greater strain on the animal economy they decrease its resistance to microbial infection.

THE KADIAK BEAR.

His Winter Habits Much Like Those of Bears the World Over.

The Kadiak bear finds no trouble in getting all the food he wants during the berry season and during the run of the various kinds of salmon, which lasts from June until October. At this period he fattens up, and upon this fat he lives through his long winter sleep. When he wakes in the spring, he is very weak and hardly able to move, so his first aim is to recover the use of his legs. This he does by taking short walks when the weather is pleasant, returning to his den every night. This light exercise lasts for a week or so, when he sets out to seek upon the beach kelp, which acts as a purge. He now lives upon roots, principally of the salmon berry bush, and later nibbles the young grass. These carry him along until the salmon arrive, when he becomes exclusively a fish eater until the berries are ripe. I have been told by the natives that just before he goes into his den he eats berries only, and his stomach is now so filled with fat that he really eats but little.

The time when the bears go into winter quarters depends upon the severity of the season. Generally speaking, it is in early November shortly after the cold weather has set in. Most bears sleep uninterruptedly until spring, but occasionally they are found wandering about in midwinter. My natives seemed to think that only those bears which have found uncomfortable quarters are restless and that they leave their dens at this time of the year only for the purpose of finding better ones.—From "Big Game of Western Alaska," by James H. Kidder, in Owing.

Exonerated.

Three-year-old Jack had pulled a large bunch of nasturtiums in his grandmother's yard, though strictly forbidden to touch the flowers. A court martial was held, with grandma as judge advocate.

"Jack," she said, "who pulled grandma's flowers?"

With a sad countenance the beautiful little fellow replied, "Kathleen" (his elder sister).

Then the grandfather, a rather stern old gentleman and a great stickler for truth, spoke up.

"Jack, be a man and say, 'I did it!'"

With a beaming expression of relief Jack cried out, "Oh, yes; grandpa did it!"—Judge.

The Royal "We."

There has been a tendency of late years on the part of royal personages to discontinue the use of we and substitute I. Before the reign of Richard I. ("Ego") was always used, Richard I being the first sovereign in Europe to use the royal "we" (Nos). What gave rise to the change is a moot point. Richard I. was the first king to seal with a seal of arms which bore two lions, and it has been suggested that the lions were typical of the royal "we" and occasioned its use.—London Chronicle.

Questioned Too Closely.

Tess—You and Miss Sere don't seem to be good friends. What's the matter?

Jess—Why, she remarked that she was twenty-four years old, and—

Tess—And you doubted it?

Jess—Not at all. I merely said, "Of course, but when?"—Philadelphia Press.