

Custer County Republican

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BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

The hardest woman to please is the one who doesn't know what she wants.

It takes a clever woman to make the story of her aches and pains interesting.

The man who doesn't think he has the smartest baby on earth has no baby.

The matter of regulating the trusts would be simplified greatly if all the good trusts had strawberry marks.

J. Pierpont Morgan is said to have been very proficient in mathematics as a schoolboy. And he has been figuring ever since.

A woman at the head of the greatest gun factories in the world will make the former references to the timid and gentle sex a trifle uncalled for.

To become really popular the School of Domestic Arts and Sciences should teach how to incorporate poison with candy so as to avoid the detection.

A woman in the Postoffice Department at Washington gave up her husband rather than lose her job. Husbands can be obtained without a civil service examination.

Take one young man with several unnecessary, expensive habits, and one young woman who is lazy, careless and wasteful, and we have a good recipe for either continuous poverty or speedy divorce.

A Kansas jury has established a precedent which may have a bad effect upon brutal husbands. A man who had been arrested for beating his wife was acquitted on the ground that the wife deserved the whipping.

Carnegie denies the report that he is going to give his little daughter a \$2,500,000 house. He says he doesn't want the child to get a notion that she has "great expectations." Still, it will be a wonder if somebody doesn't tell her about it.

It is estimated that the postal cards used in this country during the past year would fill 177 freight cars. It would not be surprising if several of them got through without being read except by the persons to whom they were addressed.

Fate does not seem inclined to respect the Salic law in Russia or in Italy. Instead of providing male heirs to the throne of the Czar and of the King, it has supplied Nicholas with four daughters and no son, and recently it gave to Victor Emmanuel a second daughter, when he would have been delighted with an heir whom he might have called the Prince of Rome.

Stone, wood, glass, brick and cinders have been used for street pavements, and now they are experimenting with steel in New York. Two strips of steel a foot wide have been laid down in the middle of a street, for a distance of a mile, for the use of heavy trucks, and the advocates of this kind of supplementary paving believe that it will be generally adopted for streets on which there is much traffic. They point to its successful use in Spain, where a two-mile stretch of road from Valencia to Grao is now kept in order for little more than one-fifth of the former expense.

What the Spanish authorities believe to be the ashes of Christopher Columbus were deposited in a special mausoleum in Seville last month. They are the ashes which were removed from the cathedral in Santo Domingo and taken to Havana after the Spanish ceded the island in 1795. When Cuba ceased to be Spanish territory the ashes were carried to Spain. The people of Santo Domingo insist that the remains of Columbus still rest in their cathedral, and that when, in the eighteenth century, the Spaniards removed the sarcophagus, they took the one which contained the body of the eldest son of the explorer. That their claim is well founded was conclusively shown by F. A. Ober in an account of his investigations into the subject for the Columbian Exposition. Aside from the merits of the controversy, there is something tragic in the determination of the Spanish in their progressive retreat from their American empire to carry back with them what they believe to be the body of the man who opened that empire to them.

If we are to sterilize the mouths of telephones, every day, to kill the bacteria and prevent infection, and are to scrub the door knobs every day for the same reason, why not be consistent and go on scrubbing and scrubbing everything with which we come in contact? If these bacteria must be cleaned out once a day, why not once an hour, or once a minute? The pestiferous things are apt to get in any second. Of course, everybody knows that drinking water must be not only boiled, but distilled. We have all often enough been warned that handshaking is dangerous and kissing deadly. All of which warning we have all duly observed, of course. Now, after having long and virtuously refrained from water as God made it and from the other enticements, it is hard to be informed by the bacteriologists that we still are in momentary danger from microbes unless we scrub, scrub, scrub. And when we get used to the scrub-

bing, and learn to look upon it as a matter of course instead of a hardship, may not the microbes steal another march upon us through the scrub brush? Maybe we shall have to sterilize the soap and then sterilize the sterilizer. Bacteriologists are insatiable. They never know where to stop. But their demands, if fully acceded to, would leave us no time to make a living. It would be scrub, scrub with us all the time. And while saving ourselves from death from microbes, we would die of starvation. The farmer instead of plowing, would put in all his time killing the microbes on his plow handles; the butcher, instead of killing beef, would never cease to scourg his knife and cleaver, and there would be nothing produced to eat. This sort of thing may very easily be carried too far. The bacteriologists must learn to draw the line somewhere. We shall soon become as ridiculous as the old Salemites in the days of witchcraft.

Since the first of 1902 nearly 30,000 emigrants have moved from the United States over into Canada. The Canadian Minister of the Interior estimates the land bought in Canada by Americans at about 10,000,000 acres. This sounds big, and England is stirred up accordingly. The English Economic Review treats it as a grave question. The Americanization of Canada at this rate is feared to be a matter of but a few years. All of which only illustrates the English ignorance of Canadian conditions. Ten million acres is a lot of land, but it does not seem so much, compared with the 25,000,000 in Manitoba, the 50,000,000 farther west in Assiniboia, the 60,000,000 north of Assiniboia in Saskatchewan, and the 60,000,000 west of both Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, in Alberta. Here are 205,000,000 acres still open to settlement. There is plenty of room in the great Canadian wheat lands for all comers. Of course, if the English and Scotch do not enter upon these lands, the ever-alert American is bound to do so. The American land company now has an option upon 2,000,000 acres in Ontario. The article in the English Economic Review lays stress upon the fact that American emigrants go into Canada thoroughly imbued with the Monroe doctrine and determined to become the controlling political quantity. This, of course, is merely nightmare. As a matter of fact, few American farmers of the class that are going to Canada know or care anything about the Monroe doctrine. They are going there to build homes, to develop the land and to make money. None would be so amazed as themselves to learn that England is excited in the apprehension that they are political agitators—they who have more concern for their crops than for all the politics in the world. It is not a political conquest of Canada by the Americans that England needs to fear. It is an industrial and commercial conquest.

ALARM TO WAKEN THE DEAF.

Of Course They Do Not Hear It, but Slumber Takes Its Flight.

An alarm clock for deaf mutes is the novel invention of Eliza Cretzer, a deaf mute in the employ of the Washoe smelting plant, who resides at 15 Birch street, says the Anaconda Standard. How to awake at a certain hour has long been a problem among these unfortunate people, and in Mr. Cretzer's invention the solution has been found. Of course, the ordinary alarm clock has been useless. Mr. Cretzer, who is an ingenious fellow, is a water and flume tender at the Washoe smelter. His work necessitates his rising at an early hour in the morning, and as he has no means of awakening he has lost many days of work by being late. He accordingly set about inventing an apparatus by which he could always be on time.

The dropping of a pillow on the sleeping person is the awakening agent, and it is operated so that the pillow falls at the desired time. An ordinary alarm clock is placed in a cigar box which fits it closely. It is then nailed to the wall at the head of the bed. A string connects the clapper of the alarm clock with an ordinary spring mouse trap fastened to the top of the cigar box. By a system of small pulleys and screw eyes a pillow is fastened to the end of a string and pulled to the ceiling directly above the bed. An ingenious arrangement connects the other end of the string to the mouse trap. The clock is set, and when the alarm goes off the string attached to the bell clapper springs the mouse trap and releases the pillow, which drops on the persons sleeping in the bed beneath. "When it does not hit me it hits my wife," Mr. Cretzer wrote on a piece of paper, "and so I never miss a day any more."

Picture Gallery of Stone Age.

A picture gallery that dates from the stone age has been unearthed in a cavern near Eyzies, France. The pictures which are all of prehistoric animals were not only cut in the rocks, as it is usually the case with such representations, but were painted in several colors, and gives some evidence of the artistic skill. There were eighty pictures, of which forty-nine represent bison, of various kinds. The pigment used, which are shades of red and brown, have been found, on analysis by Moissan, the eminent French chemist, to be ochres mixed with minute fragments of transparent silica.

If you yawn when out in company it indicates that you are really in such demand in society that you haven't been able to get to bed before midnight in a week.

It is the average woman's wall that when she is sick she has to crawl around and wait on herself.

BEAUTY AND PURITY

Ancient and Modern Ideas on the Subject. Time and Disease the Effacing Agents of Beauty. What Has Science Done to Restore the Lily and the Rose?

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny. Plato a privilege of nature. Theophrastus a delightful prejudice. Theophrastus a silent cheat, Carneades a solitary kingdom. Homer a generous gift of nature. Ovid a favor of the gods. Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world, and yet none of these distinguished authorities has left us even a hint of how beauty is to be perpetuated, or the ravages of age and disease defied. Time soon bleeds the lily and the rose into the mire of age, disease dots the fair face with cutaneous disfigurements and crimson spots, the Roman nose with unsightly flukes, moth, if not rust, corrupts the glory of eyes, teeth, and lips yet beautiful by defacing the complexion, and fills the sensitive soul with agony unexpressed.

If such be the unhappy condition of one afflicted with slight skin blemishes, what must be the feelings of those in whom torturing humors have for years run riot, covering the skin with scales and sores and charging the blood with poisonous elements to become a part of the system until death? It is vain to attempt to portray such suffering. Death in many cases might be considered a blessing. The blood and fluids seem to be impregnated with a fiery element which, when discharged through the pores upon the surface of the body, inflames and burns until, in his efforts for relief, the patient tears the skin with his nails, and not until the blood flows does sufficient relief come to cause him to desist.

Thus do complexional defects merge into torturing disease, and piqued vanity give place to real suffering. A little wart on the nose or cheek grows into the all-devouring lupus, a patch of tetter on the palm of the hand or on the limbs suddenly envelops the body in its fiery embrace, a bruise on the leg expands into a gawing ulcer, which reaches out its fangs to the sufferer's heart in every paroxysm of pain, a small kernel in the neck multiplies into a dozen, which eat away the vitality, great pearl-like scales grow from little rash-like inflammations, in such abundance as to pass credulity, and so on may we depict the sufferings to which poor human nature is subject, all of which involve great mental distress because of personal disfigurements.

If there were not another external disease known, eczema alone would be a sufficient infliction on mankind. It pervades all classes, and descends impartially through generations. While some are constantly enveloped in it, others have it confined to limbs, patches in the ears, on the scalp, on the breast, on the palms of the hands, on the limbs, etc., but everywhere its distinctive feature is a small watery blister, which discharges an acrid fluid, causing heat, inflammation, and intense itching. Ring-worm, tetter, scalded head, dandruff, belong to this scaly and itching order of diseases.

Psoriasis, our modern leprosy, with its mother-of-pearl scales, situated on the limbs, abdomen, and neck, bleeds upon the removal of the scale, is to be dreaded and avoided, as of old. Impetigo, barber's itch, erysipelas, and a score of minor disorders make up in part the catalogue of external diseases of the skin. Thus far we have made no allusion to those afflictions which are manifestly impurities of the blood, viz.: swelling of the glands of the throat, ulcers on the neck and limbs, tumors, abscesses, and mercurial poisoning, with loss of hair, because the whole list can be comprehended in the one word scrofula.

It is in the treatment of torturing, disfiguring humors and affections of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, that the Cuticura remedies have achieved their greatest success. Original in composition, scientifically compounded, absolutely pure, unchangeable in any climate, always ready, and agreeable, a remedial, economical, and comprehensive. Bathe the affected parts freely with hot water and Cuticura soap, to cleanse the surface of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle. Dry, without hard rubbing, and apply Cuticura Ointment

to allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and, lastly, take Cuticura Resolvent, to cool and cleanse the blood. This treatment affords instant relief, permits rest and sleep in the severest forms of eczema and other itching, burning, and scaly humors, and points to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure of torturing, disfiguring humors, eczemas, rashes, and inflammations, from infancy to old age, when all other remedies and the best physicians fail. The remedies constituting the Cuticura system will repay an individual scrutiny of their remarkable properties.

Cuticura Soap contains in a modified form the medicinal properties of Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure and purest and sweetest of emollients, combined with the most delicate and refreshing of flower odors. It purifies and invigorates the pores of the skin, and imparts activity to the oil glands and tubes, thus furnishing an outlet for unwholesome matter, which if retained would cause pimples, blackheads, rashes, oily, mothy skin, and other complexional disfigurements, as well as scalp affections and irritations, falling hair, and baby rashes. Its gentle and continuous action on the oral lubricators of the skin keeps the latter transparent, soft, flexible, and healthy. Hence its constant use, assisted by an occasional use of Cuticura Ointment, realizes the fairest complexion, the softest, whitest hands, and the most luxuriant, glossy hair within the domain of the most advanced scientific knowledge to supply.

Cuticura Ointment is the most successful external curative for torturing, disfiguring humors of the skin and scalp, including loss of hair, in proof of which a single anointing with it, preceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap, and followed in the severest cases by a full dose of Cuticura Resolvent, is sufficient to afford immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning, and scaly humors, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure when all other remedies fail. It is especially so in the treatment of infants and children, cleansing, soothing, and healing the most distressing of infantile humors, and preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, and hair.

Cuticura Ointment possesses, at the same time, the charm of satisfying the simple wants of the toilet of all ages, in caring for the skin, scalp, hair, and hands far more effectually, agreeably, and economically than the most expensive of toilet emollients, while free from every ingredient of a doubtful or dangerous character. Its "One Night Treatment of the Hands," or "Single Treatment of the Hair," or use after athletics, cycling, golf, tennis, riding, sparring, or any sport, each in connection with the use of Cuticura Soap, is sufficient evidence of this.

Of all remedies for the purification of the blood and circulating fluids, none approaches in specific medical action Cuticura Resolvent. It neutralizes and resolves away (hence its name) scrofulous, inherited, and other humors in the blood, which give rise to swellings of the glands, pains in the bones, and torturing, disfiguring eruptions of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair.

Cuticura Resolvent extends its purifying influence by means of the pores to the surface of the skin, allaying irritation, inflammation, itching, and burning, and soothing and healing. Hence its success in the treatment of distressing humors of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, which fail to be permanently cured by external remedies alone.

The grandest testimonial that can be offered Cuticura remedies is their world-wide sale, due to the personal recommendations of those who have used them. It is difficult to realize the mighty growth of the business done while free from every ingredient of a doubtful or dangerous character. The confidence of the earth are the only limits to their growth. They have conquered the world.

To the test of popular judgment all things mundane must finally come. The civilized world has rendered its verdict in favor of Cuticura.

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"Apropos of the recent death of Thomas Nast, the cartoonist," said the Doctor, "I am reminded that I have at home Nast's double-page picture representing the grief of the nation over the death of Lincoln. It was a magnificent emblematic picture, published without title or line of explanation. In the center was the coffin, marked 'Lincoln,' and bending over it the figure of Columbia. To the right, in the upper corner, was the figure of a soldier, with head bowed and face half hidden, and in the left corner the figure of an army officer who had thrown himself down in utter despair.

"I kept the picture because of that officer's figure. The drooping of the arms, the drooping head, and nerveless body, expressed so truly my own feeling when I heard of Lincoln's death that it seemed to me Nast had put himself in the soldier's place, and I have the picture now, as well as the ones that came later, emblematic of the victory won by the army and navy and the dawn of peace. It is a mistake to say that Nast waited until his later years to give his idea of Lee's surrender. He gave it at the time of the surrender.

"In his double-page picture 'Blessed Are the Peacemakers,' he drew on one side Christ's entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday and on the other the surrender of Lee. In the latter Grant dominated the scene, and standing in the center of the picture seemed taller than Lee and the more stately figure. I know that Nast clung tenaciously to this idea, even when talking to Confederate officers, and that in his large painting he followed the lines marked out in the cartoon of April, 1865, 'Blessed Are the Peacemakers.'

"I have one of Nast's pictures," said the Sergeant, "a little one published early in 1865, when Lincoln was at City Point. The President is seated on a stump, with his long legs stretched out to their full length and supporting a drum, on which the President is writing a note to Stanton, saying: 'All seems well with us.' Under the picture was the line 'From Our Regular Correspondent.' The picture was the more timely because at that time the War Department was publishing for Confederate officers, and that in his large painting he followed the lines marked out in the cartoon of April, 1865, 'Blessed Are the Peacemakers.'

"Nast never made a war scene as any other artist would have made it, and he always wanted to be first with an idea. Several times he was fretted because the slow work on Harper's Weekly made it appear that some of his cartoons, prepared days before, were not unlike those appearing about the same time in the daily newspapers. In 1872 he prepared a cartoon in which Horace Greeley was represented as going down into a pit crowded with Democratic issues he had opposed and leaders he had abused. On the day that the cartoon was published, D. R. Locke, published in the Toledo Blade a Nasby letter elaborating the same idea.

"Nasby took Greeley down among the ghosts of his old political affiliations and described in his way the scene which Nast pictured. There were two greatly disturbed men that day—Nast, fearing that the public would jump to the conclusion that he had stolen his idea from Nasby and the latter fearing that Nast and the public would believe he had borrowed his idea from the cartoonist. A comparison of notes and dates, however, showed the two men had been working on the idea for two weeks, and that the suggestion came to each about the same time. But as Nasby was wont to remark, neither one of them could prove it to the satisfaction of the public."

"I was present," said the Colonel, "at the meeting in 1879, at which General Thomas L. Crittenden of our old corps presented to Nast, in the name of 3,500 army and naval officers, as testimonial of their regard, a loving cup shaped like a canteen. At that meeting it was clear that not a few Confederates had a liking for Nast, one of Mosby's men saying to me that Nast's pictures of rebel guerrillas were the real boys, and they forgave him his bitterness because of the fine spirit he put into men and horses."

"That reminds me," said the Captain, "of an unusual experience with some of Mosby's men. I was in hospital in Washington July, 1864, when Jubal Early made his raid on the capital and a little later I started to return to my command in the Shenandoah valley. When we reached the end of the railroad from Harper's ferry to Winchester we had to take ambulances and horses to reach the front. I was a little slow in leaving the car and as there was no room for me in the ambulance myself and comrade, much against our will, took horses and rode off.

"This saved us, because Mosby's men raided over line that night and every man in the ambulance was reported killed. This led to retaliation in Sheridan's part, who shot some of Mosby's men, and Mosby in turn shot some of Sheridan's men held as pris-

oners. After the war, I met the Captain who in one case carried out Mosby's orders to hang fifteen prisoners. He told me that on his way to the scene of execution one of the prisoners appealed to him because of some mystic tie, which he didn't explain, and another, a mere boy, because he was the only son of a widowed mother, his father having been killed earlier in the war.

"In the course of the march the Captain met other squads of Mosby's men with prisoners, and privately effected an exchange, letting his Masonic friend and the boy go forward to the ordinary fortunes of war and taking the unoffending substitutes to certain death. My Confederate Captain always insisted that the ambulance was fired upon by Mosby's men because the driver would not halt when ordered to, and at the urging of those inside tried to escape. He didn't defend the retaliatory measures, but thought his unauthorized exchange of prisoners right."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Not That Kind of a Staff.
"Did you ever hear," asked one of "Black Jack's" men, "how General Logan once met his match right here in Chicago? It was just before the capture of Savannah, and General Logan and three members of his staff went down to the railroad station to take the train for the East on his way to rejoin his command.

"The General, walking a little ahead of his staff officers, started to enter a car, but was stopped by an Irish attendant.

"You'll not be goin' in there," said the Irishman to the General.



"And why not?" said General Logan.

"Because that's a leddies' car and no man'll be goin' in there without a leddy. There's wan seat left in the next car there you kin have ef ye want it."

"Yes, I see there's one seat vacant, but where will I put my staff?"
"Bother yer staff," answered the Irishman, "go you and take the seat and stick yer staff out of the windy."—Chicago Tribune.

A Remarkable Incident.
When the war broke out a young man named Roberts, living in Dodgeville, Wis., joined a company commanded by Captain Thomas Allen, which afterward incorporated in the Second Wisconsin Volunteers, and was present at the battle of Bull Run. The intelligence came to young Roberts' family that he was slain upon the battlefield, and his body left to be buried by the victorious enemy. This news nearly killed his affectionate mother, and she and all the family went into mourning for the patriotic youth. Four long months the family lamented the dead. What then could depict their unspeakable astonishment when, six months after the battle, the young man entered the door of his home, hearty and well.

Briefly told, his story was this: He had been left severely wounded with many others on the battlefield. After the fight was over and his friends retreated, a Confederate soldier, supposing Roberts dead, began to rifle his pockets. The Yankee revived, and objected to this whereupon the man returned the article he had taken and gave him a drink. Then he had the wounded foe carried to a hospital, where he was cared for until completely restored to health, after which he was sent to Libby Prison. He had tried to get a letter to his mother, but without success. When, at length, he was exchanged he made his way to Dodgeville without delay, where for many a day he was looked on as one who had risen from the dead.

There's the Rub.
Wiseman—Here's an account of another hunter lost in the woods. Every hunter should carry a pocket compass.

Dumley—Why, how would that help him?

Wiseman—Help him to get out, of course. The needle of the compass always points to the north.

Dumley—Ah! but suppose he wanted to go to the east, south or west?—Catholic Standard and Times.

Incredible.
Telegraph Editor—Here's a dispatch about a thief that broke into a house last night and stole an accordion valued at \$100. Better head it "Strange Story?"

Night Editor—No, head it "Two Strange Stories"—first, that any accordion was ever valued at \$100; and second, that anybody on earth would ever want to steal it.—Chicago Tribune.

Terrence, the dramatist, was a slave.

Capsicum Vaseline

Put Up in Collapsible Tubes.

A Substitute for and Superior to Mustard or any plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The penetrating and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external remedy known, as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "It is the best of all your preparations."

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