

D. M. AMSHERRY, EDITOR & PUBLISHER

BROKEN BOW NEBRASKA

The man that beat the Russian cork trust was a corker.

At last accounts Mr. Rockefeller was worrying along with the same poor old stomach.

When a man is complimented he thinks others are beginning to see him as he sees himself.

The suggestion that the cigar trust will be beaten by refusal of the public to buy cigars sounds suspiciously like a pipe dream.

Herr Behel says that the United States is destined to outstrip all Europe in the size of its armaments. Heaven forbid!

Lieutenant Peary also believes that life began at the north pole, and if any one will put up the money he will try to find the proofs.

A Southern railroad has decided that hereafter it will employ married men only. Anxious and yearning Yankee spinsters are consulting time-tables.

Admiral Dewey believes that the American navy was never so ably prepared for war as at the present. This being the case, there is no reason why we should not have peace.

The beef eater is the world conqueror. Do we discern in this horse meat factory project from Germany a plot of the Kaiser's to undermine the foundations of our national greatness?

The Mayor of San Juan, Porto Rico, has been arrested for malfeasance. Was this something carried over from the Spanish regime, or is it the result of an indiscreet application of American municipal "politics"?

The army of the Sultan of Morocco is armed with flintlocks and muzzle loaders, and his people believe that the devil invented the cannon. How can civilization be expected to flourish in such a pitiful country as that?

A Yale professor claims to have discovered that all life originated at the north pole and that man came from the primates through fire. This of course happened long before the coal combinations got to doing business.

Kipling is reported as saying that the reason he does not visit the United States is that some of his wife's relatives are still living here. This remark, if true, would stamp him not only as the poet of force, but as the possessor of an immense and most unpleasant growth.

Proof is again afforded of the beneficent wisdom of nature. A professor in the University of Michigan has discovered that the hearing of girls is more acute than that of boys. This greater sensitiveness doubtless exists that the faintest whisper of the fateful question may not escape the listening ear.

One hundred and fifty busts of Washington were put in the public schools of New York City last year by a citizen who believed that the patriotism of the children would be fostered by a daily reminder of the example of the first President. A similar number of busts of Lincoln are to be put in the same schools this year, to show the youth that patriotism did not die with Washington. There may be some schools in other parts of the country which could not accommodate a sculptured bust, but there is none so small that it may not find a place for pictures of Lincoln and Washington.

Farming is much like any other business. Success in it depends chiefly on the man. There are a great many farms within a hundred miles of New York City owners of which would be glad to turn their backs on them and live in the town; but the owner of one farm of eighty acres at the eastern end of Long Island is content. He raises more than twenty thousand dollars' worth of vegetables every year, at a cost of about ten thousand dollars for labor and fertilizers, leaving a good balance to pay for his own supervision. This is an exceptional case, but it is interesting, because what one man can do a hundred miles away from his chief market can be done by others.

Julia Ward Howe admits, in response to a question, that gaming for money has increased in high society, especially among American women. Were a question about drinking to excess added to that about playing cards for gain Mrs. Howe would have to acknowledge that intemperance is increasing in the plane where there is least conceivable excuse for it. It were deplorable for the future of womanhood if with rapidly enlarging vistas of education and possible achievement the women of the United States should fall to resist vulgar and debasing temptations. To poor effect are women's schools all over the land doing their liberal and progressive work if women aid in introducing into this country the brutal pastimes which made English courts of former times spectacles of ignorance, scandalous revels and unblushing indecorum of every species. The woman who becomes drunkard and a gamester rarely fails to fall at last to the bottom of the pit whence men easily recover themselves but where a woman, once

recognized there, must remain. The law is unequal, but it is the law.

Prof. Judson, the dean of the Chicago University, says "a universal language, as well as common monetary systems and united standard of weights and measures, is one of the pressing needs of the world to-day." So it is. If all men had the same language, the same standards of right and wrong, and the same intuitions and religion, the world would get along more peacefully than it does. The uses of a universal language ought to be apparent to American manufacturers who are endeavoring to sell their goods in foreign markets. If there were such a language it would be much easier for them to get competent agents to represent them abroad than it is now. If one man wishes to represent his employers to the best advantage in many countries he must learn several languages. Americans, says Prof. Judson, are not "polyglots by nature," as Europeans are, and hence are at a disadvantage when they traverse the earth on business errands. Latin was the universal language of scholars once and still is of the Catholic priesthood, but it will not do for business uses. Languages have been manufactured for common use. Volapuk had quite a vogue at one time. None of the artificial languages has struck root. The world's need of a common tongue is unsatisfied as yet, and promises long to remain so. It is the unspoken feeling of Americans, a feeling which Englishmen share, that their common language ought to be and perhaps will be the universal language. The men who use it are fully convinced of its superiority. They admit that English is not so mellifluous as Italian, and that in some respects German surpasses it, but they feel assured that, all things considered, it is the best language man has devised. It is the speech of most of the people of this continent and of the Australians. It is to be the dominant language of South Africa. Unquestionably the rest of the world should learn English and save Americans the trouble of learning an innumerable number of strange tongues.

It cannot be denied that democracy is gaining ground throughout the earth, when while the son and the daughter of the oldest royal house in Europe are disgraced wanderers, with none to do them reverence, a woman of republican birth, the daughter of a Chicago dry goods merchant, forms the center in a great pageant in the famous city of Delhi that beggars even Oriental splendors of the past. Important a personage in the great durbar as the viceroy is, he is still outshone by his lady, who not so very long ago was plain Mary Leiter, extraordinary rich, but not particularly remarkable for accomplishments, graces or beauty. The people of this country need not judge the royal personality through Prince Henry of Prussia, the crown princess of Siam and other royal dignitaries, who visit this country on dress parades, but we may judge at closer range through the women who have gone from among us into the royal circles. Miss Leiter was a worthy girl, but there was never anything observable about her that should cause the people of India to bow down before her in reverence and awe. This country possesses, even in the humbler grades of life, innumerable women of better qualities than she has ever shown herself to possess. Thousands of American homes are presided over by nobler women than this one whom the people of India look up to with superstitious awe. The close exclusiveness with which reigning royalty hedges itself about is not without practical purpose. A close view might penetrate the thin veneer of pretense and sham that makes royalty so awe-inspiring. If the subjects had opportunity to see how commonplace and often degenerate are the little demi-gods they set upon pedestals of superstitious reverence, such affairs as the great durbar would immediately cease. The people of this country have better opportunities to correctly judge these royal personages, who by their shallow pretense of greatness that they are far from possessing, hold sway over millions. And the more Americans know of royalty, the more respect they feel for themselves.

**Hazy About Holmes.**  
According to a distinguished after-dinner speaker who was telling stories at a dinner in Sherry's, a certain Westerner who figures very largely in Wall street read in the newspapers about the appointment of Justice Holmes to a vacancy on the bench of the United States Supreme Court.

"Who is this Judge Holmes?" inquired the Westerner of an acquaintance. "Is he a son of Sherlock Holmes?"  
"No," said the acquaintance. "Don't you know that Sherlock Holmes is not a real character?"  
The Westerner was surprised, and his companion added:  
"Judge Holmes is a son of Oliver Wendell Holmes."  
"Who in thunder is he? I never heard of him before," said the Westerner.—New York Times.

**The Way of the World.**  
"What would you do if you were rich?"  
"I'd buy what I wanted, first thing."  
"No; that's where you're wrong. You'd buy no end of things you didn't want and pretend you liked them."—Washington Times.

**Public Ovens in Japan.**  
In nearly every street in Japanese cities is a public oven, where for a small fee housewives may have their dinners and suppers cooked for them



**Salt-Rising Bread.**

Put a half-teaspoonful of salt into a pint of hot water in a two-quart pitcher. When a little more than lukewarm add one and a third pints of wheat flour. Mix well and set the pitcher in a vessel of water of the same temperature as that used in mixing. Let it stand in a place where the temperature of the batter will not decrease until it has risen to twice its original bulk. The process will require from five to eight hours, and the batter may be stirred once or twice during the rising. At the end of the time add a sponge made of two and a half quarts of flour and one quart of hot water. If a little more flour is necessary in order to make a soft dough it may be added. Mix well and leave in a warm place to rise. When light, make into loaves, taking care to keep the dough as soft as it can be handled; lay the loaves in buttered tins and after they have risen once more prick them and bake.

**Oyster Patties.**  
Make a rich paste, and put in a cool place. Put the oysters in a saucepan in their own liquor; skim, and add butter and cream with salt and pepper; roll out the paste quickly, and line some small tin with it; put three or four of the oysters in each with as much gravy as it will hold, then cover with a top crust. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Glaze over the top with a little sweet milk or a lightly beaten egg, and set back in the oven for five minutes.

**Cinnamon Buns.**  
Sift one pint of flour, add one cup of milk, one cup of butter, four eggs beaten separately, one cup of sugar, half a teaspoon of yeast, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one grated nutmeg. Knead well, roll out, cut in large biscuits, let rise and bake; when taken from the oven sprinkle with white sugar and ground cinnamon.

**Strawberry Ice.**  
The juice of two quarts of strawberries, mashed and pressed hard; the same quantity of water that you have juice; three heaping cups of granulated sugar.

To draw out the juice mash the berries and cover with the sugar, leaving for an hour, then strain, add the water and freeze.

**Floating Island.**  
Make a custard of a quart of milk, the yolks of five eggs and a cup of sugar and flavor with vanilla. Set aside until ice cold. Stir in eight crushed macaroons and turn into a glass bowl. Make a meringue of the whites of the eggs, sweeten and flavor to taste and heap upon the custard.

**Chocolate Caramels.**  
Cook together two pounds of brown sugar, a half-pound of chocolate and a small cup of water. Boil until a little dropped in cold water hardens, add two tablespoonfuls of butter and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, pour into a buttered tin, and, as it cools, mark off into squares.

**Brief Suggestions.**  
Some sort of a sharp relish is always acceptable with cold meats.  
Lemon pies and lemonade can be made without lemons by the use of acid phosphate and lemon essence.  
A smooth, thick chocolate icing is one of the best to put upon a fruit cake. Curiously enough, the various flavors combine deliciously.  
A cement that will unite card to tin is made by boiling one ounce of borax and two ounces of powdered shellac in fifteen ounces of water till the shellac is entirely dissolved.  
If when frying fish of any kind a little salt is sprinkled on the bottom of the pan when it is hot and the fat boiling the fish can be easily turned without breaking in the least.  
To make liquid glue dissolve the glue in strong, hot vinegar, then add one-fourth as much alcohol and a little alum. This is a very useful cement for mending various things, and will keep a long time in a closely stoppered bottle.

**Mixed Metaphor.**  
A good instance of mixing the metaphor is reported of Sir Thomas Myles, who recently delivered an address on "Cecil Rhodes."  
Sir Thomas paid a high tribute to the force of character, the spirit of personal independence and the indomitable courage of Englishmen. He pictured the British Empire as having been in danger at the time of the late war, and asked with emphasis:  
"Was England to stand with her arms folded and her hands in her pockets?"  
When the speaker realized from the appearance of his audience what he had done, he remarked that his only apology was that he was an Irishman.

**Her Part of the Game.**  
"Marry me," pleaded the young man, "and I'll make you a good husband."  
"Should I marry you," replied the auburn-haired beauty, "I'll attend to making a good husband of you, all right enough."

**An Obliging Youth.**  
He—"Will you marry me?"  
She—"No."  
He—"Then will you marry my cousin Tom? He requested me to ask you while I was about it."

**Cynic at Work.**  
The concierge of a very badly kept house in Paris hung up at the foot of the stairs a card inscribed as follows: "Please wipe your feet on the mat." A wag wrote underneath: "As you come out."—Tit-Bits.

**Latest in Apartment Houses.**  
Shrewd New York business men who are to erect a great apartment house upon a conspicuous 5th avenue corner propose to "solve the servant problem" by providing hot and cold "lifts" in which food and drink may be whisked from a central kitchen to the private dining rooms and separate elevators for waiters to serve and "clear away" meals. Chambermaids and cleaners will keep everything in order, and even valets and ladies' maids will appear upon call for those who require them.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H.*

The late Dr. Parker, of London, was arguing with a man on the problem of continued existence, and as Mr. Parker was at the door the friend finally declared: "The fact is, I am an annihilist. I believe that when I die that will be the end of me." "Thank God for that!" exclaimed the doctor, and banged the door.

**IN ITS ADVANCED** and chronic form a cold in the head is known as Nasal Catarrh and is the recognized source of other diseases. Having stood the test of continued successful use, Ely's Cream Balm is recognized as the specific for membranous diseases in the nasal passages. It is not drying, does not produce sneezing. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mail, Ely Brothers, 60 Warren Street, New York.

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FRANK E. KINDLESPIRE.  
Proberta, Cal.

A curious suit will soon be tried in Anderson, Ind. To cure her brother of a constant desire for intoxicants, Mrs. Laura G. Hosier secretly administered a drug, with the result that liquor is now disagreeable to him. He has brought suit for \$5,000, asserting that his sister has robbed him of a great amount of pleasure by destroying his thirst.

Personally fitted dog blankets of seal skin can now be had for \$50 each in New York if made without handkerchief pockets.

No, Cordelia, key rings are not made by hammering on a piano.  
Heaven hasn't time to help the man who is a victim of that tired feeling.

Sentences of some orators are so carefully rounded off that they lack point.

The Grand Rapids and Indiana railway recently sent a vaccination train along its line and no employe escaped it.

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Wearing pure white chiffon or tulle blouses under fur wraps and coats is one of the recent ideas. The chiffon is mounted on white silk and much tucked, but untrimmed.

A Berlin woman bequeathed her property to a cat.

Mrs. L. Goodman, the oldest living woman artist, is 90. She has painted upward of 1,200 portraits.

The earth passed through the tail of the great comet of 1861. It took four hours to cross it.

By applying glucose or glycerine to their roots a French scientist declares that he has been able to stimulate the growth of plants.

**WOMAN'S GENTLE NATURE CALLS FOR GENTLE TREATMENT**

Delicately formed and gently reared, women will find, in all the seasons of their lives, as maidens, wives, or mothers, that the one simple, wholesome remedy which acts gently and pleasantly and naturally, and which may be used with truly beneficial effects, under any conditions, when the system needs a laxative, is—Syrup of Figs. It is well known to be a simple combination of the laxative and carminative principles of plants with pleasant, aromatic liquids, which are agreeable and refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system when its gentle cleansing is desired.

Many of the ills from which women suffer are of a transient nature and do not come from any organic trouble and it is pleasant to know that they yield so promptly to the beneficial effects of Syrup of Figs, but when anything more than a laxative is needed it is best to consult the family physician and to avoid the old-time cathartics and loudly advertised nostrums of the present day. When one needs only to remove the strain, the torpor, the congestion, or similar ills, which attend upon a constipated condition of the system, use the true and gentle remedy—Syrup of Figs—and enjoy freedom from the depression, the aches and pains, colds and headaches, which are due to inactivity of the bowels.

Only those who buy the genuine Syrup of Figs can hope to get its beneficial effects and as a guarantee of the excellence of the remedy the full name of the company—California Fig Syrup Co.—is printed on the front of every package and without it any preparation offered as Syrup of Figs is fraudulent and should be declined. To those who know the quality of this excellent laxative, the offer of any substitute, when Syrup of Figs is called for, is always resented by a transfer of patronage to some first-class drug establishment, where they do not recommend, nor sell false brands, nor imitation remedies. The genuine article may be bought of all reliable druggists everywhere at 50 cents per bottle.

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