

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

The British taxpayer is paying a good deal of freight nowadays.

The Burdick case reveals the fact that Buffalo is little loser by the triple tragedy.

A West Virginia woman is 116 years old. And the strangest thing about it is that she is white.

The trouble is, we wonder too much why the other fellow doesn't listen to the whisperings of his own conscience.

A number of New Yorkers expect to span the country by a system of canals. A canal across the Rocky Mountains would be interesting.

The Kaiser proposes to reform the German language. According to his own conception of it, the language consists principally of "I."

The wife of the British colonial secretary has been invited to write a book and has refused. She ought to get a substantial testimonial.

If men loved prayer meetings as much as they do prize fights the churches would be as thick as saloons in the "levee" district.

They have as many as 140 religious holidays in a year in Russia. No wonder the Russian workman and farmer finds it hard to compete with the rest of the world.

A woman induced a weak and enervated man to assist her in murdering her husband, and a jury declared the man guilty and the woman innocent. What fools men are!

On the surface everything looks peaceful, but there is a dark suspicion that Poutney Bigelow may be trying Germany's hand behind her back preparatory to the fray.

A woman offers \$50 for the tip of a nose to be grafted on her own. She should exercise great care in selecting anything that is offered, or following her nose in future may lead her a merry chase.

A great deal of humor is being squandered on wireless telegraphy, featherless hens, seedless oranges, boneless fish, tailless dogs and the like, but they all are not so bad as the pointless jokes concerning them.

We are told that recent discoveries about radium bring that rare metal near to perpetual motion. It may be observed, however, that no human agency is credited with the production of this substance.

Sir William MacGregor was rescued from a London workhouse recently by a rich American widow, who married him. Were it not for the fool American women, English workhouses would be full of titled Englishmen.

The late Dr. Gatling, who insisted that his famous rapid-fire gun was influential in shortening, if not in preventing, war, was also interested in rapid-fire agricultural machinery. In his youth he invented drills for sowing cottonseed and grain.

It does not require an expert to reach the conviction that the real strength of a navy is its fighting strength, not the number or the tonnage of ships. Light, unarmored cruisers have their use, but that use is not on the fighting line. It is the armored cruisers and the battleships that must do the fighting on the line of battle against any naval power worth considering.

One disadvantage of a country of large territory is that it renders map-making expensive. England, with its small area, has been mapped on a scale of six inches to the mile, large enough to show every house. The mapping cost nearly three hundred dollars a square mile, or about twenty times as much as this country expends for mapping its territory on a smaller scale. Yet the appropriations for this purpose are so large that one Senator has described the Geological Survey, which makes the inland maps, as a "sturdy beggar."

The ship Discovery, which has penetrated farther toward the south pole than any expedition had gone before, having reached 82 degrees and 17 minutes south, ought certainly to have been able to better even this record. For men of science much depends, no doubt, on anticartographic exploration. Yet the world at large can do little else than wonder that men should still be willing to offer up as sacrifices, for the solution of the mystery, years of their best time, and very likely their lives. To get "farthest south" is something, perhaps, to the scientists engaged in this work. With ordinary men it is merely so much "record-making," not essentially different from the endeavor of the man who loaves his time to bettering the record in putting weights or lifting pig iron.

Jane Addams, of Hull house social settlement, Chicago, has perhaps made a more thorough, intelligent and practical study of conditions among the poor of great cities than any other woman living. And she says that the poor eat too much. She tells of one woman who objected to a standard menu urged upon her, saying: "I

don't like to eat what's nutritious. I like to eat what I'd rather." Miss Addams tells of families on meager and uncertain incomes which spend more money for food for each member of the family than do families of immense income. Any grocer can tell you that his most profitable customers are not the rich, but the poor. Few women have any idea how much the food for the family costs for a month, how much of the expense is for real nutrition, and how much for what "she'd rather." It is not going too far to say that many families continue poor largely because of over-eating. The cost of the food is not the only consideration, nor the most important. The gorging with unwholesome stuffs dulls the mind and deadens the energies.

The best way to prepare for a public address, said an English orator, is to construct a certain number of "islands" meaning thereby effective sentences—and then swim by extempore effort from island to island when the hour of utterance comes. The most desirable island is to be reserved for the peroration. No such counsel is needed for a campaign speaker which has been made in a factory, and is to be used in the coming municipal campaign in New York City. It is regarded as a sure vote-getter. Phonographs, with huge megaphones, will constitute the "oratorical lips" on which a crowd is supposed to hang. A wagon is to carry them, and the driver can start or stop them at will. As the vehicle passes along the streets, thunderous appeals and invitations will reach the multitude. There will be oratory which signs of dissent will not check nor applause kindle.

Advanced womanhood, which has so successfully promoted women to the spheres hitherto occupied by men, will be more or less elated over the success of the two accomplished sisters who recently "held up" a woman in New York with a boldness and facility a veteran footpad might envy. The incident demonstrates that there is hardly a field of masculine activity in which woman may not enter with every prospect of success. Hitherto women have confined their efforts to the direction of "hold-ups" to church fairs and charity bazaars, but now that they have taken to the road we may learn to fear in every bush a petticoat. To be held up and possibly garrotted by the strong white arm of a good-looking woman has its sentimental and attractive side, but it has also its disadvantages. If, according to feminine decree, our wives are permitted to rob us while we sleep, and strange and unaccustomed females are empowered to waylay us in our waking moments, while banks are falling and safety deposit vaults are open to janitors and other employees, what recourse for us save in burying our treasure in the back yard and the contagious forest? This wicked world is growing wickeder every day, and woman's saving grace is rapidly disappearing.

Gambling, or rather the police protection of gambling, is an evil against which the district attorney in New York City has directed his heaviest batteries ever since he took the oath of office. Strangely enough, his efforts have excited but a lukewarm interest in quarters from which enthusiastic support would be expected. Indeed, it would hardly be unjust to say that a great many well-meaning people regard gambling as a minor evil, difficult if not impossible to suppress in a great city, and on the whole confined to those whose financial standing is such that they do not suffer much by it. "Gamblers are usually men who can afford to lose. They do not deserve much sympathy," is a common view of the matter. If District Attorney Jerome had wished to open the eyes of people to the facts he could not have asked for anything more typical or more impressive than the pathetic scene which took place on a recent Sunday morning. A woman riding on a street car asked the conductor if he knew where So-and-so's gambling resort was. He pointed it out to her. She went up the steps and called for her husband. When he appeared she charged him with having stolen and gambled away one hundred and thirty dollars which she had saved for the household expenses and the children. Then she drew a horse-whip from under her cloak, and used it so vigorously that the man's associates had to drag him in again. Not a pretty picture, certainly, but an instructive one, because it shows better than a thousand sermons how gambling saps the moral fiber and makes its victims oblivious to the calls of honor or of duty. The man whom the mania has seized will stop at nothing, and in his own downfall he drags with him those who, although innocent, must suffer for his fault. Young people sometimes think the ban against all games of chance is unjust and unreasonable; the too strict view of church members only. Those who are most familiar with the dark side of life in the great cities and those who, like Mr. Jerome, have done something to lighten that side, know that the attitude of opposition to every kind of gambling is the only safe one.

Professional Jealousy. "I stand at the head of my business," remarked the professor of phrenology, "while you sit at the foot." "You have said it," rejoined the chiropodist. "But just the same, the language of the corn is more forcible than the lingo of phrenological bumps."

You may have defense, but does it ever occur to you that the public doesn't give you a chance to give it?

HEROES.

Mother Earth! Are thy heroes dead? Do they thrill the soul of the world no more? Are the gleaming snows and the popples red All that is left of the brave of yore? Are there none to fight as Theseus fought, Far in the young world's misty dawn? Or teach as the gray-haired Nestor taught? Mother Earth! are thy heroes gone?

Gone? In a nobler form they rise; Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours, And catch the light of their glorious eyes, And wreath their brows with immortal flowers, Whenever a noble deed is done. There are the souls of our heroes stirred; Whenever a field for truth is won, There are our heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field Than Greek or Trojan ever trod; For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield, And the light above them the smile of God! So in his Isle of calm delight, Jason may dream the hours away, But the heroes live, and the skies are bright, And the world is a braver world to-day. —Edna Dean Proctor, in Normal Instructor.

Two Soldier Boys.

It was in Chickamauga, during August of '98. She was a Southern woman, her home within a few miles of the camp, but the sick and suffering soldiers that she ministered to in the camp hospital were boys from Northern homes. She had flowers for all, and various little delicacies for those that were permitted them; and now and then she stopped to brush back the damp locks from someaching brow, and to try to soothe the pain. Often she would write letters home for them with wonderful sweetness.

One day she stood by the side of a boy that would never send another message to his mother, and her tears dropped fast for the 18-year-old hero, now slipping away into eternal rest. She could not bear any more that day, and turned to go, but as she neared the entrance her eyes fell on a face she had not seen before; she smiled back at the pair of jolly dark eyes that met her own. The owner lay prostrate with lines of pain in his face; but a laughing mouth, and the mischievous eyes showed grit and fun. She was irresistibly drawn to the boy, and was thankful she had a few flowers left to offer him.

"Thank you," laughed the soldier lad, adding mischievously, "I knew I was going to get those." "How?" she asked, interested. "Oh," he said, gravely, "I had my eye on them, and I knew you wouldn't go by." It was not a very satisfactory explanation, but she laughed at it, and so did some of the sick boys. "When are you coming again?" demanded the boy, suddenly, after a moment's conversation, laying a detaining hand upon her dress, as if loth to have her go even then. "Whenever you say," she said lightly, and the lad's face brightened. "To-morrow," he said eagerly.

She went back to her home, and all through the night the dark eyes haunted her; she made up her mind that on the morrow she would show him a picture she had, and perhaps tell him a little about another boy that had dark, fun-loving eyes, and that, 30 odd years before, had worn a blue uniform, too. But when she reached the hospital the next day the jolly-faced boy was too sick to know her, and all through the following week he lay near the shadowy land.

But the brave spirit did not quite go out and one day he smiled the recognition he was to speak. And as she went home that night a new idea took possession of her; why not have him moved to her house. And now that he was out of danger, she could make him more comfortable and nurse him back to health, as years before she had nursed that other black-eyed boy. Her hair was whitening now; then it was brown and glossy, and she was young; her life before her. She sighed; if only she could know what had been the fate of that other, why he had never come back to her! But she had long before given up expecting to know in this world.

One day, a week or two later, when the soldier lad was comfortably ensconced in her home, and was growing strong enough to take interest in his surroundings, he said earnestly, "Why is it you were so good to us fellows in the hospital? You told me the picture in uniform there is of your father, that he was an officer in the Confederate army, and that your brother was in that army, too, and you know that it was our fathers who fought them." "But that is all over now," she answered gently. "There were brave soldiers on both sides, and the sons are as brave to-day." "But the boy persisted. "Why did you bring me here instead of some of the other fellows?" "He was seeking no compliment; he asked in direct honesty. "I wish I could have had the others, too," she said, "but if you would like to know why I singled you out, wait a moment, Jack," and she went upstairs to her room, quickly reappearing with a picture in her hand. This she silently handed to him.

The pictured face he saw was that of a young man in soldier's uniform; and on the margin was written in firm, manly hand: "Dorothy, from Edward, till this cruel war is over. April, '63." For a moment the soldier on the couch gazed in speechless astonishment at the soldier in the picture. Then the woman broke the silence. "You see it, too?" she cried, "the strong resemblance? and it was even stronger than it looks there; for his eyes were just the color of yours, and the expression was very like. I am the 'Dorothy.' My name is Dorothy Ashton, his name was Edward Rendall. He was a Yankee soldier but we found him, my mother and I, wounded in our barn, where he had dragged himself after the battle. We were loyal to the Confederacy, but my mother was tender-hearted and loving, and this soldier, apparently dying, was just the age of her son, my only brother, who was fighting far away from us; so with thought of the boy we loved, we took this other, our enemy, into a little hidden room, and

action of Congress appointing a memorial day. It is known here that Mr. Parrish, who had always taken the greatest interest in this observance, wrote an urgent letter to Senator Logan, urging him to take into serious consideration legislation that would set aside a day on which all could join in memorial services.

Aside from the interest that Mr. Parrish took in such patriotic movements he had a very interesting history. His grandfather on his mother's side carried a flint-lock musket in the Revolutionary War, and the father of his father was a recruiting officer in the war of 1812. He was one of fifteen men to organize the first Y. M. C. A. in the United States. During the war of the rebellion and before he was an outspoken abolitionist and figured prominently in underground railroad work by which slaves escaped to Canada. He was in the forefront of nearly every movement of enlightenment of the community serving to foster libraries and lectures.

Mr. Parrish was born in New Hampshire about eighty-seven years ago and came to Illinois in April, 1855. He is survived by his faithful wife, with whom he dwelt in wedlock for the unusual term of sixty-four years.

Hiram Snyder, The author of "Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen" tells a story of the Civil War, when the days dragged gloomily, in anticipation of news from the front, and when grief was likely to overtake any who had boys in the ranks. He says: "One night the postmaster was reading aloud the names of the killed at Gettysburg, and he ran right on to the name of a youth we knew. The boy's father sat there on a nail keg, chewing a straw. The postmaster, for his sake, tried to shuffle over the name, and hurry on to the next.

"Hiram" said the father. Wha—wha—that you said? "There was nothing to do but to face the issue, and the postmaster repeated with a forced calmness: "Killed—Snyder, Hiram." The boy's father stood up with a jerk then he sat down. Then he stood up again, staggered to the door, and fumbled for the latch like a blind man. "God help him!" said the postmaster wiping his eyes with his red handkerchief; "he's gone to tell the old woman."

The minister preached a funeral sermon for the boy and on the little pyre amid that marked the family lot, in the burying ground, they carved the inscription: "Killed in honorable battle, Hiram Snyder, aged nineteen." Not long afterward, strange, weird bearded men, in faded blue, began to arrive. Great welcomes were given them, and many a big gathering was held in their honor. At one such gathering, a ghost appeared, a lank, saffron ghost, ragged as a scarecrow, wearing the cap of a cavalrman's overcoat, with no coat beneath. The apparition was a youth of about twenty, with a downy beard all over his face, and a countenance well-mellowed with coal soot, as if he had ridden several days on the top of a freight car near the engine. The ghost was Hiram Snyder.

We forgave him the shock of surprise he had caused us, all except the minister, who had preached his funeral sermon. Years afterward I heard the minister remark, in a solemn and aggrieved tone: "Hiram Snyder is a man who cannot be relied upon."

A Straggler of '63. Along the line of march of '63, I find a lonely, sunken grave, unmarked; Yet well I know the soldier sleeping here. A comrade brave as any hero dead, Or living, footsore, weary, fallen out, With leave; at rest so well he hears the Of lulling summer winds, nor fierce shriek Of the November blast. No glory of A bloody field is round about him, but The grass grows green, and sweet trees still woo The breeze to music whose sacred words are "Rest, Brave comrade, sleep and rest;" and still The drifting snows, the winter winds shout, "Victory!" His monument is high in all hearts; His fame is bright with laurel, for a time. —Albert C. Hopkins.

Decorating the graves of soldiers who died in the Civil War. The name of this man was Rufus P. Parrish and it is admitted that a letter he wrote to Senator John A. Logan was chiefly instrumental in the action of Congress in establishing a day on which throughout the nation graves of the Union dead should be strewn with flowers and their brave acts commemorated. It is a matter of history that the custom of decorating graves of soldiers was commenced in Kewanee in 1863, five years before Senator Logan secured the

ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY. Rufus P. Parrish of Kewanee Urged Commemoration of the Dead. Memorial Day originated with a man who was recently followed to the grave at Kewanee, Ill., by one of the largest throngs of old soldiers that ever attended a funeral in a town of like size. The name of this man was Rufus P. Parrish and it is admitted that a letter he wrote to Senator John A. Logan was chiefly instrumental in the action of Congress in establishing a day on which throughout the nation graves of the Union dead should be strewn with flowers and their brave acts commemorated. It is a matter of history that the custom of decorating graves of soldiers was commenced in Kewanee in 1863, five years before Senator Logan secured the

DECORATION DAY.



"Don't cry, grandma, you'll see him again some time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Dangerous spot. A dangerous spot for pain is the back; it tells of Kidney ills, as do most pains and aches in the back. Kidney ills begin with backache and end with Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Cure Kidney and Bladder troubles before they reach the serious stage. Read how easily it can be done.

W. J. Hill, of 40 South Union street, Concord, N. C., proprietor of hardware and harness store, Justice of the Peace, and one of the best known residents of that city, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills proved a very efficient remedy in my case. I got a box at the Gibson Drug Store and used them for disordered kidneys and backache, from which I had experienced a great deal of annoyance, trouble and pain. The kidney secretions had bothered me for a long while, were very irregular, dark colored and full of sediment. The Pills cleared it all up and I have not had an ache in my back since taking the last dose. My back is much stronger and my health generally is improved a great deal. I am glad to make a public indorsement of the Pills, trusting that it may be the means of relieving some other sufferer."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Hill will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

TYPHOID FEVER DIPHtheria SMALL POX The germs of these deadly diseases multiply in the decaying glue present in all kalsominas, and the decaying paste under wall paper. Alabastine is a disinfectant. It destroys disease germs and vermin; is manufactured from a stone cement base, hardens on the walls, and is as enduring as the wall itself. Alabastine is mixed with cold water, and any one can apply it. Ask for sample card of beautiful tints and information about decorating. Take no cheap substitute. Buy only in 5 lb. pkgs. properly labeled. ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich. New York Office, 105 Water St.

In the Spring Pass the Glass of Hires Rootbeer and keep passing it; nothing else so beautiful. A package makes three gallons. No. 1 every where, or by mail for 25 cents. CHARLES E. HIRSH, CO. Hiram, Pa.

Extreme Case. Mrs. Pennywinkle—If we could only induce him to eat something so that he might gain a little strength. Mrs. Appleby—And has he no appetite at all? Mrs. P.—"O, not the least bit. Why he doesn't even crave things he knows he can't have.—Kansas City Journal.

He (at the window)—It's very cheerful within but disagreeable without. She(cooly)—Without what? He (inspired)—Why, without you, darling.

And a few weeks later a furniture installment house was called upon to open a new account.—Chicago News.

Quick Lunch. "See here!" cried the dyspeptic patron "this coffee's cold." "Sure!" replied the waiter. "This is a quick lunch joint. If de coffee was hot you wouldn't have time to drink it."

Who were the Foolish Virgins. "Who were the foolish virgins?" brought the prompt answer from a widge little girl, "Them as didn't get married."

Ivy growing on houses, so far from making the house damp, as is usually supposed, actually extracts all moisture from the walls.

Confession. "Par on me, 'ar," said the vil ge edio's bride, "er a peering at u... ner in my wrapper, but—" "Oh, that's all right," interrupted the knight of the paste-pot, "some of our best thoughts come to us in wrapper p."

DOCTOR ON FOOD. Experimented on Himself. A physician of Gallon, O., says: "For the last few years I have been a sufferer from indigestion, and although I have used various remedies and prepared foods with some benefit it was not until I tried Grape-Nuts that I was completely cured. "As a food it is pleasant and agreeable, very nutritious, and is digested and assimilated with very little effort on the part of the digestive organs. As a nerve food and restorer it has no equal and as such is especially adapted to students and other brain workers. It contains the elements necessary for the building of nerve tissue and by so doing maintains an equilibrium of waste and repair. "It also enriches the blood by giving an increased number of red blood corpuscles and in this way strengthens all the organs, providing a vital fluid made more nearly perfect. I take great pleasure in recommending its use to my patients, for I value it as a feed and know it will benefit all who use it." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.