

By D. M. AMSBERRY,

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA.

Bacteria in Milk.

It is suggestive, if not in fact a cheering, sign of the times that in the published lists of exhibits at the numerous county fairs round about there appear so many inventions and devices for the better care and handling of milk. It was the statement of a member of the state department of agriculture, recently publicly made, that one-fourth of the farmers send their milk to the butter and cheese factories with enough bacteria to contaminate the supply contributed by the other three-fourths. The issue of cleanliness and healthfulness in milk supplied direct to the consumer is an exceedingly vital one, but one also to which the average consumer does not give sufficient concern. With the question of the treatment of milk the inventors of appliances, the scientists and authorities must deal; the question of cleanliness is simpler and one with which all with ordinary intelligence may deal. And lack of cleanliness is the great failing on the average farm. Even in the cleanest possible modes of milking by hand there are 300 germs to the cubic centimeter of milk, and in the average milk there are 10,000 to 13,000, while the number in cases of unclean milk sometimes rises as high as 40,000. Nine-tenths of the foreign matter contained in the ordinary can of milk may be kept out without expense by the exercise of care. But as there is no effect without cause, so in this multitude of inventions for the better handling of milk there may be traced a growing desire on the part of the farmers to meet the demands for improvement, says the Troy Times. That the demand is apparent and growing in popular vigor there is not the remotest doubt.

Alcohol as a Fuel.

We have in ethyl alcohol an ideal fuel—colorless, limpid, of moderate boiling point, about 50 degrees below that of water, non-freezing, burning without smoke, mixing with water in all proportions, and therefore its flame extinguished by water, cleanly, drying off completely when spilled, not attracting rubber gaskets or packings, and noncorrosive for metal tanks and holders. The fact that its flame is bluish, or so-called nonluminous, means that the flame is almost devoid of free carbon particles, with their intense heat radiating power, a fact of considerable importance. When gasoline or heavy oils are burning, the flame, loaded with free carbon or soot, radiates heat to such a degree that it is not possible to approach near the conflagration, and combustible surroundings are readily fired by pure radiation of heat. The production of alcohol on a large scale is simple, and the raw materials already exist in considerable variety. All saccharine or starchy growths are available. Saccharine wastes are now largely used in Cuba for alcohol production. This alcohol will, in a properly organized engine, equal, volume for volume, gasoline now sold at a much higher price in producing power, says Cassier's Magazine. Even in the immediate future, then, it is evident that alcohol has a large field of usefulness. The farmer need not depend on wood, coal or oil for his power. His agricultural wastes will furnish it. His fields need only receive the sunshine and be given sufficient water, and thence any crop yielding starch or sugar, however unmarketable otherwise, may be made the source of power, light and heat.

It has been many years since the Wall street district has been so overrun with gamblers and criminals as now, says the New York Times. There was a time when the Wall street police had a "dead line" beyond which no known crook was allowed to pass, but it seems to have gradually disappeared. Gambling in divers degrees, distinct from stock exchange speculation, and petty graft and a myriad form of "low finance" flourish in an amazing measure in the financial district and its purlieus. Small bucket shops are numerous. At a place on Broad street a faro bank is running full blast. It is usually filled with brokers' clerks. "If these young fellows cannot get away at any other time of the day," said a former detective, "they come here at their luncheon hour. The proprietor furnishes them with an elegant free lunch from noon until three o'clock, and they drop a few dollars on the game."

Hardin, Ill., has a cistern that has raised from the ground, presumably by an accumulation of natural gas. The owner will no doubt be ready to exchange his cistern for a good gas well.

The Germans want a shirt that is a shirt. The shirt which opens all the day down the front like a waistcoat finds no favor in Germany, says a writer in Chemnitz.

Do the heroes of the Cuban war of liberation expect another melon-cutting?



Once Again the Summer Girl Has Proved Herself a Real Heroine with a Remarkable List of Successful Deeds of Courageous Rescue.

Which is the braver—man or woman?

This is a question that nobody can answer, for the simple reason that it is impossible to tell to what degree of heroism either will go when occasion demands. A little girl of five, who under ordinary conditions would scream at the sight of a tiny flame, will dash through a conflagration to save the life of a baby brother who has fallen into the blaze.

A young woman daintily clad and afraid in her normal mood to go into the water without holding to the life-line, will, forgetting self entirely, plunge into the stormy flood to rescue a drowning person as quickly as the trained life-saver.

Compared individually with members of the opposite sex, women to-day stand forth ahead, says the New York World. For instance, the summer girl and the summer man, classed together in ordinary affairs, are far apart when it comes to matters of heroism. It is the summer girl who shows "the real stuff" when it comes to a pinch.

All summer long there have been young women who have performed deeds of splendid daring. Many of them have not been reported in public print.

This attribute of bravery on the part of our women is not new. This summer's exhibitions of it are only new. And it is only meet that the story of some of them should be told again.

When young Earl Buckley fell from the pier into the sea at Island Heights, N. J., only Mrs. V. Floyd Campbell heard his cry. She screamed for help. Then, as she saw the lad rise and sink out of sight again, she plunged into the water. She was fully clothed and swam with difficulty. There was still enough life in the boy when she reached him and enough of desperate terror to make him very dangerous. He grabbed Mrs. Campbell, and with arms around her neck and legs twined about her body, clung with a death-grip.

Frantic Struggle for Life.

Then came a frantic struggle for life. She struck the boy in the face and tried to choke him. His weight and her heavy clothing bore them far under the surface. When they rose again she put forth all her strength to drag their weight nearer the shore, where the shallows would give her a foothold. Her efforts were successful and thus she brought the boy to land, and together they fell on the beach, exhausted.

At Lake Hopatcong Miss Edna Hartman saved the lives of four drowning persons on as many occasions. Miss Hartman is only 18 years old, very pretty and a splendid swimmer. Another heroine of Lake Hopatcong is Miss Effie Field, of Rutherford, N. J., who plunged into the water in her Sunday finery and rescued Walter Hutchinson, a 12-year-old boy, in the nick of time.

Mrs. Frederick G. Ware has just added another rescue to the 14 she has made in the nine years that she has lived near the canal at Ansonia, Conn. She has saved six boys, four girls, three women and two men from drowning. Her latest rescue, and one of the most difficult, was that of Mrs. Charles Cahill, who fell into the canal where the water is 12 feet deep. Mrs. Ware leaped in after her, fully dressed, and after a hard struggle in the presence of several men, who were too frightened to give aid, brought the unconscious woman to shore.

Saved Two from Death.

Then there was the brave rescue by Mrs. Frederick E. Crane, of Brook-



Mrs. Frederick E. Crane.

lyn, of her ten-year-old daughter and the latter's playmate, who together fell off a pier into deep water at Saybrook, N. J. She went in after them. Encumbered by her heavy clothing, she performed a great feat of physical prowess in bringing the two girls safely to land, where she herself sank exhausted from the shock and strain. And not least among the water her-

oines is Miss Mamie Sheehan, of this city, who a few weeks ago saved the life of James Edward Connolly, a retired merchant of Washington, and personal friend of President Roosevelt. Miss Sheehan swam a long distance to reach Mr. Connolly, who had fallen into the water from a canoe and could not swim. With consummate skill she brought him safely to land.

Miss Florence Bowen, a pretty Chelsea girl, saved the life of her six-year-old nephew when they were well out at sea. The little lad fell out of the boat in which the two were rowing and sank. When the child came to the surface he was some distance from the boat, and Miss Bowen saw there was not a moment to lose. She sprang into the water and swam to the youngster. She got a firm hold of him and plied him back to the side of the boat.

Eleven-Year-Old Heroine.

And this brave deed was equalled,



if not surpassed, by the achievement of little Mary Edick, age 11, granddaughter of United States Commissioner Shields, in saving the life of her playmate, Tommy Williams, age ten. It was in the Hudson river, off Grand View. Tommy had swam out into the river a long distance—much longer than he had ever attempted before—and then discovered, out there all alone, that his strength was failing. That discovery brought panic, and, with a scream for help, he sank. At first Mary, watching his pranks from the shore, thought he was still playing. When he rose to the surface only the back of his head showed, and again he disappeared. Instantly Mary dived from the pier and swam with all her strength toward the ripples. As Tommy came up she seized him by the hair. Holding him at arm's length and swimming, "sailor fashion," with the other hand, she made for the shore, crying for help. Mr. Edick heard her calls and helped her at the shore to take the unconscious boy from the water and to restore him to life.

The summer's deeds of the girl hero include the capture of many burglars. The record of her accomplishments in this line have made many a pretty story. The World Magazine has told how Mrs. Esther Evans, the plucky little janitress at the apartment house, No. 128 West Twenty-ninth street, has captured since June 29 seven burglars and turned them over to the police.

Seized and Held Burglar.

Then there was Mrs. Margaret Hayes, who found a man ransacking the rooms of a boarder at No. 907 East One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street. "What are you doing here?" she asked him. "I'm looking for a girl," he said. "What is that in your hand?" she asked, pointing to a gold watch. He dropped it and tried to push past Mrs. Hayes. Instantly she grabbed him by the throat. In the struggle the fellow dropped a "lim-

my." Her calls brought aid, and the burglar was arrested.

But the interest always comes back most strongly to the woman who rushes voluntarily into danger to save the lives of others. Near Cedar Grove, N. J., a horse attached to a light runabout became frightened at a passing auto and dashed at high speed along the turnpike. In the carriage were two girls, and in her fright the one who was driving dropped the reins. The horse was on a dead run when it approached a field in which Miss Pauline Weiss was picking daisies. The two girls were clinging to each other and crying out in terror. Miss Weiss dropped her apron, half filled with flowers, vaulted over the four-rail fence and ran to the middle of the road. She seized the bridle of the horse as it got abreast of her, and held on, swaying back and forth and sawing on the bit, for more than a hundred yards.

Quite similar to this was the daring act of Mrs. George Corwin, of Stamford. She seized the bit of a frantic horse dashing toward a crowd in the main street of Bridgeport, and by her courage and presence of mind undoubtedly saved the lives or limbs of more than one person.

Miss Annie Barner hesitated not a moment to risk a horrible death under the wheels of a Pennsylvania railway train at Elizabeth, N. J., to save the life of two-year-old Edward Cope-land, who had wandered to the track. The speeding locomotive was almost on him when Miss Barner climbed up the steep embankment, seized the child and drew him out of danger.

Fought with Mad Dog.

The terror that a mad dog inspires in the mind of a young woman did not cause Miss Anna Winters, 17 years old, to hesitate when the moment

scarcely injured, while the little heroine was severely burned about the face and chest.

Another "little mother" of five years, Hannah Lavin, of No. 774 East One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street, was left alone to care for her two baby brothers while the real mother wa to market. When Mrs. Lavin returned there were fire engines and an excited crowd in front of the house and smoke was pouring from the windows of her flat. She swooned in attempting to make her way through the halls, suffocating with smoke, to the third floor, where she had left her



Miss Anna Winters.

children. But meanwhile little Hannah had worked her way out of the burning flat, little three-year-old Joe clinging to her skirts and the one-year-old baby in her arms, covered with an old shawl to shut out the sight and suffocating smell of the smoke. Willing hands were ready at the last flight of stairs to help the little heroine and her charges.

VOTE-BUYING IN ENGLAND.

Bribery Rampant at the Close of the Eighteenth Century.

Votes have been purchased shamelessly and on a huge scale in British elections. An arrangement was once made in the borough of Wendover by which two candidates were to be elected after a distribution of £6,000 (\$30,000) among the voters. The account reads: "This being settled a gentleman was employed to go down, when he was met according to previous appointment by the electors about a mile from the town. The electors asked the stranger where he came from. He replied, 'From the moon.' They then asked, 'What news from the moon?' He answered that he had brought from hence £6,000 to be distributed among them. The electors, being thus satisfied with the golden news from the moon, chose the candidates and received their reward."

At Hindon a man dressed fantastically as the dancing Punch called at the house of the voters and left behind him sum of five to ten guineas (\$25 to \$50). Another device was to collect the citizens at the inns and hand them their reward through a hole in the door. For these offenses the house of commons passed a resolution that Hindon should be disfranchised, but so lax were the morals of the time—the close of the eighteenth century—that the resolution was never acted upon.

Again in 1859 the "Man in the Moon" turned up in Wakefield. He went about openly distributing money and did not appear to be in the least ashamed of his occupation. At Dublin, in 1868, a hole in the wall served the purpose of a distributing center for the £5 (\$25) notes, while at Shaftesbury an alderman paid through a hole in the door of his office a sum of 20 guineas (\$100) to each elector.

WRESTLING IN SCOTLAND.

Athletic Sport on the Famous Field at Grasmere.

The sports field at Grasmere lies at the foot of a characteristic ridge of fells, very narrow at the top and as steep nearly as the side of a house. As you sit in the grandstand this ridge rises up in front of you.

On the bare, precipitous slopes of it the guides' race is run. On the verdant lawn on which the grandstand is placed the wrestling matches are held and those spectators who are not in the stand make a ring around the lawn. There are coaches and carriages, too, all around, on which people sit and watch and have picnic luncheons, and it all looks rather like Lord's cricket ground reduced in size.

In Cumberland wrestling the fall is won directly a man is thrown to the ground. There is no need to pin the shoulders down as in Graeco-Roman wrestling. Here at Grasmere all is ended just when the Graeco-Roman catch-as-catch-can would be getting to the serious work. Were it not so the Grasmere sports would last all the year round. As it was, several matches went on at the same time.

Many of the men had their thighs embroidered with wonderful flowers or designs in silk or wool—the work of their women folk, who were now straining to get a glimpse of how the charm worked from the swaying ranks of the people around the ground.

Boys wrestled; men with white hair, who had gained in experience what they had lost in elasticity, wrestled. The boys seemed to be young Orlando's temerarily trying a fall with the Charleses of the profession, and who knows that there was not some Rosalind who saw it all dimly from the crowd and was ready to say afterward, "Sir, you have wrestled well and overcome more than your enemies."—London Standard.

Cure For The Blues

ONE MEDICINE THAT HAS NEVER FAILED

Health Fully Restored and the Joy of Life Regained.

When a cheerful, brave, light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the BLUES, it is a sad picture. It is usually this way. She has been feeling "out of sorts"



for some time; head has ached and back also; has slept poorly, been quite nervous, and nearly faint once or twice; head dizzy, and heart beats very fast; then that bearing-down feeling, and during her periods she is exceedingly despondent. Nothing pleases her. Her doctor says: "Cheer up; you have dyspepsia; you will be all right soon."

But she doesn't get "all right," and hope vanishes; then come the brooding, morbid, melancholy, everlasting BLUES.

Don't wait until your sufferings have driven you to despair, with your nerves all shattered and your courage gone, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. See what it did for Mrs. Rosa Adams, of 819 12th Street, Louisville, Ky., niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C.S.A. She writes: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham: I cannot tell you with pen and ink what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered with female troubles, extreme lassitude, 'the blues,' nervousness and that all-around feeling, as I did before. I consider Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a boon to sick and suffering women."

If you have some derangement of the female organism write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

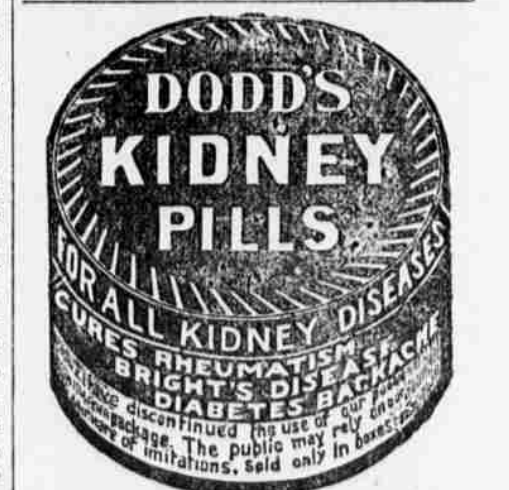
Offer Reward for Brigand. The Russian government has offered a reward of 10,000 rubles for the capture, dead or alive, of Murad Kisilun, the famous Caucasus brigand. He is said to have killed over 300 Russian soldiers and policemen.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. WARDING, KINSEAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Scorpions Cause Disaster. Scorpions were to a great extent responsible for the recent bursting of the Kamalapuram tank in India. There had been very heavy rains, but when an attempt was made to preserve the bank of the tank scorpions issued from crevices in the earth-work in such numbers that the attempt had to be abandoned. Over 30 laborers were stung.—Shanghai Mercury.

Jewelers Lament. British jewelers complain of great depression in their trade. Persons who wear good jewelry are wearing less of it, and many are contented with the imitation, much of which is very good of its kind now.

Last of Revolutionary Widows. Mrs. Esther S. Damon, of Plymouth, Vt., is the only living widow of any revolutionary soldier. She is 92 years old.



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