

By D. M. AMSBERRY,

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA.

Graphology Tested.

Prof. Alfred Binet of the Sorbonne has been making some experiments in graphology which reveal that science in an unkind light. As a beginning, the handwriting of Renan was circulated. A famous graphologue gave the following analysis of the great skeptic philosopher: "A mind originally mediocre and little cultivated. Little reflection. On the other hand, the credulity and loquaciousness of the subject are noteworthy." With another expert Renan came off a little better, as "a clear and fine mind, but hardly reaching talent." Graphology suffered most when it fell foul of the manuscript of the brutal assassin Vidal, who had slain many women. One authority declared the writing to be "that of a young girl who must be classed among the gentler characters." Another doctor in the science observed "although we have never seen the handwriting of Talne, we imagine it like this. In any case who wrote these lines was a thinker." If this be the essay on "Murder as a Fine Art" should be rewritten with a view to proving it an exact science, allied to so-called evolutionary criticism. The total result of Prof. Binet's experiments is to suggest that in graphology a fair field and no favor is the rule. Most of us would have struck rather nearer the white than the adepts in the above-mentioned cases.

Women Sacrificing the Birds.

Let the world bid its sad farewell to its feathered folk if millinery modes continue their slaughter. Certain species of the rarest and most beautiful birds are threatened with extermination at no distant date. In one market alone lately were sold at one time 12,000 hummingbirds, 25,000 parakeets, 15,000 kingfishers, 20,000 aligrettes and thousands of other gorgeous southern birds of different kinds, as well as doves and even sparrows. France receives every year from America, Tonkin and India millions of birds which are exchanged for millions of dollars. The number of small birds annually imported into England and France may be computed at 1,500,000. Germany exports nearly 20,000,000 feathers which are worked up in England into hat trimmings. In London there are held every month sales of birds' skins and feathers, India alone supplying some 30,000,000 feathers. The South American republics are awakened to the danger of the extermination of their most ornamental birds and have passed laws regulating their slaughter. In America has been formed a league whose members forswear the wearing of feathers.

Though the ancient Greeks and Romans used ice for table purposes to get through even hotter weather than we have been having lately, they knew nothing of "ices." These were introduced into France from Italy about 1600, and known at first as "fromages glaces," iced cheeses, although they were made of strawberries, apricots, and so forth, and contained not a drop of cream, says the London Chronicle. From 1762 the use of "glaces" in the plural was sanctioned by the academy, but not before 1825 did "une glace" force its way into recognized acceptance. "Ices" are referred to from time to time in the eighteenth century in English people's letters from abroad. "Iced creams," however, were known as early as the year when William of Orange came over, and by the middle of the eighteenth century "ice cream" figured in cookery books.

Here is an odd little drama, the sordid end of which came to light the other day in a London police court. Some years ago a respectable and thrifty accountant who had lived a bare, lonely sort of a life, was told by his doctor that he had but a short time to live. Seeing no sense in sticking to his treadmill, he threw up his situation and devoted himself to getting the most pleasure possible out of the little capital he had saved by years of hard work. But doctors (in rare but authenticated instances) make mistakes. Perhaps a gay life was the best prescription he could have had—the stultified medical science. At all events his lease of life outran his capital and he was the other day sent to jail for six months for getting money on false pretenses. It is never safe to say, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

The island of St. Helena, where Napoleon was six years a captive, is to be abandoned as a garrison by Great Britain. Since the opening of the Suez canal it is no longer important as a stopping place on the route to India.

The New York Mail says: "Simultaneously with the inception of the football season Harvard has dedicated a new \$5,000,000 medical school." This, like Mr. Pickwick's warming pan allusion, contains a hidden meaning.

BALAAAM'S BLESSING

NINETEENTH—In Cloud and Pillar Series

A STORY OF THE WILDERNESS JOURNEY OF THE ISRAELITES

By the "Highway and Byway" Preacher

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Scripture Authority—Numbers 22, 23 and 24; especially 22:6; 25:18, and 31:8.

SERMONETTE.

Balaam is one of the strange, inconsistent characters we find in the Bible. Although not a Hebrew, but a dweller among the heathen, yet in some way which Scripture does not reveal he was possessed of a certain knowledge of the one true God. The most important question which arises in connection with Balaam is: Did he live up to the light that he had? By this question we may measure the man, and perhaps discover why he presents so weak, so miserable a picture and plunges at last upon the very swords of the people of the God in whom he believed.

There is no evidence to show that Balaam, enlightened with a knowledge of the true God, sought to let the light shine and win the people among whom he dwelt from their heathenism. In fact, we find to the contrary, for it is certain that he debased his knowledge of the true God, and his brilliant attainments, trafficking in them for the gold and favor of kings.

How deplorable is the condition of the soul that lives not up to the privilege of its light, that reduces everything to the currency of this world, and is content to dwell on the low plane of the merely sensual and temporal.

Balaam knew the true God, but there were some things he cared more for than the true God. How true this is of multitudes in the world to-day. They have knowledge of the true God, and yet they prefer to dwell apart from God's people, they covet the things of the world and gladly receive the homage and tribute of the people of the world.

It was Balaam's willfulness and not God's graciousness which at last wrung the permission to go with Balak's messengers. And Balaam is not the last person whose willful, perverse heart has overridden the expressed will of God.

Balaam could hobnob with kings who were plotting the downfall of God's people, but he could not alter the Divine purposes concerning them. How limited after all are the powers of evil.

A consecrated heart never goes with an itching palm.

It is possible for one to see with the clearness of an angel of light, and live like a creature of darkness.

To know God and to live God are two different propositions. The one is like the electrical apparatus all equipped for use, the other is the apparatus with the current turned on performing its functions.

High and holy gifts may be prostituted to base uses.

It is a poor testimonial to a man's religion when he can live in a community without making it better.

THE STORY.

BALAK, king of the Moabites, was in sore trouble. For days and nights now he had neither eaten nor slept, for not one but scores of messengers had come in haste to his palace during the past month with alarming stories of a strange and terrible people who had come out of Egypt and were sweeping the inhabitants of the land before them.

At first he had received the reports with disdain, declaring that the mighty men of Moab were able to withstand such enemies, but as the reports grew more alarming and he had been informed fully as to the fearful destruction of the Amorites, a fierce and powerful people to the south of his domain, his confidence had quite deserted him. In his anxiety he had gone out to one of the high mountains overlooking the place where Israel lay encamped, and as his eyes took in the great stretch of tents and noted the military precision and order with which the camp was laid out, he found little to reassure him.

"That is their tabernacle," replied an attendant in response to his query as he pointed to the square-shaped tent in the center of the camp. "And it is there their God is said to have His dwelling place, and that cloud which you see hovering above the tabernacle is the visible presence of your God. The people through whose country they have passed told me that it is this cloud which has led them all this way from Egypt, and has given them victory over their enemies."

"How strange and mysterious it seems," responded the king, as a superstitious shiver passed over him. "It looks almost like a thing of life as it aways there above the tabernacle."

Fascinated, seemingly, by the sight, the king long stood there watching. The sun sank to rest and the darkness

settled down in the valley and then crept up the mountain towards where they stood.

"See!" he cried, excitedly, "It glows now as though the great sun has gone to rest in its bosom. Surely we cannot hope to prevail against a people whose God visits them in such might and power. What shall we do? What shall we do?"

And the king in his distress and fear wrung his hands, and paced up and down, the while keeping his eyes upon the gleaming pillar in the distance. It was the only thing now visible in the valley below, save the faint outlines of the tabernacle which stood out under the light of the pillar of fire. The long lines of tents stretching away in every direction from the tabernacle had faded from view, but that steady, awful, mysterious glow stood out sharply and filled his heart with unspoken fear. It seemed to him like a great winged monster that was bearing down upon him to seize him in its talons and tear his body in pieces and devour his flesh, and he shrank back and stumbled and would have fallen had not the attendant caught him.

"What strange, terrible God is this? Who is there who knows of this God? Who is there who can help us?" he cried.

"There is a man in Pethor, Balaam, the son of Beor, whom I have heard tell has been greatly gifted of the gods and there is no gods with whom he is not familiar, and I doubt not that he would know of this God of the Hebrews."

"Balaam of Pethor?" slowly repeated the king, "Is not he the one to whom the nations about go in time of trouble? Is he not the oracle who has foretold the fall of numerous cities of the land?"

"The very one," replied the attendant.

"Go and fetch him," commanded the king as he hastened down the mountain path and returned to his palace.

Now Balaam, although a prophet and priest among the Midianites, had a knowledge of the true God and feared Him. On more than one occasion had the true God of Heaven given him visions of the events which were to come to pass, and his fame as a prophet had spread through all that country.

When the messengers had come to him from the king of the Moabites, saying: "Come, curse this people, for they are too mighty for me: peradventure I shall prevail, that we may smite them, and that I may drive them out of the land, for I wot that he whom thou blessest is blessed, and he whom thou cursest is cursed," he was filled with an eager desire to go with them that he might receive their rich gifts, but he dare not for of long time he had heard that this people which had come out of Egypt were God's chosen people and under His special care. For this reason he asked that the messengers tarry the night while he should obtain word of the Lord concerning the matter.

With heavy heart he saw the messengers depart after he had told them that he could not go. But when a few days later there came a more noble delegation from Balak beseeching him to go with them, he willfully sought the face of the Lord again and obtained from him the permission he sought.

Two days later he stood upon the high place where Baal, the god of the Moabites, was worshipped. The seven altars have been built and Balak is standing by the smoking sacrifices, while Balaam has gone yonder to hear what God might say to him.

Within his heart was the burning desire to say all that the king desired of him, for he bore no love for Israel, but he knew that mere words could not accomplish Israel's ruin and that if God had spoken blessing, it were folly for him to speak curses.

Day after day the effort of King Balak to wring from Balaam a curse upon Israel continued, and always failure and disappointment, and at last in disgust and anger, he sent Balaam back to Pethor empty handed and in disgrace.

Then it was that Balaam, troubled and dissatisfied, sought to counsel the kings to make friends with Israel rather than to seek to fight them. "Let the most beautiful of our women be given unto them that they may entice them and draw them away," he said.

This advice seemed good, and during the weeks which followed Israelites and Moabites and Midianites mingled freely, a thing which so displeased Moses and the elders that it was not long ere Moses had to resort to the most severe measures. This culminated in the plague whose awful ravages in the ranks of Israel were only stayed when Phineas had destroyed a Midianite princess and the wicked Israelite who had brought her into his tent.

Should Midian let such affront go unchallenged? Balaam still counselled peace.

"Nay, we shall fight, and thou shalt fight with us," vowed the king, when rumors came that Israel was preparing to go out against them. "We shall see how thy blessing shall prosper. Curse Israel and thou shalt remain in safety at home."

"But how can I speak curses when God has spoken only goodness concerning Israel?" poor Balaam protested, as he went with them to the field of battle.

Then came the Israelites and they warred against the Midianites and they slew all the males, and they slew the kings of Midian, beside the rest of them that were slain; namely, Evi, and Rekem, and Zur, and Hur, and Reba, five kings of Midian. And Balaam, also, the son of Beor, they slew with the sword.

If you wait for others to do things for you they are apt to do you while you wait.

You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Women Have Pet Snakes. A great many snakes are imported into England. There is a brisk demand for snake pets among rich ladies. It's a funny kind of pet, perhaps, but they seem to like them, and get quite fond of them. I suppose it's because ladies nowadays like the unusual. Of course, these pet snakes are all nonpoisonous.—London Morning Leader.

A Good Record. Out of all the external remedies on the market we doubt if there is one that has the record of that world-renowned porous plaster—Alcock's. It has now been in use for sixty years, and still continues to be as popular as ever in doing its great work of relieving our pains and aches. It is the remedy we all need when suffering from any ache or pain resulting from taking cold or overstrain. Alcock's Plasters are sold by Druggists all over the world.

Senator Spooner's Shooting. Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, is a successful hunter of big game. On one of his trips he had for his guide Bill Murray. They were out looking for bear or deer one day, when Murray suddenly threw up his rifle and fired. The senator saw an animal fall heavily, and called: "We've got him this time, Bill."

"We!" sneered the guide. "There's no we about it. I kided him plain enough."

Quickly making their way to where their quarry lay, they found a fine specimen of Jersey calf.

"We've killed somebody's calf!" yelled the guide.

Senator Spooner gave him a withering look and said: "William, you should be more particular in your choice of pronouns. 'We' isn't adapted to this particular instance."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

HAD TO USE A CANE.

Weakened Kidneys Made an Elwood, Ind., Man's Back Give Out.

R. A. Pugh, transfer business, 2020 North B street, Elwood, Ind., says:

"Kidney trouble kept me laid up for a long time, and when I was able to be up I had to use a cane. I had terrible back-aches and pain in the shoulders. The kidney secretions were dark colored. After doctoring in vain, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Three boxes cured me entirely, and I am glad to recommend them." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Early Labor Strike. In 1832 there was a ten-hour movement among the shipwrights and caikers of New England, and several strikes resulted, which proved successful.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Experience is the father of wisdom and memory the mother.—From the German.

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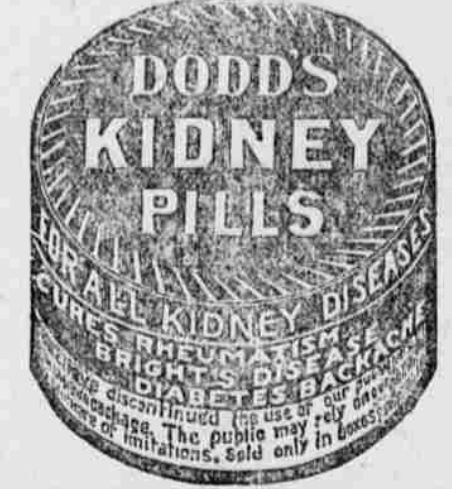
Dancing is by no means confined to quadrupeds; it is the principal play of many birds.

Perhaps the finest of bird dancers is the South American cock o' the rock. These birds have regular dancing places, level spots which they keep clear of sticks and stones.

A dozen or more of the bird dancers assemble around this spot, and then a cock bird, his scarlet crest erect, steps into the center. Spreading his wings and tail, he begins to dance, at first with slow and stately steps, then gradually more and more rapidly until he is spinning like a mad thing. At last, tired out, he sinks down, hops out of the ring and another takes his place.

Some of the quail tribe are great dancers, and so are the American sand hill cranes. It is a most ludicrous sight to watch a crane dancing; he is so desperately solemn over the whole performance. He looks like a shy young man who has just learned to waltz and is rather ashamed of the accomplishment.

"Ah!" sighed the rich old widower, "I would willingly die for you." "How soon?" queried the pretty but practical maid.



W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 44, 1906.

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READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 44, 1906.

A Woman's Health

depends so much upon her functions, that the least upset of them affects her whole system. It is the little things that count, in woman's life and health. The little pains, and other symptoms of womanly disorder, soon lead up to big things,—serious pains, serious diseases. It is for just these ordinary, common, womanly troubles, that the use of a gentle, strengthening, female tonic, like

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has been found so successful, in thousands of cases, in relieving and curing. "I had been troubled with female complaints for 12 months," writes Mrs. Bettie Arp, of Ballplay, Tenn., "and although I was under doctors' care for four months, they did but little good. I took one bottle of Wine of Cardui and one dollar's worth of Theford's Black-Draught, and now I am better. I believe Cardui saved my life. We are poor people, but I shall always keep it in the house." It relieves woman's worst pains and regulates fitful functions. Try it.

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