

By D. M. AMBERRY

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

San Francisco needed Bibles after all more than it did money.

A brain storm may be only an unusual number of "thought vibrations" converging into a vortex.

San Salvador has disbanded its army. In other words, the government told the man he might go home and raise bananas.

A Connecticut fisherman claims to have seen a red-headed devil-fish which stood on its tail and hissed at him. Too much bait.

A Chicago University professor thinks that "Americans are too blood-thirsty." Move to amend by excerpting the word "blood."

Dr. Philpott says there are more good wives than good husbands, but maybe he is only judging by the volume of conversation.

To think of their calling that poor Spanish prince "Alfonso Pio Cristiano Eduardo!" The boys will probably call him Pi, for short!

If German scientists have really discovered a cure for tuberculosis the rest of the world will applaud their deliberate methods of study.

Grandfather Gould may have thought tennis frivolous beside money-making schemes, but young Jay Gould thinks it is just the racket.

Mark Twain may be expected to have a lot of fun with the Detroit official who has declared that one of his stories is "literary junk."

Henry James says that he has never heard an American woman say "thank you." Poor fellow, what bad company he must have kept in his native land.

"Do something different every day. Get out of bed with a different leg first every morning." Thus Julian Hawthorne, who evidently expects us to remain in bed after the second day.

A South Carolina paper opines that "the tone of a bullfrog is the sweetest note in nature's music." There's no accounting for tastes, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow.

Sir Frederick Treves says that London fogs must be abolished to save the lives of the people. Send for some live Yankee and he will find a method to concentrate them and use them for irrigation.

John L. Sullivan's definition of a mollycoddle—a guy who says "fudge" when he ought to be sending right and left to the jaw—is unnecessarily prolix. A guy who says "fudge," would be sufficient.

The nation is given to understand by the action of the president in waiving a cabinet meeting to jump hurdles that physical exercise is as important toward good citizenship as the exertion of gray matter.

There was quite a mystery about the bridal of Miss Terry, who, in spite of her spinster prefix, is now making happy a third husband. The poet must have had her in mind when he said, "Time cannot wither, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

Brave as Kuroki is, he cannot fail to see manifold reasons, in America, why he should have the welfare of his own country in mind when he says that he hopes the bonds between the United States and Japan will be strengthened with the passing years.

When a man gambles and doesn't win, and then speculates and loses a few times, his wife is fully persuaded that he does it on purpose to keep her out of that exalted station in life where she would be such a bright and shining ornament. It never occurs to her, says the Nashville American, that she might dazzle a few where she is at.

Tuskegee institute now owns 2,000 acres of land, 83 buildings, dwellings, dormitories, class-rooms, shops and barns, live stock, farm implements, etc., all valued at \$85,000. Besides, it has 22,000 acres of public lands granted by congress, valued at \$135,000, and an endowment fund of \$1,275,000. The institute now has over 1,800 pupils in all its departments, and is growing every year.

In a railway carriage, perched on a cliff overhanging the Severn, near Bridgnorth, England, lives Henry Hudson, a man who has traveled extensively, published more than one novel and written for scientific magazines. He adopted his strange mode of life partly from a love of nature, says an English correspondent. He builds coracles, which he sends to Norway, and has invented socks made from wood, which are being considered by the British military authorities.

Mrs. Roosevelt has chosen to ally herself with that part of society which goes in for uplifting. She has sedulously avoided the merely frivolous. Her name is on the list of patrons of art and music. She is pledged, when her husband leaves office, to aid in the establishment of a national academy of art and of a national conservatory, both to be supported by government funds. It is understood that she wishes to go down in White House annals as the most intelligent and conscientious collector of historic china who has ever graced the stately mansion.

VIRGINIA'S LESSON

By Hilda Richmond

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"It isn't that Herbert is a bad boy," Mrs. Castle was saying, with a worried look on her motherly face, "or that Virginia is disobedient. They are simply too silly for anything. 'Mushy,' the boys call them, and the word fits very well. Instead of having a good time with the crowd as they always did, they prefer to sit around by themselves at parties and Virginia is getting so dreamy that you have to speak two or three times before she realizes she is on earth."

"Oh, well," said her sister, consolingly, "all girls have those spells. I remember how Bob Lane and I used to think our folks cruel and unsympathetic because they ruthlessly spoiled our cherished plans by sending us away to school. Virginia will get over her foolishness in good time and be able to laugh at herself. Don't take it to heart so."

"It's all very well for you to take that view, for your girls are too small to give you any trouble yet; but just wait a few years. Virginia's health and lessons suffer while she is moping around, and I really have to force her to eat when she and Herbert have had a little tiff. I wish they would fall out and scratch each other's faces as they did years ago. Then maybe this nonsense would come to an end. I always think of Editha when I see her, for she moped just like that when she was Virginia's age."

"Editha! The very person! Send for her to come and spend a month with you, and if that doesn't bring Virginia to her senses nothing will. It will mean a lot of hard work, but you will be repaid for that, I am sure."

In less than a week Mrs. Castle was able to announce carelessly at the dinner table that Cousin Editha and her family would visit them next week. Mrs. Randolph narrowly watched Virginia without seeming to do so, and saw just what she expected in the pretty face of her niece.

"Cousin Editha!" said Virginia, with a pleased look. "I haven't seen her since the day I was flower girl at her wedding. She was just 17 then—as old as I am now—and I was ten. Do you remember, mamma, how perfectly beautiful she looked?"

"Yes, she was a lovely bride," said Mrs. Castle. "Unless you eat more supper, Virginia I cannot allow you to go to the lecture this evening."

"How many children has she?" asked Mr. Castle. "Three or four?"

"Three," answered his wife. "Two boys and a baby girl." The whole family had been instructed as to behavior and these plotters against Virginia determined to do or die during the weeks to follow. Even Rob promised to tear himself from the delights of baseball, if by so doing "Virginia could be made to act with a little common sense," as he expressed it.

A few days later Cousin Editha and her family made their appearance. "Give me the baby, Ede," said a young man who had conducted two small boys in dirty linen suits down the car steps. "The brakeman will carry your luggage."

"Ede! Virginia looked in disgust at the innocent young man, but her disgust changed to astonishment a minute later when her mother kissed the pale young woman with her hat on one side of her head and told her how delighted they were to see them all. Was it possible that this was the beautiful bride of seven years ago? The long train, exquisite veil and white flowers with which Cousin Editha had always been invested in Virginia's memory faded away before this tired, thin woman and her little family.

"And this is Virginia?" said Cousin Editha, as soon as the boys had been packed in the surrey and the baby on Mrs. Castle's lap. "You're quite a young lady, Virginia, and a pretty one, too. No, Carlos, mustn't whip the horse! Jack, stop pulling at the lines! Those children were clean when we started, auntie, but only for a few minutes. I suppose I'll have to take the baby. She's cutting teeth and fearfully cross. Yes, mamma is well as usual, but she always seems tired. She helps me a little with the children and—Jack! I have spoken to you for the last time! If you touch those lines again I'll spank you as soon as we get to auntie's."

Virginia sat silent during the short ride. Cousin Editha's husband had walked with Rob, leaving the surrey for the ladies and children, so Mrs. Castle had the whole care of the lively infants. Mrs. Castle sat with her in the back seat and Virginia had the two boys with her in front, so there was little chance for her joining in the conversation if she had wished to. Her cousin's sharp, tired voice grated unpleasant on her ears as she remembered the soft, low tones that had responded so musically to the momentous questions the day she had been the flower girl.

"Ede hasn't been very well lately, but I think the rest will do her good," Mr. Race was saying to Mrs. Randolph when they drove up to the porch. "I've got to hurry back to the city to attend to some business, but I'm glad to leave the babies in such good hands."

Virginia hastened to her room to examine the extent of the damage two pairs of dusty shoes had done to

her dainty white dress, but her mother soon called her down to wheel the baby "while Cousin Editha rests a few minutes." The few minutes proved to be two hours, for the tired mother was not well, and the long car ride had made her worse than usual. She came down to dinner in a white wrapper that made her paler than ever, so Virginia devoted herself to the noisy boys till bedtime.

"A picnic for me? It's very nice of you, dear, but I couldn't go," said Cousin Editha when Virginia spoke of the plan she and her mother had made. "I couldn't be easy a minute away from Baby, and taking her along is out of the question. You go and have a good time Virginia, and don't worry about me. If I can wear a pair of slippers and an old wrapper, that is all I care for these days. When the children grow up I'll go to picnics again, but I'm afraid, not before."

"But we want to do something pleasant for you," said Virginia. "How about a party? That wouldn't be taking you far from the baby?"

"Ede always says parties begin too late for her," laughed Mr. Race. "She has acquired the habit of going to bed at eight every evening."

"It always shocks Virginia to have you say 'Ede,' but I tell her we haven't time for long names," said Mrs. Race. "If she had three children



Wheeled the Baby.

erying at once she would soon learn to save time every way she could. Yes, I do go to bed at eight when I'm home, for I'm always tired out. You'll find out what good times you're having now, my child, when they are all past. I feel old enough to be a grandmother sometimes, and I'm only 24."

"That's true," said Mr. Race, with a little laugh. "Whenever I see Virginia and Herbert reading Tennyson together I think how I used to sit by the hammock and recite 'Lucille' by the hour for you, Editha. I'll try to remember the old name for Virginia's benefit. I don't believe I could call to mind three lines now to save my life."

"I heard you quoting this the other day when we had to wait so long at the hotel for dinner," said Mrs. Race. "But that was only two lines:

"He may live without love—what is passion but pining? But where is the man that can live without dining?"

"We never paid attention to those lines in the old days, did we?" asked Mr. Race, who had reached the perfect good comradeship with his young wife which few early marriages ever show, but which Virginia thought horrible. "I remember we used to weep copiously—that is, you did—over certain fictitious heroines, and the same passages now would only cause you to smile."

Virginia had slipped away from the young couple sitting in the midst of playthings, little garments and crumbs, for a good hard think in her own room. Cousin Editha's visit came to an end before the lively children wore every one out, and when at last they went home Virginia gave an impromptu little party to celebrate the event.

The young people who had shunned the Castles since the house had to be perfectly quiet after seven o'clock every evening, came trooping back, and once more the big house rang with laughter and fun. Virginia was the gayest of the gay, and once when Herbert pressed her hand under cover of the portiere, she only laughed joyously and said, "Don't be a goose, Bert."

Where Periods Are Dropped.

"The one thing in American print that puzzled me most when I first began to read New York papers was the punctuation," said a man from Hull. "I was especially confused by the multitude of periods used in abbreviating titles. In our papers at home most of those dots are omitted in that connection. Here such abbreviations as Dr., Mr., Mrs. and Rev., for example, are finished off with a dot; over there we simply write Dr Smith, Mr Jones, Mrs Brown and Rev Mr Green. Naturally, the difference in the appearance of a whole page of printed matter in which these words frequently recur is striking."

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Modesty multiplies merit. There is no sanctity without service. The thoughtless never are harmless. Large sorrows come from little sins. The heart is bankrupt when it has no love to spare. It takes a brave man to be willing to be called a coward. The weariest people are those who are running from duty. Lazy folks lose a lot of energy telling how busy they are. Conscience never makes cowards of us until we turn our backs on it. You never taste the wine of life until some of its fruits are crushed. It's a great pity that the people who invent troubles do not patent them. In the temple of a great and good life almost all the bricks are small. Many a man goes back by being too anxious about putting up a good front. It is better to have to regret many a loss than to earn the profit of remorse.

The greatest sin is not the making of a mistake, but the being satisfied with it. The religion that lays emphasis on views often is remarkably short on vitality.—Chicago Tribune.

HINDU EPIGRAMS.

What a man desires and strives for, that he always obtains, unless in weariness he relaxes. Not to begin an undertaking is the first sign of wisdom, and the second is to complete what has been begun. To love those who love you not, to shun those who love you, to make an enemy of the strong—that is to be a fool. Under good fortune the heart of the great is as soft as a lotus bloom; under ill fortune, as hard as the mountain rock. Time wakes when others sleep; Time no one may escape; without rest and with even pace Time strides over all creatures. For five years a man shall treat his son as a prince, for ten years as a slave; but when a son reaches his sixteenth year, then shall a man treat him as a friend. He who sits after eating gets a pain; he who sleeps after eating gets comfort; he who walks after eating gets health; he who runs after eating runs to his death. Everywhere good fortune attends the man whose heart is content; is not the earth covered with leather for one whose foot is in a shoe?—Sunday Magazine.

SAID OF MEN.

Every man gets mighty proud of his own vices when a clergyman goes wrong. Enthusiasm is shouting for something you don't understand because the crowd is. When a woman buys a bunch of flowers it's a sign she will let people think a man sent them to her. There is no use knowing so much that it makes other people's head ache for you to explain it to them. A woman lies about how smart her husband is at making money just the way he does about the wonderful things the children say.—New York Press.

REFLECTIONS ON WOMEN.

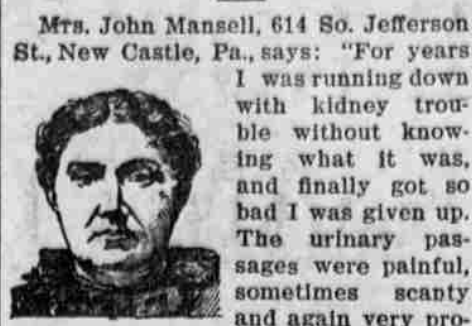
Laughter is the test of beauty; women that it embellishes are of the divine race.—Rougon. A woman's face ought to be like an April day—susceptible of change and variety.—Lord Byron. The symbol of woman in general is that of the Apocalypse, on the forehead of which is written "Mystery."—Diderot. There is an old saying that in England the wife is the queen, in France the companion, in Germany the housekeeper, in Italy the slave.—London Outlook.

PROVERBS.

Idleness is the key of beggary. A young cock crows as he heard the old one. They must hunger in frost who will not work in heat. Though the wolf may lose his teeth he never loses his inclinations. There is nothing more precious than time and nothing more prodigally wasted. The world is a great book of which they that never stir from home read only a page.

68, BUT PERFECTLY WELL.

The Happy Experience of a New Castle, Pa., Woman.



Mrs. John Mansell, 614 So. Jefferson St., New Castle, Pa., says: "For years I was running down with kidney trouble without knowing what it was, and finally got so bad I was given up. The urinary passages were painful, sometimes scanty and again very profuse. My limbs, feet and ankles bloated dreadfully, and sometimes my whole body. My heart palpitated and I had smothering spells. A week's treatment with Doan's Kidney Pills helped me and a few boxes cured me. At 68 I am strong and well." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WON FURLOUGH FOR JEEMS.

Artless Appeal That Touched the Heart of Jefferson Davis.

Humor lightens everything, even grim war. Jefferson Davis, with all the weight of a losing cause on his shoulders, could yet spare time to appreciate and respond to an artless appeal. The incident is related by Capt. Sutherland. Among the numerous papers received by the confederate president, the following turned up one day: "Dear Mr. President—I want you to let Jeems C. of Co. onth, 6th South Carolina Regiment, come home and get married. Jeems is willin', but Jeems Capt'in he ain't willin'. Now when we all are willin' 'cept Jeems Capt'in, I think you might let up and let Jeems come. I'll make him go straight back when he's done got married and fight hard as ever. "Your affectionate friend," and so forth. Mrs. Davis, telling the story, adds that Mr. Davis wrote his directions in regard to the matter on the back of the letter. They were: "Let Jeems go."—Youth's Companion.

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. Wonderful Engineering Work. The admirable accuracy of the work of civil engineers of the best class is shown in the wonderfully slight deviation of the great Simplon tunnel from the calculations of the men who planned it and executed the work. The tunnel is 12 3/4 miles long. It proved 31 inches longer than it was expected to be. When the two headings came together in the depths of the mountain their levels were less than 3/4 inches apart.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new. Defiance Starch is the latest invention in that line and an improvement on all other makes; it is more economical, does better work, takes less time. Get it from any grocer. Many a fellow sows his wild oats and reaps a grass widow.

The Business Instinct.

A party of tourists were visiting the ancient landmarks of England, according to a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, and their guide was supplying them with valuable historic facts. "This tower," he remarked, "goes back to William the Conqueror." "Why, what's the matter?" inquired one of his listeners. "Isn't it satisfactory?"

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Good Charger.

Client—Didn't you make a mistake in going into law instead of the army? Lawyer—Why? Client—By the way you charge, there would be little left of the enemy. Krause's Cold Cure. For cold in head, throat, chest or back. Best remedy for La Grippe. Druggists, 25c.

Many a girl's idea of doing good in the world is to marry a man to reform him. Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar made of rich, mellow tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The worst thing about common sense is that it is so unfashionable. Mrs. Winstow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Even wisdom may be only skin deep.

FARMS THAT GROW "NO. 1 HARD" WHEAT

(Sixty-three Pounds to the Bushel). Are situated in the Canadian West where Home-steads of 160 acres can be obtained free by every settler willing and able to comply with the Homestead Regulations. During the present year a large portion of

WESTERN CANADA FREE

NEW WHEAT GROWING TERRITORY HAS BEEN MADE ACCESSIBLE TO MARKETS BY THE RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION that has been pushed forward so vigorously by the three great railway companies. For literature and particulars address SUPER-INTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or the following authorized Canadian Government Agent: W. V. BENNETT, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska. Mention this paper.

NORTHWEST AND RETURN

Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Bellingham, Everett, Vancouver, Victoria, and New Westminster. One Fare or \$50.00 For the round trip from Missouri River Terminals (Council Bluffs to Kansas City, inclusive) VIA UNION PACIFIC. Tickets on sale June 20 to July 12, 1907. Also tickets one way through California on same same dates at slightly higher rates. INQUIRE OF E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. GENUINE SMALL BEAR FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is acknowledged to be the most successful remedy in the country for those painful ailments peculiar to women.

For more than 30 years it has been curing Female Complaints, such as Inflammation, and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, Backache, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life. Records show that it has cured more cases of Female Ills than any other one remedy known.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound dissolves and expels Tumors at an early stage of development. Dragging Sensations causing pain, weight, and headache are relieved and permanently cured by its use. It corrects Irregularities or Painful Functions, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility; also, Dizziness, Faintness, Extreme Lassitude, "Don't care and want to be left alone" feeling, Irritability, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Flatulency, Melancholia or the "Blues." These are sure indications of female weakness or some organic derangement. For Kidney Complaints of either sex Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a most excellent remedy.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice. She is the Mrs. Pinkham who has been advising sick women free of charge for more than twenty years, and before that she assisted her mother-in-law Lydia E. Pinkham in advising. Thus she is well qualified to guide sick women back to health. Her advice is free and always helpful.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM