

By D. M. AMSBERRY

BROKEN BOW, - - NEBRASKA

The Moroccans act as if this world were a perpetual world's fair.

Money friendship, like running water, lasts no longer than its flood tide.

The wheel of fashion has made it possible for the diner to put his feet under the mahogany again.

When the fish trust is put on trial will it demand a jury of fishermen, so that it may be tried by its peers?

Those who look and feel for the sunny side of life will not be bothered with the darkness of adversity.

A coal miners' strike is threatened just in time to put the price of next winter's coal up a few dollars per ton.

As the age of airships has come the nation that wants to go to war should provide itself with a burglar-proof roof.

Commander Peary is almost never at home when it is time to vote, and yet he is all the time thinking of the poles.

An inventory at long range of the effects of Nikola Tesla, the inventor, reveals only a large steel tower and a scrapbook.

Mrs. Harry Thaw, we are told, is studying singing, and this looks as if she were still determined to be a woman of note.

That woman who attributed her 107 years to the fact that she ate so many onions had a long life, but probably a lonely one.

The London woman who chased her husband 5,000 miles must have been very easy to suit, considering that her spouse was an English tailor.

Possibly it would be better not to offer prizes for large families without imposing some conditions as to the manner in which they are reared.

The Filipinos do not take to voting as a duck takes to water, but by and by when they are looking for office they will learn the value of the ballot.

Sir Thomas Lipton has never been accused of being an inebriate, though he has been following the cup habit so long and has not yet overcome it.

Of course anything in the pure food line is to be encouraged, but why should "watered whisky" be considered more detestable than the unwatered?

Every now and then a story is told of some wild animal committing suicide. Weary, perhaps, of being pursued and misrepresented by nature fakers.

Ha, ha! Great joke on next winter! There being no peach trees left in the Michigan fruit belt, it cannot kill the peach crop, as has been winter's annual habit.

Kansas bakers are forbidden to knead their dough with their feet, though they need their dough with their feet as much as with any other part of the anatomy.

A genius is said to have invented pants without buttons, but there must be some mistake about that. Every man at some time in his life has had a pair without buttons.

In pardoning Col. Arthur Lynch, a British subject who fought against his country in the Boer war and was convicted of high treason, Great Britain did the only thing that was nearly logical in an illogical situation. The Boers themselves are in a position hardly less strange, remarks Youth's Companion, since their leaders, both and others, are the administrators of a colony under the nation they fought. The pardoned man is an Irishman. Charles Gavan Duffy was tried for treason in 1848. Later he was prime minister of Victoria, and the British government knighted him.

It was discovered some years ago that a part of the business district of Minneapolis was built over a great subterranean cavern, whose rocky roof lay some sixty or more feet below the surface, but the fact has been kept quiet until now, when the roof of the cave has been put upon the support of great concrete pillars. The cave had been caused by a subterranean waterflow, which has been diverted. When accidentally discovered, says the San Francisco Argonaut, the cavern contained a lake of fine ice-cold water, ten feet deep, and large enough to have supplied the city.

The world is not yet so settled that all the old thrilling tales of new country must go out of stock. It is several years since western America furnished an exciting story of a railway race for a pass through the mountains. But now from Alaska comes the old tale retold. Rival roads building from the southern coast northward toward the Yukon and the coppermines, have chased for the needed passes; and pitched battles have been fought with rifles. It is the same story wherever business goes in advance of the law.

New Life-Saving Projectile



Apparatus intended for Life-Saving stations along the coast recently tested by the government; a stout rope is attached to the anchor-like projectile which is shot over the wrecked vessel and the people on board are then carried ashore.

OWNS UNIQUE STATUE

HARLEM TOBACCO DEALER HAS FIGURE OF WASHINGTON.

Colossal Wooden Likeness of First President Is, It Is Claimed by the Owner, One Hundred Years Old.

New York.—Every now and then a relic of revolutionary times of which little has been heard comes to the public notice. In the possession of a Harlem tobacco dealer is a colossal wooden statue of George Washington. The owner, Joseph Liebman, says it is 100 years old.

In the colonial days there was a statue of King George in Bowling Green park. After the struggle for independence this statue was replaced by one of George Washington. It was of heroic size, and according to the information obtained by Mr. Liebman it was the first statue of George Washington erected in this country.

The statue is nine feet five inches from the base to the top and weighs 800 pounds. Gen. Washington is wearing the continental uniform—long blue coat with brass buttons, buff breeches and riding boots. The right arm is extended and the left, carrying his hat, is resting on his hip. On the right side is a fob and watchchain.

Mr. Liebman has looked up the history of the statue, and he says that it was put up in 1792. It stood for 43 years, when it was decided to make some improvements in the park. The city officials looked over the statue and decided that it was too old-fashioned and not dignified enough for the city because it was of wood. As a result it was sold at auction to a Mr. Jacques, a collector of things of the revolutionary period. He paid \$250 for it and sent it to South Norwalk, Conn., where it remained until he died, in 1860, when it was sold again. The purchaser this time was Antonio Decorato, who lived in this city, but eventually it fell into the hands of Frank Theobald, the tobacco dealer.

Mr. Theobald sold his business to Mr. Liebman, and with it went the statue. Its present owner puts a high value on it. He says it is worth \$5,000—at least he has been told that by persons who profess to have some

knowledge of the subject. Mr. Liebman says he has been advised by Dr. Kelley of the City History club to hold on to the statue, as it is sure not to depreciate in value from the collector's standpoint.

During the centennial of 1889 it had a place on the temporary arch at Washington square. It is a fine piece of work and it was admired by thousands. It would have gone to the Chicago world's fair had those in charge of the arrangements here known of its existence in time to send it. At the time Senator Depew sent a letter saying that he did not find out about the statue until too late to have it shipped.

Mr. Liebman has made many inquiries from the Sons of the Revolution and the Colonial Dames about the statue. He is not rich, he says, and he finds that the competition in his trade is pretty stiff, but he intends to hold on to the statue.

SPARKING STARTS THE GUNS.

Comedy of Errors in Courtship Almost Proves Tragedy.

Williamsport, Pa.—A comedy of errors came near ending in a tragedy at Montoursville. Constables Rogers and Shirm at midnight were spooking around the houses in search of a tramp-looking stranger, who they believed was a burglar.

Edward Wadsworth, of Galeton, a school teacher, who had come to town during the day, was spending the evening with his sweetheart. They saw the constables sneaking around and thought they were burglars.

Wadsworth said he would watch them. He followed. The constables saw him skipping from out of one dark corner into another. They thought he was the tramp they were looking for and gave chase.

Wadsworth took to his heels. Constable Rogers fired three shots, and Wadsworth threw up his arms, expecting the "highwaymen" to go through his pockets. Instead the two constables grabbed him, tore his coat, and were hustling him to the lock-up when his young lady friend, in a condition bordering on hysteria, appeared on the scene and explained the situation.

SLEEPS ON 'PHONE POLE

Lineman Twice Takes Naps in Perilous Places.

Baltimore, Md.—John Leitner, 27 years old, lineman for the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone company, has a mania for falling asleep on telephone poles.

Twice within 48 hours Leitner has slumbered peacefully on the top of a pole, and in both occasions the police have been called upon to take his supposed dead body from the wires.

A few minutes before 12 o'clock the superintendent of Timanus' Mills telephoned to the Northern police station that an employe of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone company had been stricken by electricity and that his body was resting on the wires.

A moment later the Mount Vernon Mills, the Timanus Mills and other industries in the neighborhood were emptied of their workmen going to dinner; but nearly all of them halted and with pitying glances and horror-stricken faces leveled their eyes upon the still figure on the top of the pole.

The man lay perfectly still. One leg was thrown over a cross beam, the other was wrapped about a cable, and his arms were extended and partly resting his drooping head on the beam above him. Just as the ambulance approached the pole the supposed dead man awakened, but lay down again.

The policemen recognized him as the same individual who had fooled them before and they ordered him down. Leitner descended, and when

he reached the foot of the pole he staggered so perceptibly and talked so vaguely of the "wires being hot" that he was taken into custody and charged with being drunk.

CANNED PEARS WITH HISTORY.

Put Up 32 Years Ago, and Kept Intact by Successive Owners.

Washington.—In the window of a lunchroom on Pennsylvania avenue is a giant glass jar of branded pears that were put up by Mrs. Ella C. Haller, in Paterson, N. J., on the 25th of February, 1875. They have changed hands many times, but each time they remained untouched, their owners seeming to lack the heart to break the seal of the jar.

John Keenan, well-known to the old inhabitants of Washington, brought the jar to this city about ten years after it was put up, and for several years it stood on exhibition in the old Riggs House bar. There it attracted the attention of many prominent men and statesmen. Large prices were offered for it, but all were refused.

Finally it was raffled and the proceeds given to charity. As much as \$1,000 was netted. Subsequently the new owner raffled it and gained \$250 thereby. The man who last won it presented it to his sweetheart, who, upon marrying another, gave it to her relatives. In whose possession it now rests.

The jar stands about three feet high, and the fruit is in perfect state of preservation in peach brandy. It is possible that the jar will be again disposed of at the Elks' fair this fall.

PRISON TRUCK FARM

ONE OF FEATURES OF MISSOURI PENITENTIARY.

Is Started Because Warden of Institution Likes to See Things Grow—Welcome Change in Convict Fare.

Jefferson City, Mo.—Truck gardening on a large scale has become one of the features of the management of the Missouri penitentiary, under Matt W. Hall, who is a farmer when not in the public service, and has the inborn desire of all farmers to see things growing around him. On what is known as the "state farm" he has this year produced a tremendous amount of garden stuff of all kinds, all of which is utilized on the prison table, affording a very welcome and healthful change of menu for the convicts. The "state farm" consists of 47 acres of land. Part of it has been cut away in supplying clay for the prison brickyard, part is utilized as a pasture, and about 14 acres are tilled for the prison garden.

Some idea of the magnitude of the output of the prison garden can be gained by the statement that 470 bushels of "snap" beans have already been fed to the convicts this season. It takes 70 bushels to go around at one meal in the prison dining room.

On three-quarters of an acre of ground 26,500 pounds of cabbage have been cut this season. This is not all of the cabbage crop, but this was an early and unusually prolific "patch." There are several acres more of the garden in cabbage.

Onions to the amount of several hundred bushels, besides several meals of young onions, served early in the spring, radishes, rhubarb and other stuff were grown in the greatest abundance.

The pride of the warden and his superintendent, John Brumer, centers, however, in the tomato crop. Eleven thousand seven hundred vines, covering something over three acres of ground, are in full fruit, and yield now something like 40 bushels per day. A more welcome addition to the prison fare than sliced tomatoes could not be supplied. The crop is exceedingly prolific and fine this season, and the vines will keep on bearing until frost.

Col. Hall figures on having enough green tomatoes to pick late in September to make several hogsheds of "chow chow" and other pickles to add to the prison larder.

The garden lies on top of some of the high bluffs overlooking the Missouri river. The land originally was not the best, but has been brought to a high state of productiveness by fertilization. Six or eight crippled and superannuated convicts are employed in the garden under the supervision of Mr. Brumer.

It is the intention of Warden Hall to put in next spring a small herd of cows for the purpose of supplying milk and butter for the prison hospital. They will be kept in connection with the garden and will work a considerable saving to the state, as the milk and butter supply for the hospital now costs something like six dollars per day.

RUNS AWAY WITH AN INDIAN.

Mother, However, Spoils Boy's Dream of Wild and Woolly West.

Hammonton, N. J.—White Tiger, who claims he is a full-blooded Apache Indian and has been giving wild west exhibitions here, was arrested charged with attempting to kidnap John D. Laughlin, aged 13 years.

The boy left his home in the morning to work in Skinner's glass factory. Instead of going to work he met White Tiger and went to Winslow's Junction with him. There they were arrested by Officer William Keyser on a warrant sworn out by the boy's mother, just as they were going to leave on a freight train for Jersey City.

At the hearing before Justice J. H. Gaston the boy said the Indian had told him that if he would go with him they would make lots of money giving shows, and would go to White Tiger's Indian home in Oklahoma.

The Indian showed that he was a United States prisoner out on parole from the Lawton (Okla.) penitentiary. He was discharged by Magistrate Gaston, who decided that the boy was too old to be kidnaped and went with the Indian voluntarily.

BOOM IN BROOM CORN.

Mattoon Man Gets \$130 Per Ton, Highest Price of Season.

Mattoon, Ill.—There has not been a time in ten years when the clean-up of old stock in the central broom corn district has been as complete as it is at present.

A few scattering lots of choice broom remain, and this is being eagerly sought for by the manufacturers, whose stock, in nearly all cases, is at low ebb. There has just been made a sale of 20 tons at \$130 a ton, this being the high figure for the season, though several sales at \$125 have been reported during the past two weeks.

So far as known there are only two blocks of choice Illinois stock of any considerable size remaining in the central district.

The high price commanded for broom has been encouraging to growers. A canvass shows an increase of fully 7 per cent. in acreage for the present year. These figures indicate a plant of 31,000 acres, as against 26,000 acres last year.

JAMIE WASTED NO TIME.

Youthful Philosopher Had Carefully Thought Out Situation.

It was Jamie's bath night. He had several each week and he hated them all. On this particular night, once started, he soaked and splashed in the tub for a full half hour, then his mother haled him forth. He came out of the room in his pajamas with his face all streaked and dirty as it was when he went in.

"Mercy!" cried his mother. "I thought you took a bath."

"So I did!" answered Jamie scornfully. "A bully one!"

"But your face is black!" said his mother.

"Oh!" Jamie smiled understandingly. "My face is all right. I have to wash that in the morning, bath or no bath. You don't s'pose I'm going to waste time bathing my face! I always begin just below my ears and work down on my arms and legs; but I always leave my face and hands—those ends I tend to in the morning!"

PRESCRIPTIONS IN LATIN.

The Public Should Have Them Translated by the Druggists.

What virtue is there in the secrecy with which the doctor hedges about his profession?

"Professional etiquette" occupies a prominent place in the curriculum of every medical school, and when strictly analyzed "professional etiquette" seems to mean "doing what is best for the doctor, individually and collectively."

Among the things that "is best for the doctor" is the writing of his prescriptions in Latin, and thus keeping the public in ignorance not only of what it is taking for its ills, but forcing a call upon the doctor each time a prescription is needed.

In plain and unmistakable English the writing of prescriptions in Latin makes business for the doctors.

Let us say that you have the ague. You had it last year and the year before. Each time you have visited the doctor and he has prescribed for you—in Latin. You have never known what he has given you for the disease, and so each time you are forced to go to him again and give him an opportunity to repeat his prescription—in Latin, and his fee—in dollars.

If you ask the doctor why he uses Latin in writing his prescriptions, why he writes "aqua" when he means water, he will give you a technical dissertation on the purity of the Latin language, and the fact that all words are derived from it, etc. It will be a dissertation that you may not be able to answer, but it will hardly convince you.

It would be a good thing for the public to devise a little code of ethics of its own; ethics that will be "a good thing for the public individually and collectively."

Let us apply one of the rules of this code of ethics to you, the individual.

You call in the physician when you have the ague, the grippe, or any of the other ills to which human flesh is heir, and which you may have again some day. The doctor prescribes—in Latin, and you take this, to you, meaningless scribble to the druggist to have it compounded. Right here is where you come in, if you are wise. Say to the druggist that you want a translation of that prescription. It is your privilege to know what you are taking. While the doctor's code of ethics may not recognize this right it is yours just the same.

With the translated prescription in your possession you have two distinct advantages. You know what you are taking, and should you wish to call some other doctor at some time you will be able to tell him what drugs you have been putting into your system, and also if you should have the same disease again you can save yourself a visit to the doctor, and his fee, by taking this translated prescription to the druggist once more and having it refilled.

Jerome on Colored Evidence.

District Attorney Jerome, of New York, said one day of a piece of suspicious evidence:

"It is evidence that has been tampered with, colored. It is like the lady's report of her physician's prescription."

"A lady one day in July visited her physician. The man examined her and said:

"Madam, you are only a little run down. You need frequent baths and plenty of fresh air, and I advise you to dress in the coolest, most comfortable clothes—nothing stiff or formal."

"When she got home her husband asked her what the physician had said. The lady replied:

"He said I must go to the seashore, do plenty of automobiling, and get some new summer gowns."

She Experimented.

A little girl of five was taken to church one Sunday, and listened with unexpected attention to the sermon which graphically told the story of the stilling of the tempest on the Sea of Galilee, and how Christ walked on the waves. In the afternoon her mother missed her and began an anxious search of the house. As she neared the bathroom she heard sounds of splashing, and hurried to the door to behold a small, excited face peering over the rim of the big white tub, and to hear a small, excited voice exclaim: "Say, mamma, this walking on the water is quite a trick."

Burglar's Pathetic Wail.

A burglar arrested in London the other night remarked regretfully: "I knew the time when I could do 20 houses in two hours. But I am getting old."

Born, Not Worn.

Little Margaret's grandmother had written for a photograph of her namesake, the "baby." For material reasons it was advisable that the little girl should appear as well dressed as possible, and a cousin's new open-work dress was borrowed for the occasion. On being arrayed for the picture Margaret rushed to her father, crying: "Oh, father, just look! These ain't worn holes; they is born holes."—Harper's.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Colleges Undesirable Fire Risks.

Colleges are now regarded as rather undesirable insurance risks, and it is probable that the rate will be generally increased. In 18 years 784 fires have occurred in college buildings, entailing a loss of \$10,500,000 in money and a heavy loss of life. This makes the average money loss over \$13,000.

Reasonable Explanation.

"I wonder why a dog chases his tail?"

"A sense of economy."

"Economy?"

"Yes; can't you see he is trying to make both ends meet?"

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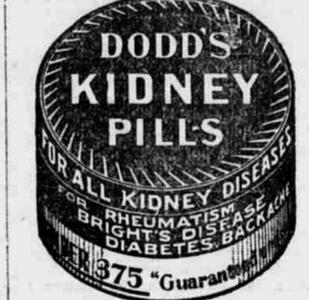
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