

By D. M. AMSBERRY

BROKEN BOW, - - NEBRASKA

Historic Pageants.

Last year the town of Warwick, England, celebrated outdoors some of the most interesting events in its history by a pageant, in which hundreds of persons assumed the character and, in appropriate costume, performed the parts of historic personages. This year a similar pageant took place at Oxford, and more lately there was another at Romsey. Mark Twain, who was one of the spectators of the Oxford pageant, remarked that America, which provides so many fine sights, had never furnished anything to equal that. The length and richness of European history of course offer attractions for such a pageant which could not be found in like abundance and variety in America. Take, for example, the case of Romsey—a town so small that comparatively few Americans know anything about it; yet its name was conferred upon it by the Romans, and its actual history goes back a thousand years. It was near Romsey that William Rufus was shot by a bolt from a crossbow, while hunting deer in the New forest, and his body removed in the rude cart of a charcoal burner, ignorant of the dead man's identity. In the pageant a lineal descendant of the charcoal burner acted the part of his ancestor, and another part was taken by a lineal descendant of Walter Tyrrell, who is supposed to have shot the king. But, remarks the Youth's Companion, if such length of history as this is lacking to American cities and towns, there is nevertheless no dearth of interesting event and stirring episode which might well be produced in outdoor pageants, designed, as those in England have been, by students of the local history, and produced by the cordial cooperation of rich and poor, high and low, without thought of money-making. It is a matter of regret among many students of social development that the stage, which in its early days was one of the greatest of moral and educational forces, has so completely failed to maintain its power. Might not the historical pageant be made to do at least a part of this neglected work?

Zoology's New Service.

Instead of going to geology and physical geography to throw light on zoology, Dr. Scharff of Dublin has reversed the process. In a paper read to the zoologists in Boston he proceeded from the general principle that the distribution of animals now living on the earth tells the story of the formation and changes of continents. The fact that certain fauna are common to widely separated regions, such as Japan and the United States, points to a time when Asia was connected with North America by a land bridge near Bering Strait. It is furthermore probable that the widely differing species of eastern and western America prove that these regions were once separated by water. This theory is a striking example of the constructive imagination in science. Moreover, it is opposed to the hypothesis of Darwin and Wallace, who held that insular animal life had an accidental origin. Dr. Scharff's theory really takes us no farther back, says the New York Post, than Darwin did to the origin of species and the beginnings of life in the great process of evolution. Men of science are baffled by it as before, and with Dubois-Raymond repeat their ignoramus, ignorabimus.

Perhaps one of the oddest suits rising from the anguish of a crushed heart is one brought by a flitted young man for damages in St. Louis, not against the fickle fair one, but against a railroad company. The employee of the company used him roughly while on an excursion, and his sweetheart who was along, resented his lack of bravery in not resenting this treatment by dissolving their engagement. But he has managed deftly to convey a delicate rebuke to the fair hero-worshiper by fixing the damages of her loss at only \$200.

Dr. Charles McCutcheon of Tacoma has long felt that the woods of the Puget sound district are too silent and need the joyous songs of birds to enhance their beauty. A year ago he bought a number of skylarks in England and liberated them in Washington. They have thrived and multiplied, much to the pleasure of everyone, and now he is going to make a similar experiment with other kinds of birds. It is a good work and one which deserves to be crowned with success.

The curious assertion is made by a London correspondent of a New York paper that as King Edward grows older his Teutonic accent grows more guttural, and it has become difficult for those who see him only occasionally to understand his speech. The king's father was a German prince and it is a matter of course that he should be as familiar with the German as with the English language, but it would seem that after a lifetime spent in England his speech would be free from a foreign accent.

MADE PROBE OF OIL TRUSTS



Dr. David Talbot Day has been chief of the mining and mineral resources division of the United States Geological survey since the year 1886. He made the great petroleum investigation for the government.

HER BODY A SHIELD.

ONLY CARE OF CALIFORNIA WOMAN WAS HER CHILD.

Run Down by Automobile Mrs. Kirchner, of Los Angeles, Thought of Nothing But Protecting Little One.

Oakland, Cal.—Carrying her infant child in her arms and leading an eight-year-old daughter by the hand, Mrs. C. R. Kirchner, whose home is at 411 Summer street, attempted to cross the street at Broadway and fourteenth street when she was run down and hurled to the ground by an automobile driven by M. T. Vance, who lives at 1326 Alabama street, San Francisco. When struck by the machine Mrs. Kirchner forgot her own danger in an effort to protect her little ones from harm, threw her daughter almost out of the path of the machine, at the same time interposing her own body as a shield to the child.

The force of the collision hurled her from her feet to the ground, but clutching her babe in her arms she turned as she fell in such a way as to protect it from contact with the hard pavement with her own body. Before Vance could bring his machine to a stop the front wheel of the car had passed over Mrs. Kirchner's lower limbs, inflicting a number of painful bruises, and her little daughter was painfully bruised by coming in contact with the corner of the automobile. According to witnesses of the accident, Vance lost his head after striking the woman, and after bringing his engine and once more the front wheel of the machine passed over one of Mrs. Kirchner's legs before she could get out of the way.

Policeman Conroy was a witness of the accident and he at once placed Mrs. Kirchner in the automobile and took the injured woman and Vance to the central police station. Mrs.

Kirchner refused to be taken to the emergency hospital. After she had given an account of the accident to Acting Capt. Brown Mrs. Kirchner was taken to her home in the machine by which she had been injured. Vance was not arrested, as Mrs. Kirchner declared that she did not care to prosecute him.

Vance declared that as he started to turn the corner Mrs. Kirchner stepped directly in front of his machine, which struck her before he could make a move to avert the accident. He said that he was running very slowly at the time of the accident and was sounding his horn as he turned the corner.

Black Cat Kills Child.

City of Mexico, Mexico.—Genaro Godinez, an infant three months old, was killed while lying in his cradle by a large black cat at Plateros, the home of the Godinez family.

The baby's mother had gone away from the house to see a neighbor, leaving the little one sleeping in his cradle. There were no others in the house at the time, and though some of the neighbors heard the baby crying they thought nothing of it, as the screams of the child lasted but a short time.

When the mother returned home she was horrified to find the infant dead. The cat had chewed the baby's face almost completely up, and had terribly lacerated his arms, breast and legs. The shock has left the mother in a very critical condition, and fears are felt for her recovery.

Girls Sail to Get Husbands?

Liverpool.—The remarkable exodus of marriageable young women from this country to the United States and Canada is emphasized by the departure of 1,000 unmarried women on the steamer Baltic alone, while several hundred more were among the total of 5,000 passengers carried on three trans-Atlantic steamers.

HER LOVE FOR DOG WAS STRONG.

Woman, After All, Could Not Bear to Have Pet Killed.

Indianapolis.—A woman, poorly dressed but of respectable appearance, went into police headquarters with a bulldog about as friendly as the police had ever seen. Even before the woman spoke the animal was wagging her tail and making friends right and left. There was a friendly expression in the dog's eyes and the members of the department present could see at a glance that the dog was of a disposition to be trusted.

"What can we do for you, lady?" asked Desk Sergeant Crane.

"I came to get rid of my dog," she replied sorrowfully. "You see, I can't afford to pay the tax."

"Do you want to give the dog away?" the sergeant asked.

"Yes, if some one would have her," came the reply. "But, oh my, no one wants her, and I guess the only thing to do is to have her killed."

With this the woman burst into tears and between her sobs she declared her dog was the best animal that ever lived.

"Why that dog is everything in our little household. I can go away and leave the doors open and it is only necessary to tell her to stay there and watch. She is a protection against any one who means harm to me and the children. But I have no money and can not pay the tax, and I might be arrested if I don't."

"I'm sorry, lady, to see you lose such a pet," Crane told her. "If you have decided to have the dog killed Humane Inspector Smith back there will do it."

The dog jumped and cavorted about as she followed the woman to the humane office. Smith asked several questions, and then told the woman he would kill the animal. She went with the inspector into the basement in order to coax the dog there. Coolly the

inspector selected a bottle of deadly poison from a cabinet. Two or three drops of it causes instant death to dogs, and Smith started toward the bulldog with the bottle in his hand.

"My God, stop," the woman cried dramatically, and with large tears running down her cheeks. "I'm very poor, but I'll go back to the wash tub and rub my hands off before that dog shall be killed. What's two or three days' work compared with the love of a dog like that. Come on, Fanny, we'll go back home."

Before the astonished Smith could speak the woman kissed the dog and ran up the stairway and out of the building. She did not leave her name.

Fate of Cow That Ate Dynamite.

Norwich, Conn.—Albert Scofield is blasting rocks and stumps on his farm. He reached a field one morning just in time to see one of his cows swallow two sticks of dynamite which had been left in the cleft of a big stump over night.

Scarcely had the cow taken the dainty morsels into her midst than acute indigestion attacked her, and jumping the fence she ran through the village bellowing in pain. Scofield at a most respectable distance chased her.

Armed with trusty rifles farmers joined in the chase. At a distance of 200 feet the cow was shot and killed and the following sign placed on her body:

"Do not jar this. It will go off."

Here's Hard-Working Burglar.

Seattle, Wash.—George Everett, alias Burton, alias Munson, the burglar and hotel thief, who was arrested a few weeks ago by Chief of Police Wappenstein, probably holds the world's record for cracking safes. Inside of a few hours in Rockford, Ill., about a year ago, he cracked 14 safes in one building, for which industrious work he owes the state of Illinois 40 years instead of 20.

AUTO HAD REVENGE

GOT GLORIOUSLY EVEN WITH CAR THAT WRECKED IT.

Affair Closely Resembling a Duel to the Death Afforded Diversion to Crowd on San Francisco Street Recently.

San Francisco.—An electric car, a gasoline runabout, a willing and over-zealous motorman, two amateur automobile enthusiasts and a chorus of appreciative street car patrons—these composed the principals, supporting cast and audience which figured in a one act arena spectacle put on without prior announcement in the middle of Sutter street between Pierce and Scott.

The event, which had every element of a tragedy but at the same time was replete with delicate humor which converted it into a comedy, was in the nature of a gladiatorial struggle to the death between electricity and gasoline. As an exhibition of mortal combat it was an equal of the melodramatic thriller of a 10 cent theater, for all concerned got it in the neck in the end.

The automobile—a one cylinder affair—started the trouble; but then, too much should not be said about its faults for the dear departed should not be reviled. Suffice it that the machine suffered paralysis in the middle of the eastbound street car track and that the ministrations of its two occupants were of no avail. Its wheels absolutely refused to go around either in answer to the appeal of its own engine or when urged by the strong arms of its disgruntled passengers. Then the street car came up behind and stopped.

"Wha 'smatter?" sang the motorman to the accompaniment of a bell solo with his gong.

"Give us a shove," came the answer. "We're stuck."

The motorman was accommodating. He unslung the heavy connection bar used when a well car goes to the assistance of a sick one, and attaching one end to the front of the car, braced the other against the back of the automobile. Then he turned on all the juice.

It was a foul blow. The automobile was looking for a steady shove and it got a slap. The bar flew in the air, the street car gave a bound, there was one resounding crash and a couple of yells, and the automobile was a subject for the machinery morgue. It had refused to budge even with several hundred volts of Patrick Calhoun's soothing syrup behind it, and the heavy car made a scrap heap of it. But in its expiring gasp the auto sent back as good as had been given, and evened up the score. Its drive chain, wrenched loose from the machinery, writhed out with a hiss of hate, struck fair and true, and for the fraction of a second formed a connection between the motor box of the street car and one of the rails.

"Bang!" Retribution had been received. The car demolished the automobile, but the automobile short circuited the whole Sutter street system in return. And then the passengers got out of the dark, silent car and gazed at its lifeless bulk standing there over the ruin it had wrought. Only one or two of them swore; all the rest sat down on the curb and laughed.

JUDGE EMULATES SOLOMON.

Odd Trick Soon Decides Who Owns a Philadelphia Dog.

Philadelphia.—Suit over the ownership of a dog has been settled in court here in a novel manner. The plaintiff, Mrs. Mary Crane, swore the dog belonged to her. The defendant, Patrick O'Malley, asserted with equal positiveness that the animal was his, so the magistrate concluded that the dog should decide the case, and the sagacious little fellow ran to the side of the woman.

In arranging for the test the magistrate sent the woman into the street two squares from the court, and O'Malley was stationed two squares in an opposite direction. The dog, a little fox terrier, was liberated by the magistrate. Mrs. Crane stood motionless, without even holding out her arms toward the little dog. O'Malley, on the other hand, set up a loud whistling.

The dog glanced at the crowd on the sidewalk in front of the police station, and then turned its head toward O'Malley. The latter held out his hand, but the animal faced about till it caught sight of Mrs. Crane. Then ended its hesitation. With a sharp bark of delight it raced away over the pavement, and the next moment was leaping about the woman.

Poured Pepper Into Boy's Eyes.

Ardmore, Pa.—Determined that Henry Skinner, Jr., aged 12, should not peep when it came his turn to be "it" in a game of hide-and-seek, a half-dozen youthful companions held him flat on his back and poured red pepper into his eyes. His screams frightened the boys implicated in the affair and they fled, while Skinner was led home by a neighbor.

The victim is a son of Dr. Henry Skinner, and the youths accused of the cruel treatment are members of prominent Ardmore families. The police took up the case, but proceedings will depend upon the result of the boy's injuries. Under medical treatment his eyes are being gradually restored to normal conditions and his eyesight may not be affected.

HOME-MADE REMEDY

INEXPENSIVE AND EASILY PREPARED BY ANYONE.

Is Said to Promptly Relieve Backache and Overcome Kidney Trouble and Bladder Weakness Though Harmless and Pleasant to Take.

What will appear very interesting to many people here is the article taken from a New York daily paper, giving a simple prescription, as formulated by a noted authority, who claims that he has found a positive remedy to cure almost any case of backache or kidney or bladder derangement, in the following simple prescription, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

A well-known authority, when asked regarding this prescription, stated that the ingredients are all harmless, and can be obtained at a small cost from any good prescription pharmacy, or the mixture would be put up if asked to do so. He further stated that while this prescription is often prescribed in rheumatic afflictions with splendid results, he could see no reason why it would not be a splendid remedy for kidney and urinary troubles and backache, as it has a peculiar action upon the kidney structure, cleansing these most important organs and helping them to sift and filter from the blood the foul acids and waste matter which cause sickness and suffering. Those who suffer can make no mistake in giving it a trial.

HAD A FELLOW FEELING.

Aunt Susan's Heart Went Out to "Pore Missus Astor."

Uncle Eli felt he knew the metropolis pretty well. Had he not been there three times in four years—and twice he had ridden on the elevated. So when he brought Aunt Susan with him (on the fourth trip) he naturally assumed the role of guide.

She marveled at everything until they sat down for luncheon. They had gone into the Astor house for that meal, but all its other marvels seemed lost on the visiting country hostess, as she looked open-eyed at the crowds that filled not only the corridors but the restaurants. Scarcely had they found seats, when this amazement took definite shape.

"Eli," said she in a stagey whisper, "I can't set here an' eat peaceably. I jes' must go downstairs an' help pore Missus Astor with the cookin' an' dishes."—Bohemian.

Pure Food.

The pure food law does not prohibit the sale of Cream of Tartar Baking Powders because Cream of Tartar is as pure as Alum—but it is a well known fact that a baking powder in which Alum is used instead of Cream of Tartar is less injurious. Dr. Herman Reinhold, the expert German chemist, in a recent official report concerning Baking Powders, declares that a pure Alum baking powder is better and less injurious than the so-called Cream of Tartar powders. He says that if the quantity of alum contained in a sufficient quantity of baking powder for a batch of bread or cakes for an ordinary family, be concentrated to one mouthful of food, and taken into the stomach of any one person, no matter how delicate, it could do no harm.

On Wit and Humor.

Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps, for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what they ought to be. We weep at what thwarts or exceeds our desires in serious matters; we laugh at what only disappoints our expectations in trifles. We shed tears from sympathy with real and necessary distress; as we burst into laughter from want of sympathy with that which is unreasonable and unnecessary, the absurdity of which provokes our spleen or mirth, rather than serious reflections on it.—William Hazlitt.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any new wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Tender-Hearted Girl.

Miss Koy—Do you know that horrid Mr. Hanson insisted upon kissing me last night?

Miss Ascum—Why didn't you scream?

Miss Koy—I didn't want to scare the poor fellow.

That an article may be good as well as cheap, and give entire satisfaction, is proven by the extraordinary sale of Defiance Starch, each package containing one-third more Starch than can be had of any other brand for the same money.

Always a Bright Side.

Batchelor—I suppose it's mighty expensive to have your child sick in bed so long.

Phamley—Yea, but then if he were well and hearty he'd be wearing out clothes.

NO NEED FOR WORDS.

Brief Pantomime Told Everything to the Onlooker.

Harrison Grey Fiske discussed, at a dinner in New York, the art of acting.

"I believe," said Mr. Fiske, "in subtlety and restraint. A nod, a shake of the head, a silent pause—these things are often more effective than the most violent yelling and ranting.

"Life is like that, subtle and silent. What, for instance, could be more expressive than this scene, a scene without a spoken word, that I once witnessed in the country?"

"An undertaker stood on a corner near a noble mansion. He elevated his brows hopefully and inquiringly as a physician came from the house. The physician, compressing his lips, shook his head decidedly and hurried to his carriage. Then the undertaker with a high passed on.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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But why seek or waste time on something "just as good" when you can get a genuine Washburn Piano at the lowest price and on the most liberal terms ever offered on a high-grade instrument.

If in the market for a piano, mail this advertisement today with your name and address and receive catalog and name of local piano dealer, and six pictures beautiful new piano music.

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Omaha Directory

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THE ORIGINAL PATENT 33 years in Omaha, Neb. Room 4, Bushman Block, N. E. corner 15th and Douglas streets. Good teeth, \$4.00; gold crowns, \$4.50; bridge teeth, \$4.50; Amalgam fillings, 50c; silver fillings, 75c; gold fillings, \$1 and up. WORK AT ALL HOURS 19 YEARS. Bring this advertisement with you.

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Write for our price list and information on cleaning and dyeing of all kinds of wearing apparel. Our town business receives prompt and careful attention. The Pantorium, 1415 Jones Street, Omaha, Neb.