

HER GOOD FORTUNE

After Years Spent in Vain Effort.

Mrs. Mary E. H. Rouse, of Cambridge, N. Y., says: "Five years ago I had a bad fall and it affected my kidneys. Severe pains in my back and hips became constant, and sharp twinges followed any exertion. The kidney secretions were badly disordered. I lost flesh and grew too weak to work. Though constantly using medicine I despaired of being cured until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Then relief came quickly, and in a short time I was completely cured. I am now in excellent health."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

PICNIC FOR THE PUP.

His Devotion to Duty Rewarded by Strange Luxuries.

A Boston bulldog owned by George H. Clapp was so determined to capture a woodchuck which he had chased into its den that he followed after and staid in the hole all night.

When the dog had got his jaws about the enemy he found that he could not get out owing to the small size of the animal's hole.

Rather than lose his prey the dog retained his hold on the woodchuck over night, and was helped out by his master in the morning. The dog was nearly exhausted, and revived after feeding and drinking in a curious manner.

He consumed about two quarts of unguarded ice cream, which had been set aside for a party, and capped the climax by falling into a bucket of lemonade.—Worcester (Mass.) Telegram.

CURED HER CHILDREN.

Girls Suffered with Itching Eczema—Baby Had a Tender Skin, Too—Relied on Cuticura Remedies.

"Some years ago my three little girls had a very bad form of eczema. Itching eruptions formed on the backs of their heads which were simply covered. I tried almost everything, but failed. Then my mother recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I washed my children's heads with Cuticura Soap and then applied the wonderful ointment, Cuticura. I did this four or five times and I can say that they have been entirely cured. I have another baby who is so plump that the folds of skin on his neck were broken and even bled. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and the next morning the trouble had disappeared. Mme. Napoleon Ducepe, 41 Duluth St., Montreal, Que., May 21, 1907."

On the Doctors.

Mrs. Mary G. Baker Eddy, who, of course, has no faith in medicine, told a Western Christian Scientist, at one of her latest audiences, an anecdote about a friend of hers.

This friend, a thin and nervous woman, could not sleep. She visited her physician and the man said:

"Do you eat anything just before going to bed?"

"Oh, no, doctor," the patient replied.

"Well," said the physician, "just keep a pitcher of milk and some biscuit beside you, and every night, the last thing you do, make a light meal."

"But doctor," cried the lady, "you told me on no account to eat anything before retiring."

"Pooh, pooh," said the doctor, "that was three months ago. Science has made enormous strides since then."

Cape Cod Fog.

"Yes," remarked the Down Easter, "we do have fog along Cape Cod sometimes. One night the fog came up and in the morning when I went to milk I couldn't find the old cow. Knew where she was in the habit of lying, though, and followed her easy enough. Got to her just in time, too."

"Why, I just went through the hole she made in the fog—sort of a tunnel like—and pretty soon I came up to her. She was almost smothered. You see the fog had packed ahead of her and she'd jammed her horns into it and got stuck. Had to chop her out. You may believe it or not, but I'll show you the cow any time you come 'round."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

REMAINS THE SAME.

Well Brewed Postum Always Palatable

The flavour of Postum, when boiled according to directions, is always the same—mild, distinctive, and palatable. It contains no harmful substance like caffeine, the drug in coffee, and hence may be used with benefit at all times.

"Believing that coffee was the cause of my torpid liver, sick headache and misery in many ways," writes an Ind. lady, "I quit and bought a package of Postum about a year ago."

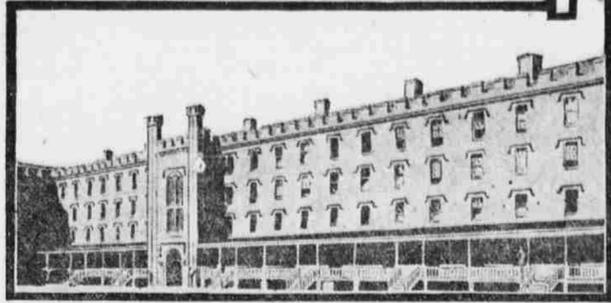
"My husband and I have been so well pleased that we have continued to drink Postum ever since. We like the taste of Postum better than coffee, as it has always the same pleasant flavour, while coffee changes its taste with about every new combination or blend."

"Since using Postum I have had no more attacks of gall colic, and the heaviness has left my chest, and the old, common, every-day headache is a thing unknown." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Hazing at West Point
CADETS CLING TO PRACTICE IN SPITE OF REPRESSIVE MEASURES



WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.



LUKE E. WRIGHT SECRETARY OF WAR.

The recent case of hazing at the West Point Military academy has again drawn the attention of the public to the fact that the practice still prevails among the cadets despite the earnest and determined efforts of the officials of the academy to stamp it out. It is a disease of long standing, dating back for a century, and no doubt the grounds of the disorder so saturate the minds and bodies that it will perhaps take another generation to fully destroy the vitality of the hazing microbe and completely eradicate the disease.

The recent outcropping of hazing has been in spite of the voluntary agreement on the part of the corps of cadets in 1901 to quit the practice and in direct violation of the drastic laws passed by congress in the same year, but as we have said, a century of seed sowing is still producing its fruitage. There are original documents in existence to prove that hazing began in the early life of the institution. For instance, away back in 1814 Gen. Ramsey wrote that the "new cadets sweep out the rooms and shovel the snow, but there is no hazing."

From this rather innocent beginning developed the practices that resulted in the cadet episode of a few days ago, when Col. Scott, the superintendent at West Point, in obedience to the mandate of congress as expressed in the law on hazing, sent to their homes eight cadets who had been convicted of hazing, there to await the action of the secretary of war, who, under the regulations, as prescribed by congress, had no alternative but to "summarily expel" the offenders.

That the hazing which began with the ludicrous acts that characterized it before the civil war grew into the tortures that caused the congressional investigation of 1901 is a matter of history. In the cadet days of Lee, Grant, and Sheridan, and the other great martial figures in American history, the plebes, of course, had their stunts to do, but those acts were as mild as can be imagined when compared with the modern ways of doing things that were laid bare in the investigations.

Gen. John M. Schofield is on record as having told the cadet corps, when he was superintendent at West Point, that if the acts that at the young men of that day were guilty of had occurred before the war there would have been bloodshed before such things would have been submitted to. Other older officers have talked the same way, and they tell how, according to the tradition, Ulysses S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, Phil Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson used to brace themselves as plebes walking about the plains, "with chin drawn in and shoulders thrown back." But they didn't drink tabasco sauce, neither did they do eagles till they fell from exhaustion, as did young Douglas MacArthur and Pegram of Virginia, the latter a son of the confederate officer of the same name.

Of course, in the history of West Point hazing the case that stands out above all others was the hazing of young Oscar Booz of Pennsylvania, to the rigors of which treatment his family went before the congressional investigating committee and swore was due the tuberculosis of the throat that eventually caused that poor young fellow's death.

When Booz died the cause of death was given as throat tuberculosis, and on December 11, eight days after his death, the matter was brought up in congress, and after the warmest sort of debate the congressional committee was appointed to investigate conditions at West Point.

The father of Cadet Booz told the Brooke board that his son had refused to his dying day to disclose the names of the cadets who had torment-

ed him with such relentlessness that the boy was finally compelled to send in his resignation as a cadet. He said that his son told him, in addition to the tabasco treatment, that one of the things they did to him at West Point was to pull the bedclothes off of him at night and then pour melted wax on his bare body. His mother testified, that her son wrote her that the cadets at West Point were "brutes and bullies."

But the boards that investigated had their hands full getting the cadets to talk, as is shown on every page of the records of the proceedings. Cadet after cadet would admit having been subjected to the melted wax treatment, and other innocent tortures, but they were loath to tell the name of the young man who melted the wax and did the pouring.

"I put my finger in the sauce," said one cadet witness, "and was told to lick it. I made an awful face, and licked the wrong finger."

"I officiated at a rat funeral," said another cadet.

"What is a rat funeral?" asked a member of the investigating board.

"A rather simple little affair," answered the cadet with a smile, "and it didn't do anybody any harm. The rat was caught and killed, and we were ordered to give him a funeral. The rodent was placed in a little box that looked like a coffin, and this box was placed on a table and surrounded by four lighted candles. Then a white towel arranged to look like a shroud was placed over the box, and the funeral ceremonies began. We read a few extracts from the 'black book,' (the cadet name of the book of regulations). Then we placed flowers on the casket. There was a song or two, and then the rat was taken away to be buried."

The cadets admitted that they were compelled to crow like roosters; that they had to climb the ridge pole, brace, exercise, one fellow admitting that he stood on his head in a bathtub full of water, and adding that it did not hurt him. The investigation also made public for the first time what a cadet has to do to qualify, as the cadets put it, for the mess hall. Here is how a cadet explained dining room qualifying:

"First we were given a large dish full of prunes, the exact number of which was 85, and we were required to eat all of them at one sitting. Then we were given a bowl of molasses and told to swallow that, after which we tried to eat six slices of dry bread. The molasses test sometimes took two or three trials before we could accomplish it."

Young Phil Sheridan had to ride around the campus on a broomstick, the exercise being intended to remind those that saw him that he was a son of the commander made famous in "Sheridan's Ride." Ulysses S. Grant, 3d, used to get up and shout: "I will fight it out along these lines if it takes all summer," while J. M. Hobson, Jr., a brother of the naval commander, had to tell over and over again the story of his brother's exploit at Santiago. Of course there were singing, speaking, bracing, and exercising galore, besides all this.

Of the officers who have grown up since the civil war, all tell of their experiences as plebes, but it is interesting to note that almost to a man they have forgotten about the real strenuous things they had to do.

Curious Russian Law.

Russia has a law which to outside observers seems almost to put a premium on theft, by which stolen goods become the property of the thief if he can prove that he has had possession of them for over five years. In the thieves' market—which is, of course, licensed by the police—goods that admittedly have been stolen (more than five years before) are openly offered for sale, and the place is a veritable Mecca for the light-fingered gentry and their enterprising friends, as also for the more honest members of society, who secure many a tempting bargain.

Cow's Huge Yield of Milk.

Both the open milking trial and the butter test at the show of the Tunbridge Wells and Southwestern Counties Society (Eng.) were won by a cow belonging to Messrs. Green Bros., Goring, which gave the astonishing quantity of 77 pounds 12 ounces, equivalent to more than 7½ gallons of milk, during the 24 hours. This milk was so rich in fat that the cream after separation produced 3 pounds 9½ ounces of butter.

FENCING FIELDS FOR THE PASTURING OF LIVE STOCK

What It Costs and Why It Pays—By D. A. Gaumnitz, M. S., Agr., Minnesota.

It is generally conceded that good pastures furnish by far the cheapest feed for growing animals on land not exceeding \$100 per acre in value. The truth of this argument is quite evident when it is considered that the feed as obtained by the animal is in the very best condition. That is, it is succulent, contains all the nutrients in an easily digestible form and is obtained by the animal under very healthful conditions. In addition to this the cost of harvesting, curing, stacking and feeding is eliminated. On land worth \$70 per acre a cow can be pastured for less than five cents per day, while at the present price of grain and

the fence. It is much easier to fence hogs into a cornfield than to fence them out, and, as a rule, they do not make much effort to get out. In case they do attempt to get out, a barbed wire stretched along the bottom, or stakes one or two feet long driven between posts and left just enough above the ground so that the bottom of the wire ribbon may be stapled to them will keep them on the right side. Such fencing will cost from 30 to 40 cents per rod. The amount of fencing used and the methods employed in handling it (see accompanying table) will make the cost vary from \$1.50 to three dollars per acre. This will undoubtedly prove more profitable in many cases than husking the corn and feeding in the yard, especially if there is a good growth of rape or other catch crop that the hogs can get at the same time they are getting the corn. In case this is not done, it is more economical to snap corn that is to be fed at once than to carefully husk it.

Fencing intelligently done offers one of the safest investments of any of the farm improvements. Not alone is it valuable to inclose the regular pasture, but it often makes possible the pasturing off of grain and corn fields after har-

vesting, thus saving from ten cents to five dollars an acre, which would otherwise be wasted. However, like any other investment, it should be made only when careful reasoning shows it to be advisable.

Average Annual Cost of Fencing.

Kind of Fence.	Cost per rod.	Average Annual Cost per rod when lasting		
		10 years	8 years	6 years
26" ribbon, 2 b. wires, posts 1 rod apart	\$.65	7.3c	8.7c	11.1c
2 b. wires, posts 2 rods apart	.19	2.5c	3.0c	3.8c
2 b. wires, posts 1 rod apart	.28	3.7c	4.3c	5.6c
3 b. wires, posts 2 rods apart	.24	3.2c	3.8c	4.8c
3 b. wires, posts 1 1/4 rods apart	.27	3.6c	4.3c	5.4c
3 b. wires, posts 1 rod apart	.23	4.4c	5.2c	6.6c
Any fence	.20	2.6c	3.2c	4.0c
Any fence	.25	3.2c	4.0c	5.0c
Any fence	.40	4.0c	4.8c	6.0c
Any fence	.45	5.3c	6.4c	8.0c
Any fence	.50	6.7c	8.0c	10.0c
Any fence	.60	8.0c	9.5c	12.0c
Any fence	.70	9.3c	11.0c	14.0c
Any fence	.80	10.6c	12.7c	16.0c
Any fence	.90	12.0c	14.5c	18.0c
Any fence	1.00	13.3c	16.0c	20.2c

Note.—The last three columns of figures in the above table are offered for the convenience of those who wish to know the approximate annual cost of any given fence. The figures are obtained by dividing the cost per rod of the fence by the number of years it is expected to last and adding to this the interest on the average annual investment. To illustrate how these figures may be used, let us consider the fencing required per acre to inclose the hog paddocks on a farm shown in Fig. 21. Sixteen rods of fencing is required per acre. If the fencing costs 50c per rod, and will last eight years, the cost per year is 8.7c—8.7x16 equals \$1.39, or average annual cost of fence per acre.

hay it costs on the average farm from 8 to 12 cents per day to feed the same cow in the barn.

Experiments have shown that as much pork can be made from an acre of good pasture as from one ton of shorts or corn. The cost of these feeds varies from \$15 to \$20 per ton. An acre of pasture will save, then, from \$15 to \$20 worth of feed. It is quite evident that in the economical production of animal products good pastures are an important factor.

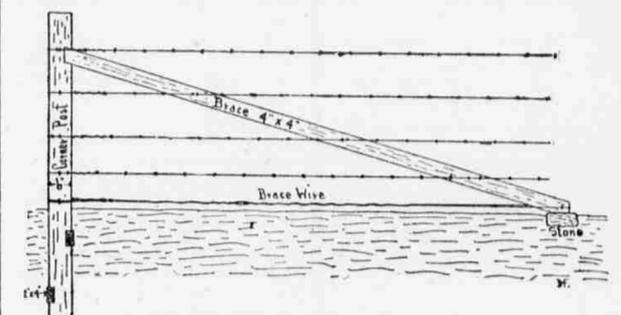
The reason more and better hog pastures are not used is chiefly due to the fact that hog fences are quite expensive. The advent of the woven wire fence is overcoming this feature and now land may be fenced hog tight

vesting, thus saving from ten cents to five dollars an acre, which would otherwise be wasted. However, like any other investment, it should be made only when careful reasoning shows it to be advisable.

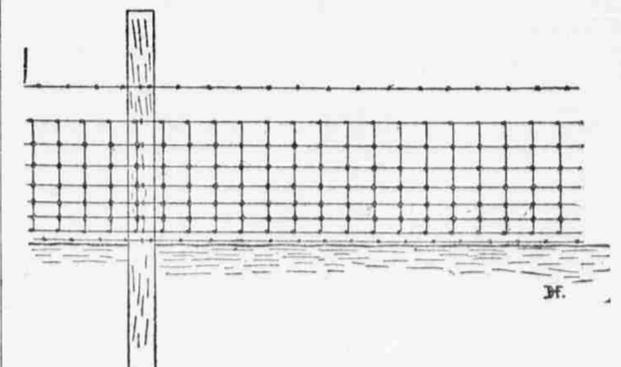
A PERTINENT QUESTION

"FARMERS MUST KEEP UP ROADS." "POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT MAKES RULING AFFECTING RURAL DELIVERY."

These headlines appeared in the Chicago Inter Ocean July 24. It is pertinent to ask why the farmers must



A Good Way to Brace a Corner Post.



A Good Hog Fence.

at an annual cost of from \$1 to \$2.50 per acre, depending on the size and shape of fields fenced and cost of posts.

For temporary fences for hogs many farmers use only a plain woven wire ribbon 24 or 26 inches high, put up on small posts or stakes set from one to rods apart. The best kind of posts to use for such work are about three-inch posts, six feet long, well sharpened, and the corners rounded off on the upper end so they will not split in driving. Holes may be made rapidly with a crowbar and then two or three good blows with a post maul will make the posts solid enough for temporary use. Such posts are easily taken out when it is desired to move

keep up the roads. The roads are public property—they belong to all and are used by all and all are benefited by them. The sender of a letter to a farmer served by rural delivery may be just as much interested in its delivery as the one who receives it. Mail delivery is a public service performed over public property. Good roads help the farmer more than any one else, but they are not the only ones benefited. The country merchant and every one who consumes farm products gain by good roads. The fair way, the equitable way and the only successful way to get good roads is by state aid, i. e., the state from the general tax levy or a bond issue to pay half the cost and tax everybody for it.

FULLY FILLED THE BILL.

Aunt Mandy Was Thoroughly Satisfied with New Husband.

Aunt Mandy is an old colored woman who for years has done washing for several families. She has had several matrimonial experiences, and when her last husband died one of her customers attempted to console with her.

"I was very sorry to hear of your husband's death, Aunt Mandy," she said.

"Ya'as, ma'am," said Aunt Mandy. "He was a pow'ful good man."

"What did he die of?"

"Ah really don't know, ma'am."

"You don't know, Gracious! Couldn't the doctor tell you?"

"Ah didn't have no doctah, ma'am," said Aunt Mandy. "He jes done died a natch'ral death."

It wasn't long, however, before Aunt Mandy had another husband.

"I hear you are married again," remarked her patron one day.

"Ya'as, ma'am," giggled Aunt Mandy. "I was done married las' Sunday."

"And is your new husband equal to the last?"

"Ya'as, indeed, ma'am," said Aunt Mandy. "He's jes as equal, if not equaler."

WHAT DID JOHNNY MEANT?



Johnny's Pa—See here, young man. How do you expect to get on if you never see things? You must look for things—always keep looking as I do. Johnny—Gee!

A Germanic Vote.

A German American who had recently arrived at the estate of riches attended his first banquet. The wine was particularly vile, and so several gentlemen who were seated near the German were quite satisfied to have him empty the bottles that had been set apart for their common use. Neither the quality nor the quantity of the wine in the least disturbed the Teuton, and, after draining the last glass, he looked around jovially and said: "Shentlemen, I haf now drunk all your wine and safed you the trouble of drinking vat you did not like. I tink you ought to vote me a public tank." They did.—Lippincott's.

Thoreau's Sensible Answer.

When the forest-haunting hermit Thoreau lay on his deathbed, a Calvinistic friend called to make inquiry regarding his soul. "Henry," he said, anxiously, "have you made your peace with God?" "John," replied the dying naturalist, in a whisper, "I didn't know that God and myself had quarreled!"

Omaha Directory

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