DEATH OF FULLER

TWENTY-TWO YEARS THE HEAD OF HIGHEST COURT.

SUCCUMBS AT SUMMER HOME

Scholarly, Dignified Man, Esteemed by Associates—Was Enjoying Good Health and Friends Are Shocked.

Bar Harbor, Maine.—Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, of the United States supreme court died of heart failure at his summer home in Sorrento Monday morning.

The death of the chief justice was entirely unexpected, as he had been in apparently good health lately, and there had been no premonitory symptoms of any kind of trouble. Sunday he attended church as usual, and when he retired he was to all appearances in his customary health.

Death came about 6 o'clock. His daughter, Mrs. Nathaniel Francis and Rev. James E. Freeman, who was a guest of Justice Fuller, were with the jurist when he died.

For many years the chief justice had spent his summers at Sorrento, a summer colony located on Frenchman's bay, five miles from Bar Harbor.

The chief justice felt ill soon after daylight, and the members of the household and his physicians were summoned. Nothing could be done to avert death, however, and Justice Fuller died in the arms of Mrs. Francis. Her daughter, Miss Aubrey, was also present.

Washington.—News of the death of Chief Justice Fuller occasioned surprise here because of the general belief that he was enjoying good health for a man of his years. For twenty-two years Mr. Fuller had been the chief justice of the United States. Probably not since the time of Chief Justice Marshall, who presided over the court for thirty-three years, did questions of such moment came before the court as in the period when Justice Fuller was its most prominent figure. It was he also who administered the oath of inauguration to every president at regular inaugurations since Harrison's.

Just a day or two before the chief justice left Washington for Bar Harbor he made a tiresome business trip to Chicago and return.

Aside from the grief over the death of the chief justice regret was heard on every side that the country was to be deprived of his services just at the time when many important cases were to be passed upon.

Faith in Democratic Voters.

Lincoln.—In a statement issued to the democrats of Nebraska W. J. Bryan expresses disappointment at the action of Governor Shallenberger in refusing to call a special session of the legislature to deal with the initiative and referendum. He declares that if he had had the support of Governor Shallenberger, Mayor Dahlman of Omaha and Congressman Hitchcock, one of the candidates for the United States senate in this matter, a special session would have been called, an initiative and referendum law would have been passed and the local political atmosphere would have been so cleared that the democratic party of the state could have challenged the republicans to defend their record on national issues.

Now, he concludes, the county option issue must be met squarely. "The first thing," he says, "to agree upon is that the policy of the party should be determined by the voters of the party; when we have reached an agreement upon this proposition we can then proceed to ascertain what a majority of the democrats desire."

He holds that the party should declare itself on the county option issue. Referring to the position of candidates for the gubernatorial nomination, who, if elected might veto any law passed by the legislature, Mr. Bryan asks a few questions:

"Is it possible for a candidate for governor to go through a campaign without announcing his views on a great question, upon the decision of which he will exert so large an influence?"

"Is a candidate worthy of the confidence of the voters if he is not willing to announce his position on such an issue?"

"Since the declaration of the candidate's position would be equivalent to a platform declaration, what objection can there be to the declaration being made by the party?"

"Is it fair to the candidate to throw upon him the burden of stating the party's position on a disputed question?"

"Is it fair to the party to throw upon it the risk of having the candidate state a position antagonistic to the views of the members of the party?"

Jeffries a Broken Idol.

Reno, Nev.—James J. Jeffries, of California, winner of twenty-two championship fights, the man who was never brought to his knees before by a blow, has passed into history as a broken idol. He met utter defeat at the hands of the black champion. While Jeffries was not counted out, he was saved from the crowning shame by his friends asking Johnson not to hit him again, and the towel was brought into the ring from his corner.

NEBRASKA IN BRIEF.

News Notes of Interest From Various Sections.

THE MIDWEST LIFE.

The selling of life insurance is becoming to be a profession, and to attain the greatest success professional training is required. The day is past when men who have failed in other lines can with profit to themselves or a company take up life insurance. The Midwest Life has an opening in the city of Lincoln for a bright, capable man from 20 to 24 years of age who wishes to prepare himself for a position as one of its general agents. The company will pay his tuition fee for two courses in salesmanship, one general (Sheldon school) and the other special (American School of Insurance), both of which can be completed in a year; also a nominal salary for the first twelve months. For the first year, office work one-half time, other half soliciting life insurance on a commission basis; thereafter full time soliciting wholly on a commission basis. Here is a splendid chance for one to make his way from the start. There is no other business which a young man of energy, ability and good character can enter where the opportunities to make money without the previous investment of capital, is so great. Apply or write to the Midwest Life, No. 119 South 10th Street, Lincoln.

At Beatrice two women held up a man and robbed him of $10.

Hon. W. J. Bryan has arrived home in Lincoln from his European trip.

Right in the midst of hot weather had a three weeks' religious revival meetin.

Courtland is to have a new bank, stockholders being largely made up of farmers.

Wymore had a fire which wiped out a block of business houses, entailing a loss of over $200,000.

Chadron is elated over the action of congress in appropriating $15,000 for a site for the federal building.

A. Newton, for many years a resident of Sutton, and a painter, was found dead at his lodging place.

Charles Hensiger, jr., son of G. C. R. Hensiger of the Grand Island Gas company, was overcome by gas at the works and died from its effects thereof.

At Sutherland the 18-months-old daughter of Fred Lewis got hold of some flykiller, which she swallowed. Prompt medical aid resulted in saving the child's life.

The city opera house at Madison was discovered to be on fire, but before large damages was done the flames were subdued.

Mayor Dahlman of Omaha is getting ready for an active out-in-the-state campaign for the democratic nomination for governor.

N. M. Hansen, of Fremont, a local hardware man, was miked out of about $70 when two crooks entered his store and tapped the till for the above amount.

Articles of incorporation have been signed for the Farmers and Merchants bank at Sargent, with a capital stock of $25,000, to begin business on August 1, 1910.

Word was received announcing the sudden death of Miss Marie Johnson, a former Beatrice girl, which occured at Anderson, Ind. Tainted strawberries are supposed to have caused her death.

Clarence White, a twenty-two-year-old boy, in district court of Dodge county was sentenced to a year in the penientiary. White has served two terms in a reformatory and one in the state penitentiary prior to this

The Fairbury band which was recently organized has been offered a chance to enlist as one of the regimental bands of the Nebraska National guard. This would give the members of the Fairbury band a chance to attend the national encampment.

The harvesting of wheat is in full progress in Hall county. Estimates run from eighteen to thirty bushels per acre.

William Janeka in trying to jump out of his buggy after his team became unmanageable because of an automobile caught one of his feet in the wheel and his leg was broken twice below the knee.

Gilbert E. Hanks has shipped in 1,300 Angora goats with which to clean up some brush lands which he has south of Hastings. The farmers in that part of the state use these goats to clean brush land and find them a success.

The resignation of First Lieutenant Roy C. Shankland and Second Lieutenant Albert C. Dahl of Company H, Second regisment, Nebraska National Guard of Aurora, have been received and accepted at the office of the adjutant general.

Edwin H. Barnard, one of the men who laid out the city of Fremont and who has been active in business affairs there until within the last few years, will leave with his wife for California, where they will spend the remainder of their days.

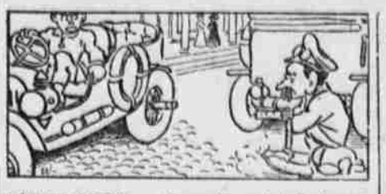
Some portions of Nebraska have of late had good rainfalls. In other sections there has been no precipitation.

Leslie McBride, aged fifteen years, the Omaha boy who killed his companion, Harry Long, at South Omaha last Thanksgiving day, was placed in the Norfolk hospital for insane under Judge Estelle's orders.

Rev. G. K. Wiencke, former pastor of the German Evangelical Lutheran church of South Auburn, has accepted the position of superintendent of home missions for the districts of German Nebraska and Wartburg synods.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Sorrowful Face Due to Other Troubles



NEW YORK.—A small, quiet, but sorrowful if not disgusted looking man sat by the side of a medium-sized automobile that was drawn out of the road as a large touring car came along, driven by a man with an interrogatory aspect. The man in the touring car had seen that auto every time he passed that day, so he slowed up and leaned over:

"How long have you been here?"

"Several hours."

"Can't you find out what the matter is?"

"No."

"Inlet valve all right?"

"Yes."

"Trouble with spark plug?"

"Think not."

"How are your batteries?"

"O. K."

"Haven't got a short circuit, have you?"

"Oh, no."

"How's your commutator?"

"Great."

"Perhaps your worm gear is clogged."

"No; all clear."

"Got any gasoline in your tank?"

"Plenty."

"How about your circulation? Cylinder isn't bound, is it?"

"No, sir."

"Tires seem all right?"

"Never better."

"Wel, maybe your vibrator isn't adjusted."

"That's all right."

"Have you looked at your carburetor?"

"Yes."

"How about the cam shaft?"

"Grand."

"Have you tightened your connecting rods, examined your clutches and gone over the differentials?"

"Yes, yes."

The man in the touring car paused a moment and then, looking at the stranger by the roadside, said at last: "What's the matter with that machine of yours?"

"There isn't anything the matter with this machine; but since noon my wife has been in that house over there kissing her sister's first baby good-by. When she gets through, if you are not more than a thousand miles away and will leave our address, I will telegraph or cable the glad news."

How a Bride's Roses Led Her to Tears

KANSAS CITY, MO.—When Willie Boy got married he bought his wife flowers, of course. And after the wedding Mr. Willie Boy naturally decided to preserve the flowers to look at for all time by pickling them in alcohol. That was all right—it didn't cost much, just $2 or $3—but there was a 700-mile trip before Mr. and Mrs. Willie Boy got home.

At first they decided they'd pack the treasure in the brass jardiniere "Art" sent and bring it home in the bottom of one of the trunks. Then Emaline—that's her first name—remembered that among other things it might explode and ruin her perfectly good rose-colored dress that "Doc" went crazy over before she was married, and that there was a 26-inch willow plume in the same trunk, not to speak of a pretty coat, a lavender gown, a few more hats, a couple of hundred doodads or some more clothes. So the natural consequence came. Willie Boy carried the remains.

The Pullman was hot and Willie Boy thought of the explosion. No use leaving the jar out on the vestibule. It might break there. He wanted to stay in the Pullman, but he couldn't. He had to stay outside and hold the pickled roses. Night came and Willie Boy was sleepy. He went to bed, but he didn't sleep; he was too busy hanging the roses out of the window to keep the alcohol cool.

Kansas City came, and then home; Emaline walked into the house and Willie Boy followed with the pickled once-were roses.

"What'll we do with 'em?" he asked.

"Why, put them in the attic, of course," Emaline answered.

Willie Boy hadn't been married very long and he wasn't independent. Still there surged into his face the blood of battle and his voice spluttered as he spoke.

"A-at-tic?" he asked. "Will we? We won't. I carried those things 700 miles, and if they're worth carrying that far they're worth looking at, even if I don't think they amount to much. Attic nothing. Mantel, that's where they're going, understand—mantel. Hear me?"

And that's the reason Emaline cried the first day she had got to her new home.

Mosquito Gets Credit for a Runaway

NEW YORK.—A mosquito which apparently was a cross of the famous or notorious families of Jersey wellborers and Staten Island rock-drillers, saw George Gordon's nose, buzzed a little song about "Oh, for a pasture new!" and swept down upon the nose. The nose and George were at that moment behind a horse that George was driving.

Now, Gordon had had all he could do to manage that skittish steed before the advent of the insect. When he felt the first jab of the skeeter's surgical scissors George started to knock the squatter off his nasal territory. But he restrained his hand, for in that instant he remembered that he needed both hands to handle the fractious horse.

And there was George in a dilemma equal to that ancient one that concerned a devil and a deep sea. If he didn't knock that mosquito off his nose he'd lose his life blood, but if he took a hand from the reins to deliver that knockout swing away would go his bad-tempered horse!

Gordon shook his head violently and blew his breath toward the mosquito to dislodge it, but all to no purpose. The insect held on and just bored and bored. Gordon gritted his teeth and remembered the story he had read in school about the Spartan. But what was a mere fox gnawing at a boy's vitals to a real, war-size Jersey mosquito sinking an artesian well in a man's nose!

George could stand it no longer. Up went one hand in a savage sweep. It missed the mosquito. Forgetting all except his desire for vengeance, George swung with the other hand.

And as the skeeter buzzed 'Ha, ha!" the horse, freed from control, bolted. Perhaps the wind created by the speed blew the mosquito off Gordon's nose. At any rate the pest vanished. Just as Gordon grabbed the reins and started to saw on the bit a wheel struck a stone and out he shot. He landed bruised and stunned at the side of the road.

Dr. Frederick T. Witte, who was passing in his auto, got out, revived Gordon and took him home in his machine. When they arrived at the Gordon domicile, lo! there was the runaway horse standing quietly at the stable door.

Eat Muskrat, Maybe; Farm in Chicago

CHICAGO.—"Loin of Chicago Grown Muskrat with Bullrush Sauce."

Bills of fare in Chicago restaurants will carry the foregoing item as a "special, fresh today" entree if the plans of three pioneer "muskrat farmers" culminate in success.

The first muskrat farm has been started. Its products are to be food and fur. Its market will be Chicago, as a beginning at least, but success may broaden its scope. Mark Gelder, loan merchant, 1732 South State street; Jack Eck, painter, 348 Twenty-sixth street, and John Horan, Willow Springs, are the proprietors of the farm. Its location is in the "Sag" in the towns of Worth and Palos, 20 miles southwest of Chicago. It comprises 190 acres, is more than a mile long and consists of the fairest stretch of swamps and shallow, little lakes to be found in this section of the country. It already has a large muskrat population.

The birth of the farm came when Gelder signed a lease for the land with Mrs. Catherine Rawlings, its owner, for a term of 15 years, starting on April 16, at a rental of $200 a year in advance.

The farm may figure as a worthy champion in the fight against the high cost of living. Secretary of Agriculture Wilson recently recommended the meat of muskrats as a food. He emphasized its cheapness and its good qualities, including flavor and nutritious value. The farm may enable many people to follow his advice.

"Our first idea was just to trap for the furs," said Gelder, "but knowing muskrats were good to eat, we decided to investigate conditions and try to promote muskrats as a popular article of diet. We have strong hopes of success, for a trial will convince people that the meat of the muskrat is good."

Remedies are Needed

Were we perfect, which we are not, medicines would not often be needed. But since our systems have become weakened, impaired and broken down through indiscretions which have gone on from the early ages, through countless generations, remedies *are* needed to aid Nature in correcting our inherited and otherwise acquired weaknesses. To reach the seat of stomach weakness and consequent digestive troubles, there is nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a glyceric compound, extracted from native medicinal roots—sold for over forty years with great satisfaction to all users. For Weak Stomach, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Pain in the Stomach after eating, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Belching of food, Chronic Diarrhea and other Intestinal Derangements, the "Discovery" is a time-proven and most efficient remedy.

The genuine has on its outside wrapper the Signature R. V. Pierce M.D.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic, medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES

Johnny Probably Told the Truth, But at a Dreadfully Inopportune Time.

A teacher in one of the lower grade schools was entertaining two visitors to the classroom. Several days previously the teacher had furnished amusement and at the same time increased the children's store of knowledge by a series of questions of the following nature:

"What do we sit on that rhymes with hair?"

Some child would answer "Chair."

Today the visitors would be pleased to observe how readiiy the pupils could answer.

"What do I wear on my head that rhymes with cat?" asked the instructress.

Up went the hand of a boy with red hair.

"Well, Johnny," said she, "you may tell us."

Johnny arose and appeared frightened.

"It's a rat," he blurted.

And then the tableau.

Degrees of Misery.

Two young ladies were talking the other day about a third who had just become engaged to a widower who plays the cornet and has four children. "What could be worse," exclaimed one, "than four children and a cornet?" "Nothing," said the other, "excepting, perhaps, six children and a trombone."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It's the things we don't get that we should sometimes be most thankful for.

Many who used to smoke 10c cigars now buy Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c.

Don't throw kisses, my boy; deliver them in person.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief--Permanent Cure

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WESTERN CANADA

What Prof. Shaw, the Well-Known Agriculturist, Says About It:

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70,000 Americans

will enter and make their homes in Western Canada this year.

1909 produced another large crop of wheat, oats and barley, in addition to which the cattle exports was an immense item.

Cattle raising, dairying, mixed farming and grain growing in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Free homestead and pre-emption areas, as well as lands held by railway and land companies, will provide homes for millions.

Adaptable soil, healthful climate, splendid schools and churches, and good railways.

For settlers' rates, descriptive literature "Last Best West," how to reach the country and other particulars, write to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent.

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