

## YEARS OF INTENSE SUFFERING

How a Bad Case of Kidney Trouble Was Finally Rooted.

Mrs. John Light, Cresco, Iowa, says: "For years I was an intense sufferer from kidney disorders. The kidney secretions passed irregularly, my limbs were badly bloated, and feet so swollen I could not wear my shoes. I tried many remedies but became discouraged as nothing helped me. Then I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and soon noticed improvement. I continued until I could rest well at night and the kidney secretions became normal. I do not believe I would be alive today were it not for Doan's Kidney Pills."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Join War on Tuberculosis.**  
From statistics published in the new tuberculosis directory of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis it is ascertained that over 600 cities and towns of the United States, besides about 100 in Canada, are engaged in the war against consumption, and that on April 1st there were nearly 1,500 different agencies at work in the crusade, an increase of nearly 700 per cent in the last seven years.

The new directory lists 421 tuberculosis sanatoria hospitals, and day camps; 511 associations and committees for the prevention of tuberculosis; 342 special dispensaries; 68 open air schools; 98 hospitals for the insane and penal institutions, making special provision for their tuberculosis inmates; besides giving an account of the anti-tuberculosis legislation in every state and in about 250 cities.

The new directory is sold by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, 105 East Twenty-second street, New York city, at cost price, 50 cents, postpaid.

**Her Qualifications.**  
Pat and his little brown mare were familiar sights to the people of the town of Garry. The mare was lean, blind and lame, but by dint of much coaxing Pat kept her to the harness. One day while leading her to water he had to pass a corner where a crowd of would-be sports were congregated. Thinking to have some amusement at Pat's expense, one called out: "Hullo, there, Pat. I'm looking for the real goods. How much is that mare of yours able to draw?" "Begorra," said Pat. "I can't say exactly, but she seems to be able to draw the attentions of every fool in town."—The Housekeeper.

**To Pray for the Rich.**  
Two women prominent in St. Louis have started a movement to induce 300,000 of their sex in the south to pray every day for the rich. They explain they hope by organizing systematically groups of women who will pray often and well for the more affluent, wealthy persons will be led to contribute to a fund for the evangelization of the world. Belle H. Bennett, president of the woman's missionary council of the Methodist Episcopal church south, and Mrs. R. W. McDonnell are the originators of the plan.

**When a Wife is Cruel.**  
The husband rushed into the room where his wife was sitting. "My dear," said he, excitedly. "Guess what! Intelligence has just reached me—"

The wife gave a jump at this point, rushed to her husband, and, kissing him fervently, interrupted with: "Well, thank heaven, Harry!"

**A Redeeming Feature.**  
"Maud is a harem-scarum sort, isn't she?" "Yes, but her skirt isn't."

**FEED YOU MONEY**  
Feed Your Brain, and It Will Feed You Money and Fame.

"Ever since boyhood I have been especially fond of meats, and I am convinced I ate too rapidly, and failed to masticate my food properly. "The result was that I found myself, a few years ago, afflicted with ailments of the stomach, and kidneys, which interfered seriously with my business. "At last I took the advice of friends and began to eat Grape-Nuts instead of the heavy meats, etc., that had constituted my former diet. "I found that I was at once benefited by the change, that I was soon relieved from the heartburn and indigestion that used to follow my meals, that the pains in my back from my kidney affection had ceased. "My nerves, which used to be unsteady, and my brain, which was slow and lethargic from a heavy diet of meats and greasy foods, had, not in a moment, but gradually, and none the less surely, been restored to normal efficiency. "Now every nerve is steady and my brain and thinking faculties are quicker and more acute than for years past. "After my old style breakfasts I used to suffer during the forenoon from a feeling of weakness which hindered me seriously in my work, but since I began to use Grape-Nuts food I can work till dinner time with all ease and comfort." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason."

Read the little book, "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.

## ALL OVER NEBRASKA

**Nasbys to Meet at York.**  
York County.—It has been announced that the annual convention of the postmasters of Nebraska will be held at York June 13, 14 and 15 instead of at Omaha as at first arranged.

**Cuming County Crops Good.**  
Cuming County.—Crops throughout Cuming county are looking remarkably well. Small grain has an excellent stand and a good color. Corn planting is about two-thirds finished, the ground and the weather furnishing ideal conditions for planting.

**Postmaster Resigns.**  
Thayer County.—J. H. Traugott has resigned as postmaster to take effect as soon as his successor is appointed. Mr. Traugott has been postmaster for the past 14 years, his wife acting as deputy, and has made a satisfactory official for Desher.

**Moorefield Wants Hospital.**  
Frontier County.—Moorefield, in Frontier county, is the latest applicant for the state tubercular hospital. Secretary of State Wait received a letter from James Pearson, who says that while the town is not over large nor over beautiful, it is "a dandy place to benefit those who have tuberculosis."

**Young Girl Disappears.**  
Clay County.—Edna, the 14-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Zimmler, left home the other evening, supposedly to take laundry to a Chinese laundry, and nothing has been heard of her since. She was seen going to the depot just before the arrival of train No. 10. No reason can be given for the child's act.

**Woman Tries to End Life.**  
Gage County.—While packing her trunk to go to Lebanon, Kan., on a visit, Mrs. H. J. Randall locked herself in a room at her home in Beatrice and attempted to take her life by saturating her apron with chloroform. She will recover.

**Garden County Bank.**  
Garden County.—The Garden County bank, which will start in business at Lewellen, has incorporated under the new bank guaranty law. It has a capital stock of \$10,000 and has complied with the new law by adding to the capital stock \$400 for the depositors' guaranty fund.

**Interurban Survey.**  
Dodge County.—A gang of 12 men, surveyors of the Baker Interurban Transportation company, has been at work surveying for said road through Pleasant Valley township, in a northwestern direction on a line from the southwest corner of section 25 to the northwest of section 7 of said township, on the route from Fremont to Howells and Norfolk.

**Failed to Kill Himself.**  
Sherman County.—Edward Fish, of Ross, attempted to commit suicide here. He went into the city restaurant and slashed the right side of his neck with a razor. After bleeding freely he got up and walked to the front of the restaurant where he was found and taken to a doctor's office. The wound was dressed and he will recover.

**Hunters After Licenses.**  
Merrick County.—The enactment of the law requiring all those hunting and fishing to secure a license, no matter whether they reside in the county where they are enjoying that recreation or not, has had a marked effect on the business of the county clerk's office. In all 82 parties have come into the office during the last few weeks and paid their dollars to secure permits to hunt and fish.

**Accidentally Shot and Killed.**  
Nemaha County.—John Wiers, a well-to-do farmer residing nine miles south of Auburn, lost his life by the accidental discharge of his gun while he was getting through a wire fence in pursuit of a hawk.

**Thieves Return Horse.**  
PHELPS COUNTY.—The horse stolen by the men who two weeks ago made an attempt to rob the bank at Ragan has been returned to its owner, having appeared at the barn of Charles Long in Holdrege, without harness or buggy, which have not yet been found. It is thought the vehicle is somewhere in the city.

**Alliance Pupils Give Play.**  
Box Butte County.—No larger audience ever taxed the capacity of the opera house at Alliance than that which turned out to enjoy the entertainment given by the pupils of the Alliance High school. An attractive musical program was ably rendered. A college comedy, "A Case of Suspension," was a complete success under the directorship of Principal G. H. Williams.

**Veteran Dies in Cemetery.**  
Kearney County.—J. W. Downing died while at work in the Swedish Lutheran Bethany congregation's cemetery at Minden on a monument which he was lettering. Mr. Downing was in the business of selling monuments.

**Found Not Guilty.**  
Antelope County.—The jury in the case of Lew Gregerson, charged with the murder of Neils Pedersen, during a quarrel in the latter's home at Elgin, August 12, brought in a verdict of not guilty.

# The WREATH by the RIVER

## A STORY FOR MEMORIAL DAY

By T. C. HARBAUGH

THE great war had been over a few years and in soft gloaming of May the fairest wreaths that the bright fields yield fell annually upon hero graves, in the alleys of Virginia the marks of that terrible strife remained, for the scars of battle are hard to obliterate, and the roses of Peace, though they grow over the cannon ruts, are now and then blown aside, showing the work of the crimson demon.

The home of the Morrrows was one of simplicity, though set among hills which had reverberated to the booming of the great guns, and the near-by river sang its song of peace as it sought the sea. By lucky accident the little home and its surroundings had escaped the ravages of war.

Hester Morrow stood upon the old vine-embowered porch and looked out



Looked Out Upon a Scene of Exquisite Loveliness.

upon a scene of exquisite loveliness. Everywhere the last month of spring had garbed the landscape in matchless beauty. Of course she remembered the war. While she stood there she recalled how one day a regiment of Union soldiers was hard pressed and how stubbornly they held their ground around the house; how the brave went down before the missiles of battle, and how in her young girlhood she had tried to staunch the life-blood of a soldier wounded to his death.

In a little while the girl, who had turned back into the house, came forth modestly dressed and with a smile on her lips. A few minutes later she might have been seen running hither and thither with the sprightliness of young maidenhood gathering flowers of many hues which grew in profusion where she sought them.

Hester had often despoiled the woods of their treasures. Each Memorial day she had stolen forth to gather flowers where they never failed to bloom. These she formed into a rich wreath, and when she had finished it she repaired to a certain spot on the river's bank under the spreading boughs of a stately tree and placed her offering to valor on a lone grave there.

John Dunham—that was the name carved on the wooden head-board—was a soldier of the Union. He had marched to battle with high hopes, but fate had decreed that he should never return with his messmates. Of his family, if he had one, the girl knew nothing.

"Mother thinks," smiled Hester, as she worked at her wreath, "that I ought to marry Jack. But a girl should choose for herself, and while Jack is a clever fellow, I haven't seen enough of the world to 'settle down,' as Aunt Mary says. I would like to know what sort of world lies beyond the river over yonder; the boys in blue came from that part of the country and, as yet, it is an unknown world to me."

She had scarcely finished her wreath when she looked up and beheld a young man coming through the grove toward the rippling river. "Jack!" cried Hester. "No, it is not Jack. He is a trifle too tall for him. Perhaps he is one of the strangers who have come to town to keep the day."

She had already been perceived; the stranger was coming toward her and, as half a dozen flowers fluttered to the ground at her feet, she caught his eye and bowed.

"You will pardon me, miss," said the young man, as he halted before the surprised girl, and cavalierly removed his hat. "This is my first visit to this part of the country. I concluded to take a little stroll before the services begin, and—"

"It is a beautiful morning and augurs well for a pretty day," gently interrupted Hester. "I, too, have strolled out here, but I do so every year after flowers for my hero."

"You have a hero, then?" "Yes, one who sleeps apart from his comrades." "The Gray fought bravely, Miss—"

"But my lone hero is not of the Gray, though, as you see, I am southern and I honor the gray-clad braves. Would you like to see where my hero sleeps?" "Only too well would I look upon the grave of your Bayard," was the reply. "I am here on what I fear is a hopeless mission. My father—"

"Was a soldier? We meet a good many people whose relatives were in the war. I had relatives who wore the Gray." "No doubt of that, miss."

"Come with me," and Hester Morrow led the way across the grove to the historic stream. The tall young man at her side stole glances of silent admiration at his companion as they paced along. She was as fresh and lovely as the flowers she had just gathered; her voice breathed song, and in her blue eyes was a light he had seldom seen.

At last the girl paused and turned toward her companion. "This is my Mecca on Memorial day," she said, as she slipped the fragrant wreath from her arm. "Here sleeps the northern soldier guarding in death, as I tell my friends, the river he guarded so well in life."

At the feet of the couple so strangely met was the lone mound. The young stranger approached the grave and stopped at its head as he once more looked at Hester. "Something thrills me as I have not been thrilled for years," he whispered softly. "By the way, miss, you have not told me the name of the one who camps here. Or is he one of the unknown?"

"No, he is not unknown. His comrades carved his name on the head-board. You have but to part the grass to read the name and regiment of the sleeper."

The young man knelt reverently while Hester, stooping, placed her wreath on the mound. Suddenly there came from the stranger's lips a cry that startled the young girl.

When she looked up she perceived that he had sprung erect and was pressing his hands to his forehead as if he would keep in leash his wildly throbbing temples. "What is it?" cried Hester. "Did you know?"

"Found at last!" was the response. "For years I have sought this spot, going hither and thither throughout the south, always looking for a soldier's head-board that bore the name of John Dunham of the —th Massachusetts. At last my task is ended, and I can now go back to the old home and tell mother where father sleeps."

"Your father?" cried Hester Morrow. "Do you mean to tell me—?" "This soldier was my father. His comrades came home, but he did not."



Beheld a Young Man Coming Through the Grove.

And you for years have placed a wreath on his grave! You have gathered the treasures of wood and field and, loving this man, although he may have crossed swords with your people, you have crowned him beside the river that sings to the sea. Let me thank you, miss, not only for myself, but for my mother. She would more than thank you if she were here."

He held out his hands to Hester and she placed hers in them, and for a moment they stood over the wreath by the river, looking into each other's eyes and feeling in their natures a thrill they had never felt before.

At that moment there came from the village the clear notes of the chimes, mingled with the shrill, almost warlike call of the resonant bugle, and when Harold Dunham and Hester Morrow walked from that solitary grave they doubtless realized that the currents of their lives must commingle; and almost before the wreath by the river had lost its fragrance the memories of that one Memorial day had been strengthened at the altar.

## PACKING FOR SAFETY

HOW FRAGILE CHINA MAY BE TRANSPORTED.

Newspapers Better Than Excelsior to Protect the Prized Possessions—Entire Secret of Success Is the Wrapping.

A woman who brought delicate egg shell china safely from San Francisco to Chicago and from Atlantic City to Chicago, and who packed her china for transportation without any breakage, did so in the following manner without using excelsior and thus avoiding unnecessary bulkiness:

Long before the time for packing she had saved and stacked all her newspapers so that there would be plenty on hand. She considered small boxes safer for the purpose, as they are handled more easily.

Sort the china and glass so that delicate and lightweight pieces may be packed into the same box or case, and not together with heavier ware.

Almost every household contains fine dishes and bric-a-brac not commonly in use. Begin your packing with these some time before moving day, as they may be easily spared without inconvenience to the household, and prevent too great accumulation of work near the end.

Take a delicate piece of china and begin by wrapping it in newspaper, doubling the paper many thicknesses and wrapping again and again, being careful to place extra thicknesses about the edges, about protruding handles and knobs, until the contour of the piece is entirely lost in the wrapping and no part with an edge or handle may be felt through the bundle.

The object must be wrapped until no part of it whatever is distinguishable through the wrapping. Covers of dishes must be wrapped separately, and fitted into the vessels to which they belong, top downward, then the whole wrapped again and again into a compact bundle. While wrapping the article keep track of the handles so that in placing the bundle in the box it may be laid without undue pressure of other bundles against the delicate parts. Before packing a box, assemble all the bundles which are expected to be packed into it in order that they may be fitted in the best possible way.

There is always some little niche or space between packages of different shapes and sizes. Fill in every space or hollow with paper pushed in until the mass is solid and immovable. The more compact the packing the safer the contents of the box. Where packages do not seem to fit in because of shape or size, change the bundles about until a place is made where they are sure to fit. When a box is filled see that everything is wedged in tight and immovable.

The box may then be closed and may be safely turned on every side, and worry incident to handling avoided. This mode of packing besides being safe, economizes space and what is more important, avoids the litter incident to packing in piles of excelsior, thus lessening work for housekeeper and janitor.—Chicago Tribune.

Employer—I want a boy who is absolutely trustworthy. Do you ever give business secrets away? Applicant—Not much, boss! I sell 'em.—Judge.

At All Hours. "Professor, what do you consider the most wonderful thing in the world?" "The brain of a centipede; it is infinitesimally small, yet it has perfect control over the creature's entire system of legs and feet."

Shouldn't He? A very good natured broker, who is very much larger than his wife, and who likes his little joke at someone else's expense, was sitting in the theater. A man behind him, not knowing who he was, leaned forward and whispered, "Will you please ask your wife to remove her hat?" "You'd better do it yourself. I'm afraid."

Whereupon the man behind became angry, arose, protested and left the theater.

How He Did It. At the dinner Saturday of the Military Order of Foreign Wars, Captain Carlyle L. Burridge told of a man who, returning to his domicile at cockcrow, underwent an inspection by his wife, who desired to know how he came to have a large bump on his forehead.

"That? Oh, that's where I bit myself," explained he of the night key. "Bit yourself?" the lady repeated after him. "How could you bite yourself away up there?" "Why, I stood on a chair," he said.—Cleveland Leader.

One Cook May make a cake "fit for the Queen," while another only succeeds in making a "pretty good cake" from the same materials. It's a matter of skill! People appreciate, who have once tasted.

Post Toasties A delicious food made of White Corn—flaked and toasted to a delicate, crisp brown—to the "Queen's taste." Post Toasties are served direct from the package with cream or milk, and sugar if desired— A breakfast favorite! "The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

## That Tired Feeling

that is caused by impure, impoverished blood or low, run-down condition of the system, is burdensome and discouraging. Do not put up with it, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which removes it as nothing else does.

"I had that tired feeling, had no appetite and no ambition to do anything. A friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and soon that tired feeling was gone. I had a good appetite and felt well. I believe Hood's saved me from a long illness." Mrs. B. Johnson, Westfield, N. J.

Get Hood's Sarsaparilla today. In liquid form or in tablets called Sarsatabs.

**PATENTS** Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. High-class references. Best results. If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

Many a girl has too many strings to her beau. Garfield Tea cures constipation, keeps the blood pure and tones up the system.

The man who has been married fifty years is willing to let his wife do the boasting about it.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

If no God, whence duty? There remains no other source than blind, brutal, tyrannous force. Duty never is sues from that.—Mazzini.

**ASK FOR ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE** The Antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes. Relieves Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sweating Feet, Blisters and Callous spots. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

And You Must Pay. "Experience is the best teacher," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes, but her charges are mighty high," added the Simple Mug.

**Important to Mothers** Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletchere* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Hired! Employer—I want a boy who is absolutely trustworthy. Do you ever give business secrets away? Applicant—Not much, boss! I sell 'em.—Judge.

At All Hours. "Professor, what do you consider the most wonderful thing in the world?" "The brain of a centipede; it is infinitesimally small, yet it has perfect control over the creature's entire system of legs and feet."

Shouldn't He? A very good natured broker, who is very much larger than his wife, and who likes his little joke at someone else's expense, was sitting in the theater. A man behind him, not knowing who he was, leaned forward and whispered, "Will you please ask your wife to remove her hat?" "You'd better do it yourself. I'm afraid."

Whereupon the man behind became angry, arose, protested and left the theater.

How He Did It. At the dinner Saturday of the Military Order of Foreign Wars, Captain Carlyle L. Burridge told of a man who, returning to his domicile at cockcrow, underwent an inspection by his wife, who desired to know how he came to have a large bump on his forehead.

"That? Oh, that's where I bit myself," explained he of the night key. "Bit yourself?" the lady repeated after him. "How could you bite yourself away up there?" "Why, I stood on a chair," he said.—Cleveland Leader.

One Cook May make a cake "fit for the Queen," while another only succeeds in making a "pretty good cake" from the same materials. It's a matter of skill! People appreciate, who have once tasted.

Post Toasties A delicious food made of White Corn—flaked and toasted to a delicate, crisp brown—to the "Queen's taste." Post Toasties are served direct from the package with cream or milk, and sugar if desired— A breakfast favorite! "The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.



In the KITCHEN

For something new and dainty, spread the buttered fudge pan with minced dates before turning the candy into it.

To keep white gloves clean in a muff have an adjustable lining of white silk or satin that may be fastened in over the dark lining of the muff with invisible hooks and loops.

Wrap gold or silver trimmings in black paper and they will untarnish. All frocks should be wrapped in black paper also.

An effective scarf for a hall table may be made of linen crash with a figure embroidered on each end and of the same design as the paper on the wall.

Perhaps the croquettes will not mold. If not, take a tablespoonful of granulated gelatine, soak a moment in cold water, then dissolve it over boiling water and set aside till solid. The heat in frying dissolves the gelatine, making the inside soft and creamy.

**Ham Farci.** Whole ham, have bone removed and soak over night. One cup of bread crumbs, one tablespoon of melted butter, one teaspoon each chopped olives, onions and parsley. Worcestershire sauce, tomato catsup, three drops of tabasco sauce, two truffles chopped fine. Stuff the ham with the above mixture, thoroughly blended, roll in cheese cloth, boil in water with a little vinegar or cider four or five hours or until tender; leave in water until cold and a weight to press it; when ready to serve cut in slices.

**To Clean White Plumes.** Make a thin paste from gasoline, and flour. Dip plumes and cover with paste. Lay aside to dry, then shake well, and plumes will come out clean and fluffy. This has been tried time and again.—Home Department National Magazine.

**Polish for Brass.** Brass takes a most beautiful polish if it is washed in a mixture of one ounce of alum and a pint of lye boiled together for a short time; apply with rag or brush while hot.—Home Department National Magazine.