

**SYSTEM FULL OF URIC ACID—THE GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY CURED**

Two years ago I was very sick and after being treated by several of the best physicians in Clinton, I did not seem to get any better. I was confined to my bed. Seeing your Swamp-Root advertised, I resolved to give it a trial. After using it for three weeks, I found I was gaining strength, so I continued until I have taken a number of bottles. I am now restored to health and have resumed my labors. My system was full of uric acid, but Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cured me entirely. I am sixty years old.

Yours very truly,  
W. C. COOK,  
Clinton, Ia.

State of Iowa }  
Clinton County }  
On this 23rd day of July, A. D. 1909,  
W. C. Cook to me personally known and appeared before me and in my presence subscribed and swore to the above and foregoing statement.

DALE H. SHEPPARD,  
Notary Public,  
In and for Clinton County.

**Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You**  
Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty cents and one-dollar.

**INNOCENT ON ONE COUNT.**



Mrs. Farmer—Say, did you say you wasn't going to do no work for dat dinner?  
Boston Billings—Ah! ma'am, I assure you the double negative is a selection. I've never been guilty of it.

**DO IT NOW.**

If you have the slightest symptom of kidney trouble, begin using Doan's Kidney Pills at once. Delay may lead to dropsy, diabetes, or fatal Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills began curing sick kidneys 75 years ago. They have been curing kidney trouble ever since.

Mrs. William McGregor, 711 Lilloeth St., Pendleton, Ore., says: "All my life my kidneys had troubled me. I bloated terribly, could not control the kidney secretions and suffered intense backache. Finally I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was cured completely. I had previously doctored without relief."

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

**Wanted a Change.**  
Millman—I see by the papers that a Frenchman has invented a new way of transforming water into milk.  
Customer—Well, I hope you'll adopt it. I'm getting awfully tired of the old way.

It is no use sighing to be a sun if you are not burning the little lamp you have.

There are limitations, don't be fooled. Ask for Lewis' Single Binder cigar for sale.

True men and women are all physicians to make us well.—C. A. Barlow

**Splendid Crops**

**in Saskatchewan (Western Canada)**  
800 Bushels from 20 acres of wheat was the thrasher's return from a 100-acre farm in the West. The soil is rich and the climate is just what is needed for the raising of the best wheat. The crops are all profitable. Free Homestead Land. Large Profits are thus derived from the FREE HOMESTEAD LANDS of Western Canada. For complete information concerning the raising and marketing of the best wheat, send for our "Splendid Crops" booklet. It is free. Write to the Canadian Government, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent, W. V. BENNETT, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb. (The address nearest you.)

**Your Liver's Your Life**

A dead liver means awful sickness—don't let it come when it can be prevented. Cascarets keep the liver lively and bowels regular and ward off serious, fatal illness.

CASCARETS—the box—week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

For men whose time is valuable



KNOW THE WORLD OVER

TAKE A DOSE OF **PISO'S** THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COLDS

**DEATH OF EX-MAYOR GRANT**

Twice Chief Executive of New York and a Man of Great Prominence.

New York.—One of the most prominent figures in the political life of New York City 20 years ago was Hugh J. Grant, who died in the metropolis recently, at the age of 55. He was a native of the metropolis and received his education at St. Francis Xavier College and in France and Germany, where he studied languages and music. Afterward he studied law at the Columbia Law School and engaged in real estate and legal business.

In 1887 he entered politics, being elected alderman, and his course in the board the following year in opposition to boodle legislation made him a candidate for mayor on the Tammany ticket in 1884. He was defeated.



Hugh J. Grant.

In 1887 he was elected sheriff and three years later was chosen mayor, and was re-elected in 1890. It was Mayor Grant who made the telephone and telegraph companies take down their overhead wires. The wires formed a network over the city, interfering with firemen and forming a danger and a nuisance. When the subways were ready and the wires did not come down Mayor Grant settled the controversy in a characteristic way. He went out with gangs of firemen, laborers and axmen and chopped down the poles and tore down the wires.

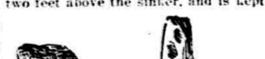
In 1894 he was again a candidate for mayor, but met with defeat at the polls. He then withdrew from active participation in politics.

Mayor Grant was a man of fine physical proportions and was big intellectually. He was fond of outdoor life, took a deep interest in trotting horses and was a member of several golf clubs. He married a daughter of ex-Senator Murphy, of Troy. In business he amassed a large fortune and was charitable during his life. He spent large sums in charity. While Mayor Grant, like his great namesake, Gen. Grant, was a man of silence, he was not in the least morose.

**MOST REMARKABLE FISHHOOK**

Primitive Affair Used by the Indians of Alaska for Catching Halibut.

St. Paul, Minn.—The picture illustrates a halibut hook used by the Indians in Alaska. It is about nine inches long and two inches wide in the widest portion. From top to bottom of the fork it is about five inches long. The hook is attached to the cord in the middle of the hook, and this sinker rests on the bottom when the hook is in action. The hook itself floats about two feet above the sinker, and is kept



Fish Hook of Wood.

In the position shown in the illustration by the strips of light cedar that are tied to the upper fork of the hook. The hook itself is of wood in two pieces, lashed together by thongs of some kind of hide, with a steel prong lashed to the upper part of the fork with thongs of hide. A piece of salmon steak is lashed on the hook, and the halibut comes along and tries to eat it. When the wily old fish catches a tug on his dashline he gives it a jerk and the hook prong is driven into the lower jaw of the halibut and the fish is caught. Halibut weighing as high as 200 pounds have been caught on these primitive hooks.

The hook illustrated was brought to St. Paul by Martin Kennedy, Jr., on his return from his recent trip to Alaska. One peculiarity that puts this hook out of the ordinary class of salmon and halibut hooks is that the lower prong is carved in the shape of an idol.

Alfonso's Silver Jubilee.

Madrid.—Early next spring King Alfonso will celebrate his silver jubilee, the 25th anniversary of his accession to the throne, and already elaborate preparations are being made for festivities of all kinds in connection with the event.

The jubilee will coincide with the young sovereign's 25th birthday. He alone among the monarchs of Europe commenced his reign on the very day indeed, at the very hour, that he came into the world, having been born 38 months after the sudden death of his father. During the interval his elder sister, the late Infanta Mercedes, had occupied the throne, from which she stepped down to make way for him or his birth, becoming thus, at the age of 6, the very youngest of former queens

**John Henry's Ghost Story**  
By GEORGE V. HOBART

The ponies had put a sad crimp in my roll, and I had to square myself with Clara J. I told her I had bought a cottage in the burbs, and Bunch had helped me out by lending me his country house for a day. I was supposed to show it to Clara J., and then reing on it because it was haunted.

When the alarm clock went to work the next morning Clara J. turned around and gave it a look that made its teeth chatter.

She had been up and doing an hour before that clock grew nervous enough to crow.

Her enthusiasm was so great that she was a busy-Lizzie long before 7 o'clock and we were not looked to leave the Choo-Choo House till 10:30.

About 8 o'clock she dragged me away from a drama and I reluctantly awoke to a realization of the fact that I was due to deliver some goods which I had never seen and didn't want to see.

"Get up, John!" Clara J. suggested, with a degree of excitement in her voice. "It's getting dreadfully late and you know I'm all impatience to see that lovely home you've bought for me in the country!"

Me under the covers, gnawing holes in the pillow to keep from swearing. "Oh, dear me!" she sighed, "I'm afraid I'm just a bit sorry to leave this sweet little apartment. We've been so happy here, haven't we?"

I grabbed the ball and broke through the center for 10 yards. "Sorry," I echoed, tearfully, "why, it's breaking my heart to leave this cozy little collar box of a home and go into a great country house full of—of—rooms, and—of—windows, and—of—plazas, and—of—cows and things like that."

"Of course we wouldn't have to keep the cow in the house," she said, thoughtfully.

"Oh, no," I said, "that's the point. There would be a barn, and you haven't any idea how dangerous barns are. They are the curse of country life, barns are."

"Well, then, John, why did you buy the cow?" she inquired, and I went up and punched a hole in the plaster.

Why did I buy the cow? Was there a cow? Had Bunch ever mentioned a cow to me? Come to think of it, he hadn't, and there I was cooking trouble over a slow fire.

When I came to she was saying quietly, "Besides, I think I'd rather have a milkman than a cow. Milk men swear a lot and cheat sometimes, but as a rule they are more trustworthy than cows, and they very seldom chase anybody. Couldn't you turn the barn into a gymnasium or something?"

"Dearie," I said, trying my level best to get a mist over my lamps so as to give her the teardrop gaze, "something keeps whispering to me. 'Sidestep that cave in the wilderness.' Something keeps telling me that a month on the farm will put a crimp in our happiness, and that the moment we move into a home in the tall grass hill luck will get up and put the boots to our wedded bliss."

Then I gave an imitation of a chok-

condensed milk, sister told me; and they's hens and chickens and turkey gobblins and a garden to plant potato salad in, and they's a barn with pigeons in the attic, and they's a lawn with a barber's wire fence all around it, sister told me; and our trunks are all packed, and we ain't never coming back here no more, sister told me; and I must hurry and farewell them two doozies!"

Tacks was slightly in the lead when my shoe reached the door, so he won. At breakfast we were joined by Uncle Peter and Aunt Martha, both of whom fairly oozed enthusiasm, and Clara J.'s pulse began to climb with excitement and anticipation.

I was on the bargain counter, marked down from 30 cents.

Every time Uncle Peter sprang a new idea in reference to his garden, and they came so fast they almost choked him, I felt a burning bead of perspiration start out to explore my forehead.

Presently to put the froth of fear upon my cup of sorrow there came a telegram from "Bunch" which read as follows:

New York.  
No. 301 W. 109th St.  
Sister and family will move in country house tomorrow. Be sure to play your game today. Good luck.

Bunch.

"Poor John! you look so worried," said Clara J. anxiously. "I really hope it is nothing that will call you back to town for a week at least. It will take us fully a week to get settled; don't you think so, Aunt Martha?"

I dove into my coffee-cup and stayed under a long time. When I came to the surface again Uncle Peter was explaining to Tacks that baked beans grew only in a very hot climate, and in the general confusion the telegram was forgotten by all except my harpooned self.

Clara J. and Aunt Martha were both leaping at when we left the flat to ride to the station, but to my intense relief no mention was made of the trunks; consequently I began to lift the mortgage from my life and breathe easier.

On the way out Tacks left a small parcel with one of the hall boys with instructions to hand it to the janitor as soon as possible.

"It's a little present for the janitor in loving remembrance of his memory," Tacks explained with something that sounded like a catch in his voice.

"Hasn't that boy a lovely disposition?" Aunt Martha beamed on Tacks, "to be so forgiving to the janitor after the horrid man had sworn at him and blamed him for putting a cat in the dumb waiter and sending it up to the nervous lady on the seventh floor, who abandoned cats and who screamed and fell over in a tub of suds when she opened the dumb-waiter door to get her groceries and the cat jumped at her? Mercy! how can the boy be so generous?"

Tacks bore up bravely under this paenegyric of praise and his face wore a rapt expression which amounted almost to religious fervor.

"What did you give the janitor, Angel-Face?" I asked.

"Only just another remembrance," Tacks answered, solemnly. "I happened to find a poor, little dead mouse under the gas range, and I thought I'd farewell the janitor with it."

Aunt Martha sighed painfully, and Uncle Peter chuckled inwardly like a mechanical toy hen.

On the train out to Jiggersville Clara J. was a picture entitled "The Joy of Living"—kind regards to Mrs. Pat Campbell; Ibsen please write.

As for me, with every revolution of the wheels I grew more and more a half portion of Clara J.

"Oh, John!" said Clara J., her voice shrill with excitement; "I forgot to tell you! I left my key with mother and she's going to superintend the packing of the furniture this afternoon. By evening she expects to have everything loaded in the van and we won't have to wait any time for our trunks and things!"

"Great Scott!" I yelled. "Maybe you won't like the house! Maybe it's only a shanty with holes in the roof—er, I mean, maybe you'll be disappointed with the layout! What's the blithering sense of being in such a consuming fever about moving the flimsy furniture? I'm certain you'll hate the very sight of this corn-crib out among the ant hills. Can't you back-pedal on the furniture gag and give yourself a chance to hear the answer to what you ask yourself?"

Clara J. looked tearfully at me for a moment; then she went over and sat with Aunt Martha and told her how glad she was we were moving to the country where the pure air would no doubt have a soothing effect on my nerves, because I certainly had grown irritable of late.

At last we reached the little old log cabin down the lane, and after the first glimpse I knew it was all off.

The place I had borrowed from Bunch for a few minutes was a dream, all right, all right.

With its beautiful lawns and its glittering gravelled walks; with a modern house perfect in every detail; with its murmuring brooklet rushing away into a perspective of nodding green trees, and with the bright sun-



"I Jumped Head First Into My Most Blood-Curdling Story."

shine smiling a welcome over all, it made a picture calculated to charm the most hardened city crab that ever crawled away from the cover of the skyscrapers.

As for Clara J., she simply threw up both hands and screamed for help. She danced and yelled with delight. Then she hugged and kissed me with a thousand reiterated thanks for my glorious present.

I felt as jolly as a jelly fish. Ten legged microbes began to climb into my pores. Everything I had in my system rushed to my head. I could see myself in the goggle-goggle ward in a hat house, playing I was the king of England.

I was a joke turned upside down.

After they had examined every nook and cranny of the place and had talked themselves hoarse with delight, I called them all up on the front piazza for the purpose of putting out their lights with my ghost story.

I figured on diving them all back to the depot with about four paragraphs of creepy talk, so when I had them huddled I began in a hoarse whisper to raise their hair.

I told them that no doubt they had noticed the worried expression on my face and explained that it was due chiefly to the fact that I had learned quite by accident that this beautiful place was haunted.

Tacks grew so excited that he dropped a garden spade off the piazza and into a hot-house below, breaking seven panes of glass, but the others only smiled indulgently and I went on.

I jumped headfirst into my most blood-curdling story and related in detail how a murder had been committed on the very site the house was built on and how a fierce bewhiskered spirit roamed the premises at night and demanded vengeance. I described in awful words the harrowing spectacle and all I got at the finish was the hoot from Uncle Peter.

"Poor John," said Clara J. "I had no idea you were so run down. Why you're almost on the verge of nervous prostration. And how thoughtful you were to pick out a haunted house, for I do love ghosts. Didn't you know that? I'll tell you what let's do. I'll give a prize for the first one who sees and speaks to this unhappy spirit—won't it be jolly? Where are you going, John?"

"Me, to the undertakers—I mean I must run back to town. That telegram this morning—important business—forgot all about it—see you later—don't breathe till I get back—I mean—don't live till I—Oh! the devil!"

Just then I fell over the lawn mower, picked myself up hastily and rushed off to town to find Bunch, for I was certainly up against it good and hard.

(Copyright by G. W. Billingham Co.)

**Playwright's Revenge.**  
Bobbs—Scribner has had no less than nine plays rejected.  
Slonnes—What is he doing now?  
Bobbs—Writing essays on the decline of the drama.

**Faithfulness.**  
"Paul, tell me—if I were to die now would you marry that Miller woman."  
"Never."  
"But they tell me she is so like me."  
"That's just why."—Lustige Blätter

**THE LINCOLN JOURNAL**



**A WHOLE YEAR WITHOUT SUNDAY \$3.00**

**This is Just a BARGAIN RATE and is Not Good After December 28th**

If you want the Big Sunday Journal included the Bargain Price will be \$4.00. The regular price of the State Journal is \$4.00 without Sunday and \$5.00 with Sunday.

**KEEP TRACK OF THE LEGISLATURE**

by reading this big Lincoln paper that has no strings to it and can print the truth about everybody and everything. No beer or whisky ads. No nasty medical ads. Paper stops when time is up. It's not forced on you like many other papers. We would like to have you try it at this cut price for the year 1911.

ADDRESS

**The Nebraska State Journal, Lincoln, Nebr.**

**PRIZES FOR DAIRY ESSAYS**

Nebraska Dairymen's Association Offers Cash Inducements.

The Nebraska Dairymen's association offers \$160 in premiums for essays on the following subjects:

No. 1—Why is the silo a profitable equipment for a Nebraska farmer? First prize, \$15; second, \$10; third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth, \$5 each.

No. 2—How would you conduct dairying on a Nebraska farm? First prize, \$15; second, \$10; third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh, \$5 each.

In addition to the above a prize of \$5 is offered for the best essay on question No. 1, written by a student in attendance at a state normal school. A similar prize of \$5 will be given for the best essay on the same question written by a student in attendance at the university school of agriculture; another prize of \$5 is to be awarded for the best essay on question No. 1 written by a student in attendance at a high school.

Students of the normal schools, school of agriculture and high schools need to write only one essay on the silo in order to compete for all the premiums offered for question No. 1, but their essays should bear the endorsement "normal school," "school of agriculture," or "high school," as the case may be.

The association also offers \$150 in prizes for judging dairy cows, the judging to take place at the university farm on Friday, January 20.

**WAITED FIFTY YEARS.**

Cuts Cord Wood from Grove He Planted Fifty-two Years Ago.

Fifty-two years ago Hon. B. T. Skeen and his brother Andy got on a grove of trees on the home place west of Nemaha. On last Thursday Mr. Skeen was in Auburn with a load of cord wood cut from that selfsame grove, that for over half a century has been slowly coming to maturity.

While possessing a somewhat sentimental interest, the wait of five decades between planting and repairing is hardly an inducement for the younger generation to go to the growing of cord wood on an extensive scale.

**FREE THIS BEAUTIFUL SUGAR SHELL IF YOU WILL PAY MAILING CHARGES**

We want to send you this beautiful Oxford Silver Sugar Shell, made by the Rogers Company. It is made of plate silver. Entire spoon six inches long, handle is four inches long, beautifully carved and embossed in the Narcissus pattern and finished in the popular grey French style. The bowl is two inches long and one and one-half inches wide, having a beautifully carved and deeply embossed Narcissus in the bottom. It is finished in highly polished silver plate. We guarantee this spoon to be genuine Oxford Silver Plate. We guarantee it to meet your highest expectations. We want to send it to you without cost, except expense of mailing, just to show you the kind of ware it is and to tell you how you can earn a set of six Oxford Silver Tea Spoons just like it without a cent of outlay on your part.

**SEND US ONLY 10c** To pay postage, packing, etc., and we will mail you free of all charges this excellent Oxford Silver Sugar Shell, postage prepaid. The sugar shell will be yours to keep without another cent cost or without any conditions whatever.

Date.....  
INDEPENDENT FARMER, Lincoln, Neb.  
Enclosed find 10c. for which please send me, prepaid, your Oxford Silver Sugar Shell, as advertised.  
Name.....  
Address.....

Address all orders to The Independent Farmer, which is owned by the State Journal Co., Lincoln, Neb.

**Patient in Hastings Asylum Suddenly Remembers Who He Is.**

Hastings.—After wandering about the country for months, unable to remember his name or his place of residence, Otto A. Wittuhn has suddenly regained his mind, and has been returned to his home near Gothenburg.

Wittuhn underwent an operation for appendicitis some time ago, and lost his mentality as a result. His mind is now clear, and his memory is perfect as far as events up to the time of the operation are concerned.

**Had Narrow Escape.**

Nebraska City.—Monroe W. Wright and family nearly lost their lives in a fire which destroyed the dwelling and all the household effects. Mrs. Wright was awakened by her baby's coughing and discovered the house on fire and the room filled with smoke. She awakened her husband and he hurriedly assisted his wife to leave the house. By the time the family was safely out of doors the entire structure was ablaze. No cause is known for the fire.

**Funeral of Conductor Spence.**

Fairbury.—The funeral of the late Peter Spence was held from the Methodist church Sunday. Mr. Spence was the Rock Island conductor who was run over at Beatrice Thanksgiving night. The funeral was one of the largest ever held in the city. The Order of Railway Conductors and Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers attended the church in a body. Mr. Spence was an unusually popular conductor among the railroad employes on the Rock Island. The remains were buried in Fairbury cemetery.

**Church Women Ship Over 30,000 Pounds to the Factories This Week.**

Auburn.—The ladies of the Christian and Baptist congregations of this city have been collecting old papers for some time, and last week shipped a carload to the factories at Marshallville, Ill.

There was over 30,000 pounds in the shipment, which will bring the ladies quite a neat sum of money in response to their labors.