When lightning strikes a tree it occasionally converts the sap into steam, which explodes and scatters the wood in all directions.

Fire a Shot Twenty Miles.

The United States will fire a shot twenty miles, which will be a record breaker for the distance. The gun from which it is to be fired will be a marvel of American ingenuity and workmanship. Another marvel of American ingenuity is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For fifty years it has cured constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia and biliousness.

The broadness of some men's minds is only exceeded by the shallowness.

UPRIGHT

Straight and strong is the statue when the twists and curvatures of

are cured and straightened out by

St. Jacobs Oil

GRAIN-O
THE PURE GRAIN COFFEE

Grain-O is not a stimulant, like coffee. It is a tonic and its effects are permanent.

A successful substitute for coffee, because it has the coffee flavor that everybody likes.

Lots of coffee substitutes in the market, but only one food drink—Grain-O.

All grocers; 15c. and 25c.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.50 UNION MADE

The real worth of W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes compared with other makes is $4.00 to $5.00.

Our $4 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price. Over 1,000,000 satisfied wearers.

WE USE FAST COLOR EYELETS

One pair of W. L. Douglas $3 or $3.50 shoes will will positively outwear two pairs of ordinary $3 or $3.50 shoes.

FACTORY, BROCKTON, MASS.

We are the largest makers of men's $3 and $3.50 shoes in the world. We make and sell more $3 and $3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the U. S.

BEST $3.50 SHOE.

The reputation of W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes for style, comfort, and wear is known everywhere throughout the world. They have to give better satisfaction than other makes because the standard has always been placed so high that the wearers expect more for their money than they can get elsewhere.

BEST $3.00 SHOE.

THE REASON more W. L. Douglas $3 and $3.50 shoes are sold than any other make is because THEY ARE THE BEST. Your dealer should keep them; we give one dealer exclusive sale in each town. Take no substitute! Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. If your dealer will not get them for you, send direct to factory, enclosing price and 25c. extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Our shoes will reach you anywhere. Catalogue Free. W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. Brockton, Mass.

FREE ELECTRIC BELT OFFER

WITH TEN DAY'S FREE WEARING TRIAL in your own home, we furnish the genuine and only HEIDELBERG ALTERNATING CURRENT ELECTRIC BELTS to any reader of this paper. No money in advance; very low cost; positive guarantee. COSTS ALMOST NOTHING compared with most all other treatments. Cures when all other electric belts, appliances and remedies fail. QUICK CURE for more than 50 ailments. ONLY SURE CURE for all nervous diseases, weaknesses and disorders. For complete sealed confidential catalogue, cut this ad out and mail to us.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

"Well, well, so this is New Year's day," said Mr. Spooner. "Do you remember how we quarreled this day one year ago?"

"Remember! I think I do!" cried his wife. "Why, the cards were ordered when it happened, and I didn't know whether I could have your name taken out and Dick's inserted, in case I changed my mind."

"In case I changed my mind, you mean, dear. Strange that I never suspected how much poor Dora cared for me until that day."

"I'm sure she had concealed it very well—the way she ran after Dick, as if he ever had eyes for anybody but me! He never told his love, but a woman's intuition was—"

"A synonym of vanity, dear. Of course, I couldn't help knowing that she cared for me when I met her in the boarding house parlor, with her eyes full of tears, on the very morning after you had told Marie, her dearest friend, that we were to be married in a month."

"Humph, that girl would cry about anything; I've known her to cry when the villain in the play was killed—as if a villain could expect anything else in the last act. But as soon as I saw Dick that morning I knew that he knew it. Why, his necktie had slipped around under one ear and his voice, as he wished me a happy New Year, was so sad, that I felt guilty, though my conscience told me that I had not encouraged him."

"You've forgotten how you used to praise the shape of his head."

"As if that meant anything! A girl only praises the shape of a man's head when she can't find anything else to flatter him about. It—it means no more than it does when she tells a small man that he resembles Napoleon. But when I remembered that you had once gone down on the floor in your new trousers to pick up Dora's handkerchief I knew that I had been cruelly deceived. So when you reproached me about Dick, I—"

"I remember how badly I felt when she replied to my New Year's greeting with the remark that happiness for her was over forever. And before I could comfort her Miss Marie came in and I could only go sadly away without telling her that I should always be a brother to her."

"And poor Dick, I asked him if there was anything I could do for him; he replied: 'Yes,' but just then the maid came in with a note for him, and he said he must go at once—I think he wished to be alone with his sorrow. Then you came in, and, instead of sharing my pity for him, you accused me of flirting with him!"

"I—er—don't remember that. But wasn't it odd that before I left you forever, Miss Marie should come in and tell us that Dora and Dick were engaged! I've often wondered how it happened that they decided to console each other."

"And so have I. Why, here is Marie now—perhaps she can explain. Sit down, Marie, do. Tom and I are just going over old times. Do you remember last New Year's day, and—"

"Indeed I do. I've just been to see Dora, and she was talking about it. She and Dick quarreled last New Year's Eve about the date of their marriage, and almost parted forever.

"SHE AND DICK QUARRELED."

They think you both must have guessed it. I remember that Tom was in the parlor with Dora when I ran in on New Year's morning to tell her of your engagement. She had been on the point of asking him to help her to make up with Dick. And when she told me about it, I wrote him a note telling him that I believed she would forgive him if he came at once. That note found him at your house, Irene, where he had gone to ask your aid as peacemaker. Odd, wasn't it?"

Seasonable Sayings.

The new leaf that very soldom gets turned over is the one in the diary.

Some men claim that they see the old year out and the new one in by getting so drunk that they can't see anything.

By New Year the silver plating wears off many a Christmas present.

A good beginning is half the battle except in the case of keeping a diary.

The new date is as hard to remember as the new leaf.

Even though the arctic explorer never discovers the north pole he deserves credit, for he always keeps a diary.

New Year gives us a chance to reciprocate to those who unexpectedly gave us a present at Christmas.

Seeing the old year out puts a man in a fit condition to swear off the next day.—N. Y. World.

The New Year's Greeting.

"You look worried, Brown," said Green.

"Worried! I should say I am. See those?" And he drew out of his overcoat pocket a great bundle of statements of accounts.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Green, "you will make Christmas present to your wife, will you, without counting the cost first?" The lines around Brown's eyes deepened and his mouth drooped sadly. "No," he said, "that's not it. These are not for presents I made my wife."

"Why, what are they for, then?" asked Green, wonderingly.

"For the presents my wife made me."

And the men shook hands in tender sympathy.—Detroit Free Press.

Save Your Mirth.

It is not wise to have so merry a Christmas that you cannot have a happy New Year.—Chicago Tribune.

A Happy New Year.

A happy New Year!" How many people realize the meaning of the words as they go about with this familiar greeting upon their lips? "I wish you a happy New Year!" Does it not seem that the wish carries a blessing with it? And I believe it does when spoken by friends whose words are always true and sincere.

For the benefit of those thoughtless ones who never read between the lines, let us analyze this significant greeting.

In the first place we wish our friends happiness, and the next question which naturally suggests itself is, what constitutes happiness? A little friend of mine tells me that it is to eat all the candy he wants and not to go to bed until he wants to do so. Another friend of more mature years says that she would be perfectly happy if she had all the money she wanted to spend as she liked. Another desires fame, another social position. And so we might go on asking and finding out that almost every one has a different definition for happiness.

If the young lad were allowed to follow his own sweet will and surfeit himself with sweets and late hours, I think the result would be anything but happy. As for wealth, who can blame anyone for wishing for all that one cares to spend, and especially a woman to whom a separate income is the exception rather than the rule. It is the spending of it which decides the happiness or unhappiness of the possessor. I do not believe that any one was ever really happy who used wealth merely to gratify selfish ambitions.

Fame, too, is a good thing to possess, but how many who have gained this high pinnacle will tell you that it brings happiness Social position is also something after which there is much striving. Yet when the coveted place is reached it is so often found to be barren, and happiness has no resting place there. Social position brings heavy responsibilities with it, and social duties are hard and laborious without the happy results that follow labor in more worthy causes.

It seems, then, that there must be some special way to happiness not easily found. There is, but it is easy enough to be seen by all who care to follow its winding way. Wiser heads than mine found out long ago that only in trying to make others happy is real happiness ever gained for oneself.

So in wishing our friends a happy New Year, we really obligate ourselves to do all that we can to make the wish come true; and for this reason the words should never be spoken idly, or used as a mere matter of form. On the other hand, to be sincere in the greeting and to do what the words imply, is certain to bring happiness to all.

And now, let us go on to the next word in the analysis, "new."

Everybody likes new things, unless an exception may be made to the so-called "new woman." New gowns, new bonnets, new personal belongings of all sorts appeal especially to women. While "clothes do not make the person," every one has learned that appearance in this world goes a long way toward success. Under the inspiration of knowing that one is well-dressed often one has done his best and the key note of success has been touched. It is human nature that womankind should love pretty new dresses, new bonnets and dainty surrounding, so let no one accuse her of vanity for desiring them.

New ideas are sought after by the philosopher; new conditions by the scientist; new inventions by the inventor. Editors eagerly examine new matter; and that which is truly original or opens a new field of thought is never found "unavailable" no matter how poorly it may be written.

There is a constant hunt going on for something new to further stimulate the energies, ambitions and desires of the world's people; and never was this craving so apparent as now when we are closing the nineteenth century. Everyone seems to feel that we are on the verge of a new era which in spite of the inventions of the past is to be the most wonder producing period in the world's progress. If the inhabitants of Mars continue to signal us, as has been stated, who knows but what some shrewd, enterprising Yankee will put on his thinking cap, build a flying machine that will overcome all atmospheric conditions and go sailing over to the planet one of these coming days? Perhaps the North Pole will be discovered in the same way, although why so many people will risk life and property to find a spot that is almost certain to contain nothing that will sustain life or hope, can only be laid to their insatiate greed for something new.

It is to be hoped, however, that while these greater things are going on, some one may invent an automatic servant that will get up in the morning without being called, never let the fires go out, wash our best china without breaking it, and, from the very nature of the invention, cannot "talk back" when we happen to go into the kitchen and scold a little—Household Realm.

The Annual Greeting.

"A Happy New Year to you!" This is the greeting which will be heard on every side as we cross the threshold of the new year. It has become a custom to repeat it. In many cases it has little meaning, and is nothing more than an empty compliment or an idle wish. How much do you mean by it? It is very easy to repeat the formula. It is a very simple matter to buy a New Year's card and enclose it in an envelope. But when you send this greeting, or speak it, do you regard it as a pledge or promise that you will do nothing to make the recipient of it unhappy, and that you will do all in your power to relieve his anxieties and bring gladness to his heart?—Baptist Union.

Crowned evermore in endless light she greets
The New Year's dawn,
While we, with heads bowed low and dull heartbeats,
Live sadly on.

Visions too grandly bright for mortal gaze,
To her unfold
Blossoms each noble deed of earthly days,
In beauty's mold.

The glory of our Lord her eyes have seen,
With undimmed sight,
Safe in His presence dear, she dwells serene
And knows no night.

She clasps the hands of loved ones waiting there
On Heaven's shore,
With them she treads those streets so wondrous fair,
In rapture o'er.

In glad surprise, joyous and pure and free,
Her soul so blest,
Solves the deep mystery of eternity
And perfect rest.

—Isabel L. Boardman, in N. Y. Observer.

Merely an Official Form.

He wished me a happy New Year;
The words would have tickled me, but
I knew from his bearing austere
I was booked for a salary cut.

—Chicago Record.

CLOSE TO THE KIDNAPERS.

Omaha Chief Says Everything Is Favorable to Early Capture.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 28.—Chief of Police Donahue said today: "Everything looks favorable for the early capture of the men who kidnaped Eddie Cudahy. I can say this much with the greatest confidence." There have been no new developments in the Cudahy kidnaping case during the last 24 hours, so far as concern the movements of the bandits in this city and South Omaha. The mystery of finding the pony at Pacific Junction, Iowa, 20 miles south of Omaha, has not yet been cleared, those trying to identify the pony as the one used by the kidnapers being unable to decide whether or not it was the same animal. There has been no real evidence adduced that Crowe was in any way connected with the kidnaping, but the chief thinks his past record and his actions since the Cudahy event, of which the detectives and other officers are now pretty well acquainted, are strong reasons for securing his arrest and detention, and they are vigorously prosecuting the search for him. Search is being made for Crowe at St. Joseph, Mo., and at Findlay, O.

Kidnaps Her Own Son.

Indianapolis, Dec. 28.—A sensational kidnaping, involving the family of Former United States Attorney General Miller, took place here this afternoon. It led to a hot but fruitless chase across the state to overtake the wife of Samuel D. Miller, son of W. H. H. Miller, who is supposed to be fleeing to New York with her stolen son, Sydney, aged 7 years. Last summer Mr. Miller, who had been living with his wife in New York, was offered an opening in his father's office and came west. Mrs. Miller refused to come, and since that time has lived in New York. There has been no divorce, and Mr. Miller has been sending her an allowance.

GIVES A GIRL HIS FARM.

Man of 80 Makes a Young Woman Heir to $100,000.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 28.—Being good to an old man has made pretty Miss Louisa J. Tudhope, 20 years old, an heiress to one of the finest farms in this county. To-day Charles Yarham, a man of 80, brought the young woman into the Probate court with him and formally declared her to be his heir-at-law, and therefore heiress to all his property. He has no near relatives, his two sons having been killed in the civil war. He told the judge of the Probate court that Miss Tudhope had been kinder to him in his old age than any one else in the world, and he wanted to reward her by making her his heir, so that she would inherit everything he possessed when he died. The farm is worth $100,000. The girl is not related to him.

Bloody Battle Over Religion.

Bangor, Me., Dec. 28.—A bloody battle occurred at Adams & Knowlton's lumber camp on Chase stream, upper Kennebec river, and police and physicians, none of whom is nearer than thirty miles, have been summoned to the scene. The fight started in a dispute between a man known as "Wild" Hennessy and a Frenchman named Philip Ouliette over religion. The fight became general and about thirty men engaged in a terrific battle with axes, limbs of trees and lumps of ice. A teamster named Wilson attempted to stop the fight and was laid senseless with a blow on the head. Then a teamster named Taylor took a hand as peacemaker and laid about him with all kinds of weapons. In a few minutes the ground was strewn with victims of Taylor's powerful blows, and those who had been injured in the general mix-up. It is thought that of the twenty or more hurt some will die.

Student Hangs Himself.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 28.—John Kolkmann, a former divinity student twenty-three years old, committed suicide by hanging himself in the basement of St. Joseph's Church at Eleventh and Biddle streets. The only reason assigned for the act is that he despaired of being able to pass the examination for the priesthood.

Rockefeller's Grandchildren Ill.

Tarrytown, N. Y., Dec. 28.—At John D. Rockefeller's country home the two children of Harold S. McCormick lie seriously ill with scarlet fever. Mrs. McCormick is the second daughter of Mr. Rockefeller. She and Mr. McCormick are at Pocantico Hills, with the physicians and nurses.

Boys Drowned Skating.

South Norwalk, Conn., Dec. 28.—John Kelley, aged 13, and Willie Hull, aged 10, were drowned last night while skating on the Union Mills pond. Kelley broke through the ice and Hull, trying to save him, also perished. The bodies were recovered.

Preacher Fatally Burned.

St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 28.—As the result of a fire caused by the explosion of an airtight stove, the Providence Methodist Episcopal church (colored) was partially burned, and the pastor, Rev. J. L. Leonard, was fatally burned.

Alarmed at Our Development.

Vienna, Dec. 28.—Paul Leroy Beaulieu has written a letter to the Tagblatt advocating the formation of an economical federation in Europe, owing to the enormous commercial development in the United States.

Kentucky Death List Grows.

Lexington, Ky., Dec. 28.—Complete reports show that on Christmas day there were thirty deaths from violent causes in various parts of Kentucky.

Sir Henry Howarth, who [illegible] ing from Parliament, wrote [illegible] of the Mongols, which [illegible] strange conversation as he [illegible] corting a lady to dinner one [illegible] "I understand, Sir Henry, th[illegible] are fond of dogs; so am I!" [illegible] madam? I really must plead [illegible] less; I know nothing at all of th[illegible] "Indeed! And they told me th[illegible] had written a famous history of [illegible] grels!"

Alexander Dumas, pere, was [illegible] asked by an officious interv[illegible] "You are an octoroon, are you [illegible] Mr. Dumas?" "Certainly." "[illegible] your father?" "He was a quadro[illegible] "And his father?" "A mulatto, sir, a mulatto!" "And his father?" "A negro, sir, a negro!" "Might I presume so far as to ask what his father was?" "An ape, sir, mon Dieu, an ape! My pedigree ends where yours commences!"

Old Parson Helton, a Baptist preacher, of Tennessee, had eighteen sons, and during the Civil War sixteen of them enlisted in the Union Army, and two sided with the Confederates. When the old minister had reached his eighty-eighth year, someone, who did not know about his sons' views, asked him where his sympathies lay during the war. "My sympathies were with the Union by fourteen majority," said the old man.

FOUR DOCTORS FAILED.

A Michigan Lady's Battle with Disease and How It Was Won.

Flushing, Mich., Dec. 22.—(Special.)—One of the most active workers in the cause of Temperance and Social Reform in Michigan is Mrs. P. A. Passmore of this place. She is a prominent and very enthusiastic W. C. T. U. woman, and one who never loses an opportunity to strike a blow against the demon of Intemperance. Mrs. Passmore has suffered much bodily pain during the last three years through Kidney and Bladder Trouble. At times the pain was almost unbearable, and the good lady was very much distressed. She tried physician after physician, and each in turn failed to relieve her, let alone effect a cure. Home remedies suggested by anxious friends were applied, but all to no purpose. At last some one spoke of Dodd's Kidney Pills as a great remedy for all Kidney and Bladder Diseases, and Mrs. Passmore decided to try them. She did, and is now a well woman. She has given the following statement for publication:

At different times in the past three years, I have suffered severely with Kidney and Bladder Trouble, and after trying four of the best physicians I could hear of, two of them living in the state of New York, I found myself no better. I took any amount of home remedies suggested by kind friends, with little or no relief from anything. I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Less than one box has done me more good than all the other treatments combined. I am still using them, and can say from experience that they are an excellent remedy for Kidney and Bladder Trouble. I would heartily recommend them to all those suffering from these ills in like manner.

MRS. P. A. PASSMORE,
Flushing, Mich.

When physicians and all other methods of treatment have failed try Dodd's Kidney Pills. What they did for Mrs. Passmore, they will do for any one similarly afflicted.

50c. a box. All dealers

He does not guard himself well who is not always on his guard.

Some cough remedies hide a cough; they drug it into silence, but the irritation stays in the lungs to cause trouble. Morley's Honey Pectoral soothes, heals, strengthens and cures thoroughly. The cough stops because the cause is removed. Price 25 cents. Ask your druggist.

The profit on England's postal service amounts to about $20,000,000 a year.

Stanton County, Nebraska.

Stanton county, Nebraska, lies immediately west of Cuming county, of which we recently wrote. It, like Cuming county, is a farming district in the Elkhorn valley, and directly on the line of the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley R. R. About fifty-five per cent of the land is under cultivation. The price for this cultivated land is $22 to $40 per acre—some probably higher, and some lower. The unimproved land ranges in price from $17.50 to $30.00 per acre, and is worth every dollar of it.

Corn averages about thirty-five bushels per acre. Wheat about fifteen bushels per acre. Oats about 40 bushels per acre. The actual number of cattle in the county cannot be stated, but it is about 30,000 to 35,000 head, and there are quite as many, or more, head of hogs. The price of cattle ranges from $4 to $5 per cwt. Hogs, about 4½c. for good stock. Corn is worth 30 cents per bushel.

This information enables us to see whether farming pays in Nebraska. With 35 bushels of corn at 30 cents per bushel, we have about $10 income per acre, and as one team of horses and one man can care for forty acres it shows pretty good returns.

There is not any more beautiful locations in the State, or in any state than this. The Elkhorn river and several other running streams of water, are found in different parts of the county.

There are now a few excellent farms for sale at reasonable prices, and on easy terms. These probably are owned by persons who desire to exchange regular farming for stock raising, and want to go farther west, where they can get more land at very low prices.

Stanton county farms are near to local markets, and only one hundred miles from Omaha.

Many sugar beets are raised in this county, and shipped to the Norfolk Beet Sugar factory. This is a very profitable crop.