

NEBRASKA FIFTY YEARS AGO

Wonderful Progress Made by This Great State Since Then.

MAJOR BUCHANAN PENS INTERESTING PAGE

Death About State of Nebraska that Reads Much Like Fiction Out of a Fairy's Story Book.

In an interesting contribution to the last number of The Twentieth Century Farmer, J. R. Buchanan, the well-known general passenger agent of the Elkhorn road, reviews Nebraska's progress since territorial days. Fifty years ago, he says, Nebraska was a vast, desolate, and almost uninhabited territory...

Presto! What a Change.

Presto! Here we are today a thrifty and splendid gateway city of 150,000 people. A converging center from all the east, north and south, with our gateway opened for the commerce of the world to pass through into our great state and through it to the Mountain and Pacific Coast states and through them again over the trackless Pacific ocean to the Orient and its boundless markets...

Products from the Farms.

From these "farms" and this stock range we are producing in this year of 1902, forty estimated, 200,000,000 bushels of corn, 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 bushels of wheat, 40,000,000 bushels of oats, with proportionate crops of other grains, hay, vegetables, dairy, and poultry with their products...

Another specialty has been partially developed in the growth of alfalfa.

It seems the soil and other conditions are especially adapted to the propagation of this crop and there are now over 250,000 acres of alfalfa in Nebraska. The crop yields three and four cuttings and aggregates from five to six tons per acre per year. It is most acceptable to and an excellent food for all stock...

Now, reduced to values, the following is a fair estimate of the values of the products of the state for the year 1902:

Table with 2 columns: Product and Value. Includes items like Corn, Wheat, Oats, Hay, etc.

These estimates are limited entirely to the "land products" which, of course, stock which necessarily feeds on and is made by the land products. No attempt is made to estimate the wealth created or produced by the mechanical or other arts or sciences...

This Enormous Production from Soil.

Think of it. One western state, only one-half of which is under agriculture and the rest to stock culture and grazing, producing in one year \$300,000,000 of value from its soil. In addition, in measuring the importance of our development, we have promoted or aided in promoting, especially the development of the Black Hills, which forty-eight years ago, or at the time of Nebraska's territorial acquisition, were a "myth."...

probably near \$15,000,000 per year; the other a larger group of 100,000 springs which have attracted the national government, which has recognized and endorsed their healthful effects by establishing a "national sanitarium" there...

How These Transformations Came.

These immense transformations are largely due, of course, to the enterprise of the men who foresaw the possibilities. Very largely to the building of railroads to and into and through Nebraska. The hundreds of miles of Iowa prairie attracted railroads to build into and across them...

No irrigation is needed along the line of the Elkhorn railroad or in the section tributary to it in Nebraska. In the stock ranges irrigation is not sought or required, as the stock interest is as important in its purpose in winter as in summer...

Educational Advantages.

Nebraska is not only justly famous as an agricultural and stock state, a money-making state, but is equally rich in its educational advantages. Its State university stands the normal at Peru is also a university. Its standard is of the very highest...

Again, it stands at, or nearly at, the top for health. Its clear sky, its persistent breezes and its elevated plateaus insure freedom from malarial or miasmatic poison, gives vigorous, stimulating health...

Unique Exposition Record.

The state of Nebraska, when her chief city of Omaha proposed to give an exposition, stood stolidly behind the city and promoted and sustained the most successful great exposition ever given in the United States...

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S QUEUE.

It hid a Luxuriant Suit of Straight and Very Dark Hair.

The Father of his Country concealed a luxuriant suit of hair beneath his queue wig. Man now with the old fashion wears in vogue, to conceal thinned hair or baldness. Yet no one needs have this hair nor be bald, if he cures the dandruff that causes both. Dandruff can not be cured by scouring the scalp, because it is a germ disease...

A Matter of Position.

Baltimore American: Jaggsby—Yes, my dear, you must be mistaken. The man you saw in the saloon with his back toward the door, as you went by, may be the same man, but you cannot be sure of a man under such circumstances.

Mrs. Jaggsby—John Henry, I would know you standing a mile away; I would know you sitting; I would know you—yes, John Henry, I would even know you lying!

The Signal of Distress.

Whites of eyes and skin yellow show liver trouble and jaundice. Dr. King's New Life Pills cure no pay. Only 25c. For sale by Kuhn & Co.

An Original Elopement

A Short Story By W. H. ROYCE.

"A nasty night, Haskell."

I stepped down from my seat in the cab of No. 27 and with some hurried reply to the greeting of the roundhouse foreman passed out into the yard, thoroughly tired, hungry and irritable after my 120-mile run in the cab of the limited express.

It was one of those wild nights we sometimes, but not often, get during the month of November—a night of blackest darkness, filled with driving rain and frozen sleet, night of washouts, double roadbeds, delays and loss of time, to be followed by a five-minute interview with the division superintendent, a man of few words and much less consideration for my feelings.

I had just brought in the limited express some twenty minutes late, owing to the icy condition of the rails, and I knew what to expect.

I hurried along through the wind and rain, eager to get to my boarding house, where a warm supper and dry clothes awaited me.

I had just reached the house when I heard the sounds of hurried steps coming down the street after me. I turned and glanced carelessly over my shoulders and saw by the flickering light on the opposite corner that it was Nick, my fireman.

"We're in for it this time, I guess," he exclaimed abruptly as he came up the steps after me.

"Why, what's the trouble now?" I asked, although I had a pretty good idea of what was coming.

"The old man's down at the yard and he's cursing like a trooper because you went off before he got a chance to see you."

"We lost twenty minutes on that grade. I suppose that is what it means," I answered. "Well, never mind; I'll be right down as soon as I eat my supper and get into some dry clothes. I'm drenched."

"No, it ain't that," replied Nick quickly. "The doctor is to pay over the money for the stock which feed on the contiguous ranges in summer. Nebraska is so rich and so prosperous and so necessary in her share of feeding the world that no other western state compares with it."

"I will not state that I did not say anything out of the way. But supper or no supper, together we hurried back down to the yard, where I found Henderson pacing up and down in the storm and growling like a hungry dog."

"Can you catch that 9:45 before she gets into Hampton?" he asked, as soon as I came in sight.

"It's doubtful," I answered shortly. "She's been gone ten minutes already."

"Oh, yes, you can," he insisted persistently. "There's nothing ahead of you—you have got a clear track up to the yard."

"Why don't you telegraph?" I asked wonderingly.

"That's the trouble," he snarled. "The wires are all down; I can't."

"Well, I'll try it. What are the orders?" I knew that, if we were to overtake the 9:45, there was no time to be lost in asking idle questions. Besides, I was not in very good humor at the sudden change from a warm supper, dry clothes and shelter to a wild night ride over an uncertain road in the storm, and moreover, I had no very sincere liking for Jacob Henderson, even if he was my fireman.

"You can do it, if you open her up and let her go. When you overtake her, give this note to Conductor Charles Davis. He'll know what to do. I'll wait here for you. How quick can you start?"

I thought that there was something rather unusual about all this, but it was not for me to question orders.

"In about two minutes," I said promptly; "just as soon as I can get a little water. The tank is almost empty."

"Never mind the water," cried the old man, impatiently. "I want you to get started. You have got enough to run down to the tank, and just as I stopped under the pipe I saw someone step quickly out of the shadow of the tank and approach the side of the engine. Thinking it to be some belated passenger, I gave him a shove, but he turned my head and looked back to where Nick was bustling engaged with the water pipe."

Suddenly I felt a light touch on the arm. I whirled quickly about and saw standing beside me in the cab the figure of a woman. "What do you want?" I asked in sudden surprise. "Passengers are not allowed on the engine. It's strictly against orders, Madam."

"I know it," she glanced nervously about. "But you must let me go this time."

She stepped quickly into the shadow so that my fireman might not see her.

"To say that I was startled by her sudden appearance and strange request would be expressing it mildly, but before I could reply she lifted the edge of her veil and there, in the dim, uncertain light of the gasolene torch, I saw the bright eyes and pretty face of Grace Henderson.

"Why, Miss Henderson?" I managed to get, to your surely cannot mean it."

Yes, to tell the truth, I sincerely hoped she did, for, deep down in my heart, I had a secret admiration for the girl with her sweet face and gentle manners. Hitherto I had always been content with the smile or cheery word she often gave me when she came to the depot with her father. Now the prospect of having her so near me and talking with me seemed to lift me to the very top shelf of earthly bliss.

"I must really go, Mr. Haskell," she went on quickly. "I know that it must seem strange and unusual to you, but when one is in danger strange things sometimes must be done to escape you know."

She smiled bewitchingly up into my face as she spoke.

"What—in danger?" I cried, in surprise. "Yes, in the greatest of dangers, and that is why I ask you to let me go with you—to escape this danger which threatens me."

As she spoke she raised her great brown eyes to mine and gave me a look that scattered my prudence. I was very happy. "I would give my life to protect you, if you need it," I ventured to say.

I could not see her face now, for she had turned it away. "Prisoners of war," I had said, I began to mutter a hasty apology.

"Don't," she whispered. "If you mean what you say, prove it to me now by letting me go with you. I dare not stay here."

What else could I do under the circumstances? When Nick came clambering back over the coal into the cab, I caught a glimpse of the look of wonder and astonishment in his face as he saw Grace, who was perched demurely upon my seat. I gave him a quick nod, then slowly opened the throttle. We started out on our wild night ride—for what I did not know.

line ahead, across the bridge and into the country we plunged, gaining speed as each turn of our six-foot driving wheels, until it seemed as if we were almost flying through the inky darkness.

Accustomed as I was to high speed on the road, I was almost nervous myself as we tore along, and I began to shut off the throttle, when, with a suddenness that made me leap back in my seat, the engine leaped forward.

Fast houses, through the fields, over bridges and through towns and hamlets we flew. All the time I stood close to the other grasping the reversing lever. Nick, fully alive to the situation, sounded the whistle and rang the bell loudly as we approached and passed through a place of any kind and at every crossing.

I did not dare even to look at the girl perched upon my leather cushioned seat beside me, for all our lives—her life—depended upon my vigilance.

Sometimes I spoke to her, only a word, and she would grasp the side of the cab as she leaned forward to reply close to my ear, and sometimes her hand would grasp me timidly by the arm as we flew over some rough stretch of the track, but a word or two would come now and then to reassure her.

At length in making the long curve this side of R— I suddenly caught the gleam of the red light on the rear of the passenger train. So abruptly had we come upon it that I had not been fully on the lookout there certainly would have been one less coach upon that road and very likely several lives lost. But I was expecting it and was prepared.

Nick grasped the whistle and began to sound it that I had not been fully on the lookout there certainly would have been one less coach upon that road and very likely several lives lost. But I was expecting it and was prepared.

"Well, what's the matter?" ejaculated Davis as he came around the end of the last car when I leaped down from my cab.

I made no reply, for I did not know, but handed him the note that Henderson had given me to deliver to him.

He took it, hastily tore it open and, stepping to where the full glare of my headlight fell upon the track, proceeded to read it.

"I don't know anything about it," he exclaimed suddenly. "Here, Ned, see what you can make out of this. I don't know what he means. I haven't seen her."

He handed the note to me. Holding it where the light fell upon it, I read: Conductor Charles Davis, No. 27: My daughter, Grace Henderson, has left home and I have reason to think she is on your train. If so, send her back to the depot. JACOB HENDERSON, Division Superintendent.

I think that I must have given a more forcible exclamation than had David, for I read the note, for now it was half plain to me.

"There's something queer about this," I said slowly, as I passed back the note. "Is she aboard your train now?"

"Is she aboard my train now?" he repeated in surprise. "No, she is not, and I have no idea where she is. She is not a girl to leave home without some good reason, I know that. I'd take her along to where she wanted to go and keep my mouth shut. That's just about what I'd do."

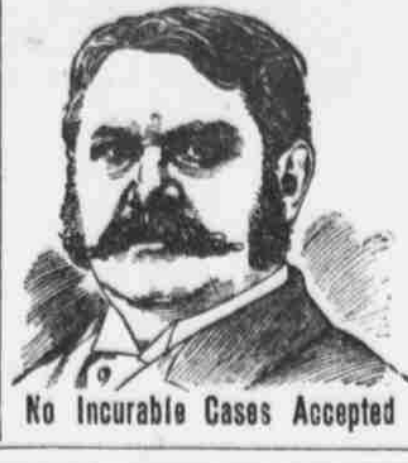
"All right, then, Charlie," I said slowly; "I had been thinking very fast. I'll just put her aboard your train now and send her along. She's up here in my cab."

Davis looked at me a moment in surprise, then puckered up his lips into a prolonged whistle. I then told him, in as few words as possible, how she happened to be there, and without a word he opened Henderson's

SPECIAL TREATMENTS OF MEN

Do Not Treat All Diseases but Cure All I Treat

I want every man that is suffering from any special disease or condition to come and have a social chat with me, and I will explain to you a system of treatment which I have originated and developed after my whole life's experience in the treating of diseases peculiar to men. It is a treatment that is based on experience, science and knowledge. I have no free proposition, no trial or sample treatment to offer you. My education, my experience, my conscience, my reputation, condemn all such quackery. If you will call and see me I will give you a thorough personal



No Incurable Cases Accepted

VARICOCELE

is the enlargement of the veins of the scrotum and a condition that mankind suffers from more than all other conditions combined, and is the direct cause of nervous prostration and the early loss of mental, physical and vital powers, which in turn cause business failures and unhappiness. My treatment for this condition is perfectly painless. I accomplish a permanent cure without a cutting or tying operation or any dissection from business.

NOCTURNAL LOSSES

of an unnatural order stopped forever in 2 to 3 days.

DISCHARGES

and kidney troubles, the symptoms of which are pain in back and loins, frequent and scalding urination and thousands of other symptoms that can be appreciated better than I can describe by any SYSTEM OF TREATMENT are permanently cured.

RUPTURE

is the partial or complete closure of the opening of the stomach or of the bladder, and is one of the most dangerous of all diseases. My treatment is perfectly painless and without cutting or tying.

STRICTURE

is the partial or complete closure of the opening of the bladder, and is one of the most dangerous of all diseases. My treatment is perfectly painless and without cutting or tying.

SPECIFIC BLOOD POISONING

is the most loathsome of all venereal diseases, and is one that may be hereditary or acquired. The first symptom is an ulcer, then pains in bones and joints, ulceration of the mouth, throat and tongue, falling out of the hair and eyebrows and a copper-colored crust over the entire body. I care not who has treated you and failed. I will cure you just as sure as I will come to me for treatment. I use no mercury or iodine, thereby assuring you when cured that your bones and tissues are not destroyed.

RHEUMATISM

and all its forms by MY SYSTEM OF TREATMENT is permanently cured. Irrespective of how many treatments you have tried and failed.

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I Treat Men Only and Cure Them to Stay Cured

examination, together with an honest and scientific opinion of the case. If after examining you I find your case is incurable, I will honestly tell you so and advise you as to the future care of your condition without any extra expense.

On the other hand, if I find your case is curable, I will give you a legal guarantee assuring you of a permanent cure. I will make you no false promises as to curing your case in a short time, knowing it will take longer, as I promise nothing but what I can do, and always do as I promise.

ULCERS

I care not how long standing or of what nature. MY SYSTEM OF TREATMENT dries them up at once, and they never recur.

HYDROCELE

or any swelling, tenderness or impurities reduced to their normal size without the aid of a knife.

Eczema

pimples, eruptions, eruptions, eruptions of the skin by MY SYSTEM OF TREATMENT are permanently removed, never to recur.

IMPOTENCY

is a condition caused by excesses of early or late life. I care not how long you have been so, or how old you are. MY SYSTEM OF TREATMENT will give you especially adapted for the permanent cure of all such cases as yours. Thousands have been cured of this condition, and a cure awaits you. Suffer no longer.

ORGANS

that have shrunk or have been injured through disease, by MY SYSTEM OF TREATMENT are permanently restored to their normal size.

WRITE

If you cannot call, all correspondence strictly confidential, and all replies sent in plain envelopes. Enclose 2c stamp to insure reply.

State Electro-Medical Institute

1308 Farnam Street, Between 13th and 14th Streets, Omaha, Neb.

References—Best banks and leading business men of the city. CONSULTATION FREE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

Office Hours—9 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays—10 a. m. to 1 p. m.

BIRDS AND THEIR TAILS.

Birds have not always had the graceful fan-like bunch of feathers which is the typical form of tail of most living species, says the New York Post. Their ancestors, the lizard-like birds, trailed long appendages composed of many little bones or vertebrae, with a pair of perfectly developed feathers growing from each separate piece of the backbone.

If we look at the skeleton of a sparrow or dove, we will see, at the tail end of the spinal column, a curious wedge-shaped bone, which is known as the ploughshare bone. This is all that is left of the lizard tail, the rest of the appendage having the course of its evolution through the ages, has not dropped off, nor, like the tail of a porcupine, has it been absorbed. It has been telescoped or crowded together, the bones nearer the body bulging out slightly on either side. So at the present day, tail-feathers grow, not like the web on the shaft of a feather, but fan-like from a composite mass of bone.

Now that we have evolved our modern bird's tail, let us see to what uses it may be put, and a fine place to do this is in the New York Zoological park. Of course, its use as an aid to flight is the first thought which comes to our mind, and rightly, too, for the parts which it plays in this respect in various birds, are many. The tail is used as a rudder, especially when it is long and powerful, enabling birds such as tropic birds and magpies to make quick turns in the air. Tails sometimes perform the function of brakes. When a great pelican settles gradually toward the surface of the water, the tail, widespread and lowered, is of great importance in regulating the shock of alighting. The tail is added in this function of brake by the great expanse of web between the toes, both feet being contally stretched out in front.

Birds which have very short tails are unable to turn quickly, and their flight is very direct, even when there is a long tail, if it is principally for an ornament, and not well muscled, it is of little use in helping its owner to change the direction of flight.

Among many other uses of tails we must mention parrots. Woodpeckers and creepers really sit on their tails, the feathers of which are stiffened, and with just enough resistance at the tips to admit of their bending into and making use of every crevice in the bark. As we watch a brown creeper hop rapidly up a tree trunk, never missing a foothold, no matter what smooth places it may encounter, we say to ourselves, how impossible this mode of progression would be without the all-important caudal appendage. But here, as everywhere, Nature confronts us with surprises. Our natural philosophers tell us that the law of gravitation is universal, and yet in almost every grove of trees in winter, we will find what are apparent exceptions. Associated with the brown creepers, little blue and white birds will often be seen—nuthatches—which run and hop merrily over the trunks and branches, upside down, wrong side up, anyway, any place which promises an insect tidbit. And most wonderful of all, it is only by means of their rather short tail claws that they do this, for their short tail is often bent far forward over the bark and in every case never touches the bark.

Even the innate characteristics of birds are often portrayed in the manner of carrying the tail, quiet, soft-mannered birds carrying it low beneath the wing tips, while active, nervous species carry it more or less raised. The peacock's real tail consists of small brown feathers which serve as a support to the magnificent train feathers growing from the lower back.

The motmots birds of Central and South America, not satisfied with having long decorative tail feathers, proceed to embellish them further and when the grown, pull the barbs from a portion of each of these feathers, leaving a rounded disk at the tip. Even birds which have been reared from the nest, carry out this habit through inheritance. The males of certain weaver birds and widow finches have very elegant tails much longer than their bodies. And most gracefully do they carry them, flying through thick foliage without injuring their long trains in the least.

In some birds, as in our meadow lark and vesper sparrow, the central feathers of the tail are protectively colored, and when the bird is at rest help to conceal it from observation. The minute these birds take wing, the pure white outer feathers flash out conspicuously. It is said that these are like the cotton tails of the rabbit, and are its superior to all other members of the flock, to follow and escape, the older and more experienced birds being stronger and therefore usually in the lead.

PUSSY BROKE THE BANK.

The Tinamous of South America has no tail at all.

Office Put Innocently Aided the Burglars to Get the Cash.

It was the Buffalo detective's turn to tell a story, relates the Rochester Post-Express. He had listened to the experiences of the Rochester deputy sheriffs as the men sat around the big table in the sheriff's office. "This little incident," he said, "happened when I was stationed just outside of Buffalo in — It's a hustling town and when I was on the trail there the citizens believed in having everything up to date. But there was one innovation that the sheriff's office had, was afterward looked upon with contempt, and all on account of a black cat."

"The innovation was the burglar alarm. The local bank was the first institution to have one put in, and a large crowd gathered about the workmen to watch the process. 'Guess a burglar can get away with that combination,' would remark one of the bystanders. The office cat, a big, black puss, stepped gingerly over the coils of wire and eyed with disapproval the men as the wire was strung through the corridors and favorite lounging places. If the alarm worked well with the bank the contractors knew they would receive many orders from private houses, stores, etc."

"After the last touches had been given to the anti-bank-breaking device the foreman had the doors closed and an experiment tried. One of the workmen opened a window, 'Ting-a-ling!' And the police office was immediately notified by the ringing bell that someone other than a depositor was entering the bank. The foreman was notified by telephone that the alarm connection was perfect and the job was declared completed."

"I was in the chief's office that night and stayed late over the cigars. At 1 o'clock in the morning, it was Sunday, the most infernal ringing you ever heard commenced. 'Guess a burglar can get away with that combination,' would remark one of the bystanders. The office cat, a big, black puss, stepped gingerly over the coils of wire and eyed with disapproval the men as the wire was strung through the corridors and favorite lounging places. If the alarm worked well with the bank the contractors knew they would receive many orders from private houses, stores, etc."