

OVERLOOKED FOR THIS TIME.

Substantial Reasons Why Business Firm "Stood For" Impertinence from Employee.

The New York dry goods firm of Blumstein & Rosenberg had a traveling salesman named Richards. Richards was a good salesman, and when sober a genial fellow. Once, however, after an unusually successful trip he indulged in an unusually successful celebration, and ended by going to sleep in the public office of the company.

"Get up," said Mr. Rosenberg, shaking him violently.

"Rosenberg, go jump on yourself," said his sleepy employee.

The senior partner tried it next and was rewarded with the words:

"Blumstein, you go to thunder."

The firm held an indignation meeting, decided to dispense with Richards' services, and asked the bookkeeper what they owed this erring salesman.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," he reported. "Richards has sold \$50,000 worth of goods in the past three months."

The partners looked at each other in silence.

"Rosenberg," said the senior partner, "you go chump on yourself. I'm going to thunder."—Success Magazine.

In a Pearl Factory.

The pale, bent workmen were, most of them, drilling costly pearls, but here a man in kid gloves performed the operation of skinning, the operation of removing a pearl's outer, discolored coat so as to give it again its original luster, and by the window another man shook industriously three pearls in a bottle.

"It is a secret of the trade, of the pearl driller's trade," he said, "this bottle-shaking. You see, in pearl drilling, a drill point often breaks off in a pearl, and to get it out may take a whole day's work—that is, if you don't know the secret."

He looked closely at the bottom of the glass bottle, and then, continuing his shaking, he resumed:

"But if you put your pearl in a bottle and shake it up, the drill point in a few minutes will fall out of itself. Look! There's another out already. The third'll come soon now."

A Peculiar Wish.

Young Chap—Blame the luck! My future father-in-law has been indicted for forging a check for 10,000 marks. If he is found guilty, then I cannot marry his daughter; and if he is innocent, then I get nothing by way of a dowry. My only hope is that he will be set free—and also that he is not innocent.—Fleegende Blaetter.

Pessimistic.

"Well, what be you kickin' about now?" queried the cross-roads storekeeper. "You sure have good crops an' the prices are good enough, I reckon."

"Tass," rejoined the old farmer, "th' crops air good, but if I sell now th' prices air bound 't go up, an' if I wait fer 'em 't git higher they air bound 't git lower; so I can't help losin' enny way yew figger it, by grass!"

On th' Trail.

Tramp—Lady, I'm near perishing from exposure.

Lady—Are you a congressman or a senator?—Town Topics.

An Instantaneous Cure.

During the cattle plague of 1866 in England a farmer who had lost a number of his cows grew so depressed that he fully persuaded himself he had also contracted the disease. The medical man whom he consulted tried in vain to laugh him out of his fears, but subsequently, being fond of a joke, pretended to agree with the patient's views, and solemnly told him if he would attend to his instructions he would be cured. He then gave the farmer a prescription, which he directed should be taken to a neighboring druggist, but when the latter opened the envelope and read the contents he was as much startled as the farmer. For the prescription was as follows: "This man has the cattle plague. Take him into the backyard and shoot him, according to act of parliament." Needless to say, the cure was instantaneous.

Investing in Nature.

A man must invest himself near at hand, and in common things, and be content with a steady and moderate return, if he would know the blessedness of a cheerful heart and the sweetness of a walk over the round earth. This is a lesson the American has yet to learn—capability of amusement on a low key. He expects rapid and extraordinary returns. He would make the very elemental laws pay usury. He has nothing to invest in a walk; it is too slow, too cheap. We crave the astonishing, the exciting, the far away, and do not know the highways of the gods when we see them—always a sign of the decay of faith and simplicity of man.—John Burroughs.

Worldly Wisdom.

As there is a worldly happiness which God perceives to be no more than disguised misery; as there are worldly honors which in this estimation are reproach, so there is a worldly wisdom which in his sight is foolishness. Of this worldly wisdom the characters are given in the Scriptures, and placed in contrast with those of the wisdom which is from above. The one is the wisdom of the crafty, the other that of the upright; the one terminates in selfishness, the other in charity; the one is full of strife and bitter envyings, the other of mercy and of good fruits.—Blair.

Bean Milk.

"Pigeon milk is a myth," said a milkman, "but there actually is a bean milk. It is drunk, put in tea and coffee, and even frozen for ice cream. The Japs are its inventors. This milk is made of the Soja bean. The bean is first soaked, then boiled in water. After the liquid turns white sugar and phosphate of potash are added, and the boiling is kept up till a substance of the thickness of molasses is obtained. Nobody could tell this bean milk from condensed milk, and when water is added it can't be told from the fresh. The Japanese poor use nothing else."

Handicapped.

"She can never be a success social ly."

"Never. She has the bad habit of saying what she means."—Kansas City Times.

Virtue in Patient Waiting.

Collier: Patient waiting is often the highest way of doing God's will.

JOKE WAS ALSO ON BUTLER.

Bit of April Fooling That Doubtless Meant Disgrace of Dignified Functionary.

Charles Frohman, in the smoking room of the Lusitania, told an April fool story.

"A Fifth Avenue millionaire," he said, "had a butler of humorous bent. The butler was English. He had worked seven years in a duke's household. Therefore his word was law on questions of etiquette."

"To oblige his friends the millionaire would let them send their own young butlers to his palace to serve a day or two under the English veteran. The youngsters learned a lot in this way. The Englishman was made a regular free school of. But he didn't mind."

"It happened, one spring day, that the millionaire was giving a dinner to a German prince. A friend's butler, as usual, was helping the veteran to get the table and wines ready and at the same time was taking a lesson in butlership."

"Since this here man's a prince, Mr. Potts, is there anything special in the way we are to serve him?" the pupil inquired.

"The humorous butler Potts, remembering that it chanced to be the 1st of April, said calmly:

"There's only one specialty, and I'll leave that to you, my boy. When his highness sits down you must take up his napkin, unfold it and knot it round his neck, continental fashion."

"Hain't you better do it, Mr. Potts?" said the youth, timidly.

"No, no; it ain't my place," was the reply.

"Potts forgot all about his joke in the press of work that followed. Therefore his surprise and horror almost equaled his master's when, the guests having seated themselves that evening at the magnificently laid table, the young butler leaned over the prince, took his napkin, shook it out with a nervous flourish and then knotted it like a bib about the dumb-founded potentate's neck."

Agricultural Resources of Chile.

"Chile is one of the richest countries in South America," remarked H. A. Vingt, a mining engineer, who has spent the last ten years in that country. "Not only is it rich in mines, but its agricultural resources are unlimited. In the southern part of Chile are immense stretches of cattle and sheep lands and as good grazing grounds as those of Texas. In the central part of Chile are hundreds of thousands of acres of fertile lands that will grow almost every known crop. Of course, Argentina is the premier wheat producing country of South America, but it cannot surpass Chile in the quality of grain grown."

"There are fewer Americans in Chile than in any other South American country, I believe. I don't know the reason for this, unless it is that the Chilean people are not overfond of Americans. Germans and Englishmen seem to be in favor with the people of Chile, and the people of those two countries are capturing a large part of the trade."

The Language of Clothes.

A pompous colored woman wheeled into the cloak department of a downtown store.

"Can I direct you, madam?" inquired one of the managers.

"Yes-sah. Ah wants the gown department."

"What kind of gowns, madam?" further inquired the official.

"Why, women's gowns, of co'se," replied the customer, disgustedly.

"Yall think Ah wants a gown fo' a man?"

"But, madam," explained the manager, "you see we have different kinds of gowns. There are tailor-made gowns, evening gowns and night gowns."

"No, sah," put in the woman, promptly. "Ah don't want no tailor-made gowns, or night gowns, or early in the evenin' gowns. What Ah wants is jes' a plain gown to do washin' in. Ah wants a calico wrapper. That's what Ah wants."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Forty as the Voting Age for Women.

One of the objections to woman's suffrage has been that it destroys the home. The woman who goes to the polls neglects her young brood—I am now referring to those who are married. The unmarried woman loses her maidenly charm and reserve and young girls will be too apt to be swayed here and there by emotions or some consideration. Very well. Let all women vote at 40 years of age, and not before. Here is a solution. The matron of 40 would have children quite well started toward adolescence. The unmarried lady of 40 would find a metier, in case she had not one, and at that age there would be less chance of her marrying than at 29, and she should certainly at this time of life know her own mind.—Vogue.

An Author's Initials.

Initials are sometimes the resort of the writer who is anxious to conceal his identity, and a glance through any one of the 700 volumes that comprise the catalogue of the British museum reading-room will discover some strange instances. A theological book entitled "Inquiry Into the Meaning of Demoniacks in the New Testament" is attributed to T. P. A. P. O. A. B. I. C. O. S. Its real author was a certain Arthur Sykes, and the initials reveal his position as "the precursor and prebendary of Alton Borealis in the church of Salisbury."

NOT A CORPOREAL DELIGHT.

Real Nature of the Kiss, as Viewed by a Writer Who Has Clearly Studied the Subject.

It is the fashion of the more bilious moralists to put kissing among the gross pleasures, with eating, yodling, snoring and the use of tobacco; but, as a matter of fact, it is not a corporeal delight at all, says a writer in the Baltimore Sun. Its sole physical accompaniment, indeed, is a sensation of suffocation, and this, as all will admit, is scarcely agreeable. Nor the insidious charm of the pastime must be sought in its psychic effects—in its marvelous and delightful interference with the normal processes of ratiocination. A man kissed is a man transfigured and transmogrified. Let him be the worst of misanthropes before the sweet impingement of nose upon nose, and he may yet emerge from the turmoil a philanthropist. "One kiss, properly stage-managed, is enough to transform a pirate into a poet, a politician into a philosopher, or vice versa. One small kiss, indeed, is sufficient to turn a proud, heaven-kissing bachelor into a servile married man—the most stupendous, antipodal and lamentable transformation possible, at this writing, in a mere human being."

NEWEST USE FOR NAIL FILE.

Guest at Philadelphia Dinner at First Caused Great Consternation by His Action.

A Philadelphia doctor has discovered a brand new use for a nail file which is likely to become much more prominent than the old use. A short time ago this doctor was a guest at a dinner in one of Philadelphia's most exclusive houses. When the last course had been served and the cigars were being passed the doctor reached down into his trousers and extracted a penknife. Slowly he opened a blade. Everybody gasped. Could it be that Dr. — would so far forget himself as to manipulate his nails at the table? All watched with bated breath. Slowly the doctor reached out and secured a match which was near his place. Then he deliberately struck his match on the rough part of the nail file and lit his cigar. The suspense was over and the doctor had not committed the frightful breach of etiquette which his associates had feared. Now the custom is spreading fast, for it is less effort than it is to stand on one leg to strike the match on one's shoe, and decidedly more elegant than the time-honored method of striking it on one's trousers.

Probably True.

"Say," said the farmer, who was unloading potatoes at the grocery, "do you believe that story about little George Washington and the hatchet and the cherry tree?"

"Don't ask me," laughed the grocer. "Well, I think it is probably true. I've got a boy ten years old at home, and after he had teased me for a year or so I bought him a boy's ax."

"And did he cut down your favorite cherry tree?"

"He did a heap better than that. He cut down most of the apple orchard orchard."

"And did he tell a lie about it?"

"Nope. Owned up like a little man."

"And, like Washington, you praised him?"

"Unlike Washington, I didn't do any such blamed thing. I gave him a hiding on the spot, and have licked him once a day since and am going to keep it up until he is twenty-five years old."

Request for a Loan.

Hanging in our front hall was a large Japanese hat made of rice straw and the colored girl in the kitchen was preparing to go to a masquerade ball, so we were not surprised when she sent the infant daughter of the house into the parlor Mardi Gras evening with the following note:

"Deer lady will you please lend me that hat that hing up in the front hall please and let me have 25 c again—and this will be the last time I am going to worry you but please lend me that hat please mam this is the last time I am going to mass (mask) please lend me the hat please from Myrtle."

"Please lend me the hat."

"Answer soon."

"Don't come send me word."

She got the hat.—Houston Post.

First Fare on the Comet.

Dr. John Inglis remembers a conversation with an old gentleman who claimed to have been the first to pay passage money on board the first passenger steamer in Europe—the historic Comet. The voyage undertaken was from the Breconielaw to Dalnair—fourpence now by tramway car—and the fare was four shillings. It was taken by Henry Bell himself, the Comet was stopped and waited for half an hour till Bell and his passenger adjourned to an inn, where the first fare was the toast of prosperity to the pioneer passenger steamer.—Glasgow Herald.

The Hour Glass.

Instead of being obsolete and simply an interesting relic, the hour glass in various forms is a twentieth century necessity. A machinist authority points out that for such purposes as timing, hardening and tempering heats in twist drill manufacture, where seconds or minutes must be gauged accurately, nothing serves like the hour glass with the right amount of sand. Accuracy to fractions of a second can be had much more easily than by watching the hands of a watch.

Way to Make the Most of Life.

A well-regulated mind, a dignified independence of the world, and a wise preparation to possess one's soul in patience whatever circumstances may exist, is in the power of every man, and is greater wealth than that of the Indies, and greater honor than Cæsar ever acquired.—Timothy Dwight.

A Young Artist.

Two gentlemen meeting one day on the street stood idly talking when one said to the other: "Say, Ed, I wish you could see that little five-year-old girl of mine draw. Say, she drew a hen this morning, and it was so natural that when she threw it in the waste basket, it laid there."—Judge.

The First Chickens.

It is generally understood that the ancestry of the chicken tribe may be traced to the jungle fowl of India. All of the various varieties of our domestic fowls have been produced, it is claimed by the authorities on the subject, from the wild fowl of India.

Feminine Lack of Logic.

Tell a wife that men are selfish, she will readily acquiesce. But tell that same woman that by spoiling her boys—whether in the nursery or at school or university—she is sowing the seeds of egotism, she will give you an emphatic denial.—Car.

Worth of Adversity.

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with himself or with others. Constant success shows us but one side of life. There is a merit which we may win by our mis-takes.—Thorold.

Idle Questions.

This may be an age when time is money, but first reflect on the number of useless questions which we ask each other every day, and to which we neither receive nor expect answers.—Madrid Mundo.

The Insanity Plea.

"Sir," said the young woman, with what seemed to be indignation.

The young man looked embarrassed. "Yes, I did kiss you," he admitted, "but I was impulsively insane."

"That means that a man would be a lunatic to kiss me?"

"Well, any man of discretion would be just crazy to kiss you."

This seemed to ease the strain, and no jury being present to muddle affairs a satisfactory verdict was reached.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Of Learning.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write a little, he had need of a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.—Francis Bacon.

Emerson's Philosophy.

The things that are really for thee gravitate to thee. You are running to seek your friend. Let your feet run, but your mind need not. . . . For there is a power, which as it is in you, is in him, also, and could therefore very well bring you together, if it were for the best.—Emerson.

The Horse for Him!

"When you have an automobile," said Mr. Chuggins, enthusiastically, "you depend on your own intelligence entirely. Now it's altogether different when you drive a horse." "Yes," answered the unassuming man, "that's one reason why I think maybe a horse is safer."

LITTLE LOCALS.

J. M. Meisinger had business in the city Saturday.

Wyatt Hutcherson of near Rock Bluffs, had business in the city Saturday.

Attorney A. L. Tidd made a business trip to South Bend this afternoon.

John Haisel arrived in Plattsmouth Saturday for a visit with relatives.

Walter Brittain and family returned Friday from the visit at West Burlington.

Emmons Richey returned Saturday from a business trip to Louisville and other points.

Mrs. John Svoboda and children returned Saturday from their visit at Prague, Nebr.

H. S. Sherwood went to Pacific Junction Saturday to resume work on the school house there.

Vincene Pily had the misfortune to severely mash his thumb last week and has been on the relief for a few days.

E. R. Todd and wife were in the city Saturday to bid the Black boys good bye on their departure for California.

W. H. Seybert and Geo. Peck of Cullom were in the city Saturday. Bill had just finished laying by his corn and cutting his wheat.

Adam Fornoff and son Jake of near Cedar Creek, were in town Saturday. Mr. Fornoff states the boys had just finished laying by his corn.

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