

NO ESCAPE.

Once a very nervous chap
To cross the street did try;
An auto handed him a tap—
And sent him to the sky.

And ere he could descend again
He got an awful whack;
Somebody's whizzing aeroplane—
Just tapped him on the back.

He shot down to the lake below,
He tried to keep aloft;
Alas, he fell a victim to
A puffing motor boat.

Just a Reminder.

The young man who graduated some weeks ago had secured a position in the great business emporium and was there to tell them how to run the business.

"You seem to know a great deal, young man," said the senior partner.

"Do I?" boasted the recent graduate, his chest swelling with pride. "Ah, sir, some day I expect to wake up and find myself famous."

The senior member silently opened a drawer in his desk and took out a package.

"Here you are, young man. Take this home with you with my compliments."

"What is that?"
"An alarm clock. It will help you to wake up."

Down the Old Road.

The fireflies twinkled in the tall grasses like myriads of tiny stars. "You, John Luther Elderberry!" giggled the pretty girl in the pink sun-bonnet. "I am surprised!"

"Surprised at what, Cynthia?" drawled the lanky youth at her side.

"Why, at you, standing there and kissing a lone, defenseless girl that way."

"Oh, don't worry about that, Cynthia. Here is another way." And the moon man came out from behind a cloud and grinned until it seemed his face would crack.

His Own Class.

"What kind of a regiment does the little Russian czarévitch belong to?" "Guess it is one of the infantry corps."

ACCOMMODATING.



The Hobo—Madam, could I get a cold bite here?

The Lady—A cold bite? Why, certainly. I'll let Bruno eat some ice before he grabs you.

Solar Flirtation.

One night the stars began to spoon,
And Mercury flirted with the moon;
Saturn kissed Venus, so 'tis said,
And that is why old Mars turned red.

Bold.

"Beat it, man, while your boots are good," snapped the slangy housewife as she reached for the watering pot.

"Excuse me, mum," said Bold Ben, tipping his crownless straw hat. "Dey ain't good at all. Dat's why I thought maybe you'd give me a new pair."

In the Feud Zone.

"May I ask you a question?" "Sure, stranger."

"Why is everybody in this section mixed up in a feud?" "Well, nobuddy keers to take chances on bein an innocent bystander."

Quite Perceptible.

Actor (pompously)—If you engage me, sir, you get an artist. All my family who were on the stage had a great deal of finish about their work. Manager (significantly)—I don't doubt it. I can see yours now.

Another Knock.

"Speaking about the poverty of poets—"

"A topic often discussed."

"The chief characteristic of poets nowadays is the poverty of their minds."

Her Composition.

"How could he have married that ternaught wife of his? I don't see what she was made of!"

"That is the answer. She was made of money."

Dropping Bolts.

"Every notable invention alters our language."

"That's right. Bolts from the blue may get to be common when airships come in."

A Delicate Insinuation.

"So, madam, will you tell the court why you prefer your dog to your husband?"

"Because my dog only growls occasionally."

Gets His Wish.

The man who says he would be contented with little generally has it

Straw Used for Matches.

The straw of various grasses and cereals has been tried and found suitable for wood in making matches. The straw is cut into two-inch lengths by machinery, winnowed to obtain uniform size, and then boiled in paraffine, dried and dipped into the mixture of chlorate of potash, gum arabic, etc. for the inflammable tip. The process should, if adopted on a large scale, obviate the use of wood and also give an improved match, with the advantages of a wax vesta, at a very small cost.

Tip to Local Bachelors.

Coming down to the office at an early hour the other morning the Review man noticed one of our most popular and highly educated young ladies busily engaged in carrying in and stacking the winter supply of wood. And she didn't seem to mind a bit who stepped and rubbeded at the unusual sight. The chap who gets that girl to trot with him along life's stormy pathway will be in big luck.—Jefferson (Ore.) Review.

Idleness is an Atrophy.

The prosperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds usefully employed. To the community, idleness is a fever, corruption is a gangrene and idleness is an atrophy. Whatever body or society wastes more than it acquires must gradually decay, and every being that continues to be fed and ceases to labor takes away something from the public stock.—Dr. Johnson.

Real Deep Sea Fish.

In the beginning of the last century halibut emigrated to deeper and deeper water, until they are now caught in depths of 150 to 250 fathoms, in deep sea valleys. Halibut capture cod by stunning them with strokes of the tail. The roe of a 350-pound halibut weighing 44 pounds, was over two feet long and contained more than 2,000,000 eggs, says Prof. Davis Starr Jordan.

Providential Escape.

The old lady had had a severe illness, and she was relating its vicissitudes to a friend or two in the grocer's shop when the minister came in. "It's only by the Lord's mercy," she piously declared, "that I'm not in heaven to-night."—Manchester Guardian.

Her Grievance.

"Never mind," said Socrates, "you may disapprove of me, but posterity will lend an attentive ear to my teachings." "That's what exasperates me!" replied Xantippe. "To think a man would go to such lengths in order to have the last word!"—Washington Star.

Prayer Quickly Answered.

"That the fishermen's net might be filled to overflowing" was the prayer of an Edinburgh minister in an Eye-mouth church recently, and the following night such quantities of fish were caught that a boat load had to be thrown overboard.

Qualities to Cultivate.

Thoughtfulness for others, generosity, modesty, and self-respect are the qualities which make a real gentleman or lady, as distinguished from the veneered article which commonly goes by the name.—Thomas Huxley.

Fixing Her Status.

In a police court in New York the other day a magistrate asked a woman, a witness: "Are you a friend of the prisoner?" "No, I'm his mother-in-law," replied the woman, without any particular show of feeling.

Disguise.

Were we to take as much trouble in being what we ought to be as we take in disguising what we really are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.—La Rochefoucauld.

Experience.

Not a blade of grass but has a story to tell, not a heart but has its romance, not a life which does not hide a secret which is either its thorn or its spur.—Henri-Fredric Amiel.

Piles

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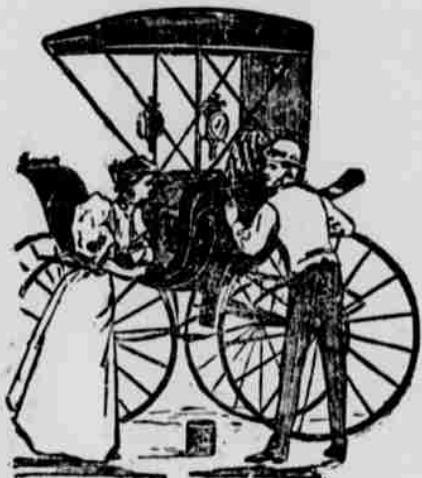
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She Had Had Enough.

At the Unitarian church in Beverly, a sweet little miss was at the service with her mother recently. The little one didn't seem to comprehend the sermon a little bit, although the pastor was her grandfather, and after a restless half hour she turned to her mamma and said in an audible whisper: "Why don't grandpa stop talking?"—Boston Journal.

A Day's Work.

One woman's work was done when Mrs. Grace Smith of Beverly, W. Va., dropped dead after sitting up all night with a sick child, doing the washing for three families, picking five gallons of berries and walking to town to buy sugar to preserve them. Nothing is said as to what she did between times to keep from being idle.—Pittsburg Press.

Professor Got Results.

It is said a noted professor of chemistry, who is always experimenting, thought his three attractive children too lethargic, and so he administered a diet of yeast. The result has been prompt and effective. According to neighboring observations, the professor will have to prescribe sedatives next time.

Not Qualified for the Job.

Father (impressively)—"My son, I want you to be very attentive to your new teacher, who is a man of wide and general information. He can teach you everything you need to know." Small Boy (derisively)—"He? He don't know nothin'! Why, he can't even tell who's pitchin' in the league teams."

Singular and Plural.

Whenever she gets to thinking how much they're in debt it affects her nerves." "Huh! the way it affects her husband is singular." "How singular?" "Just singular, it affects his 'nerve.' He tried to borrow a hundred from me to-day."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Catching Pigs with Baryta.

An old practice of gypsies was to poison pigs and then eat the flesh when thrown away by the farmers. This poison was carbonate of baryta, and was safe, provided all parts that were near the entrails were carefully washed and soaked. Gypsies call it "drab."

The Little Cues.

A llama looks as innocent as an officer man in the Salvation army. He chews no tobacco, but he can spit into a man's eye 12 feet away and never touch an eyelash, and oh, how it stinks and stings. Little boy, don't tease the llama.—New York Press.

The Way to Happiness.

To look fearlessly upon life; to accept the laws of nature, not with meek resignation, but as her sons, who dare to search and question; to have peace and confidence within our souls—these are the beliefs that make for happiness.—Materlinck.

Be Careful!

The woman of the house where you're invited to dinner may insist that she has nothing in the house "fit to eat," but we wouldn't advise you to criticize the heaviness of her bread or the soggianness of her cake.—Los Angeles Express.

Disadvantage.

"Don't you realize that you are financially handicapped by bad roads?" "Of course we realize it," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "No automobilist dares travel fast enough to give us an excuse for collectin' a fine."

Literal.

"What shall I write about?" asked the lazy reporter of the busy editor. "Right about face!" snapped the editor. And, taking him at his word the reporter wrote an article on the care of the complexion.

Unfortunate Emulation.

A North Carolinian recently eloped with three women on the same train. And it seems that events will persist in showing that Solomon lived for nothing.—Salt Lake Tribune.

A WAITING GAME.

An old gentleman, rather portly, and clad in a somewhat youthful suit of light gray flannel, sat on a bench in the park enjoying the spring day. "What's the matter, sonny?" he asked a small urchin who lay on the grass just across the walk and stared intently at him. "Why don't you go and play?"

"Don't want ter," the boy replied, carelessly.

"But it is not natural," the old gentleman insisted, "for a boy to be so quiet. Why don't you run about?"

"Oh, I'm just waitin'," the little fellow answered. "I'm just waitin' till you get up. A man painted that bench about 15 minutes ago."—Sketchy Bits.

UNLUCKY THIRTEEN.



Grace—There goes Mrs. Wrinkles. She has been married and divorced twelve times.

Helen—Indeed! I wonder if she will marry again.

Grace—I hardly think so. She is superstitious.

Good Judgment.

Thaw said that he would write a book When he was out of duce, deo, vile, And doubtless that's what caused the Judge To send him back there for a while.

Lucky Jumbo.

"Life with you must be monotonous," remarked the monkey, as he swung by his tail in the park zoo.

"Why so, my friend?" queried the lazy Jumbo.

"Well, all you have to do is to sit here all day and be stuffed with peanuts."

The elephant smiled an elephantine smile.

"That may be, my friend; but I'd rather be here being stuffed with peanuts than over in Africa being stuffed for a museum exhibit."

Which shows that even an elephant knows a good thing when he sees it.

Suspected a Rival.

"And you broke your engagement with the learned Boston man?" interrogated the pretty girl.

"Yes, indeed," responded her chum, with a pout, "he has too much brass about him for me."

"Brass?"

"I should say so. Why, do you know, we had not been engaged two weeks before he came around with a volume of poetry under his arm and said: 'I love Virgil.' I'll just bet he had some other girl named Virgil giving him books of poetry when I'm not around."

PRECAUTION.



"Why do you always go out on the balcony when I begin to sing, John? Can't you bear to listen to me?"

"It isn't that, but I don't want the neighbors to think I'm a wife-beater."

History of a High Financier. He talked for wealth both night and day; A chance to gain he never missed. At last he had enough to pay The cost of a nerve specialist.

As Defined.

Little Edna (reading)—Say, mamma, what is a lack of artistic taste? Mamma—It is the feeling, my dear, that prompts a baldheaded man with red whiskers to wear a black wig.

Did She Get a Spanking? "How gracious your mother is to you, little girl."

"That's because you're here, mam."

At the Exhibition.

He—There seems to be fewer lights here than there were last year.

She—Oh, yes; they've improved the place a lot lately.

One Point of View.

"Is this war of Spain with Morocco what they call a 'holy war'?" "Well, the Spanish people seem to think it is a wholly unnecessary one."

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