

**FACTS AND FANCIES.**

BY ALLAN D. MAY.

I'd like to be in Lincoln  
When the editors are there  
At the fount of wit and wisdom  
To drink my honest share.  
I'd like to go to Lincoln—  
Indeed I really would,  
But I have no transportation  
And the walking isn't good.

Judge Lynch never cited anybody for contempt of court.

We like a cat better than a dog.  
A cat seldom wants to kiss you.

You can't tell how big a new house is going to be by the size of the cellar.

Every man imagines when he gets mad, that his is what is known as "righteous indignation."

We have often wondered if Job looked as miserable as a twentieth century man with a cold in his head.

A woman is as careful to remember who owes her a call as a man is to remember who owes him money.

The only person we ever knew who could truthfully say that he had never spoken a lie, was a deaf and dumb man.

When the deputy assessor goes around he can turn away lots of wrath by advising the wrathful ones, with soft words, to see the boss about it.

A young man with a good ear for music has discovered that the whistle of one of the big Missouri Pacific freight engines chords exactly with the Methodist church bell.

A young man told his best girl that he had been eating cloves to cure his rheumatism. She ate some for the same purpose and it didn't work. Now she is wondering whether the young man lied to her or whether his physician didn't know his business.

The members of the Sphinx club deny emphatically the report that after the contest was ended and the piano had been delivered to the club rooms, Albert Maust became so jubilant that he sat down at the instrument and played "Mr. Dooley" with forty-nine variations.

I've had the chicken pox and mumps,  
The measles and the croup,  
A score of ills have drove me nigh  
distracted;  
I've suffered some financial loss that  
made my spirits droop,  
And oft with me has Fate unkindly  
acted.  
I've had my share of ups and downs,  
Small gains and greater losses,  
My hopes have been upraised and  
later blighted;  
And yet I smile as on I go, no frown  
my visage crosses—  
Praise God from whom all blessings  
flow, I've never been indicted!

L. A. Varner of the Sterling Sun, predicts in a cold blooded manner, that soon the daisies will be growing on a newly made mound in the newspaper graveyard, and beneath the mound The Falls City Tribune will be sleeping, awaiting the hour when the last trump shall bid all good newspapers arise and resume publication. If we did not know Mr. Varner we would be tempted to size him up as a calamity howler, with vestments of sack cloth, and ashes sprinkled in the whiskers that he doesn't wear. But knowing him to be a good fellow, and an optimist by nature, we feel that he has either been eating the wrong kind of breakfast food, or working too late at night making The Sterling Sun the rattling good newspaper that it is. He has simply made the mistake of trying to apply a rule to an exceptional case.

Cheer up brother Varner and banish your fears,  
Don't speak such discouraging things;  
Just wait till we're dead and then give us your tears—  
Don't weep till the tolling bell rings.

Cheer up brother Varner, the cloud of dark gloom  
Is something your nature should shun  
It won't help The Tribune to fight shy of the tomb—  
And might cause an eclipse of The Sun.

Cheer up, brother Varner, we fear you are ill,  
And that makes you grumble and fret  
Pray haste to the doctor and get a pink pill,  
Lest The Sun, up at Sterling shall set.

**New Opera House at Nims City**

The new opera house at Nims City was formally opened on Saturday night. The attraction was "The Southern Spy" produced by a home talent company of Humboldt and was a creditable performance, the amateur performers taking their parts well. The house was filled with an enthusiastic audience. The new opera house is complete in every detail and is a credit to the town. The scenery was painted by Wolff Bros. of this city. Good attractions will be played regularly and the Nims City opera house is sure to become a popular place.

**Commercial Hotel Sold.**

Ben Potect has sold the Commercial Hotel to Powell & Fallstead and Col. James Powell will act as landlord. Mr. Powell will doubtless play his part well and should make a prince in the way of a host. We understand that a number of important improvements are to be made at the hotel. Mr. Potect will continue to reside in this city devoting his time to looking after his extensive business interests.

**TRIBUTE TO NEBRASKA**

(Dewitt Republican.)

If you are old, with the fire dying out of your life, and the buoyancy leaving your limbs; if you are looking at the gray clouds overhead and longing for a land where your faded life may pass away in peace, come to Nebraska. Here the sky is as blue as the sky of Italy; the air is full of fragrance and the land echoes with the voice of thousands who work beneath the pale glimmering of the stars. If you are a young man toiling as your father toiled, in worn out and barren deserts of the east; if you would like to live where the soil rewards the toiler, where the grain waves and sparkles in the morning dew and swells the cribs in the fall, where banners of prosperity wave and the gaunt spectre of starvation crosses into another state, come to Nebraska. Before many years every foot of land will be taken, the hills that now know the spotted cow, the untamed broncho or the black boar pig, will echo to the heavy tread of the book agent, as cultivation sweeps onward. This is a country where the sun used to shine through the entire summer and the earth dried up like brick in a furnace; where the hot winds swept up their deadly breath and before them the winter wheat withered and the corn fell. Now the sun takes a rest and gives the rain a chance; the hot winds have gone to Kentucky; the face of the earth seems to glow with beauty and health, and the people who live in this marvelous country go around congratulating each other, and try to analyze their gladness. Come to Nebraska.

**To The Public**

I have opened up a stock of Groceries, Flour and Feed in the Sol C. Stump building, one block west of the First National Bank, where I will keep on hand at all times a complete and up-to-date stock of everything in my line, at prices that are as low as is consistent with first class goods. Call and get our prices.

**E. J. Shields**

**Wanted.**

At the City Hotel, a good lady cook. Good place and good wages. Wm. McPherson; Prop.

One dollar buys 100 envelopes and 100 sheets of writing paper at the Tribune office. Good quality and neatly printed.

**D. S. McCarthy**

PROPRIETOR OF

**CITY DRAY LINE**

Special Attention to Household Moving.

**Falls City - - Nebraska**