

LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN

GEO. E. BENSCHOTER, Editor and Pub.
LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

These riflemen are fleeing from him his most dramatic pose.

Baseball wars are becoming almost as common as the South American brand.

While other states are in constant fear of the octopus, it apparently looks good to Texas.

Until after Senator Sewell's death it was not generally known that he was born in Ireland.

Medicine Hat appears to be the source of our cold waves. They usually end in Medicine Chest.

When you begin to doubt the eternal fitness of things, take a pill; when you begin to dispute it, take two.

Recent meteorological events prove that it is not always fair weather when good fellows get together.

Here's hoping that Mr. Whitney's colt Nasturtium will turn out to be the prize flower of the British turf.

The czar's conferring of a royal order on his dentist may be said to put the latter gentleman in the upper set.

And now American capitalists are acquiring vast mineral properties in Siberia or are taking Steppes in that direction.

Until Signor Marconi removes one of his transatlantic signal stations from Cape Cod the public will continue skeptical.

Maybe there is some hope of the new postmaster general removing from newspapers the undesired stigma of "second-class matter."

There seems to be a large and an increasing demand for college presidents in this country. A hint to the boys should be sufficient.

Senator Clark of Montana holds one record. He wanted some paintings, and selected \$300,000 worth in one hour and thirty-five minutes.

If some of our advanced scientists who are looking for absolute zero would call up Medicine Hat they might learn something to their advantage.

A reckless New York man stole the crape off a mourner's doorknob, and pleaded before the court that he was cold and wanted a muffler. Fifteen days.

An explanation of the exodus from Finland is found in the statement that the governor general has recently introduced the Russian language into the country.

Representative Cushman introduced a bill for the adoption of a universal language. Congress received it in universal silence and sympathetically tapped its universal head.

Anaconda Standard: Notwithstanding Mr. Marconi's trans-Atlantic achievement, for some years yet the submarine cable may be of greater utility to mankind than the submarine boat.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: The fact that our nation is importing potatoes from half a dozen foreign countries seems to indicate that a lot of irrigation is needed in Uncle Sam's obstinate potato patches.

Among the effects which were burned in one of the apartments of a New York hotel through the carelessness of one of the hotel employees, the full value of which has been recovered in the courts by the occupants of the apartment from the hotel proprietor, were three short stories, which were scheduled at \$50 each. The verdict reminds us of the literary genius who once confided to us the information that the only successful novel he ever wrote was burned up in a fire just prior to its publication. The contemplated edition was thus entirely exhausted, and it was fully insured.

It would be interesting to hear further from Prof. Scott on the subject of hated words in the English language. In his paper treating of these words read before the Modern Language Association, he said that the word which he had found, after extensive inquiry to be the most hated was "women," while "woman" was rated popular. While there should be this popular discrimination between the singular and plural of the same word is something inexplicable to the ordinary mind, unless it is based on the same sort of prejudice as that described by Hawthorne, when he tells how likable he found an Englishman and how unlikable he found Englishmen.

The doctors who attended the late president indicate by their announcement that they intend to gauge the size of the bill by their client's ability to pay. The fact that Congress will probably pay the bill should not mean that the country should be gouged.

There is no disposition to question Dr. Paulson's statement that pepper sauce and hamburger cheese as a steady diet will drive a boy to smoking cigarettes. Such a combination might tempt the average mortal to shatter every article of the decalogue.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE BEAUTY OF CHRISTIAN COURTESY POINTED OUT.

Discourse Preached from the Words of Peter: "Be Courteous"—The Value of Praise-Giving—Thoughtfulness for Others a Spirit to Be Cultivated.

(Copyright, 1902, by Louis Klopfisch, N. Y.)
Washington, Jan. 12.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage urges thoughtfulness for others and shows how such a benignant spirit may be fostered; text, 1 Peter ii, 8, "Be courteous."

In an age when bluntness has been canonized as a virtue it may be useful to extol one of the most beautiful of all the royal family of graces—courtesy. It is graciousness, deference to the wishes of others, good manners, affability, willingness to deny ourselves somewhat for the advantage of others, urbanity. Mark you, it cannot be put on or dramatized successfully for a long while. We may be full of bows and genuflections, and smiles and complimentary phrase, and have nothing of genuine courtesy either in our makeup or in our demeanor. A backwoodsman who never saw a drawing room or a dancing master or a caterer or a fold of drapery may with his big soul and hard hand and awkward salutation exercise the grace, while one born under richest upholstery and educated in foreign schools, and bothered to know which of ten garments he will take from a royal wardrobe, may be as barren of the spirit of courtesy as the great Sahara desert is of green meadows and tossing fountains.

Now, you know as well as I do that some of the most undesirable people have been seeming incarnations of courtesy. In our early American history there arose a man of wonderful talent, an impersonation of all that can charm drawing rooms and cultivated circles. He became vice president of the United States and within one vote of being president. Men threw away their fortunes to help him in his political aspirations and to forward him in a conspiracy to overthrow the government of the United States, he trying to do in America what Napoleon did at that very time was, trying to do in Europe—establish a throne for himself. But he was immoral and corrupt. He was the serpent that wound its way into many a domestic paradise. He shot to death one of the greatest of Americans—Alexander Hamilton. The world found out long before he left it that the offender I speak of was an embodiment of dissoluteness and base ambition. He was the best illustration that I know of the fact that a man may have the appearance of courtesy while within he is all wrong.

Absalom, a Bible character, was a specimen of a man of polish outside and of rottenness inside. He captured all who came near him. But, oh, what a heart he had, full of treachery and unflinching spirit and baseness! He was as bad as he was alluring and charming. I like what John Wesley said to a man when their carriages met on the road. The ruffian, knowing Mr. Wesley and disliking him, did not turn out, but kept the middle of the road. Mr. Wesley cheerfully gave the man all the road, himself riding into the ditch. As they passed each other the ruffian said, "I never turn out for fools," and Mr. Wesley said, "I always do." I like the proof which a Chinaman in San Francisco gave an American. The American pushed him off the sidewalk until he fell into the mud. The Chinaman on rising began to brush off the mud and said to the American: "You Christian; me heathen. Good-by." A stranger entered a church in one of the cities and was allowed to stand a long while, although there was plenty of room. No one offered a seat. The stranger after awhile said to one of the brethren, "What church is this?" The answer was, "Christ's church, sir." "Is he in?" said the stranger. The officer of the church understood what was meant and gave him a seat. We want more courtesy in the churches, more courtesy in places of business, more courtesy in our homes.

Let us all cultivate this grace of Christian courtesy by indulging in the habit of praise instead of the habit of blame. There are evils in the world that we must denounce, and there are men and women who ought to be chastised, but never let us allow the opportunity of applauding good deeds pass unimproved. The old theory was that you must never praise people lest we make them vain. No danger of that. Before any of us get through with life we will have enough mean and ignoble and depreciating and lying things said about us to keep us humble. God approvingly recognizes a system of rewards as well as of punishments. When you hear a good sermon, stop after the benediction and tell the pastor, though you never saw him before that day. "Your sermon did me good." When a mechanic does a good piece of work tell him it is well done. When a physician brings you out of a perilous illness, stop him in the street and say, "Doctor, you saved my life." When you hear of a business man in some heavy stress of financial weather helping frailer craft into the harbor, go into his counting room and say, "I hear you have been helping your fellow business man to outride the tempest of a panic, and I came in to thank you for the good advice you gave and to let you know that all good citizens appreciate what you have been doing." Go down the street tomorrow and thank somebody. There are hundreds of people who never get thanked at all. Plenty of severe criticism, plenty of fault-finding, plenty

of misinterpretation, plenty of depreciation, but as to gratitude—that is a market in which the supply does not equal the demand.

In the cultivation of this habit of Christian courtesy let us abstain from joining in the work of defamation. It is a bad streak in human nature that there are so many people who prefer to believe evil instead of good concerning any one under discussion. The more faults a man has of his own the more willing is he to ascribe faults to others.

What a curse of cynics and pessimists afflicts our time, afflicts all time! There are those who praise no one until he is dead. Now that he is clear under ground and a heavy stone is on top of him there is no possibility of his ever coming up again as a rival. Some of the epitaphs on tombstones are so fulsome that on resurrection day a man rising may, if he reads the epitaph, for the moment think he got into the wrong grave.

There are two sides to every man's character—a good side and an evil side. The good side only the good and the evil only the evil, and the probability is that a medium opinion is the right opinion. Most of the people whom I know are doing about as well as they can under the circumstances.

The work of reform is the most important work, but many of the reformers, dwelling on one evil, see nothing but evil, and they get so used to anathema they forget the usefulness once in awhile of a benediction. They get so accustomed to exhorting public men that they do not realize that never since John Hancock in boldest chirography signed the Declaration of Independence, never since Columbus picked up the floating land flowers that showed him he was coming near some new country, have there been so many noble and splendid and Christian men in high places in this country as now. You could go into the president's cabinet or the United States senate or the house of representatives in this city and find plenty of men capable of holding an old fashioned Methodist prayer meeting, plenty of senators and representatives and cabinet officers to start the tune and kneel with the penitents at the altar. In all these places there are men who could, without looking at the book, recite the sublime words, as did Gladstone during vacation at Hawarden, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ," and from the senate and house of representatives and the presidential cabinet and from the surrounding offices and committee rooms, if they could hear, would come many voices responding "Amen and amen!"

Christian courtesy I especially commend to those who have subordinates. Almost every person has some one under him. How do you treat that clerk, that servant, that assistant, that employe? Do you accost him in brusque terms and roughly command him to do that which you might kindly ask him to do? The last words that the Duke of Wellington uttered were, "If you please." That conqueror in what was in some respects the greatest battle ever fought, in his last hours, asked by his servant if he would take some tea, replied, "If you please," his last words an expression of courtesy. Beautiful characteristic in any class. There is no excuse for boorishness in any circle. As complete a gentleman as ever lived was the man who was unhorsed on the road to Damascus and beheaded on the road to Ostia—Paul, the apostle. I know that he might be so characterized by the way he apologized to Ananias, the high priest. I know it from the way he complimented Felix as a judge and from the way he greets the king, "I thank myself, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews, especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews." And then see those words of advice which he gives: "Bear ye one another's burdens," "in honor preferring one another," "honor all men."

What a mighty means of usefulness is courtesy! The lack of it brings to many a dead failure, while before those who possess it in large quantity all the doors of opportunity are open. You can tell that urbanity does not come from study of books of etiquette, although such books have their use, but from a mind full of thoughtfulness for others and a heart in sympathy with the conditions of others. Ah, this world needs lighting up! To those of us who are prosperous it is no credit that we are in a state of good cheer, but in the lives of ninety-nine out of a hundred there is a pathetic side, a taking off, a deficit, an anxiety, a trouble. By a genial look, by a kind word, by a helpful action, we may lift a little of the burden and partly clear the way for the stumbling foot. Oh, what a glorious art it is to say the right word in the right way at the right time!

Alexander the Great won the love of his soldiers on foot by calling them fellow footmen. Rehoboam lost the ten tribes through his discourtesy. More thoughtfulness for others—let us all cultivate it. Many years ago two men entered the largest locomotive workshops in Philadelphia. They were treated in a very indifferent way and were allowed to depart without any show of courtesy. They went into other shops, and no special attention was given them. After awhile the two men entered a smaller shop, and the overseer took great pains in showing them everything and how they wrought and on what plan the shops were run. The two visitors were agents of the Czar of Russia, and those shops were transferred to St. Petersburg, and that polite man that bestowed such attention

was called to build the locomotives for all the railroads of Russia and had fortune after fortune roll in upon him. Courtesy is a mighty force in temporal things as well as in spiritual things.

Let us start each year, each month, each day, with the question, What can I do to make others happy? On our way to office or store or shop or rail train let us be alert for heaven-descended opportunities.

The time must come when the world will acknowledge international courtesy. Now courtesy between nations is chiefly made of rhetorical greeting, but as soon as there is a difference of interest their ministers plenipotentiary are called home, and the guns of the forts are put in position, and the army and navy get ready. Why not a courtesy between nations that will defer to each other and surrender a little rather than have prolonged acrimony, ending in great slaughter? Room for all nations of the earth and all styles of government. What the world wants is less armament and more courtesy, less of the spirit of destruction and more of the spirit of amity. This century has opened with too many armies in the field and too many men-of-war on the ocean. Before the century closes may the last cavalry horse be hitched to the plow and the last warship become a merchantman.

There is nothing worthy in the thought that the earth will get too crowded with population if vast multitudes are not destroyed by war. When our old world is full of inhabitants, it will have fulfilled its mission, and it will be put aside like an old ship turned into a navy yard and dismantled and the world's inhabitants transferred to some other constellation. The angels in the song celebrated this coming international courtesy when in the Bethlehem starlight they chanted, "Good will to men."

If others lack courtesy, that is no reason why you should lack it. Respond to rudeness by utmost affability. Because some one else is a boor is no reason why you should be a boor. So I applaud Christian courtesy. I would put it upon the throne of every heart in all the world. The beauty of it is that you may extend it to others and have just as much of it—yes, more of it—left in your own heart and life. It is like the miracle of the loaves and fishes, which, by being divided, were multiplied until twelve baskets were filled with the remnants. It is like a torch, with which fifty lamps may be lighted and yet the torch remain as bright as before it lighted the first lamp.

But this grace will not come to its coronal until it reaches the heavenly sphere. What a world that must be where selfishness and jealousy and pride and ascribes of temper have never entered and never will enter! No struggle for precedence. No rivalry between cherubim and seraphim. No ambition as to who shall have the front seats in the temple of God and the Lamb. No controversy about the place the guest may take at the banquet. No rivalry of robe or coronet. No racing of chariots. No throne looking aslant upon other thrones, but all the inhabitants perfectly happy and rejoicing in the perfect happiness of others. If I never get to any other delightful place, I want to get to that place. What a realm to live in forever! All worshipping the same God, all saved by the same Christ, all experiencing the same emotions, all ascending the same heights of love and exultation, all celebrating the victories. Courtesy there easy, because there will be no faults to overlook, no apologies to make, no mistakes to correct, no disagreeableness to overcome, no wrongs to right. In all the ages to come not a detraction or a subterfuge. A perfect soul in a perfect heaven. In that realm, world without end, it will never be necessary to repeat the words of my text, words that now need oft repetition, "Be courteous."

Irishman on Stand.
Lawyers with an appreciative sense of humor enjoy nothing so much as to get a quick-witted, ready-tongued son of the Emerald Isle on the stand to relieve the monotony of the legal technicalities of the case. A gentleman who has been collecting samples of Irish wit and repartee for some time relates the following anecdotes. Some of them are doubtless mellow with age, but in any case they will bear repetition:

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the court clerk of a prisoner charged with some trivial offense.

"Phwat are yees there for but to found out?" was the quick rejoinder.

A henpecked husband had his better half arrested for assaulting him. The plaintiff was on the stand.

"And now, Mr. O'Toole," said his counsel, "will you kindly tell the jury whether your wife was in the habit of striking you with impunity?"

"Wid what, sor?"

"With impunity?"

"She wuz, sor, now an' then, but she generally used th' potaty masher."

A witness testifying in a murder case was asked to describe to the jury the exact location of a flight of stairs.

"Explain to the jury," said the prosecuting attorney, "exactly how the steps run."

"Shure, sor, if ye sthand at th' bottom they run up, an' if ye sthand at th' top they run down."

In a suit by an installment house to obtain payment for a suite of furniture a witness was asked if he knew what "quartered oak" meant. Here is the definition:

"It means that it's thra-quarters poine."

Circumstances often control conditions and compel compliance with unpleasant situations.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV. JAN. 26; ACTS 3: 1-10—HEALING.

Golden Text.—"The Lord Is My Strength and Song, and He Is Become My Salvation"—Exodus xv: 11.—Lame Man Is Cured.

I. One of the Pentecostal Miracles.—Vs. 1-10. Scene 1. In the afternoon, between two and three o'clock. Peter and John on the Way to the Temple. 1. "Now Peter and John." Two chiefest among the apostles, and most advanced in the knowledge of Jesus. "The eldest and the youngest, probably of the noble twelve." They were old friends at Bethsaida, and partners in the fishing business on the Sea of Galilee (Luke 5:10). They were both disciples of John the Baptist. Both had followed Jesus almost from the first. Both were with him on the Mount of Transfiguration, and within the gates of Gethsemane. Widely different in character, they were closest of friends, alike in principle, devotion, and purpose. They were like different notes in a harmony, different instruments in an orchestra, different colors in the spectrum. "Went up," "were going up" as in R. V. From their homes, or some meeting place of the disciples, they ascended the temple hill, and were going up from one terrace to another in the temple courts. For each inner court was on a higher level than the adjoining outer one. They had come "into the temple." That is, into the great Court of the Gentiles, and were crossing toward the court of the Women, which, according to Kitto, "was the common place for worshipping, both men and women." It was the custom of the early Christians to worship in their old accustomed way, as well as in the new ways taught them by the Spirit. If they broke "the old bottles" before the new were prepared, they would lose the very spirit and power of worship. As R. V. was, they filled the old forms full of the spirit of worship. "AT" for. So as to be there at "the hour of prayer." The hours of incense and of sacrifice were hours of prayer. See Luke 1:10, where it is said that the people were praying while the priest offered the incense. "Being the ninth hour." Or about three o'clock in the afternoon, the hour of the evening sacrifice. The Healing of the Lame Man (vs. 6, 7). "Then, I saw a man," "Silver and gold have I none." Peter had left all to follow Jesus, and was dependent on others for his support, as Jesus had commanded (Matt. 10:9). The statement shows that the apostles had not enriched themselves after the generosity of the new converts, but joined with them in their benevolence. No one had given up more for Jesus than they; but they asked for themselves no more than the most obscure believer. "But such as I have give I thee." The presence of the Holy Spirit, the power "best in Jesus' name, the knowledge of salvation and eternal life, the power to show the way of peace and joy, and the loving kindness of the heavenly Father. The great works of the Spirit cannot be done by silver and gold. They cannot give peace, or comfort, healing of body or soul, forgiveness of sins, the love of God, salvation, character, or any of the best things. The men who have done the most for the world have been known for their riches. Jesus was poor and Paul, and Luther, and the Wesleys, and Milton, Homer, Socrates, Dante, Peter had greater gifts to bestow than if he had possessed "the wealth of Ormus or of Ind," or had "affluent" fortune, as the poet says, "into his cup." "In the name." The name expresses the whole being—his character, powers, and heart. "Of Jesus Christ." As the efficient cause, as the real living giver, Christ healed in his own name. For the name of Christ is the name of God. This is added to make perfectly clear to whom he referred. This one, so despised by the Jews, proves himself to be the Messiah, and to be now living by doing now the same works he had done when in the flesh. "Rise up and walk." The R. V. as in the best MSS., has simply "walk." "This, at the first view, might have seemed an absurd command. For the cripple might have readily objected, 'Why should I rise up, first given me legs and feet?' For this is a plain mock, when as thou biddest a man without feet to go."—Calvin. "But the man understood the words aright; for they were the words of the living life that, preter to him, he uttered, rushed triumphantly into his dead limbs."—Kitto. Scene V. The Saved Man (vs. 8-10). 8. "And he leaping up," from up, and to the spring up, like water from a fountain (the second leaping used in this verse). The compound is used in medical language "of starting from sleep, or of the sudden bound of the pulse." He "stood," first to get his balance, and then "walked." Entered with them into the temple. That is, into the sacred enclosure, either the Court of the Gentiles, or into the Court of the Women from the Court of the Gentiles. At this hour, the time of the evening sacrifice, would be full the courts of the temple would be full the worshippers. "Walking and leaping." "He never before put one foot before another, but now he walks and leaps."

II. Peter's Sermon explaining and applying the Miracle.—Vs. 11-25. 1. The Audience. Crowds in Solomon's Colonnade of the Temple Court (v. 11). 11. "Held in the name of Jesus." (1) In loving gratitude; (2) to show who had done such great things for him; (3) as a testimony that they were worshippers. "Walking and leaping." "He never before put one foot before another, but now he walks and leaps."

III. Peter's Sermon explaining and applying the Miracle.—Vs. 11-25. 1. The Audience. Crowds in Solomon's Colonnade of the Temple Court (v. 11). 11. "Held in the name of Jesus." (1) In loving gratitude; (2) to show who had done such great things for him; (3) as a testimony that they were worshippers. "Walking and leaping." "He never before put one foot before another, but now he walks and leaps."

ODDS AND ENDS.

More than 90 per cent of the vessels using the Suez canal navigate by night.

Toronto got \$12,554.25 for its share of the street railway earnings for September.

The potato farms nearly 14 per cent of the total food of the people of this country.

A new emigration law in Italy confines departures to Naples, Genoa and Palermo.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CASE

Which the Doctors Failed to Cure or Understand.

A Medical man as a rule dislikes to acknowledge the value of a proprietary medicine—in fact, professional etiquette debar him from doing so. Yet there are many eminent physicians, those most advanced in their professions, who give full credit to the great curative properties of Vogeler's Curative Compound, from the fact that it is manufactured by an old and reliable company, proprietors of St. Jacob's Oil, from the formula of a brother physician, who to-day stands in the front ranks of the most eminent medical men in London, and on account of its intrinsic merit, it is largely prescribed by the medical profession; but, in the case which we are about to relate, the attending physician called it "rubbish," but, as it turned out, Mrs. Nettleton tells the doctor that "rubbish or not, it saved her life."

Mrs. Nettleton graphically relates the particulars of her own case, which will doubtless be of interest to many of our lady readers:

"I had been an intense sufferer for many years from dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles, when a little pamphlet was placed in my hands, and, although at that time I had been bedridden for more than six months, I determined, after reading some of the wonderful testimonials therein of cases similar to mine, which had been completely cured by the timely use of Vogeler's Curative Compound, to try some, especially as my doctors failed to even benefit me, and I had almost given up all hope of ever being well again. It is most interesting, and, in fact, marvelous to relate, that the very first dose of fifteen drops relieved me. It was not long before I was able to get up and about; three months from taking the first dose I was enjoying better health than I had been for fourteen years. I continued well until a few months back, when I was taken ill again, my troubles being dyspepsia and constipation. I had a doctor attending me for a month, but continued to grow worse, until I again found myself bedridden, when I bethought myself of my old medicine, Vogeler's Curative Compound, which I immediately sent for and took in place of the doctor's medicine; at that time I had not had a movement of the bowels for five days, but Vogeler's Curative Compound soon put me on my feet again—in fact, completely cured me a second time, but, of course, this attack was not as bad as the first, yet I fully believe I should not have been alive today had it not been for Vogeler's Curative Compound. If I had only thought to have taken it when my last illness took place, I should not only have been saved much suffering, but a \$75 doctor's bill."

Mrs. Nettleton says: "I have recommended Vogeler's Curative Compound for indigestion and eczema, and in every case it has proved a cure beyond a doubt. Mr. Swinbank, our chemist, has sent me the names of no end of people who have been cured by Vogeler's Curative Compound. By the way, the proprietors have so much confidence in this great London physician's discovery, that they will send a sample free to any person sending name and address and naming this paper." St. Jacob's Oil Co., 205 Clay Street, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Nettleton is a confectioner, in the Brighton Road, where she has been established many years, and is honored and respected by all classes. Her statements as regards Vogeler's Curative Compound may, therefore, be regarded as reliable evidence of its great value. The public, however, may look upon this remarkable statement as one of the many which we are constantly receiving from grateful people all over the world, who have been cured of various maladies by the use of this wonderful remedy, which is the result of an eminent physician's life-long experience. These people are nearly always representative and well-known citizens.

What the Blind Man "Saw" Decided It.

The only "witness" in a case of assault and battery, tried the other day in Milwaukee, was William Brunner, 70 years old and blind. The "witness" was duly sworn and his testimony in German was so satisfactory that the defendant was convicted.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

The thief who stole a watch, instead of gaining time is now serving it.

In Winter Use Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. Your feet feel uncomfortable, nervous, and often cold and damp. If you have Chills, sweating, sore feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

It is the reflections from our own souls that surround us, more than what we believe to be the acts of others.

Millionaire Began as a Bootblack.
Max Heart, the Harlem millionaire, was once a bootblack, and he still preserves in his handsome home the original bootblackening outfit with which he began his business career.

Russell's Unique Distinction.
Alfred Russell, of Detroit, possesses the curious distinction of having thrice announced in the United States district court there the death of a murdered president. When Lincoln died it was Mr. Russell, then a young lawyer, who moved adjournment. He performed a similar duty when Garfield passed away, and again when the Buffalo tragedy culminated in the death of William McKinley.

One can never tell by a man's looks whether he was disappointed in love or only has dyspepsia.