

Longest a Judge.

Judge John J. Jackson, of West Virginia, has been a justice of the United States district court for forty years. He has served as a judge longer than any other man in the history of the state or federal courts. He is now 77 years old and claims that he will die in the harness, an event, however, which seems to be far in the future, as he is still active and vigorous.

Creed's Discovery.

John M. Creed, of Berkeley, Cal., a veteran of the civil war, applied recently for a pension, and found that a woman in Ohio, posing as his widow, had been drawing his pension for many years. She is actually the widow of another John M. Creed, who, however, is not entitled to a pension, not having served in the war. It is believed that others have obtained pensions in the same fraudulent way.

Long on Rank.

Two Barings hold now four peerages—two earldoms, Northbrook and Cromer; two baronies, Ashburton and Revelstoke. And the founder of the family, like the first Rothschild, came from Germany. He was a Lutheran minister, who settled with his son in Exeter some 200 years ago, and started a cloth manufactory.

He Clutched It.

Erie, Kans., Feb. 17th.—In July of 1900, W. H. Ketchum of this place was suddenly seized with a violent pain in his back. He says he supposed it was a "stitch" and would soon pass away, but it lasted five months and caused him great soreness, so that he was barely able to get out of bed. He became alarmed and consulted a doctor which only increased his anxiety and did him no good.

A friend who had some experience advised him to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Ketchum began with six pills a day and in a week was well and the soreness all gone. However, this did not satisfy him, for he says: "I thought I would clinch the cure with another box and I did. I have had no recurrence of the trouble since and as this is over a year ago I am thoroughly convinced that Dodd's Kidney Pills have completely cured me."

A swallow, flying from home, made 140 miles at the rate of 128 1/2 miles an hour.

It will be a cold day when you find a laundry starch anywhere near as good as Defiance.

It's a poor contractor who doesn't show up with a full bill of extras.

DON'T FORGET

A large box, package Red Cross Ball Blue, only 6 cents. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

Happiness has less use for comfort than indulgence has.

Sufferers from Kidney Trouble Should not fail to read the advertisement of the Church Kidney Cure Co., 406 Fourth avenue, New York, appearing in this paper.

When a man has gone to seed it is time to plant him.

Florida Excursions

via Virginia and Carolina Winter Resorts and Charleston Exposition, Hot Springs, Old Fort Comfort, Southern Times. For information address W. E. Conklyn, N. W. 2d. Apt. Chesapeake and Ohio Ry., 244 Clark St., Chicago.

If a man has a sense of humor he knows when not to get funny.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

Satire is the salt of wit rubbed on a sore spot.

LOW RATES TO THE NORTHWEST

Beginning March 1st, and every day thereafter during the months of March and April, 1902, the Great Northern Railroad will sell one way second-class tickets at very low rates to almost all points on its main line west of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Low rates will also be in connection with the Great Northern, from Chicago.

The rate from St. Paul, Minneapolis and other Eastern terminals, to Montana points is from \$15 to \$20; to points in Washington, \$22.50 to \$25. The rate from Chicago to Montana points is from \$25 to \$30, and the highest rate to points in Washington is \$35. Equally low rates will be made to other stations reached by the Great Northern Railway and its connections.

The journey must begin on the day of sale of the ticket, and tickets will be good for stop-over ten days or less at points on the Great Northern Railway west of and including Havre, Mont.

This is the best opportunity that has ever been offered to parties who wish to investigate the many advantages offered them in the great Northwest. Information about Great Northern country is given by the agent of the Great Northern Railway, or those desirous of ascertaining just what opportunities are offered there can secure full illustrated information in reference to land, climate, crops, etc., by writing to Max Bass, G. I. A., 720 South Clark street, Chicago, or to F. L. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

Food for thought is sometimes supplied by the fish that gets away.

Making Home Happy.

Anything that contributes to the happiness of the home is a blessing to the human race. The thoughtful housewife, who understands her responsibilities in the great problem of making the home all that the word implies is ever on the look out for that which will lighten the burdens of the household without lessening the merits of the work done. That is why nearly every well regulated household is using Defiance starch. It costs less and goes farthest. Sixteen-oz package for 10c. If your grocer hasn't got it clip this out and give it to him and ask him to send for it. Made by Magnetic Starch Co., Omaha, Neb.

Brain power and refinement of intellect move in inverse ratio.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 17th.—The activity at the laboratory of the Garfield Tea Co. is further evidence of the popularity of their preparations; over THREE MILLION FAMILIES used the Garfield Remedy last year! This vast public approval speaks well for the remedies. They are: Garfield Tea, Garfield Headache Powders, Garfield Tea Syrup, Garfield Relief Plasters, Garfield Belladonna Plasters, Garfield Digestive Tablets and Garfield Cold Cure.

Pity is akin to love.

"HADDEN GRAY"

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The play was Richard II., and it was during an intermission that I noticed him sitting opposite—a shriveled little man, colored in faded sepia tints, with blind-seeming eyes. By those eyes I recognized him; for when I had last seen him, fifteen years ago, he had not been shriveled at all and had been well covered with rich brown locks; but the same eyes—the same introspective look that the Greeks gave their statues by dispensing with eyes altogether.

I was filled with sympathy. What could have changed him so? Ill-health? Trouble? My dear old professor! Chrysostom, Goldenmouth, Silver-tongue, as I had fondly nicknamed him in boyish admiration. For Professor Eustis had the rarest gift of eloquence that I have ever known, and could pour forth an unprepared flood of beautiful, classical English for a couple of hours at a time. He was that most attractive kind of literary man, naturally a poet, but with a solid, laboriously-acquired foundation and superstructure of logic. So when he spoke you would be sure of beautiful imagery, sometimes springlike, Chaucerian, with the delightful changing light and shade of the first fuller-lighted days of March; again, there was never any one who could be at the same time so tropical and yet so chaste. Nevertheless, it was not for this that he spoke or you heard him. There was always a clear message, a profitable instruction.

His fault, and that an ineradicable one, was a lack of sympathy with life—his life was entirely in his mind. He was conscious of this, and had tried to overcome it, I am sure, for I have never known anyone more unfailingly kind and cordial of manner. But his refinement was so far removed from the crudity of ordinary mortals that he was necessarily isolated. Yet these same crude ordinary mortals are honest enough to acknowledge real superiority when it comes before them, so that he had a goodly number of admirers and friends after all.

I crossed the theater, took the vacant place beside him and was soon listening to a richer conversation than that of old days. "Well, John, I was quite proud the other day to see that one of my old boys had taken his Ph. D. I congratulate you."

"Thanks, yes—and what are the rights and privileges appertaining thereto?" On commencement days President C— utters that phrase with a large and lordly air, as though he were conveying to us some mysterious wealth, a veritable treasure of Monte Cristo; and at the same time he smiles, a generous, yet slightly humorous smile—the same that one wears in the game of "Hold fast what I give you." What does he mean?"

"Why, the right to work aright. You know how to work in the domain of truth and light. The right to delve in the mines, to plough the fields, to forge the metals, to traffic in all the marts and on all the seas, for the benefit of humanity. The privilege of holding communion and intimate companionship with the great minds of this and every age. Well may Dr. C— smile to feel himself the almoner of such gifts as these, John; how noble is the life of the searcher for truth by the inductive method. Who loves the truth so much as he who makes himself a slave for the truth?"

Just then Richard did something bad and the people laughed again. "Why are these people laughing? A high moral indignation would seem to be more appropriate."

"Ah, my boy, still good at asking questions. Richard Crouchback is a 'airy tale' to frighten children with. King Shakespeare is only trying to make our hair stand pleasantly on



"One can do so well with these," and, in an open and mischievous manner as Stevenson in some of his riddles or Orphant Annie with her rich tales by the evening firelight. You know Shakespeare is far from being historically servile in this play, it is he and not Richard who does these prodigiously un-moral, not immoral, things, for the simple purpose of causing us to go back to the days of our childhood, before we became gasists, the days when we could be amused by Bluebeard and Jack the Giant-killer."

Still I wondered, "What has changed him so? What can have changed him so?" but I dared not ask him. Never was there a man more impersonal. He told you none of his experiences, imposed none of his conclusions upon you. He was always suggestive, stimulating, never dogmatic.

However, the play over, I was gratified at parting by an invitation to call. He was at home on Sunday afternoons. I departed much elated at the "right and privilege" to which I had attained of becoming more intimately acquainted with this man whom I so intensely admired.

The next Sunday afternoon saw me joyfully wending my way to the address he had given, anticipating a sight of some fine old editions, meeting brainy people, and looking at rare works of art. "Yes, with his exquisite taste, his pictures will be worth seeing, I am sure." To all these joys there was a dim background of thick carpets, book-lined walls, busts of all the old Greeks, and so on. I was getting near the place now, and as a vision of a courteous footman with silver salver in hand, arose before my mental vision, I began to look whether I had a card about me. It was perfectly natural, I think, that these appropriate surroundings to such a man should thus arise in my mind.

I met some brainy people, and I spent one of the pleasantest afternoons of my life, but I didn't see any rare



A young vocalist sang. Editions, for he hadn't any—the exquisite pictures were there, but they were cheap copies of Breton and Millet. Such a plain little house! Now I understood, in part at least, why the professor had shriveled and faded. There was the same shadow over nearly every one of the company. All seemed to have exceptional gifts of one sort or another which would probably never be brought to perfection, because culture of that sort costs. They were all the broader, perhaps, on that very account, and all were bright, with a brightness that I could not understand until I caught the explanation in a disquisition of the professor's upon the work of Breton and Millet.

"With the originals in the Walter's gallery close at hand, one can do very well with these copies. Indeed, I grow more in love with my industrious little 'Shepherdess' every day. See, John, is she not far more beautiful than the little Dresden nothings in pink and blue? Goodness and industry and content are such beautiful things. These girls of Breton's, coming home from the fields—is it not worth while to be poor, to be so strong, so happy? To have health and unbroken slumbers? These Christian peasants, so homely, yet so elevated, have nothing, yet possess all things. See in the 'Angelus' they rise to the highest height. The work of these artists is the apotheosis of 'hadden gray,' and there is no end to the depths of beauty to be found in it. It is timely work, too, for the world was fast losing the old-fashioned idea of the blessedness of poverty."

Thus he spoke, and much more. I remember, too, a young vocalist who sang "Forever With the Lord," the perfect lyric of Montgomery set to the noble music of Gounod.

"Will you sing that at my funeral?" said the professor.

His funeral came sooner than we thought. Ill health was part of what had changed the professor. Returning from my summer outing I found that he had been in bed for several weeks. Coming into his room one day in the earliest fall, he calmly announced, in reply to my inquiries, that he was dying.

"Is it not a perfect day, John," he said, "Balmly" exactly describes it. One could not suffer on this day though he had lost his all. What does Nature say to you today?"

I replied that I did not know, that I had been trying to express it to myself, but could not.

"Nature's god says to-day to every suffering soul: 'You have not lost all; you are not utterly desolate. Behold, to you, as to the year, there remains a happy death, and that is the greatest happiness.' And more, it says more—" He stopped. The professor always knew what it is "not lawful to speak."

This world would be an utter failure if what I knew of this man here were all that I should ever know.

When a bee loses its temper look out for a stinging retort.

SINGULAR FLORIDA TOWN.

Has 1,500 People, and is Located Inside a Navy Yard.

The existence of a singular town is brought to notice by the introduction of Senator Mallory of Florida of a bill to provide public schools, one for white, the other for colored, children in the town of Warrington, Fla. The reference of the bill to the Secretary of the Navy for his opinion on its merits is apparently unusual and necessary, but it is really highly proper, as the facts about Warrington show.

At the close of the Civil War the business of the navy yard at Pensacola was considerable, and the number of employes was large. Many of the persons working in the yard "squatted" upon the unoccupied land comprised within the naval reservation, and obtained permission from the department to build homes thereon. The number of home builders increased even after the temporary activity of the navy yard was succeeded by the lethargy that came over the navy and lasted for nearly twenty years. In time, the group of houses assumed proportions of a town; then it took a name, and became Warrington. The Postoffice Department recognized its rights, gave it a postoffice, which later it made a money-order office, and now the town has some 300 houses, six churches, several stores, and a population of more than 1,500 persons.

The commander of the Pensacola navy yard rules the town; the inhabitants pay no taxes, and have no votes. The place is kept in order by the captain of the ward, and "policed" as the rest of the naval reservation is. The bureau of yards and docks installed and maintained the electric lights and the sewer system, though very few of the inhabitants are employed by the government. By far a greater part of those who thus enjoy the nation's care are engaged in fishing or in farming for a living.

Now Senator Mallory thinks that in addition to providing light, clean streets and sanitation of the most improved type, the government should also provide schools for the children of the untaxed dwellers in Warrington, and accordingly introduced his bill.

ABSINTHE AND ITS ORIGIN.

French Physician Said to Be the Inventor of the Stuff.

Temperance people in Europe were recently much surprised at the discovery that the deadly absinthe was originally an extremely harmless medicinal remedy.

It was a French physician who first used it. His name was Ordinaire, and he was living as a refugee at Couvet, in Switzerland, at the close of the eighteenth century. Like many other country doctors at that time, he was a druggist and his favorite remedy was a certain elixir of absinthe, of which he alone had the secret.

At his death he bequeathed the formula to his housekeeper, Mlle. Grand-pierre, and she sold it to the daughters of Lieutenant Henrold. They cultivated in their little garden the herbs necessary for concocting it, and after they had distilled a certain quantity of the liquid they sold it on commission to itinerant peddlars, who quickly disposed of it in the adjacent towns and villages.

Finally, during the first decade of the nineteenth century, a wealthy distiller purchased the formula, and very soon afterward he placed on the market the modern absinthe, which differs greatly from the old medicinal remedy, since the latter contains no alcohol and very little absinthe.

England's Naval Power.

There is some skepticism in certain English circles regarding the fervent praise of the British navy which Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N., naval attaché to the United States embassy, uttered in a recent interview in Washington. Commander Clover was quoted as saying that the British navy is far more efficient than continental powers believe. "This," says the Hampshire Telegraph, "is a good thing to publish to the world, but it is to be hoped that the continental powers—and particularly the more belligerent among them—will take the statement to heart. But the British public ought to be sufficiently informed by now to be proof against Capt. Clover's insidious flattery. When he says that England-to-day is stronger on the seas than any two of the most powerful continental powers, with another power included, he is merely soaring into heights of imagination whither no British naval expert can pretend to follow him."

Whittled His Leg.

Cal Barnes, living seven miles east of Arcola, Ill., wears an artificial leg and foot which he whittled out of wood with his pocket knife, using no other tool in its manufacture. The limb is a model of neatness and fits so nicely that few who do not know him well would suspect that he was not walking on his natural legs, so easily does he move about.

Barnes lost his foot while in the Klondike gold fields two years ago. He and his brother, Dr. Omer Barnes of Arcola, were far out from their camp when Cal met with an accident which mashed his right foot so badly that his brother decided it should be amputated at once. Being miles away from camp and friends they amputated the foot without even administering an opiate.

In 1861 only 1,393,000 acres of land were under cultivation in Australia. In 1899 there were over 10,000,000 acres.

THE "DRUIDESS RING" RAGE.

Parisian Ladies of Fashion Take Up Another Fad.

Another new trinket is one to which the extraordinary name of the "Druidess ring" has been given. Mistletoe is all the rage this Christmas in Paris. The ring in question is accordingly made of two leaves of the plant imitated in silver or pale gold. It should be explained that the mistletoe and Yuletide are not linked together by an ancient association of ideas in the Parisian mind. On the contrary, florists and jewelers have "rediscovered" this year the sacred "gui de chene" of the old Gauls and Britons. Hence it is not absurd to talk in Paris of mistletoe having become "fashionable." One authority states that "in the case of engaged couples, the bunch of mistletoe presented to the girl by her fiancée should invariably be attached with a white satin ribbon." Perhaps it ought to be further explained that the connection between the ancient plant and kissing is another association of ideas unknown to the Parisian mind, which, indeed, would be shocked at the thought. The Druidess ring is the jewelers' contribution to the prevailing mistletoe fashion. It is not a mere ornament, but is supposed to be useful. From the ring, which is large enough to be easily slipped over the gloved finger, hang chains, to which are attached pencil, mirror, powder puff, etc., and the innumerable similar trinkets which are so indispensable to the modern woman.

UNCLE SAM BUILDS A TOWN.

Navy Department to Construct Homes at Olongapo Naval Station.

Uncle Sam is going to build a town. It will be constructed at Olongapo, the site of the proposed naval station on Subig Bay, Philippine Islands, says the Washington Times.

Such action is believed to be necessary in order to provide labor for the plant. Plans for the town are being prepared by Rear Admiral M. T. Endicott, chief of the bureau of yards and docks.

Rear Admiral Endicott points out that many shipbuilding corporations have been compelled to build towns in the vicinity of their plants. They rent the houses at a nominal figure to their employes. The latter elect their mayor and other officers.

The plans of the department also propose the construction of a railroad which shall connect Manila and Olongapo.

Mixed History.

The juvenile son of an army officer made a strange mixture of the history of George Washington the other day. A visitor called during the absence of his parents, and to entertain the children and instill a lesson of many honor and patriotism told them the famous stories of the liberty bell and the cherry tree. The scion of the soldier was much interested, but the details got badly twisted in his head. When his father returned home he was told of the fine story the visitor had told about the father of his country. "Washington must have been a wonderful man," said the boy. "He smashed the liberty bell with his little hatchet and his father whipped him with a cherry tree for telling a lie." It took paternfamilias some time to straighten things out.

Remarkable Sheep.

A Kirky Stephen correspondent telegraphs: "On Dec. 9 last Mr. Wm. Pratt, a well-known cattle dealer of Gardale, had a large flock of sheep on Dent Fell, just above Hawes Junction. The sheep were gathered in just before the recent snowstorm, but one sheep escaped the dogs and got back on to the fells, where it was buried in the snow on the following day. On Tuesday last, twenty-two days afterward, the shepherds found the sheep in a crevasse. It had just thawed out of the snow, but was able to walk home, a distance of a mile and a half. The same sheep was under the snow for ten days in the November storm. Mr. Pratt declares that he will never part with that animal as long as it lives."—London Telegraph.

Many British Warships Built.

More British warships have been built this year than stand to the credit of any previous twelve months. Six battleships, ten armored cruisers, three sloops, two gunboats, two "destroyers," four torpedo boats and five submarine boats make up the record. Most of the vessels were built on the Clyde, but, in addition to new work, the five royal dockyards extensively repaired and refitted twenty other warships and overhauled both the reserve and channel squadrons. The dockyards were as busy as they could be, but the resources of the great private yards were far from overtaxed. All of them could have done more, except, perhaps, the armor-plate makers.

Depew Collects a Fresh Joke.

Senator Depew was treading very cautiously on the icy pavement as a stout party sailed around the corner and struck a sliding track, relates the New York Times. "Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Depew, who feared that the man had broken a leg, and was much relieved to discover that he had not. "It is very fortunate that you did not fall with your legs under you."

"I should not have fallen had they been under me," retorted the unfortunate, acridly.

And Mr. Depew went chuckling on his way with a fresh one in his collection.

Properly Rebuked the "Youngster."

When the great chemist, Chevreul, whose statue was recently unveiled in France, attained his 100th birthday, he was entertained at a public dinner at which his son, a high official in the department of justice, 67 years of age, was also present. The old man made a speech, and in telling an anecdote made a slight slip, which his son corrected. Old Chevreul turned around quickly and said in a sharp voice: "Hush, youngster, when I am talking," and the "youngster" held his tongue.

The Shah is "It."

One of the most absolute of the world's monarch is the shah of Persia, who is master of the lives and goods of all his subjects. The whole revenue of the country being at his disposal, recent shahs have been able to amass large private fortunes. That of the present occupant of the throne is reported to amount to \$25,000,000 or \$30,000,000, most of it represented by diamonds.

Virchow an Octogenarian.

Prof. Rudolph Virchow's 80th birthday will be celebrated in Berlin on Saturday, October 12, when he will personally receive delegates with congratulatory addresses from various scientific bodies, foreign as well as German. Prof. Virchow is not without a certain youthful vigor, especially in thought.

Jesse Haney is Dead.

Jesse Haney, one of the pioneer comic paper publishers of America, is dead. The New York Pleasurite was started by him away back in the '50s. It was succeeded by other comic publications which led up to those we have today.

After His Own Heart.

Miss Anne Tracy Morgan, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, is a systematic business woman, keeping books of her expense and income and overlooking all her investments herself.

Canable Young Colored Man.

The chief train dispatcher of the Colorado & Northwestern railroad, at Boulder, Colo., is Spencer B. Mackey, a young colored man of 24.

Supreme Judge Turned Down.

The days of whispered conference in the White House are past, says a correspondent. The president sends most of his visitors in the big reception room. He goes from one to another and says what he has to say in a voice that reaches to every part of the room. A day or two ago, says the Baltimore News, a justice of the supreme court came in with his son. Then he leaned over and whispered a few words to the president's ear. "I am sorry," said the president—and fifty people heard him rasp it out—"I am sorry, but it cannot be done. All promotions must be on merit." A very much abused justice of the supreme court, with his son in tow, left the White House hurriedly.

Letter Carrier's Clever Invention.

A letter carrier of Morristown, N. J., has been allowed eighteen claims by the patent office at Washington for a collectors' recording mechanism for letter boxes. The device locks the boxes preventing them being tapped during the night, and, by an electrical mechanism connected with the post-office, much the same as a time lock, permits the carrier to open them at the schedule hours in the morning, at the same time recording the time in the office.

There is nothing on earth to be compared with a virtuous and lovely woman.—Arabian.

After you have learned to unlearn you are in a fair way of learning to learn.

The key to happiness opens the treasure house of the mind.

It sometimes happens that love is the only wisdom of a fool.

Two boxes never get any amusement out of each other.

Many a game leg is the result of a foot ball game.

Has marked characteristics—the tattooed man.

HERE THIS IS IT

Know by the sign

St. Jacobs Oil
CURES
Rheumatism
Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Sprains,
Bruises, Soreness,
Stiffness.
25c and 50c

CONQUERS PAIN!

GREAT CUT PRICE

PIANO SALE

Our prices were never so low as at the present time. New pianos in beautiful Mahogany, Walnut and Bird's Eye Maple cases at \$188, \$166, \$139 and up. Add to the above we are making special prices on our matchless stock of 1875, 1885, Weger, Emerson and Vose Pianos. Write for catalogue, prices and terms, or pay us a visit to our store.

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