

STORIES IN PASSING.

It was the latter part of the week when McKiuley's election was assured. The "tramp orator" was in an O street clothing store where he had just been fitted out with a new blue serge suit, light overcoat and brown stiff hat. He rolled a long slim cigar between his teeth and was talking with his usual rapidity.

A raw country youth in heavy boots and ducking coat was looking over a table of odd hats offered as a bargain at a dollar. The "tramp orator" approached the table and clapped a hat on the young fellow's head.

"How's that, my friend?" he asked. "Too large," said the young man from the country, as the hat sank down nearly to his nose.

"Too large? Not much!" was the quick response, "Why, man you haven't got on your winter underwear yet."

And such was the tone and such was the assurance of that remark, that the young man handed over the dollar and walked out.

This is no thing of mine. It is in the interests of hygiene, and for drinkers at the fountain in the post office square—if anyone drinks that water.

Take the cup in the left hand—everyone else holds it in the right. Observe that very near the handle is a spot rather hard to get at but always clean and free from dust and moist. Right there is the place to apply your mouth and drink. A pair of lips have never touched that spot. There is no fear of contact with vulgar world. The vulgar world hasn't time or sense enough to hunt out clean places on drinking cups.

When the world gets on to this little game and begins following your plan, change to the right side of the handle.

She has been working for an East Lincoln family since August—a dumpy, awkward, blue eyed, fair-haired German girl of sixteen. The other day her father came to take her home for a month to husk corn. She went in to bid her mistress good bye and this is the way she did it.

"Oh, Mrs. Smith, you not know me when I come back. I not be so fat, so big round as now," and then rather mournfully, "Fader not have so good feed as you do."

This happened years ago when the convent of the Sacred Heart was a dormitory for university students. One of the professors who has grown up with the institution told it to me and these are his words:

"It was when the 'eight' as we were called, at the east end of the big building I had been going along too long a thought, and decided to see the world a little. One of the fellows along the bare corridors suggested the thing. So shortly after dark we started out and scoured the city for cats, and we found just exactly twenty and hauled them up in a sack through my outside window. Then at midnight we took bees-wax and stuck English walnut shells to the feet of those cats. We bees-waxed them in couples by the tails and pitched them out into the long bare corridors. Such a howling and scratching and sliding up and down the halls! It was perfect pandomanium turned loose. It brought the whole neighborhood in and of course the bees wax and sacks in my room did the business for me."

"No," he added, rather regretfully I thought, "you don't find such things today, not since the dormitories have passed, and of course it's just as well, of course."

I went down home to the farm the other day and, of course, strolled out into the pantry. I had forgotten the old

familiar spot, but instantly every corner came back to me as when a boy. Everything was just the same, just as neat and orderly as ten years ago. The same bread can was there, the same cider-jug, the same doughnut jar. Glasses of jelly and preserves stood on the shelves above, covered over with light brown paper and with a slip on the side with the name in her handwriting. There was the ginger-bread and the mince pies, and a pumpkin pie with a piece already cut as when I used to come home from school years ago.

I seized a knife and was a boy again.

"Speakin' of quick turns of weather," said old Uncle Biriam the other morning between squirts of tobacco juice, "this ain't nothin'. Why, d'ye remember the Fourth of July of '46? Don't eh? Well, 'long in the morning times hotter'n a dozen furnaces—sun a-boiling right down and nary a breath of air. I remember, 'cause me and my son Hosey was cradling wheat in the upland field. The sweat was a-pourin' off of us—it made little pools of water, and the frogs would jump right in and sit there croaking like tin horns, with their noses stickin' out toward the sky.

"Well, as I was sayin', the thermometer was just a climbin' like a boy goin' up a cherry tree, when, whack! dab! she switched round to the north like lightning. The weather changed and turned cold so blame quick it froze the mercury in the tube at the 100 notch, and caught all those frogs with their noses sticking out. And Hosey and me went around and cut off with our scythes enough of them noses to make a bushel of flap-jacks."

NOTICE.

To whom it may Concern: Pursuant to Section 36 of Chapter 16 of the Compiled Statutes of the State of Nebraska, this is to give notice that the amount of all the Existing Indebtedness of Harris & Co., a corporation, is nineteen thousand two hundred dollars, (\$19,200.00).

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