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400 Acres of Good Nebraska Farm Land at a Low Price

I am offering for sale 400 acres of good farm land in Perkins county, Nebraska. This land is a dark sandy loam, very productive and is increasing in value. Will sell all or part. Write for price and terms to

T. S. ALLEN, Fraternity Building, Lincoln, Nebraska

Whether Common or Not

Dad

Dad was never no hand to fuss;
Used to hurt him to hear us cuss;
Kind o' settled in his old ways,
Born an' raised in the good old days
When a tattered coat hid a kindly
heart,
An' the farm was home, not a toilin'
mart,
An' a man was judged by his inward
self;
Not his worldly pelf.

Seems like 'twas yesterday we sat
On the old back porch for a farewell
chat
Ere I changed the farm and the
simple life
For the city's roar an' bustle an'
strife.
While I gayly talked of the city's
charm
His eyes looked out o'er the fertile
farm
An' he said, as he rubbed where the
hair was thin,
"All right, son, you win."

'Member the night I trudged back
home.
Sinkin' deep in the fresh turned loam;
Sick and sore for the dear old place,
Hungerin' most for a loved old face.
When I had climbed the hilltop o'er,
There stood dad in the kitchen door,
An' he says in a voice from deep
within,
"Hello, son, come in."

One winter's day, the first of snow,
He went the way that we all must go;
An' his spirit soared to the realms
above
On the wings of a simple hearted
love.
An' I know that when I cross the bar
I'll find him there by the gates ajar,
An' he'll say, as he idly strokes his
chin,
"Hello, son, come in."
—William Edward Ross, in Sioux
City Journal.

Where Playing a Joke Was Strenuous Business

"Billy" Walsh, who plays a leading role in the melodramatic comedy, "Huckins' Run," afforded his American friends a great deal of fun during a visit to London two years ago. In a joking spirit Walsh suggested one morning that he put on his "Down East" makeup and have some fun with the British cousins, says he: "The first experience that I had was sufficient for the day and at its termination I immediately went back to the hotel and removed my Yankee facial adornments and cowhide boots. Going into a restaurant where were seated two of my American friends who went there by appointment to see the fun, I ordered for breakfast in my best nasal Yankee twang 'two fried eggs, one fried on one side and one fried on the other.' The typical English waiter, looked slightly puzzled but departed for the kitchen. He returned in a moment and said:

"Excuse me, sir, would you mind giving me that order again?"

"No," I said, and repeated it.

"Still looking very puzzled he departed a second time for the kitchen, but in a moment returned once more and in a pleading voice said:

"I'm very sorry to trouble you again, sir, but will you give me that order just once more?"

"I repeated the order again. In perplexity he departed once more for the kitchen, from whence in a moment there came sounds of turmoil and excitement, and in a moment my

waiter returned with his eye blackened, his nose bleeding and his coat and collar woefully torn, and in a woebegone voice said:

"Pardon me, sir, but would you just as soon have those eggs scrambled, I have had some words with the chef."—Milwaukee Journal.

A Jocular Peorian

Booth Tarkington, like most litterateurs, writes a wretched hand. Of this he said in New York recently:

"Once, crossing to Naples, I sat in my deck-chair with pad and fountain pen, at work on a short story. A young Peorian stopped before me.

"By gosh," he said, 'I wish I could write as well as you do.'

"I smiled, and the Peorian resumed his promenade. The next time he passed me he said again:

"Gee, what a hand! If I could only write like that!"

"Again I smiled a flattered smile, and the Peorian made another round of the deck. Then he said a third time:

"Oh, if I could only write a hand like yours!"

"Nettled a little by this third interruption, I said:

"Well, what would you do if you could?"

"Go to China," said the Peorian, 'and write labels for tea boxes.'—New Orleans States.

A Lightning Change Artist

A young minister was invited to spend his vacation at the summer home of a wealthy member of his congregation. The little daughter watched the young man very closely during the visit and one morning sat down beside him and began to draw on her slate.

"What are you doing?" the minister inquired.

"I'm going to draw your picture," replied the child.

The young man sat very still, and the little girl worked away very earnestly. Suddenly she stopped and compared her work with the original.

"I don't like it very much," she said. "I guess I'll put a tail on it and call it a dog."—Detroit Saturday Night.

He Had Only to Be Humble

A minister, in an address to other ministers, once said that he thought ministers ought to be humble and poor, like their Master. "I have often prayed," said he, "that I might be kept humble; I never prayed that I might be poor—I could trust my church for that."—Harvester World.

Such a Shame!

Social Agitator—"Isn't it a shame the way they work the help in this store? Fifteen hours a day, and wages almost nothing!"

Companion—"Why do you trade here?"

S. A.—"Oh, they sell things so much cheaper."—Chicago Times.

The New Sense

Actors frequently revive unexpected proof of the realism of their art. Not long ago, on the occasion of the performance of "Hamlet" by a distinguished English player, there were no more interested and absorbed spectators than two newsies in the gallery.

The boys had been watching the