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B. & M. R. R. Time Table.

Taking effect Dec. 3.
Trainscarrying passengers leave Red Cloud as follows: BAST VIA HASTINGS, No. 142 Passenger to Hasting . ARRIVE. No. 141 Passenger from Nastings - 11:35 a. m EAST VIA WYMORE

No. 16, Passenger to St. Joseph St. Louis and Chicage daily GOING WEST.
No. 15 Passengers for Denver, daily, 5:55 p. 1

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THE MAIN DIFFERENCES BETWEEN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

The One Is Everywhere Affected by Man and Art-The Other Is Primeval and Virgin-Luxury May Suit English Scenery, but Not So With Us.

Having lately visited England after a has been busy with the subject of the relations between our scenery and that of the old world. I visited a dull part of Hampshire. On leaving the house where I was staying it was necessary to get up to an early breakfast to catch a train. Two young soldiers, very pleasant and friendly fellows, who went away at the same time, were in the cab with me. Reference was made to the scenery, and one of them, who had been in America, give him a drink."
said, "You Americans may not always The jehu entere say you admire England, but in your the flat and very rolled out landscape, cut up into squares and plots by iron fences, which, however, with its sparse oaks standing here and there, was not without a classic grace, and thought of of any expression of dissent. It is an old question, that between the scenery of the two worlds. It is simple enough, however, with an obvious answer. Here it is primeval and virgin nature; there, nature affected by man and art.

The difference between European and American trees and woodlands is sig-nificant of this. Early in September an acquaintance took me to look at a remarkable oak on his place in Essex, which he said had been thought by some persons to be a relic of the ancient British forest. This oak, which was not very high, threw its powerful arms straight out in all directions over a wide space of ground. Certainly such a tree could not have stood in an aboriginal forest. There would not have been sufficient sun to produce so great an amount of room for such a vast lateral extension.

It so happened that only a few months before, in June perhaps, I had seen in was almost virgin. The trees went straight upward to a great height, the boles being clean of branches a long distance from the ground, and the leafage scant, except at the top, where it received the sun. I rode into the middle of this forest. The trees were often so close together that it would have been hard for a horse to go between them, and my horse followed the bed of a stream which was so shallow that it scarcely more than wet his fetlocks, the rhododendrons being very thick on each side of me. Halting in the midst of the level floor of the forest, it was an impressive scene which I found. The pale, lofty trunks stood everywhere parallel, and with a stately decorum and regularity, except where, half way up the adjacent mountain side, some tumbling at the Cafe Regence, where he used to trees, leaning at angles against their measure his skill with M. Grevy before · NEBRARKA. pillars of a ruined temple.

It is true that our scenery is not very rich in its associations of human history. This source of interest we have here only to a slight degree. But the landscape has its own history. Is it not well St. Clotilde the salary is £60, and there to consider that history? Is not scenery made more impressive by the study of those sublime changes which have prepared the world which we see, and may not the disclosures of men of science, so far as the unlearned are capable of comprehending them, be brought to the servtoe of the sense of natural beauty?

Another contrast there may be in the scenery of the two lands. There is this objection that in using other than standto be said of English scenery-it is suitable to the luxury and comfort of English country life. It is appropriate to the English fleshpots. There are plenty of country houses throughout England in which material comforts are of the best, and which at certain seasons contain much agreeable company of both sexes. I had some experience of such a house in Surrey. The library was excellent. For a wonder the weather was good, the ephemeral British sunshine and scale contained, which fall back remaining all day on the southern walls and really lavish among those flowers of the garden you do not know by name. Easily detained by such an existence, you are not inclined to anything more active than some kind of pleasant reading and are likely to lose your place at that, while your gaze rests upon the hills to the west. To such a life and such a state of mind the vague, soft aspect of the Surrey hills was most suita-ble—two impalpable ranges of hills, alluring to the eyes. Essences they seemed rather than substance or matter, and unreal, save in their gentle emerald coloring. And they were always lying there, quivering as in a dream-a mirage which did not go away.

If there is an agreement between luxury and English scenery, my sentiment is that, on the contrary, luxury does not suit our scenery. An iron foundry, strange to say, does no harm. A forge, a factory by the side of a pond filled with water lilies-I have now in mind the New England landscape—these are not unsuitable. But a fine house in some way is, and my sense of incongruity extends as well to those mansions which a friend describes as Queen Anne in the front and Mary Ann in the rear. Architecture, both private and public, should be such as is suited to the local requirements and history. A white spire, for instance, marking such a church as New England farmers have built for generations, what an eloquent object in wide and undulating view!-E. S. Nadal in Century.

A medical man has found out that dismal weather has a bad effect upon the reasoning powers as well as upon the spirits. He says his deductions made on sloudy days often prove to be faulty.

SCENERY COMPARED. DID THE HORSE PLAY THIS TRICK! How Two Spanish Gentlemen Happened to

Forget to Pay Their Check. There is a small all night restaurant in a Twenty-eighth street basement where gentlemen of more or less bohemian instincts sometimes go for a quiet bottle and a taste of seasonable delicacies.

As I sat there one night I observed that the two sharp featured gentlemen long absence, my mind since my return in dress suits who sat at the table next to mine had already dispatched their second bottle of Chateau Yquem, besides a liberal array of toothsome edibles. They were now chatting over their cigarettes. The greater part of the conversation was in Spanish. Finally they gathered up their overcoats to go, and as they stepped toward the desk, apparently to settle the bill, one of them said to the waiter, "Call in our cab driver and

The jehu entered promptly. "I'll leave the door open if you don't mind, hearts you know there is nothing like so as to keep an eye on the hoss," he it." I looked out of the cab window at said. "He plays tricks on me some-

times." The beaming "night hawk" had raised his glass, of a liberal three fingers of whisky, and was just remarking, "'Ere's looking at ye, gentlemen," the fresh and magic outlines of the Vir- when he glanced out the open door and ginia mountains. But the hour was realized that the "hoss that plays tricks much too early and too drowsy to allow sometimes" was leisurely ambling off toward Broadway. Dropping the glass unemptied, he bolted for the door, closely followed by the two gentlemen who wore dress suits and talked Spanish. The latter were laughing merrily, as though the whole affair were a good

They didn't come back right away, and when the cashier, somewhat uneasily, went outside and looked down the street, night hawk, "hoss," Spanish

gentlemen and all had disappeared. Then the cashier came back behind his desk. He looked ruefully at the figures on the unpaid check, banged the cash register viciously as he rang up another customer's 15 cents for a cocktail and remarked, "I'd like to know whether that 'hoss' was taught to play those tricks or whether my Spanish friends leafage, and there would have been no simply took advantage of what was really an accident."

The worldly wise bartender stopped sinsing a glass, dipped a towel disdain-Tennessee a good deal of a forest which fully over his shoulder and said with a pessimistic grin: "There's more ways than one to beat the house. I never saw that trick done before, but I've heard tell of it."-New York Herald.

A Famous Beadle of Paris.

Discours, the beadle of the Church of St. Roch, in Paris, died on Saturday. He was almost famous for his tall stature, imposing air and portly figure, and was at once the tallest of the Paris beadles and the senior of them all. Prevost, the beadle of the Madeleine, stood next in stature, and after him came the beadle of Notre Dame, an ex-drum major, who was engaged two years ago by Archbish-

Discours was a passionate lover of billiards and went every evening to play surrounding fellows, which had arrest- the latter was president of the republic. gence to play chess and was more than a match for Grevy. The post of beadle in a Paris church is a much envied one among the class of men who compete for it. At Notre Dame, the Madeleine and are perquisites at grand weddings and funerals. In smaller churches the pay is £40. The gorgeous uniforms and silver headed wand are provided by the vestry.-London News.

Boller Scales.

The use of oil in preventing boiler scale now so prevalent is met with the ard oil of 150 to 800 degrees fire test there is danger of the formation of what is called oil scale. This, according to chemical authority, is owing to the fact that when the higher fire test oils are introduced they rise and float upon the top of the water, and the latter, impregnated with sediment and mud, boils and bubbles up through the oil scum on top, and on the water becoming vaporized it liberates the particles of mud upon this layer of oil upon the top of the water. After awhile the layer of oil becomes so impregnated with mineral substances that it sinks to the bottom of the boiler, forming an incrustation, or oil scale, which is as injurious to the boiler as is the lime or magnesium scale. But the same objection, it is remarked, has also been made to crude petroleum. - New York Sun.

To Her Art.

Mme. d'Albertin, one of the lesser painters of France, was as conceited about her artistic ability as she was notorious for her excessive use of cosmetics of all kinds. Her face was a study in enamel, rouge and penciling, and the older she grew the more pronounced it became. On one occasion a certain count, who held her in much disesteem, lost a bet to her.

"And what will madame choose?" he asked, with mock courtesy.

"Something in my art," she simpered. "Something I can paint."

"Very well, madame," he replied, bowing himself out. A day later madame received a package from the count, which, upon being opened, revealed a life size drawing of her own face in outline. - Detroit Free

Wondrous Evolution.

"In the slow evolution of the race," mused the elephant, looking with languid interest at the throng of curious gazers that stood on the outside of the ropes and fed him with cakes, reanuts and candy, "how many millions of years it must require to evolve from the shapeless and rudimentary projection on the face of the creature called man the full and perfect proboscis!"-Chicago TribNOTHING FOR THE BIBLE.

An Aged Man's Vain Errand In a New York Pawnshop.

In a Bowery paynshop a man shuf-fled up to one of the clerks with a big bundle which he wanted to pawn. The man was old and decrepit. His hair and beard were long, white and unkempt. His clothes were ragged as the wrap-pings of his bundle. He laid the bundle down on the counter, pulled off the wrappings and displayed a Bible of what is known as the "family" sort. It had large, heavy covers stamped in gilt and looked as if it might be illustrated with full page steel engravings.

"What'll you give me on that?" said he to the elerk.

"Nothing," replied the clerk, with

the most discouraging accent imagina-ble and apparently without even a glance at the Bible.

"Oh, yes, you will," said the old an. "Please give me something." "No," answered the clerk, "not a

"But I've got to have it," pleaded the old man. "I haven't had anything to eat today. Give me 50 cents." "Nothing to drink, you mean," said

the clerk, with another glance at the trembling old man. "I won't give you anything. We don't take Bibles any-The clerk turned to talk to a man

who wanted to pawn a ring. The old man hesitated a minute and then renewed his effort. "Well, give me 25 cents then," he said. "I've had more than that on this

before. "Not here," answered the elerk. "I tell you we don't take Bibles. Go on,

now. The old man gathered up his Bible and shuffled away. The man who was pawning the ring looked on with evident interest. He was thinking of the many stories he had heard of men who would pawn the family Bible for drink money and reflecting that here was a pawnbroker whose heart was not as stony as tradition makes believe, who had some taint of sentiment, if not of reverence,

"Is that a rule of the house?" he said to the clerk who was making out the ticket.

"What?" asked the clerk.

"That you don't take Bibles." "No," with a laugh. "That was just bluff. We take anything. But that Bible was worn out and wasn't worth a cent."—New York Sun.

Superstition of the Turks.

The superstition of the Turks is nowhere so apparent as in their fear of the "evil eye." Jugs placed around the edge of the roof or an old shoe filled with garlic and blue beets (blue glass balls or rings) are a sure guard against the illusion. Whenever a pretty child is playing upon the street the passersby will say, "Oh, what an ugly child!"
for fear of inciting the evil spirit
against its beauty. The peasant classes
in Turkey are of course the most superstitious because they are the most ignorant. They have no education whatever and can neither read nor write. Stambool is the only great city of which they know. Paris is a term siged them in falling, varied the universal He constantly saw there a man taller propriety with a noble confusion, the gray trunks looking like mighty fallen American poet, who went to La Re-'In what part of Paris is America?' Yet it can be said that they are generally honest and always patient. They earn from 6 to 8 cents a day. This will furnish them with ekmek and pilaff, and that is all they expect. They eat meat only on feast days, and then only mutton. The taxgatherer is their only grievance. They look upon him as a necessary evil. They have no idea of being ground down under the oppressor's iron heel. Yet they are happy because they are contented and have no envy. The poorer, the more ignorant, a Turk is the better he seems to be. As he gets money and power and becomes "contaminated" by western civilization he deteriorates.—"Across Asia on a Bicycle" in Century.

The Biblical Locust.

"You have read about John the Baptist living on locusts and wild honey, said Mr. Wiley of Lewiston, who is recently home from Central America. "Well, here's a locust," and he produced from his pocket a-well, a locust. It didn't hop or jump and had no semblance of life because indeed it was nothing but a great pod, looking like a huge cranberry bean pod, fully 5 inches long and almost as big around as a banana. It had a deep mahogany colored skin of hard consistency. "I have eaten bushels of them," said Mr. Wiley. "They grow on trees as big as elms and fall to the ground when ripe. Split them open, and they contain a yellow substance looking like mustard. Mixed with water, it makes a very delicious and nourishing drink that will sustain life for a long time. One of these pods will make a quart of the drink, and everybody uses them. They may not be the locusts of John the Baptist, but I understand that the tree grows in that land of the Bible."-Lewiston Journal.

Roots With Air Chambers.

In the Sunderbands, a tract of swampy forest in the southern part of the Ganges delta, large numbers of the trees are provided with curious root suckers, consisting of woody processes growing upward at irregular points along the course of the roots, and projecting one to three feet above ground. The object of these suckers is to protect the tree from the uprooting effect of winds. They also contain air chambers for the aeration of the roots, but never produce buds, and cease to grow when the apex has reached the level of the highest spring tides.—St. Louis Post-Dispacth.

The Source of Iridescent Happiness. "Belinda," said the young man tenderly, "be mine, and our life shall be as

an iridescent dream." "First, Charles," said Belinda se-verely, "will you kindly inform me what will be the quantity of the metal-lic mediam which is to supply the isi-descence?"—Chicago Record.

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