

THE CLUMSY MAN.

You Can Never Be Sure of What His Next Break Will Be.

The great virtue about the really clumsy man is that he never exhausts his capabilities. When you think that the bedrock is reached, there is still a lower depth. If a detrimental relative should exist, the clumsy man asks after his health with great particularity and will not be satisfied until he receives a full and detailed reply. Should there be any incident in your past which everybody has generously agreed to forget it is the clumsy man who seizes the one, the inevitable opportunity, when the club is at its fullest and says loudly: "Somebody was talking the other day about that unfortunate little affair of yours in '95. Now tell me!"

A UNIQUE DORMITORY.

One That Is Owned by the University of the South.

Dean Hoffman was noted for charitable impulses, which his large income allowed him to indulge in. Some years ago the dean invested heavily in land in a small southern town which was then enjoying a "boom" period. Among the dean's other investments was a beautiful little hotel, exquisitely appointed and perfect in every detail. After awhile the "boom" fell through, and the little hotel became a losing investment.

At this time the chancellor of the University of the South, an old friend of Dean Hoffman, was on a hunting trip with him in the mountains of North Carolina. "We are badly in need of a dormitory down at Suwanee," said the chancellor.

"Yes," said Hoffman and sat thinking for a moment. "Well, you can have the hotel building down at B—," naming the town. "You can take it to pieces and move it to Suwanee. It ought to make a pretty little dormitory."

The chancellor was greatly pleased and made all the arrangements to move the hotel, when, to his astonishment, the citizens of the town obtained an injunction against its removal on the grounds that the hotel in a way was public property and that to remove it would leave the town without any hotel accommodations. A legal fight followed, but the university won out in the end. So the University of the South revels in the luxury of the most unique dormitory in the world.—New York Times.

The Home of the Kindergarten. The Japanese have the most perfect kindergarten system in the world. In fact, they originated this method of instructing by entertainment instead of by punishment inflicted. Their play apparatus for such purpose is elaborate, but all of it is adapted to the infant mind, which it is designed at once to amuse and to inform. The little ones of Japan even become somewhat interested in mathematics by seeing and feeling what a pretty thing a cone, a sphere or a cylinder is when cut out of wood with a lathe. They make outlines of solid figures out of straw, with green peas to hold the joints together, and for the instruction of the blind flat blocks are provided with the Japanese characters raised upon them.

Insomnia Remedies. However hopeless you may consider your case, be slow to fly to drugs for relief from insomnia. A rubber bag full of broken ice applied to the back of the neck and a hot water bag at the feet are highly recommended as a remedy for insomnia even in obstinate cases. The circulation is equalized by this treatment.

In a Higher Position. "Me darter Nora is goin' to marry Casey, that wurrucks in the basement iv that buildin', but Oi do be fillin' her iv that she mought hev looked higher!" "Indado?" "Yis. She cud hov hod Murphy, that wurrucks on the top story iv that same skoiscraper."—Baltimore Herald.

WATER RIGHTS INVIOLOTE.

Springs and Wells in Palestine Are Protected by Severe Laws.

Water is the most precious thing in Palestine, and the laws which protect springs and wells are very severe. Most of the wells are artificial. Rich men at very great expense have chiseled basins and reservoirs out of the rocks to receive the flow from springs, and in many places where no springs could be found they have drilled through the limestone a hundred feet and sometimes twice that distance to the artesian basin.

None but very rich sheiks can afford such an expenditure. Nevertheless, they have not only been the greatest benefactors of their fellow men, but those who have sunk wells and built fountains have erected monuments to their fame more enduring than palaces or temples or shafts of granite.

The temple of Solomon has vanished forever, but the pools which he walled up with masonry and filled with water still remain. The wells that Abraham and Jacob drilled in the rock as acts of piety as well as power are as immortal as their names and will live forever as long as men feel thirst.

According to a just custom of the country, water rights could never be forfeited. No man who owned a well might refuse his neighbor water for his family or his flocks, but the lord of the spring was inviolate. No creditor or enemy could take his water rights away from him. To injure or fill up a well was an unpardonable crime. When the Philistines threw earth and stones into the well of Abraham, they intended to challenge him to a war of extermination. These customs and regulations remain today.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE ARABS OF YEMEN.
A Story Which Throws a Strong Light on Their Character.
The Times of India tells the following story to show the character of the Arabs of Yemen. A man of Zaranika who several times cut the telegraph lines and who was punished more than once was caught on one occasion by an Arab sheik in charge of the lines. The sheik intended to send him to Meely for imprisonment, but the wife of the accused came in and stood as a guarantee for his future good behavior.

The sheik accepted the bail and released him, but shortly afterward he again resorted to his old practice of cutting the wires and bolted away to another village at a distance of a day's march, where he had another wife. The sheik then sent for his first wife, who stood security for him, and told her he would disgrace her among the Arabs if she failed to bring in her husband.

The woman asked the sheik not to "spread the black sheet" (a custom of the country when any one commits a breach of trust) until the following day. She started that night, taking a sharp dagger concealed under her clothes, to the village where her husband was staying. She found him asleep in his abode and stabbed him, cut his throat and carried his head back to her home. The next morning she went to the sheik and presented the head of her husband, saying: "Here is your criminal, and I am freed from the ball. Please do not affix the black sheet."—London Telegraph.

High Temperature.
Tommy had had pneumonia, so had been for some time in hospital, where they treated him so well that he was much averse to the prospect of being discharged as "cured."

One day the doctor in charge was taking his temperature, and while Tommy had the thermometer in his mouth the doctor moved on and happened to turn his back. Tommy saw his chance. He pulled the thermometer out of his mouth and popped it into a cup of hot tea, replacing it at the first sign of the medico turning.

When that worthy examined the thermometer, he looked first at Tommy, then back to the thermometer and gasped: "Well, my man, you're not dead, but you ought to be!"—London Chronicle.

Nature His Hired Man.
It was in the far south. "How's times?" asked the tourist. "Pretty tolerable, stranger," responded the old man who was sitting on a stump. "I had some trees to cut down, but the cyclone leveled them and saved me the trouble." "That was good." "Yes, and then the lightning set fire to the brush pile and saved me the trouble of burning it." "Remarkable! But what are you doing now?" "Waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."—Chicago News.

The Release Of No. 201

BY DAVID H. TALMADGE

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The accommodation train, No. 201 of the schedule, on the branch road was stuck in the snow, and there seemed to be no relief for it. No provision had been made for such a contingency because the branch, sheltered by trees and bluffs, had been considered proof against such misfortune. The engineer, who had been on the run for twenty years, was too astonished for words when the small locomotive failed to cut the drift into which it had plunged so confidently, and he sat on his seat staring dumbly at the conductor, who swore shockingly and gesticulated with his arms.

In the coach were two passengers, both young men. One was the type of commercial salesman sent out by small jobbing houses, well dressed, self-assertive, crudely philosophic; the other, by appearance, plainly a farmer. He wore a baggy, shiny black suit, and his white collar was attached to aingham shirt by a white bone button, sewed with black thread. His appearance was enhanced by a carefully trimmed shock of hair and whiskers.

The commercial salesman had arisen when the train stopped and had walked to the door. "I guess," he remarked after a minute, "that we're stalled."

He whistled a popular melody as he walked down the aisle and noted with some amusement that the other man was clutching the back of a seat, his eyes filled with consternation. "Provoking, isn't it?" the drummer said as he lighted a cigar and drew a paper covered book from his grip. "Y-yes-by-cat!" the other stammered. "Say, do you mean that we're stuck?"

"That's it exactly. Here's the conductor now." The conductor slammed the door viciously and shook the snow from his cap. "We're up against it, gentlemen," he announced in disgust. "The confounded teakettle is dying like a sick pig out there in a drift no bigger'n a washtub. We're two miles from Dilkport, and the snow's so thick you can't see your hand before your face. Lucky we've been to supper."

"Then we won't get out tonight?" asked the farmer anxiously, looking at his watch. "That's the size of it. As we're up here on this pea vine the section men won't learn what's the matter with us till tomorrow. We've got plenty of coal. It might be worse."

"Yes," said the farmer, "I s'pose it might, but I don't see how it could be much worse for me." He picked up an overshoe. "You see," he explained, fastening the buckle, "I've got a particular engagement tonight up at Dilkport, and if the train ain't going I've got to hoof it."

He put on the other shoe and rose, reaching for the wolfskin coat which dangled from one end of the parcel holder. The conductor and the salesman contemplated him in astonishment. "But, man, you can't do it possibly," said the conductor. "You'll fall through a bridge or something, and then you'll freeze to death."

"I reckon 'tis a bit risky," admitted the farmer, "but I ain't at all sure it wouldn't be riskier not to. You see, my wife's at Dilkport, and she's sick. She may be dying. I've got to go to her." An expression of sympathy came upon the conductor's face, and that of the salesman took on a sudden gravity.

back I was an unnatural, unreason-

able brute." "Correct," said the conductor frankly. "Well, she went. For four months I've been baching it on the farm, growing crabbler every day, and this morning I happened to meet a young chap in the store at Pepperdock that knows my wife's folks. He lives at Dilkport when he isn't traveling around the country selling things. "I s'pose you've heard from your wife this morning?" he asked me. "No," said I, with a snap; "I hain't." "Well, I've just come from home," said he, "and there was a report on the street when I left that she was liable to die. The kid's all right, though."

"Huh!" said I, startled to death. "The kid?" "Yes," said he, looking at me in a sort of peculiar way; "didn't you know there was a kid born yesterday?" "Why, yes, of course," I said, shamed into the lie. I was that dazed I didn't know my name for a minute. "Your wife's a fine woman," the young chap went on, me listening like one in a dream. "I sent her a patent dish washer about six months ago on trial. It didn't suit her, but she didn't do as most women would have done. She wrote me a real nice letter, telling me that it had disappointed her; that it wasn't what she'd pictured it. She said she wished to go home 'o Dilkport for a visit in a short time and that when she come she'd bring it up with her, saying me the express charges. I tell you, a fellow in this agency business learns to appreciate little things like that."

"And then in a flash I saw it all. The letter I'd seen was the one she was writing about that dish washer. I bolted home without getting the things I'd come to town after. I hustled around and spruced up a little and got somebody to care for the stock, and— I'm going to get to Dilkport tonight in spite of blazes; that's all there is to it!"

He left the coach, followed by the conductor and the salesman, who felt impelled by sympathy to see him off on his perilous trip. They climbed over the freight cars toward the blinding storm toward the locomotive. "Look out for the next car!" called the conductor. "It's loaded with oil barrels. Better let me go ahead with the lantern."

The farmer stopped. "All right," he said. "Is there any oil in the barrels?" "They're full of it. Why?" "I was just thinking that once I bought a barrel of oil, and on the way home the sled tipped over in a drift, and the bung came out of the barrel, and the oil run on to the snow. It was a pitch dark night, and I didn't have a lantern. I was in bad shape, but I gathered together a pile of straw that had been in the sled box and lit it with a match, and the first thing I knew that oil soaked drift was melting."

"By the holy green light!" exclaimed the conductor as the other's idea became clear to him. "Do you suppose we could do it?" "I'd be willing to stand the expense of three barrels of oil toward trying it."

The conductor jumped into the cab and laid the plan before the engineer, who had stubbornly refused to leave the engine until compelled by the cold. "It might work," said the engineer after a few minutes' deliberation. "Tain't like as if we were buried. We're just tangled up a little; that's all. If I could get a start, I'd go through. Jim"—addressing the fireman with sudden energy—"coal up! Make her hum!"

The conductor called the two brakemen and the express messenger, and with the assistance of the two passengers three barrels of kerosene were rolled from the car and carried to the front end of the train. The heads of the barrels were broken in, and the oil was scattered upon the snow by painful and shovelful. Then, when no more remained, the conductor lighted a great handful of greasy waste and threw it upon the drift. It sputtered a moment, flickered, all but went out. The farmer rolled one of the empty oil soaked barrels within reach of the burning waste.

"It's no g"— There was a blinding glare, followed by a sizzling, hissing roar. The drift melted as if by magic. The flames licked the drive wheels of the locomotive and reached almost to the cab. "Coal her! Coal her!" shouted the engineer to the fireman. The conductor jumped up and down excitedly, waving his lantern. "All-I aboard-r-rd!" he yelled. Half an hour later the train pulled into Dilkport.

The conductor received a note the next day. It read: "Everything's all right. She's been getting better from the minute I got here. I wanted to go down to the station to see you, but I can't seem to tear myself away from her and the baby. Send me bill for the oil."

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

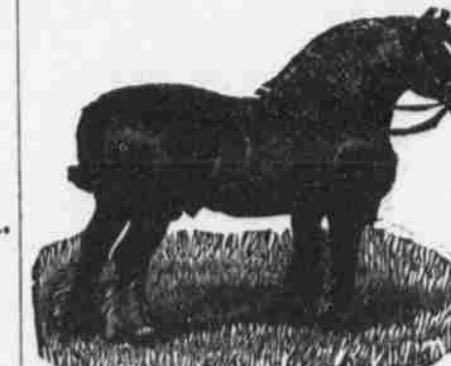
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