

ANIMAL IMITATIVENESS.

How a Beggar's Dog Grows to Be Like His Master.

"One of the most curious traits to be found in the animal nature," said an observant citizen, "is that which grows out of the unconscious imitativeness of creatures of the lower order. I have observed many instances of it in the creatures of a lower order have taken on the characteristics in some noticeable degree of members of the human family. One might know, for instance, the beggar's dog from the look of the dog, from the droop of the eye, the pathetic hang of the lip and a certain general air of despondency and hopelessness which seems to speak in the very nature of the animal. I mention the beggar's dog because it is a familiar example. The beggar's dog never looks cheerful, never smiles, never frolics, but simply sits by his master and broods and begs for whatever charity may give."

"I have seen the dog character molded under happier influences, and the dog became more cheerful. It was a light hearted, free and easy sort of creature and seemed to get something of the sunnier side of things. I am almost tempted to say that if you will show me a man's dog I will tell you what manner of man the owner is, with particular reference to temperament and his moods. The melancholy man, the man who grovels mentally along the gloomier groves, the pessimistic man who is always looking at the dark side of the picture, all the men who come within these unhappy classifications rarely own a cheerful dog. The dog unconsciously takes to the ways of the master and in his moods imitates the master's way of thinking. "But turn to the dog of the jolly, cheerful fellow. Watch him show his teeth in laughter when the master approaches. He is darting across the yard and dancing and frisking around the master's feet in the happiest way imaginable, and he is up to all kinds of pranks and does all kinds of little things to indicate the good nature that is in him. He does as his master does and seems to take the same general view of life. These are small things, I guess, but they show just how important one's way of thinking may influence one's dog and change his whole view of life."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

Ghosts went out with gas.—"The Pagan's Cup."

It is only selfish people who cannot believe that they are selfish.—E. B. Benson, "Scarlet and Hyssop."

The things men inherit are mostly weights; they must grow their own wings.—"In White and Black."

Kings are great in the eyes of the people, but the people are great in the eyes of God.—J. Huntly McCarthy, "If I Were King."

One must love at least two women to appreciate either, and did the silly creatures but know it a rival becomes them like a patch.—Edith Wharton, "The Valley of Decision."

Men are singularly unoriginal when they make love or pray. Women and the Deity have been perpetually hearing the same thing from the beginning of speech.—"The Story of Eden."

A woman never does care for her own soul so much as she cares for the man she loves, but if she is good she cares for her soul more than for her happiness or even than for his happiness.—"The Alien."

A Good Memory.

When Theodore Roosevelt was governor of New York, he was a great friend of the porters and employees of the New York Central. One morning he took the 9:15 train from Albany west, and as he entered the car he said to Adams, the colored porter: "Hello, porter! You here still?"

"Yes, sir," replied the porter, "and I'm going to stay here till you get to be president, and then I want you to give me a job."

"I'll go you," promptly replied the governor, and, sure enough, when Governor Roosevelt became president of the United States he surprised Adams by sending for him to go to work in Washington.—Schoolmaster.

What He Really Said.

Mrs. Buffers—The teller at that bank says you are just the meanest, stingiest—

Mr. Buffers—Great Scott! What's that? He says—

Mrs. Buffers—Well, he didn't say it in so many words, but that is what he meant, of course.

Mr. Buffers—See here! What did the fellow say?

Mrs. Buffers—He asked me to endorse the check, and when I told him I hadn't the ghost of an idea what he meant he said he presumed I hadn't had much experience getting checks cashed, so there!—New York Weekly.

The Book Agent.

Agent—I have a book you should buy for your son telling how to become a politician, statesman, president of the United States, banker, broker—

Mrs. Hennessy—G'wan! Did yer mother buy wan for you?—Brooklyn Life.

Appropriate Treatment.

The Thoughtful Man—What would you recommend as treatment for a man who is always going around with a poor mouth?

The Funny Fellow—Send him to a dentist.—Yonkers Herald.

Grades of Youngness.

Visitor (kindly)—How old are you, dear?

Little Girl (with great dignity)—I'm not old at all. Granny's old, but mother's young, and daddy's young, and I'm very young!—Punch.



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The Man Chase.

A convict had broken bounds and the dogs were put on the trail, that was still warm. It was an exciting scene. No one was near except a few prison officials in charge of a hundred desperate felons, and I felt the exciting sense of a sentinel on a lonely outpost as the six bloodhounds bounded through tangled forest, baying madly at every tangled branch. The negro's force was spent, and he took to a tree in his effort to save himself from the baying dogs. I could not help thinking of the scene when a possum is treed, but I doubt whether the simile occurred to the wretched felon. He had broken off a branch and was desperately lashing dynamite, one of the finest bloodhounds in the state, whose mouth was only a foot or two below him. Dynamite has been known to climb trees and to make a spring of ten feet in getting up to the first branches. Then the dogs were called off, and the negro, unharmed, was taken back in less than an hour after he began his escape. —Leslie's Magazine.

A Poet's Little Story.
"Magazine poetry," said a young Philadelphian who dabbles in verse, "is always a source of wonder to me. For a long time I have read it and tried to understand it, but many of the poems I couldn't make head or tail of. For five years I have sent verses of my own to one magazine and always got them back, usually with a printed rejection slip, but occasionally with a polite note from the editor explaining why the particular verse was not available. One day it occurred to me that obscurity was the open sesame to the pages of this magazine, and, more in jest than anything else, I scribbled off a sonnet that meant absolutely nothing. My only thought was to string together a lot of meaningless words that would rhyme. I couldn't help laughing to myself when I read it over. I called it 'Obscurity' and sent it off. After three months had gone by I got a check for it and a letter from the editor complimenting me upon having at length fathomed the depths of true poetry. What humbug it all is!"—Philadelphia Record.

Time Table

Alliance, Neb.

LINCOLN, OMAHA, CHICAGO, ST. JOSEPH, KANSAS CITY, ST. LOUIS, DENVER, HELENA, BUTTE, SALT LAKE CITY, PORTLAND, SAN FRANCISCO, and all points east and all points west and south.

TRAINS LEAVE AS FOLLOWS, MOUNTAIN TIME:

No. 41 Passenger daily, Des Moines, Billings, all points north and west, 10:35 a.m.
No. 42 Passenger daily, Lincoln, Omaha, Chicago, and all points east, 11:05 a.m.
No. 301 Passenger daily, for Denver, Ogden, Salt Lake, San Francisco, and all intermediate points, departs at 1:10 a.m.
No. 302 Passenger daily from Denver and all intermediate points, arrives at 10:40 a.m.
No. 43 Local passenger daily from Omaha, Lincoln and intermediate points arrives at 6:00 a.m.
No. 44 Local passenger daily, for Omaha, Lincoln and intermediate points, departs at 3:10 a.m.
No. 303 Daily, except Sunday, for points south and west, departs at 7:50 a.m.
No. 304 Daily, except Sunday, from south and west, arrives, 4:55 p.m.

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Notice.

Joseph F. McManis will take notice that on the 11th day of August, 1903, Isaac R. Rocky, a justice of the peace of Dorsey precinct, Box 1110 county, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$75.00 in an action pending before him wherein John F. Neeland is plaintiff and Joseph F. McManis is defendant, that property of defendant, consisting of money has been attached under said order. Said case was continued to the 15th day of October, 1903, at 1 o'clock p.m.

JOHN F. NEELAND, Plaintiff.

Hemlock, Nebraska, September 15, 1903.

1903-18



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ROLLING AN UMBRELLA.

The Proper Way is to Twist Ribs and Stick Together.

"Why is it," asked an inquisitive customer in a downtown umbrella store, "that one can never roll up an umbrella as compactly and neatly as it is rolled when he buys it?"

"You can if you only know how," said the salesman, "but if everybody knew how it would mean less business for us. The umbrellas would last longer, and there would be a lot less work for the repairers."

"Perhaps I shouldn't tell you how," the clerk continued, "but it's so simple you should know anyhow. If you have noticed, nearly everybody who rolls up an umbrella takes hold of it by the handle and keeps twisting the stick with one hand while he folds and rolls with the other hand."

"Now, that's just where the mistake comes in. Instead of twisting with the handle he should take hold of it just above the points of the cover ribs. These points naturally lie evenly around the stick. Keep hold of these, pressing them tightly against the stick, and then roll up the cover. Holding the ribs prevents them from getting twisted out of place or bending out of shape. Then the silk is bound to fold evenly and roll smooth and tight."

"Roll your umbrella this way, and until it is old enough to get rusty looking it will look as if it had just come from the shop."—New York Herald.

The Previous Question.

Old Senator Nesmith of Oregon, one of the first settlers of the state, used to tell this story: At the time when Oregon was admitted as a state and the first legislature of the state met Nesmith, who was a member, possessed himself of a copy of a book on parliamentary procedure. This work, which was at the time probably the only one of its sort west of the Mississippi, he studied diligently and by the time of the first session was well up in the rules of debate.

At the first meeting of the new legislature a motion was introduced and speedily carried, but on the second measure a dispute arose, and for three days the state legislators wrangled and debated.

Finally, on the third day, Nesmith, who had watched the proceedings without even opening his mouth, decided it was time to use a piece of his parliamentary procedure, so he rose and moved the "previous question."

There was a moment of silence following this motion, and then amid a shout of derision the speaker cried: "Sit down, you fool! We passed the previous question three days ago!"

Where English Clubs Differ.

A point which strikes American visitors to London about the English clubs is the social aspect of them and the almost complete absence of the business side. At the Manhattan or the Knickerbocker, on the other hand, the business side prevails. The majority of members do not drop in merely to read the papers, hear the latest story and play billiards, as over here. They go in most cases to meet a man about "a deal," to talk over the business of the day and discuss the business of the morrow or to read up the finance of the papers. The result is that when an American becomes a member of an English club he hardly ever uses it because its ways do not appeal to him. He would say that there was nothing going on.—London Tatler.

Hunting by Moonlight.

"I believe that moonlight shooting is peculiar to California," said a resident of that state. "The air there is so dry in certain localities, the nights so clear and the moonlight so bright that one gets a good range of vision, and everything stands out with startling distinctness. Wild ducks frequently move in the night, and the sportsman who is alert will get the whir of wings and a sight of them almost as well at night as in the daytime. There is an added tinge of excitement afforded by a night hunt, and many California hunters go out on clear nights and frequently with great success."—New York Tribune.

Cesar Borgia.

Cesar Borgia has been called "the greatest practical statesman of his age," and in a sense the remark is true, for at a time when practical statesmanship consisted of every deceit and every crime, when poison and the dagger were the usual implements of policy, and nothing was considered wrong provided that the object were attained, no man excelled him in the arts of public life.—William Miller, "Medieval Rome."

Part of the Business.

"And every one of those brass band people," said the proprietor of the Slowville hotel, "went away owing me a week's board."

"Well," commented the shoe salesman, "you know that music is full of cents."

But the landlord only gazed sadly out of the window.—Baltimore American.

Perfectly Satisfied.

Papa—Is the teacher satisfied with you?

Toby—Oh, quite.

Papa—Did he tell you so?

Toby—Yes. After a close examination he said to me the other day, "If all my scholars were like you I would shut up my school this very day!" That shows that I know enough.—Stray Stories.

The Real Trouble.

Burroughs—Yes, I'm deeply in debt. Goodman—I gave you credit for having more sense.

Burroughs—But the trouble is my tailor gave me credit for having more dollars.—Philadelphia Press.