

RAILROAD MEN'S WATCHES.

They Must Be Good Ones and Regularly Compared and Inspected.

A man with smoke around his hands and face walked into one of the downtown jewelry stores and landed over a big gold watch and a card. The repair man looked at the watch, made some queer marks on the card and handed both back. And the man walked out of the store.

"Didn't know you sell on the installment plan," suggested the inquisitive repairer.

"Don't," was the laconic response and then the jeweler explained, "The man is a locomotive fireman, and his watch was being compared. You see it is absolutely necessary that railroad watches keep good time, and the matter of making them keep good time has been systematized."

"The firemen, engineers, conductors, rear brakemen and train masters on all of the roads in this country have orders to have their watches compared twice a month and inspected every six months. On some roads nearly all of the watches are compared."

The period of man's whole history is not sufficient for an express train to traverse half the distance to Neptune from the earth. Thought weariness and falls in seeking to grasp such distances. It can scarcely comprehend 1,000,000 miles, and here are thousands of them. When we stand on that, the outermost of the planets, the very last sentinel of the outposts of the King, the very sun grows dim and small in the distance.

A Stern Chase.

The Youth—Yes, I'm in business for myself, but I don't seem to be able to meet with any success.

The Sage—Nobody ever meets with business, young man. He must overtake it.—Philadelphia Press.

Disturbed the Peace.

"She disturbed my peace of mind." "How?" "Gave me a piece of hers."—Detroit Free Press.

Blackening the nose, the cheeks and the forehead has been found an effective preventive of snow blindness.

MOHAMMEDANS AT PRAYER.

They Always Respond When the Voice of the Muezzin Calls.

The Mohammedan begins his prayer standing, with his hands outspread and his thumbs touching the lobes of his ears. In this position he repeats certain passages from the Koran, then brings his hands down to his thighs, folds them and recites several other passages from the same book. Next he bends forward, rests both hands upon his knees and repeats three times with bowed head the formula of prayer to God, the most great. Then he rises and cries, "Allah hu akbar" (God is great) sixteen times.

He then drops forward until his forehead touches the ground between his extended hands. He strikes his head upon the floor at least three times, proclaiming his humility, and often a dozen and sometimes twenty times the act will be repeated, according to his desire to show humility and repentance. He then returns to his knees and, settling back upon his heels, repeats a ritual. Next, arising to his feet, he holds his hands and concludes the prayer, repeating over and again the words, "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

This may be repeated once or a dozen or forty times, according to the piety of the worshiper, and he holds a string of beads in his hands to keep tally. His obligations are then accomplished, but he can go through the same ritual again as many times as he likes. The more frequently he does so the better Muslim he is. His piety is measured by the number of times he repeats his prayers, and, like the Pharisees of the Scriptures, he prays in public places. No matter where he happens to be or by whom he is surrounded, whether at labor in the fields or selling goods in his shop or however he may be employed, the Mussulman never forgets to pray when the voice of the muezzin reminds him that the hour for devotion has arrived.

NOT SO VERY GREEN.

The Florida Man Rather Evened Matters Up With the New Yorker.

When the young man from Florida came to live in New York, he woke up one morning last winter, and, going to the window, he looked out on what was to him a novel scene. It was a snowstorm, the first he had ever seen.

Jumping into his clothes, he ran into the street. He stooped and gathered handfuls of snow and threw them in the air. He jumped into a drift and sent it flying with his feet. He finally lay down and rolled in it, all the time shouting and laughing at the top of his voice.

One of the crowd which had gathered to watch his antics went up to him and told him how his mother used to cure fits and volunteered to try it on him.

"I haven't any fit," the young man said.

"What's the matter with you, then?" "Why, don't you see the snow?"

"Yes, I see it. What of it? I have seen it before."

"Well, I haven't," said the Florida young man.

"What! You never saw snow before?" asked the astonished questioner.

"Never. Seems strange to you, don't it?"

"It beats any sample of verdancy I ever ran across."

"Oh, I don't know," mused the Florida cracker. "Did you ever see an alligator eating a nigger? No? Well, you are not so many after all. I have seen it many times." And, throwing a handful of snow down his shirt collar, he pursued his joyous gambols.—New York Mail and Express.

TRAMP LIFE SIGNS

Explanations Which Will Help You to Understand Them.

The rude drawings hardly need a key. When on some white gatepost I found the sketch of a gun, I stole farther down the road. I had a strong objection so early in my career to being riddled full of holes by some strolling farmer. The outline of a dog of warlike proportions, with wild eyes and ferocious teeth, was wont to make me go breakfastless. My summer wardrobe was not in condition to allow of further mutilation. If I felt brave enough to kick a yelping cur, I sauntered in recklessly at the gate which bore a portrait of a toy dog. Once past him one could usually get a bite.

A big round "O" did not make one wild to approach the premises it adorned. It generally portrayed a hostess with a nature of adamant. A single "X" stood for a cross saw, which with small manipulation might earn a meal. Two X's made a tramp of none too vigorous a makeup go farther down the road. It suggested considerable wood cutting in exchange for a meal.

The sign every tramp looks for anxiously is a crudely drawn table, with a lopsided coffee cup and a plate upon it. Beyond that gatepost dwells a sweet, simple, motherly soul who will welcome the most dilapidated hobo into her spotless kitchen and set before him a good square meal. She may sit beside him, inquiring as to the safety of his soul, and she may give him a mother's gentle advice or she may have a story to tell tearfully of a wayward boy lost somewhere in the great world, and all the foe she asks for her gracious hospitality is a simple request that in the wanderings of her guest he may look about for her absent boy and give him a loving message of a mother's longing and watching.—Good Housekeeping.

DAIRY NOTES.

Good butter should be sold from the time it is put upon the table.

Any excitement in the dairy cow tends to lessen the flow of milk.

Falling to get all the buttermilk out causes butter to become rancid soon.

To obtain the best results in churning the cream should be only slightly sour.

In winter the cream should be warmed up to about 65 degrees before putting in the churn.

One advantage in brine salting is that it almost entirely avoids streaked or mottled butter.

The milk should always be skimmed while sweet and the cream then allowed to turn slightly sour.

Sometimes butter has white specks distributed through it. This is caused by oversourness in the cream.

In butter making next to controlling the temperature is to churn often while the cream is in good condition.

With temperature under control and churning done at the right time the butter will become solid and be easily handled.

On the farm to make the most out of the milk and butter some of the cows should be bred to come fresh in the spring and some in the fall.—St. Louis Republic.

A Simple Remedy.

The readiness of some people to send for a man to do those little things about the house which the smallest amount of enterprise or ingenuity would enable them to do for themselves is illustrated by an incident reported in the Chicago Tribune of a family named Chuckster.

They had bought some new gas burners with mantles. For a week or two the light was satisfactory; then it grew dim and dimmer until Mrs. Chuckster sent for the gas fitter.

"It grows worse all the time," she explained.

"When was it put in?" asked the man.

"About a month ago."

"Ah, yes; I see."

Then he lifted the chimney off, took it out to the kitchen, washed it with soap and water, and the light burned as brightly as ever.

"Fifty cents," said the man.

An Argument For Social Frankness.

It is best to be sincere, as a family in Germantown recently found out. They had been entertaining a distinguished novelist from abroad who was not altogether acquainted with society's way of saying things it does not mean. The time came for her departure, and as the host was handing her to the carriage he said very courteously, "I am sorry you cannot stay longer."

To which came the unlooked for retort, "Oh, but I can!"

There was only one course open. The trunks were taken down, the carriage sent away, and, to the consternation of her hosts, the lady re-entered the house.—Philadelphia Times.

Red Snow.

In the arctic regions early explorers were astounded to find large areas of red snow, but the phenomenon is now familiar to men of science, who know that red snow, like a green garden fence, is due to the presence of unicellular algae, the only difference being in the coloring matter of the protoplasm. It is said that acres of snow are frequently covered in a single night by these tiny plants.—Good Words.

The Climate.

"Don't you think you have a very changeable climate?" said the stranger.

"No," said the native. "It changes fast enough when it's pleasant, but when it's disagreeable it hangs on like grim death."—Washington Star.

Access to books is an open door to wide knowledge, to a disciplined mind and to immense extension and variety of interests.—Ladies' Home Journal

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 now," 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 stick 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 every thing 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 beats."

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 long more sense.

Burroughs—But the trouble is no tailor gave me credit for having more dollars.—Philadelphia Press.

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 where 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 bang 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 mold itself under happier influences, and the dog became more cheerful. He was a light hearted, free and easy sort of creature and seemed to get something of the sunnier side of things. I am at most 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 with 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 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. P. 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. Hennessey—G'wan! Did your mother buy you 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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Notice.

Joseph F. McManis will take notice that on the 15th day of August, 1903, Isaac Rockey, a justice of the peace of Torrey precinct, Box 200, Torrey, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$50.00 in an action pending before him wherein John F. Seeland is plaintiff and Joseph F. McManis is defendant, that property of defendant, consisting of money has been attached under said order. Said cause was continued to the 15th day of October, 1903, at 1 o'clock p.m.

John F. Seeland, Plaintiff.

Hemingford, Nebraska, September 15, 1903.

J. F. Seeland.

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