

Gypsies and Animals.

The gypsies are nearer to the animals than any race known to us in Europe. They have the lawlessness, the abandonment, the natural physical grace in form and gesture of animals; only a stealthy and wary something in their eyes makes them human.—Arthur Symons.

Biding Her Time.

A Boston child not yet in her teens and unusually precocious, with exceptional penetration, asked her mother the other day: "How long, mother, will it be before I get old enough for you to say that I am nervous and not naughty when I do so and so?"

Rivers and Men.

Little rivers seem to have the indefinable quality that belongs to certain people in the world—the power of drawing attention without courting it, the faculty of exciting interest by their very presence and way of doing things.—Henry van Dyke.

A Premier's Qualifications.

"The life of a cabinet minister," said Mr. Bright at Birmingham in 1885, "is one needing very strong health, a very excellent stomach, a conscience which does not trouble him. It is a position which no sensible man would for a moment envy."

Did He Go to Church?

There has just died, the newspapers tell us, at the age of 89, a gentleman who never slept out of his own house. We trust this does not mean that he never went to church.—London Punch.

Where Ivy Is Beneficial.

Ivy growing over the walls of a house renders the structure cool in summer and warm in winter. It also keeps the walls dry. It is, however, very destructive to woodwork, forcing the joints apart.

On a Level!

Four hundred million firecrackers are said to have been imported by the Chinamen living in this country. And millions of Americans are just as heathenish as the Chinese about them.

Showing Folly of Anger.

A wise man has well reminded us that in any controversy the instant we feel anger we have already ceased striving for the truth, and have begun striving for ourselves.—Carlyle.

Isn't It Funny—

That your wife will kick like thunder if you overstay yourself downtown a couple of hours, but never says a word if you have to go out of town for a week?

A Common Claim.

Every chronic office-holder claims that he could make more money if he had the heart to quit serving the public and go into business for himself.

Air Sailors.

The world will not be greatly surprised when an air sailor drifts across its upper face in a craft that answers wind and helm.

Thy Wife.

Thy wife is a constellation of virtues. She's the moon, and thou art the man in the moon.—William Congreve.

Apparently Perfection.

Fishhooks have been made on precisely the same design for 2,000 years.

Make for Success.

Frugality is a fair fortune; and habits of industry a good estate.—Franklin.

Italian Proverb.

That fish will soon be caught that nibbles at every bait.

A Poor Profession.

No man ever made a good living as a professional pessimist.

When it is said of a child that he is "gifted," look 30 years into the future, and you will see him sitting

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Two story, 3 room house, almost new, every modern convenience, cement walks, sewer, city water, electric light, fruit and shade trees. 2 blocks from car. \$2,500. 3 lots adjoining very cheap. \$1,000. Mortgage of \$800 if desired. Also 40 acres Arkansas Valley irrigated sugar beet land, Fremont county, Colo. A great proposition. Inquire for terms and particulars on these bargains to owner. James Spicer, University Place, Neb.

Lim Jucklin on Country Doctors

By Ople Read

A neighbor had been lingering between life and death, and the attending physician had just given his vague and guarded opinion, when old Lim Jucklin looked up from the box where he was sitting in front of the grocery store and remarked: "Every man that gets money without stealin' it earns it, I reckon; but I don't know of anybody that comes nearer earnin' it twice over than the country doctor. He has to put forth all the skill he has and then must lie to keep hope alive. And hope is the best medicine ever discovered, for it not only aids the sick, but helps the well to bear their burdens."

"I recollect once when old Dock Haines practiced in this neighborhood, long before the most of you were born. Satchett Smith was taken down with some sort of new-fangled fever that was prowlin' around the neighborhood, and kept on a gettin' worse. Finally, one day, his neighbors came in to be present at his death, and they were a-settin' about a-waitin' for the dreaded end when Dock he came in—spoke cheerfully to everybody, joked with a gal about her beau and jollied a widow about an old fellow that was seen hangin' around on the outskirts of her good graces. Well, the wife of the sick man she comes in, just able to walk, she was so grief-stricken, and puts her arms about one of the women and begins to cry; and well she might, for Smith he was a good husband and never found fault with a thing that was or was not on the table at meal time. All of the women folks thought it was about time to cry, and they cried and the men hemmed and hawed and Smith he lay there a fetchin' of his breath the best he could under the circumstances. Parson Biglow went up to the bed and asked Smith how he felt, and Smith said he wan't feelin' at his best, and no one in the room disputed the assertion. But Dock he demurred to the proceedin's; he 'lowed that it wan't meet and it wan't fittin' to cross-question the patient in such a manner. Biglow turned about and says, says he: 'I am a preacher, sir, and I have a right to talk to him about his soul.'

"Yes," says Dock, 'but not till after I get through with his body.' "Biglow he was up in matters of re-tort, and he says, says he: 'And when you do get through with his body his soul will be gone,' and Smith he lay there actin' like he couldn't find another breath. Then Dock he straightened up, and we all knowed that somethin' extraordinary was about to happen. 'If anybody believes strong enough that Smith here is goin' to die he's got a chance to win some easy money,' said he. 'Twenty dollars ain't picked up every minute and I'll bet \$20 in gold and put up the money right now that Smith ain't goin' to die this season. Any takers?'

"The preacher says: 'Yes, undertakers,' which showed to us that along with his knowledge of divine things he was sorter sarcastic. A discussion might have followed, but up spoke Slip Buckner. He was the bettin' man probably that ever lived, and if a chance to bet ever got by him it was in the night, when he was in bed and asleep. Well, he spoke up and says that he will take the bet and we all looked at him, but not with any particular admiration, for he was bettin' on a sure thing. He fished up his money outen the seams of his clothes and his wife she scolded him under her breath, but he shook his head at her and proceeded with the business in hand. 'Here's my money,' says he, 'and I just need twenty more to complete the purchase of a yoke of steers that I've had my eye on for some time.' He looked at Dock and so did we all, for we couldn't see why he would throw away his \$20. But he didn't wince. He took out his gold piece and 'Squire Patterson held the stakes, and after the excitement of puttin' up the money the women returned to their cryin' and things were putty much as they were before—that is, except with Smith himself.

"Now, Smith, he had traveled up and down the Mississippi river in his younger days, a bettin' of everything he had, and it had always held a sort of charm for him. He had sorter sided off with the church, but he couldn't forget the excitement of a bet, and, while he didn't indulge durin' his later life, he felt the thrill of it and would hang 'round for hours a beggin' the boys not to bet on hosses, but stayin' till the last race was won. And now he was interested. It was the first thing that had claimed his entire mind since the fever came along and spread its heat over him. 'He'll be a walkin' about in less than two weeks,' says Dock, and Slip Buckner begins to search himself. 'Somewhere about me I've got twenty more that says—he-won't,' he declared, and Dock he sorter winced at this, but he was

game, and without sayin' a word he outs with another gold piece and Buckner he covered it with silver and paper, and the women folks 'lowed that the world was gettin' closer and closer akin to old Satan every day.

"For a long time Dock he set there swearin' that he was sure to win, and finally he says to Smith that he will give him half the money. And Smith laughed—yes, sir, laughed, not a loud haw-haw, but a chuckle, and the women cried afresh, for they thought that Smith was goin' into eternity a laughin', which to them was a mighty bad promise for the future. Well, we set about till evenin', and when the candles were lighted the fire on the hearth began to sing a low, sweet song, imitatin' the sound of somebody walkin' through snow, and we heard Smith breathin' in a natural sort of way and we looked at him and he was asleep. Well, to make a long story short, he was better the next mornin', and within the time set he was walkin' about, and Dock not only gave him half the money, but all he had won. And Buckner—well, some time afterwards, when Smith was a candidate for justice of the peace, Buck he 'lows, 'I ain't goin' to vote for him. He done me a bad turn once—beat me out of a lot of money.' Dock told me that he expected to lose the money, but it was one chance in a thousand that he might save Smith by excitin' his mind.

"Yes, sir," the old man added after a few moments of meditation, "a doctor must know human nature as well as medicine, and this knowledge mixed with medicine is what makes one doctor better than another. I've known 'em to git out of their beds the coldest nights that ever blowed and ride ten miles to doctor a man they knowed wan't a goin' to pay a cent. It takes great strength always to handle weakness; it takes a god-like patience to deal with the fretful and not be warped over to the side of continual peevishness, and whenever I hear a doctor a-laughin' I always rejoice with him. Science in medicine travels slow, it is true, for each human body is an individual machine, and every mornin' has a new way to go wrong. And I have known men to be such liars that they wouldn't tell a doctor the truth as to how they felt, fearin' that they were givin' him some little advantage. The average doctor has a good sense of humor and has stored up some of the oldest jokes I ever heard, and this is in the direct line of his usefulness, for a sick man can't understand a new joke as well as an old one.

"The saddest time for the sick man is not when the doctor is comin' to see him, but the time when the doctor's bill begins to pay its visits. It ought not to be, but a doctor's bill is a mighty hard thing to pay. It is like payin' for a January overcoat in July. When old Alf Bug was gettin' well—just about the time the doctor pronounced him out of danger—he said to him: 'Doctor, you have been mighty faithful, and I thank you, but I'm sorry that I can't pay you nothin'. If I had died you would have got your money, for my life is insured, but as it is I can't give you a cent.'

"The doctor looked at him a minute and says: 'Bug, I think you need just one more dose of medicine.'

"Much obliged to you," replied Bug, 'but I've got a plenty.'

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Errors in Weather Forecasts.

People have learned by experience to make allowance for error in the predictions of the weather bureau, but Prof. Schuster thinks that the allowances should be officially stated. Astronomers, it appears, are in the habit of giving the value of the "probable error" when publishing their observations. But although meteorology lends itself more readily than any other science to the evolution of deviations from the mean result, the weather forecasters have not adopted the custom of stating the probable error. Prof. Schuster looks forward to the time when weather forecasts will be accompanied by a statement of the odds that the prediction will be fulfilled. Then, perhaps, we shall read in the weather column not simply "rain to-morrow," but "three to one," or "nine to one for rain to-morrow."

Eternal Vigilance.

Various are the devices for the defense and security of cities, as palisades, walls, ditches and other such kinds of fortification, all of which are the results of the labors of the hand and maintained at great expense. But there is one common bulwark which men of prudence possess within themselves—the protection and guard of all people, especially of free states, against the attacks of tyrants. What is this? Distrust.—Demosthenes (384-322 B. C.)

TRADE THAT WAS CALLED OFF.

Minister's Really Good Reason for Not Purchasing Horse.

"I saw an instance recently," remarked Senator Carter of Montana, "of one way to get along with Indians when it comes to a horse deal. One of the missionaries who makes occasional excursions into the Crow country by way of getting on friendly terms with the tribe, commissioned two of the men to get him a swift, strong and presentable riding horse, and he stipulated that he would pay a hundred dollars for the kind of horse described. The braves soon appeared with a horse, swift, strong and a splendid looking animal, but, alas! so vicious that he had to be clubbed almost to insensibility before he would be saddled. Then the Indians blindfolded him to get on the bridle.

"The missionary looked on, anything, but edified by the conduct of the braves and fierce temper of the horse. Still, the Indians insisted that they had brought the horse described and they demanded the hundred. The missionary explained that though the horse could go like the wind, the rider ran the risk of having his neck broken before he dismounted. More than that, the missionary was not strong enough to beat the horse as the Indians had. Besides, he finished tearfully, 'How can I blindfold the horse whenever I want to mount?' The Indians replied that all he had to do was to take off his shirt and tie it over the horse's head. 'But conceive,' said the man of God, 'how I would look being compelled to take off my shirt every time I got on the horse. Why, you Indians know that I go among whites as well as Indians, and women as well as men. It would cover me with shame to pull off my shirt that way. I cannot buy this horse.' The Crows thought it over and finally gave up on the ground that it would not be seemly for the preacher to have to take off his garments promiscuously, so the deal was off amicably."

Recipe for Oratory.

Representative Hobson, at the end of a brilliant speech on naval armament, was congratulated on his oratory.

"What is your recipe for good oratory?" a reporter asked. "I am afraid oratory comes natural," was the reply. "There is, though one recipe for it, old Job Walmsby's, but it is hardly satisfactory.

"Tha wants to be a public speyker, dos' tha, lad? Job, in his Yorkshire dialect would say. 'An' tha thinks Awm the chep to put tha up a wrinkle about it? Tha's right, I awm. Now, hark tha! When tha rises to meek thy speych, hit taable, and oppen thy mawth. If nowt comes, tak' a sup o' water, an' hit taable again. Then oppen thy mawth wider than afoor. Then, if nowt comes, tak' thysen off, and leave public speakin' to such as me.'"

One of World's Wonders.

Mount Etna, now attracting the apprehensive gaze of the world after 16 years' retirement from active business, has furnished more material for travelers' tales than any other mountain on earth. Astonished Englishmen of a century ago, who fell into the fashionable habit of climbing its highest peak—and some did so, to the amazement of the Sicilians, even in the dead of winter—have left on record in the exuberant language of their day the emotions that thrilled their soul. "The man who treads Mount Etna," wrote one of these, "is a man above the world. Every river on the island can be traced from its mouth to its source."

Dog Attacks Child and Girl Kills It.

When Miss Irene Cranston, of Rose-land, N. J., saw a dog whose actions convinced her it was mad, attack her seven-year-old brother, she kicked it until it released its hold, and seized its hind legs. Swinging it around her head, she dashed it against a stone wall and killed it, and then fainted.

A Resourceful Traveler.

Curator Ditmars of the Bronx zoo was discussing with a reporter the strange case of "Big Mose," the fasting crocodile.

"Now, with Mose for a pet," concluded the curator, smiling, "the Arizona traveler wouldn't have been able to show his famous piece of economical ingenuity. You have heard, no doubt, of the feat? The traveler and his dog were lost and hungry on the plains. Night fell. It looked as though both must go supperless to bed. But the ingenious traveler cut off the dog's tail, made a nutritious soup of it, and gave the hungry animal the bone."

Hard Task for Chef.

That Parisian chef, recently in New York, who knows of 163 ways of cooking an egg, can greatly extend his fortune if he can tell one sure way of cooking an ancient egg so as to rejuvenate it.

Always.

It is useless to give an egotist your honest opinion of him, because he will think you are prejudiced.

QUEEN OF ACTRESSES PRAISES PE-RU-NA.



MISS JULIA MARLOWE.

"I am glad to write my endorsement of the great remedy, Peruna. I do so most heartily."—Julia Marlowe.

Any remedy that benefits digestion strengthens the nerves. The nerve centers require nutrition. If the digestion is impaired, the nerve centers become anemic, and nervous debility is the result.

Peruna is not a nerve nor a stimulant. It benefits the nerves by benefiting digestion.

Peruna frees the stomach of catarrhal congestions and normal digestion is the result.

In other words, Peruna goes to the bottom of the whole difficulty, when the disagreeable symptoms disappear. Mrs. J. C. Jamison, Wallace, Cal., writes:

"I was troubled with my stomach for six years. Was treated by three doctors. They said that I had nervous dyspepsia. I was put on a liquid diet for three months. "I improved under the treatment, but as soon as I stopped taking the medicine, I got bad again. "I saw a testimonial of a man whose case was similar to mine being cured by Peruna, so I thought I would give it a trial. "I procured a bottle at once and commenced taking it. I have taken several bottles and am entirely cured."

The life of a woman can be divided into three epochs: in the first she dreams of love, in the second she experiences it, in the third she regrets it.—Saint-Prospere.

Might Miss Something.

Edyth—I told him there was no use wasting his time, as I didn't intend to marry him and that if he wrote to me I would return his letters unopened.

Mayme—Oh you shouldn't have done that. He might have inclosed matinee tickets in some of them.

A Matter of Time.

It was the day of the ball game, and Willie, the office-boy, approached the head of the firm, and stammered: "If y-you p-p-please, sir—"

"Come, hurry up!" said his employer. "If you have anything to say, say it. Don't take half a day."

"But that's just what I was going to ask you if I could take," said Willie.—Harper's Weekly.

She Said So, Anyway.

The young man who was endeavoring to win the favor of Bobby's pretty sister met the boy on the street one morning, and greeted him with much cordiality.

"Er—do you think your sister was pleased to know I had called the other day?" he was at last forced to ask, bluntly, after several efforts to guide Bobby's conversation in that direction. "Sure!" said Bobby, with gratifying promptness. "I know she was. I heard her say so."

"When she came home mother said, 'Mr. Brown called while you were out,' and she said, 'He did? Well, I'm glad of that!'"—Youth's Companion.

BUILT UP

Right Food Gives Strength and Brain Power.

The natural elements of wheat and barley, including the phosphate of potash, are found in Grape-Nuts, and that is why persons who are run down from improper food pick up rapidly on Grape-Nuts.

"My system was run down by excessive night work," writes a N. Y. man, "in spite of a liberal supply of ordinary food."

"After using Grape-Nuts I noticed improvement at once, in strength, and nerve and brain power."

"This food seemed to lift me up and stay with me for better exertion, with less fatigue. My weight increased 20 lbs. with vigor and comfort in proportion."

"When traveling I always carry the food with me to insure having it."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.