

HE DESERVED A REWARD.

For His Invention Had Caused the World Lots of Trouble.

His satanic majesty was in exceptionally good humor.

"Dantello!" he called to one of his aides.

"That depends, sire," replied the sprite.

"Well," said his satanic majesty thoughtfully.

"I think I know the man, sire," said the sprite deferentially.

"I refer to the man who by his innate devilishness has given me subjects without number.

"Who is your selection?"

"Who could it be, sire, but the man who invented the big, clumsy, horrible railroad-exit turnstile?"

CURES INSOMNIA.

A Man Hired to Squirt Water on His Employer's Window.

Not far from Washington square, in Chicago, a man has been earning \$1 a night in a novel way.

He begins work when the master of the house goes to bed.

and remains on duty until he is convinced in his own mind that his employer has gone sound to sleep.

The man is paid \$1 a night to stand under his employer's window and play the steam from the hose on the window panes.

His employer's friends say that he is such a great traveler that he cannot sleep unless he hears the splash of water under the port hole of his cabin.

So that he is obliged to get up a substitute when on land, and that the nearest approach to this soothing wish is a slender stream of water moving over the window panes.

The fact is, the man had discovered a cure for insomnia which is working well in his case.

The idea was suggested to him one afternoon when he was stretched on the sand at the edge of the lake.

The monotonous breaking of the waves lulled him to slumber, and that afternoon he enjoyed his first good nap for a week.

Soon after he hired a man to squirt water on his bedroom window, and he says that the muffled sound kept up for an hour sends him to sleep every night.

TAUGHT HIM THE MANLY ART.

How a Thin-Legged, Narrow-Chested Boy Surprised His Assaulters.

A well-known Philadelphian, who in his youth was given a little to sport, has a particularly fine boy who is very spirited.

At school he suffered very much up to a few months ago from bigger boys, who abused and "pounded" him.

Enjoining the lad to the strictest secrecy, the father employed a retired pugilist, a little bit of a fellow, and had him give the boy lessons several times a week in boxing.

At odd moments he practiced with the boy himself. Finally the lad, with that assurance and sense of prowess which comes under such circumstances, wanted to be loose, but the father held him back until he felt perfectly satisfied.

Not long ago he told his son to go ahead. An opportunity soon presented itself, and it would be hard to describe the sensation that followed when the young whipper snapper who had been taking thumps for a year or two sailed in and laid out completely two of the biggest bullies and braggarts in the school.

Where Royal Ashes Lie.

Henry VIII. is buried in accordance with the provisions of his will alongside Jane Seymour, his third wife and mother of Edward VI., in St. George's chapel in Windsor castle.

In the same royal vault are interred Henry VI., Edward IV. and his queen, George III. and his queen, George IV., the Princess Charlotte, the duke of Kent, the duke of York, William IV. and his queen and other members of the royal family.

It is an interesting place to visit, and the keep of the castle near by is where James I. of Scotland was confined.

Painting on Corn.

It is said that the smallest piece of painting in the world has recently been executed by a Flemish artist.

It is painted on the smooth side of a grain of common white corn, and pictures a mill and a miller mounting a stairs with a sack of grain on his back.

The mill is represented as standing on a terrace, and near it are a horse and cart, while a group of several peasants is shown in the road near by.

The picture is beautifully distinct, every object being finished with microscopic fidelity.

Art and Nature.

The aesthete Frau Von St.—has contrived to secure the leading hero in a well-known theater, and a great favorite with the ladies, as her companion at the supper table.

The lady displayed unlimited conversational powers, and her enthusiasm waxed more fervid as she proceeded.

"Tell me how you feel when you have played the part of Romeo?" she whispered. "Hungry!" replied the actor, with the most artless and indifferent air in the world.

HER DOG.

Frau Wagner Insists That It Shall Be Healed in the Hospital.

Frau Cosima Wagner continues to stir up the German people by her numerous eccentricities.

She is very fond of animal pets, and when the good burghers of Bayreuth heard not long ago, that the great composer's son, Siegfried, had been declaiming birthday odes to Frau Cosima's pets, when the anniversary of one of these creatures came round, they uttered mild protests.

Thinking the amusement rather beneath the level of the family of a great master of art.

But their protests were changed to indignant criticism when they heard that Frau Cosima had sent one of her dogs, a magnificent St. Bernard, which she had had great trouble in rearing, to the city hospital, to be treated for some trivial difficulty in the regular operating room among the human patients.

The family physician of the Wagners, Dr. Landgraf, is also the chief surgeon at the Bayreuth hospital, and upon him fell the resentment of the people of the village.

Horrified at the idea that Frau Wagner should think a dog worthy to associate with their sick folk, they vented their spleen in the regular newspapers, and in the local clubs, and quite frightened the good lady.

But she is as strong-minded as eccentric, and practically told them to mind their own business.

Her logic, too, is not without strength.

She says that if a St. Bernard dog, or any other dog, is good enough to associate with man in his daily life, and to be admitted to his drawing room and library, there is no reason why he should not be allowed in his hospital when suffering and in need of help.

PIECE THE SHAH LIKED.

As Barbaric to the Audience as Was the Kaiser's Taste.

The shah of Persia when visiting the emperor of Germany some years ago was taken to the opera, and during the course of the performance was asked how he liked the music.

He confessed that the majority of it was pretty crude, but that one piece the orchestra had just been playing was simply superb.

The emperor at once gave orders for the repetition of the piece.

"No," said the shah, "that's not it." Another one was played. "No," returned the royal visitor, "it's not that, either."

Presently the orchestra began to tuck up their instruments.

"That's it!" cried the shah, enthusiastically. "That's the piece I was trying to tell you about!"

So for the edification of this barbaric ruler and to the anguish of the rest of the audience, the orchestra tuned and untuned, and returned their instruments in the most heartrending fashion, and the shah leaned back in his chair, while his face wore a look of unspeakable enjoyment.

The Center Board.

The center board is said to have been the invention of one Jockocks Swain, a boat builder of Seaville, twenty miles north of Cape May.

He secured letters patent on it April 10, 1811, signed by James Madison, president, and James Monroe, secretary of state.

Originally it was known as a "center board." This new movable keel was afterward called a "lee board" through the efforts of certain builders to evade the terms of Swain's patent by cutting on one side of the stationary keel for the board.

Though of so early an origin, the center board did not become widely popular till after 1850, or about the time the America took the famous cup at Cowes.

The Bed of the Atlantic.

The hollow of the Atlantic ocean is not strictly a basin whose depth increases regularly toward the center.

It is rather a saucer or dish-like one, so even is the contour of its bed.

The greatest depth in the Atlantic has been found some hundred miles to the northward of the island of St. Thomas, where soundings of 3,875 fathoms were obtained.

The seas round Great Britain can hardly be regarded as forming part of the Atlantic hollow. They are rather a part of the platform banks of the European continent that the ocean has overflowed.

Curious Names of Famous Men.

The names of famous men in many cases amount to misnomers when translated into English.

Calderon de la Barca is a very high-sounding name, yet translated literally it means "kettle of a barque." Torquato Tasso in English is "chained terrier."

Dante, a deer skin; Giovanni Boccaccio means "Jack the Braggart"; Bramante, the famous architect, as far as his name goes, was nothing more than a whining pup, and Max Piccolomini, the hero of the thirty years' war, synonymous with "Max, the Dwarf."

Tooth Drawing.

The Brighton, England, board of guardians have found it necessary to order a wholesale extraction of teeth from the children in one of their schools.

It was found that a large number of children, from some unexplained cause, had defective teeth, and on a dentist being called in he found it advisable to extract 129 teeth from 67 boys, and 89 teeth from 49 girls.

Chinese Honor.

In China, drunkards, as well as total abstainers, are almost unknown.

Gambling debts are pre-eminently debts of honor there, and are more willingly and speedily paid than any others.

To pay them a Chinaman will pawn all his property, and even sell his children.

HE DREW THE LINE.

The Boy Was All Right But He Had to Be Sent to School.

"I have a boy who is going to be shipped away to a boarding school just as soon as he is old enough for his mother to give her consent," said a board of trade man with some feeling a day or two ago.

"He is only 5 years old now, but he is too observing and too ready with his tongue. He casts aspersions upon his father's habits that are unjust and uncalculated for."

"You see, it was just this way: The baby has bright red cheeks, and so her mother has given her a pet name of Rosy Cheeks. It is very pretty, and I was wont to smile and feel proud as the mother and baby played together. But it is all changed now. The boy took up the pet name industriously and thought he would improve upon it. He tried his improvement last night."

"Hullo, Rosy Cheeks!" he suddenly exclaimed to the baby. "How's Rosy Cheeks?"

"Every one smiled and encouraged him in his pleasantry, so he tried the next feature."

"Hullo, Rosy Lips!" he cried to his mother, and of course she showed her pleasure.

"Hullo, Rosy Nose!" he yelled, suddenly turning to me. And that is why he is going away. I have got to draw the line somewhere."

WAR'S MODERN HORRORS.

Science Is Making Its Effects Too Dreadful to Be Engaged In.

Various experiments with the new rifles, which have recently taken place in Germany, have demonstrated in a very conclusive manner that another war would practically be one of annihilation.

A well-known French writer, in an article which he devotes to the subject, says that the battlefield would at the end of an engagement be covered with two or three hundred thousand corpses all crushed and broken, and would be nothing but a vast charnel house.

No one would be left to bury the dead, and pestilence would in its turn sweep away the country people.

Pointing the moral, he adds that the man-emperor, king or president of a republic—who, under these conditions, would expose the human race to such a fate would be the greatest criminal that the world had ever seen.

It is tolerably plain that the horrors and the butchery which a war would entail are becoming more and more recognized, and that the terrible vista thus opened out is exercising a sobering effect on those who were formerly wont to discuss various eventualities with a light heart.

Tons of Silver in an Altar.

A dispatch from Mexico announces that the erection of the magnificent canopy over the high altar of Our lady in the shrine of Guadalupe has been completed.

The pillars to support it are each of a solid block of polished Scotch granite weighing seven tons. The diameter of each pillar is three feet and the height twenty feet.

The additions to the church edifice will not be completed for nearly two years at the present rate of progress.

When finished the shrine of the lady of Guadalupe will be one of the notable Catholic church edifices of the world.

The solid silver altar railing weighs twenty-six tons, and many millions of dollars are in other ways represented in the palatial place of worship.

Disraeli's Undignified Stand.

Lord Dufferin met Beaconsfield on the afternoon of one of his elections, and stopped to offer his compliments on his success.

This was the great Disraeli's rather complacent reply: "I said a pretty good thing on the platform. There was a fellow in the crowd who kept calling me a man of straw, without any stake in the county, and asking what I stood upon, so I said: 'Well, it is true that I don't possess the acres of Lord So-and-So or the vast estates of the duke of A—, but if the gentleman wants to know upon what I stand, I will tell him I stand upon my head.'"

An Old Story Improved.

A prominent banker in Sydney was holding forth on his early life. "How did I get my first start in life?" he exclaimed. "Why, one day I picked up a pin—"

"Oh! that game's played out," was the cry. "I picked up a pin," the banker continued, "a diamond pin, which I pawned for £50, and after giving 10 'bob' to charity, to change my luck, I began my career as a money-lender with the other £40 'bob.' To-day, after thirty years' hard labor, I am a millionaire, and to celebrate the event have just given 105 'more to charity.'"

Health in a Coal Mine.

A physician asserts that disease is no more demoralizing in its raids among the workers in coal pits than it is among the agriculturists and laborers.

If one can be guided by statistics, the coal-dust atmosphere in which their life is passed has no element of any serious evil to them. It may not be pleasant, but it is not unhealthful; indeed, the actual death-rate of these miners is not abnormally high, even when it includes the fatal wholesale disasters which occur from time to time in the pits.

Checks for Bicyclists.

Deaconson—Our minister has struck a novel idea; he's set aside a room for bicyclists, where they can check their machines while the service is going on.

Headerman—That's all right as far as it goes, but if your minister would only devise some scheme to compel bicyclists to check their machines while they're flying along the streets, he'd receive far more thanks than he ever will for accommodating them in a church.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

Bidcadder Waddle, Waddiboller Caddle, or Widdiboller Diddle.

When Lord Randolph Churchill was first in America he visited the city of Philadelphia, and, while there, set about collecting statistics relating to the state prisons of Pennsylvania.

He was referred to the head of the state prisons board, a gentleman rejoicing in the somewhat singular name of Cadwallader Biddle.

Before calling upon Mr. Biddle, however, Lord Randolph fell into the hands of some wags of the Union League club.

"You've got the name wrong," said one of the merry jesters. "It's not Cadwallader Biddle, but Bidcadder Waddle."

"Don't mind what he says, Lord Randolph," exclaimed another; "the real name is Waddiboller Caddle."

A third member took the ex-chancellor of the exchequer aside, and imparted to him in confidence that he was being gulled on both sides.

"What then, is the actual name of the prisons board chief?" anxiously asked the noble lord.

"The actual name," confided his false friend, "is Widdiboller Diddle."

And when Lord Randolph drove to the prisons board that evening he was so upset that he stammered.

"Will you take this card into Mr. Bid-cad-wid-wad-did-dollader Whattishname?—I mean the chief of the board, but I forget his extraordinary nomenclatural combination."

Mr. Cadwallader Biddle himself, is the amused narrator of this story.

A COSTLY COMMA.

Its Presence Cost the Country About Two Millions Dollars.

"Oh, punctuation marks are not of much account. They're just put in for looks. I don't want to bother about them."

Such are the sentiments of a good many schoolboys with regard to the branch of letter and composition writing. Others, again, appear to think that all that is necessary is to put in a comma here and there at haphazard, to set off the "looks of the thing."

How risky this way of doing things is may be learned from the following incident.

It seems that some twenty years ago, when the United States, by congress, was making a tariff bill, one of the sections enumerated what articles should be admitted free of duty.

Among the articles specified were "all foreign fruit-plants," etc., meaning plants imported for transplanting, propagation or experiment.

The enrolling clerk in copying the bill accidentally changed the hyphen in the compound word "fruit-plants" to a comma, making it read, "all foreign fruit, plants," etc.

As a result of this simple mistake, for a year, or until congress could remedy the blunder—all the oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes and other foreign fruits were admitted free of duty.

This little mistake, which anyone would be liable to make, yet could have been avoided by carefulness, cost the government not less than \$2,000,000. A pretty costly comma, that.

TOO NATURAL.

The Surprise He Prepared for a Tea Party.

"A feat attributed to many eminent artists of painting on a plane surface a fly or bee so illusively true to nature that the innocent observer would attempt to brush it away, is not so difficult as is generally supposed," remarked a Philadelphia painter of still life.

"The art lies in making the insect stand out from the background."

"Not long ago a patron brought me a half dozed saucers and a carl upon which was pinned a house centipede, or thousand legs, requesting me to copy it exactly on each of the saucers, so that the base of the cup would cover it. I did so without expressing any curiosity. Afterward he told me that he had given a little tea party, and, without the knowledge of his wife, had substituted the painted saucers for plain ones.

His amusement consisted in witnessing the horrified expression on the faces of the guests when they raised their cups and the quickness with which they put them down again to keep the monster imprisoned. It was only when the hostess noticed that none of the guests drank their tea that the deception was discovered."

Beyond the Court's Jurisdiction.

On one of the many official excursions made by boat to Fortress Monroe and Chesapeake bay, Chief-Justice Waite, of the supreme court, Judge Hall, of North Carolina, and other dignitaries of the bench were participants.

When the government steamer had fairly got out into the Atlantic, the sea was very rough and Judge Hall was taken violently with seasickness. As he was moaning aloud in his agony, the chief-justice, laying a soothing hand on his shoulder, said: "My dear Hall, can I do anything for you? Just suggest what you wish." "I wish," said the seasick judge, "your honor would overrule this motion."

His Forgiveness.

A little boy had been extremely naughty at dinner, and had been sent away from the table just as his favorite dish—cabinet pudding with sweet sauce—was being served.

About 5 o'clock that evening, when the other children had gone to bed, and his parents were alone in the sitting-room, a tearful little face and a white-robed figure appeared at the door. "Mamma," it said bravely, between sobs, "you told me never to go to sleep when anything wrong had been done until it was all put right; so I came down to tell you that—that I—I forgive you and papa for what you did to me at the dinner table."

SPARROW SYMPATHY.

An Instance Showing That the Birds Have It for Their Kind.

"While walking along the street in the residence portion of the city last summer," says Dr. H. D. Osterman of Chicago, "I witnessed an incident that illustrated the sympathetic nature of birds. As I was walking along I noticed a little sparrow fluttering on the ground and apparently unable to rise. I stopped and was on the point of going to it to ascertain if possible the cause of its trouble, when all at once I noticed two full grown sparrows fly down from a neighboring tree and alight on the ground near by. I watched with a good deal of interest to see what they would do. The old birds hopped around a minute or two and then one of them picked up a little bare twig about three inches long. The old bird took hold of one end of the stick with his beak, while its companion took hold of the other end in the same manner. They then approached the young bird, that still fluttered helplessly on the ground, and it caught hold of the middle of the stick with its beak. The old birds then flew up to a tree, carrying the young bird hanging to the stick between them to a place of safety."

Virtuous Indignation.

Mrs. Peters, who is older than she used to be, but perhaps not so old as she looks, was once standing in a public waiting-room with one of her neighbors and her neighbor's little daughter, when a well meaning old gentleman made Mrs. Peters angry.

He spoke pleasantly to the little girl, and then, turning to Mrs. Peters, said: "Is this your little grandchild?"

"Grandchild!" exclaimed Mrs. Peters—"Grandchild! Does that girl look like a grandchild?"

A Dire Threat.

So far as the audience was concerned, Von Bulow always made a point of doing exactly as he pleased. On one occasion, when a Leipzig audience insisted on recalling him, in spite of his repeated refusal to play again, he came forward and said: "If you do not stop this applause, I will play all Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues from beginning to end!"

Will Pay Cash.

Poultry, game, furs, skins, wool, but-ter, eggs. HIRAM P. BALLARD & Co., 89 E 38th St., Chicago.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Charles Swamer, defendant, will take notice that J. L. Moore, trustee, plaintiff, has filed a petition in the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, against said defendant, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a mortgage dated July 17th, 1888, for \$555 and interest, upon the west half of the southeast quarter and the east half of the southwest quarter, of section 23, in township 25 north of range 12, west of the 2d P. M. in Holt county, Nebraska, given by Charles Swamer, to the Globe Investment Company, and assigned to the plaintiff, which mortgage was recorded in book 40 at page 375 of mortgage records of said county, and to have the same decreed to be a first lien and said land sold to satisfy the same.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 12th day of November, 1894. J. L. MOORE, Trustee, Plaintiff. By S. D. Thornton, his attorney. 13-4

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT O'NEILL, NEB., October 8, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at O'Neill, Neb., on November 16, 1894, viz: WILLIAM A. LEIN, H. E. No. 14,791.

For the NE 1/4 section 10, township 30, range 12 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: John Colburn, and John Carton and Barney Kearns, of O'Neill, Nebraska. 14-6 JOHN A. HARMON, Register.

NOTICE.

Joseph Valentine Davidson, Mary Davidson, William Eichelberger, Mrs. William Eichelberger, Edgar W. Adams, Alice M. Adams, Henry C. Wilson, Mrs. Henry C. Wilson, whose first and real name is unknown, non-resident defendants, notice is hereby given, that on the 23rd day of June, 1894, Ellen E. Barblen, plaintiff in this action, filed her petition in the office of the clerk of the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by Joseph Valentine Davidson and Mary Davidson, upon the NE 1/4 and NW 1/4 of sec. 4, and SW 1/4 of sec. 4, township 27, range 11 west 6th P. M., in Holt county, Nebraska, which mortgage was executed and delivered to Shawalter Mortgage Company, and filed for record on the 14th day of May 1888, and recorded in book 36 of mortgages, at page 587, and that there is now due upon said mortgage the sum of \$1,285. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 12th day of November, 1894, or the same will be taken as true and judgment entered accordingly. H. M. Utley, attorney for plaintiff. 13-4

NOTICE.

H. S. Ballou & Co., defendants, will take notice that on the 27th day of September, 1894, Henry J. Hershiser, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, against you, the object and prayer of said petition being to have canceled and satisfied of record and delivered by Patrick McCoy and wife to you on the 21st day of May 1888, to secure the payment of a note of \$1600 due May 1st, 1893. Said mortgage having been given upon the south-east quarter of section 23, township 29, range 12, in Holt county, Nebraska, and being recorded in book 38 of mortgages on page 127, of the mortgage records of Holt county. Also to have canceled and satisfied of record and declared paid a certain mortgage given to you and secured by a note amounting to \$160, said mortgage having been given by the above described real estate and duly recorded in book 39 of mortgages on page 18 Nebraska. Plaintiff alleges in said petition that said mortgages have been paid in full, and that you have been requested to release and discharge the same of Holt county, and that you have failed to do so, and that the mortgages remaining unsatisfied casts a cloud upon plaintiff's title to the above described land, which tends to depreciate the value thereof.

Plaintiff alleges further in his said petition that he is the owner of the real estate above described, and prays that said mortgages may be decreed to be canceled, and discharged of record and paid, and that the same be released to him by reason of their being canceled and satisfied, and that he may recover his costs.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 12th day of November, 1894. Dated at O'Neill, Neb., this 1st day of October, 1894. R. R. Dickson, attorney for plaintiff. 13-4

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT O'NEILL, NEB., September 12, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at O'Neill, Nebraska, on October 17, 1894, viz: STEPHEN BAUSCH, H. E. No. 14,791.

For the NW 1/4 section 19, township 30, range 12 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: Frank Johnson, Ernest, Henry Winkler and Joseph H. O'Neill, Nebraska. 14-6 JOHN A. HARMON, Register.

PROBATE NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of W. E. Elhaney, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the executor of the estate of the said deceased will