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A Surprising Sequence in the Lives of Our First Six Presidents. Coincidence, which is simply mysterious law of series which works in an undiscovered groove, is most wonderfully interwoven with the lives, administrations and deaths of our first half-dozen presidents. Washington, we are told, "died on the last day of the week, the last hour of the day, the last month of the year, and in the last year of the century." All this series of coincident facts needs to make it truly marvelous is for the day of his death to have occurred on the thirty-first day of December instead of the fourteenth. The "coincidence of eight" which follows in the lives of the next five presidents is even more remarkable: Born, Retired. John Adams.....1735 1801 Thomas Jefferson.....1743 1809 James Madison.....1751 1837 James Monroe.....1758 1835 J. Q. Adams.....1767 1829 From this table it will be seen that each of these distinguished Americans was born eight years after his predecessor, and that each (with the exception of J. Q. Adams) went out of office eight years after his predecessor. John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe each retired in the sixty-sixth year of their ages, and three out of the four died on the fourth of July, our anniversary of independence. George Vanderbilt's Neighbor. George Vanderbilt has a country villa and a tract of 9,000 acres near Asheville, N. C. There are fourteen acres in the southwestern portion of this estate the young millionaire does not and cannot own, though he has made effort after effort to do so. The fourteen acres belong to a negro man named Collins, who, when Mr. Vanderbilt bought the large tract, asked him \$600 more for this small tract than he was willing to give. A few weeks later Mr. Vanderbilt went to Collins and agreed to his terms, but Collins now added a couple of thousand to the first price, and as often as Mr. Vanderbilt got in the notion to pay Collins his price Collins went up a safe distance, and has just announced that he will not sell the land at any price so long as he can have Mr. Vanderbilt for his neighbor. He tells Mr. Vanderbilt that the value of a good neighbor in this world cannot be estimated by all the money of the Vanderbilt family. —New York Press. Getting Australian Beef Into Germany. John Geddes, of Sidney, N. S. W., has been visiting Berlin, at the expense of the government of the colony, trying to introduce frozen beef and mutton from Australia. One of his objects was to induce the commissariat department of the German army to order supplies for provisioning the army. The French authorities have already given orders with the view of trying the feasibility of the plan upon a considerable scale. The importation of frozen meat from Australia for the army would, it is argued, greatly relieve German taxpayers. It is claimed that if Paris and Metz had been provided with refrigerators in 1870-71 the latter town could have held out for at least a year and the former for no less than five years. Refrigerators and every device for keeping meat are now found in all the chief French fortresses and cities. It is understood that the German war department is willing to entertain any practical proposal laid before it.—New York Evening Post. A Delay. Featherstone—Willie, is your sister in? Willie—Yes. She's trying on a new gown, and I guess you can't see her before to-morrow. Featherstone—Why it ought not to take her very long to try on a new gown. Willie—No; but the dressmaker is trying to collect the money for it.—Church Review. Worn by Good Queen Bess. At Hatfield house, the residence of Lord Salisbury, in the James II. picture gallery there is preserved the garden hat worn by Queen Elizabeth and a pair of her majesty's silken hose. The room is also remarkable for beautiful alabaster sculptures, and it is the rule for every royal visitor to leave behind a photograph, to which is added an autograph of the donor. The Slowest Yet. It was a very slow train indeed, and the traveling man remarked to the conductor: "Would there be any objection to my getting off this ar right now?" "Why, my dear sir, it's in motion." "I don't doubt it, but I thought I'd like to look at it from the outside and see if I can't tell which way it is going.—Washington Star. The Greatest of Pies. The largest pie ever made was baked at Denley Dale, England, for the queen's jubilee. It spoiled, however, so that when it was opened the stench was awful. The next week another was made, of 672 pounds of flour, 1,300 pounds of potatoes, one heifer, two calves and two sheep. Couldn't Buy It. Guest—What a magnificent residence that is opposite. Mr. Pomposus—Grand! A veritable palace! I have been trying to buy that place for years. Guest—They won't sell, eh? Infant Terrible—Yes, but they want cash. Near Enough. She—You say that you have never been in love. How near have you come to it? He—I was married once.—Life's Calendar.

The Remarkable Acquirements of a German Revolutionist of 1849. An old man with long white hair and beard and an anxious look was seen by a Pittsburgh Dispatch reporter poring over a directory. When he was asked what he was hunting for he said: "I'm trying to find the only man who I can count on as a friend. He was living here forty years ago, but his name is not in the directory now." As he was talking a lady approached to ask a question. The old man stopped suddenly and with a "beg your pardon" doffed his hat and stood aside at a respectful distance in a Chesterfield manner. Continuing, after the lady had left, he said: "You are correct in thinking that I have seen better days. My name is Carl Maier, and I was one of the revolutionists in Germany in 1849, being secretary of the Democratic party and civil commissary at Buchen in the grand duchy of Baden. I am an example of a shattered ambition, it being my one aim in life to do something for the good of the public. After the failure of our cause I was forced to flee to America, and went to the house of Frederic Hecker, chief of the German revolution, who had also come to America and located in Illinois. Here I resumed my old calling as a professor and taught his children. When I look back upon my seventy years of life I can say that the only friend I have in the world is myself." Did you ever see a person begin writing a letter at the last period and then write backwards and finish up at the beginning? That's what Carl Maier can do without the least exertion. It seems just as easy for him to remember the words and letters of a sentence in reversed order as it is for the ordinary person to remember them in their regular order. It is an easy matter for him to think backward, and what is more astonishing, he writes upside down. The letters are all inverted as he looks at them when writing. And, again, performing this feat, which one thinks would require all the power and attention of his brain, he is not disturbed by carrying on a conversation with you, no matter how foreign the subject may be. Maier's performance would almost make one believe the theory promulgated by a scientist that we have "double-barreled brains." If you repeat a sentence to Maier, no matter how long it may be, after hearing it once he will commence and write the sentence verbatim, starting at the last letter of the last word and finishing it through the first letter of the first word. It seems to be natural to him to invert his mind in his work, for he never falters or stops to think, but writes as rapidly as a person writing in an ordinary way. "I acquired this in a peculiar manner," said Maier. "While I was clerk in a grocery store in Saxony I was an ambitious sort of a boy and always wanted to do everything differently from every person else. When the customers came to me for their bill I would place the bill head in an inverted position in front of me and make the bill out backward, as I have written for you. "I came very nearly being prosecuted for practicing witchcraft. Many people assigned this power to the witches. Then the Spiritualists came to me and told me I was controlled by a wonderful mind. Although I couldn't explain it by any other theory than that it was a concentration of my mind, I at last persuaded them that there was nothing supernatural in it. I am not able to perform the feats I used to when I was younger. I am getting old and my memory is not as it used to be. My eyesight is pretty near gone. I can't see very much. In looking at you I see that it is a form and know that you are a human being, because you speak to me, but I could not see my writing if I did not use a blue pencil. It seems to be the only color I can see. True to the Letter. Gas Officer—You say you are used to taking meters. But we want a man who can do the work expeditiously. Applicant—Oh, I understand that. I just take the meter for a few quarters, and after that I strike an average without taking the trouble to consult the meter. Gas Officer—That's all right as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. Instead of striking an average, we find it more business-like to strike the consumer for all he will stand. He'd Been Backed. Horseman—That is a remarkably fine animal you are driving, madame. Lady—Oh, I wouldn't part with this horse for the world. He's just as gentle as can be, and real fast, too. "So I should judge. Has he ever been backed against any noted trotters?" "Well, I don't know, but it seems to me we back against pretty much everything in the street every time I attempt to turn 'round."—New York Weekly. Material for Sleeves. "See how the sun gilds the western sky!" he said as they emerged from a leaf-embowered avenue. "See what a soft, rich color the blending tints produce. How delicate it is, and yet how glorious." And she, raising her soulful eyes to the sky, replied: "Uh-huh; it 'ud make an awful pretty dress, wouldn't it?" Good or Bad, Not Explained. Jones—I say, Miss Brown, how is it that you are always out when I call? She—Oh, just luck.—Life.

SUPERSTITIOUS RAILROADERS. The Effect Which Accidents Have Upon Engineers and Firemen. Of the superstition of sailors, fisherfolk and others we have all heard, but that such a distinguishing characteristic should have attached itself to railway men does not appear to be generally known. It savors somewhat of the anomalous that such a pre-eminently practical class of men should be the victims of credulity regarding the supernatural; such, however is the case. I recently had occasion to interview a prominent railway official, and in the course of the conversation that ensued that gentleman incidentally alluded to two collisions which had lately occurred in the neighborhood, following up his remarks with the announcement that the local men would be in a state of subdued excitement and "furry" till a third mishap took place. Such is the superstition of the railway man. Upon expressing considerable astonishment I was assured that this kind of thing was notorious among railroad men in general, and in this particular instance it was known that the circumstances of the two previous accidents were the chief topics among the workmen in all departments, who were also counting on the possibilities of a third disaster. Curiously enough, a touch of realism was lent to the information just imparted by the explanation that the second of the two collisions referred to was due to the driver of one of the engines, a reliable servant, noted for his alertness and precision, with an honorable record of some forty years' service, who being, it was believed, so disturbed over the "omens" of the first occurrence and so engrossed with what he felt would be two other catastrophes, that he committed the slight error of judgment which caused his locomotive to crash into another coming in an opposite direction. The statement is given as the conviction of one who has spent upward of a quarter of a century among railway men of all classes, and who has known the driver alluded to for a long period of years. So came about a second collision. Surely superstition could go no further than this. But here is a tragic sequel—a sequel which, unfortunately, will in all probability do much to strengthen the reprehensible beliefs of these men. Two days after the interview above mentioned, within fifteen minutes' drive from the scene of the second collision, an express mail failed to take the points, a portion of the train with the tender of the engine was violently thrown across the rails and one poor stoker killed. This is what the railway men will term the "third mishap." "There's the third," they say; and now perhaps they will breathe freely for a season. A Queer Electric Clock. T. F. Hudson, a convict in the Maryland penitentiary, has constructed a real horological oddity in the shape of an electric clock. The dial is a semicircle of white marble with twelve marked at each corner, the other numerals for the hours being figured along the arc. It has one hour hand and two minute hands, the last two set opposite to each other, and in such a manner that one is seen at noon and the other at midnight, and at no other time. The seconds are marked on a dial that turns from right to left, while the pointer or second hand is stationary. Hudson is a born genius, and nearly every room in the prison is adorned with a specimen of his ingenuity. What Will the Cook Do? Specialists on throat diseases are beginning to take unusual interest in culinary methods. They advise a kitchen quarantine on wash days and boiled dinner days, giving as a reason that the steam from boiling clothes and pickled meats that require much heat produces many illnesses of the respiratory organs aggravates slight or chronic diseases of the nose, throat and lungs. Patients are advised to vacate apartments having dark or ill ventilated kitchens and to keep all babies and ailing children out of the kitchen when cooking is going on. It Reminded Him. Before the night session began, the senate had adjourned, says Kate Foote, and several senators were getting their hats in the cloak-room, Mr. Stewart among them, when one of his fellow senators said: "Stewart, you remind me of a clergyman." Mr. Stewart naturally stared, then laughed and said: "How, pray?" "Yes, you are like a certain minister who was telling a friend that he had preached two hours and a half. 'Were you not tired,' said the friend, sympathetically. 'No, no, I was as fresh as a rose; but you should have seen the congregation.'" Expected Him. Young Yardie—I understand that there is a vacancy in your establishment, sir, and I have come to apply for the position. Senior Partner, dryly—I have been expecting you. "Expecting me?" "Yes, I heard you ask one of the clerks if it was true that our Saturday half-holidays were to be continued a month longer." This Boy a Philosopher. Tommy—Are you going to whip me, mamma? Mamma—Yes, I am, Tommy. Tommy—You said the other day that whipping never did me any good, didn't you? Mamma—I believe I did. Tommy—Then what's the use of whipping me again?—New Orleans Picayune.

They Were Too Full of Fight to Suit His Quiet Spirit. It was a curious circumstance, and everybody in the smoking-car seemed to catch on at the same moment. On the right-hand side sat a man with a cowboy's hat, woolen shirt, red necktie, pants in his bootlegs, and a general air of toughness. Opposite him sat another man similarly attired, but with the addition of a grizzly bear's claw for a scarf-pin. One had been with us for over an hour—the last had just boarded the train. These two men began to size each other up and sneer and look sarcastic. Finally the man on the right mealy observed: "I reckon your bag of Injun scalps is in the baggage car, eh?" "Yes, but my guns are yere!" promptly responded the other. "What's the use of guns unless ye know how to shoot?" "What's the use of gab if you don't back it up?" They were now hot and ready for more, and it soon came. "Out on our ranch we size slich fellers as you up fur wolf bait," said the right-hand man. "Is that so? Well, out on our ranch we don't wait to size up chaps like you. We knows 'em a mile away fur duffers." "Take that back!" "Never!" They both sprang up, and, of course, we rushed forward to stop the fight. Near by was a man who had been trying to get to sleep to cure a headache. He sprang up, peeled off his coat, threw down his hat and shouted at the two terrors: "Both of you sit down!" as if death wasn't five feet away. They dropped back on the seats like bags of sand, and he stood over them and demanded of the one on the right: "Where do you camp when you're at home?" "In Ohio," was the meek reply. "And you?" "In Indiana." "I guess that's right. That's about the way I sized you up. Just a word to you. Shut right up. Don't peep another peep about 'bars, injuns or ranches or shootin'. You have made me tired and if there's any more of it I'll drop both of you off this car into the ditch!" He went back to his seat to nurse his headache, and the two terrors sat so quietly for the next hour that some of us wondered if they hadn't been scared to death. Later on one of them fondly caressed his 'bar-claws and the other read a dime novel, and they were at peace with all the world. Lord Cromer. Lord Cromer, the British diplomatic agent at Cairo and the real ruler of Egypt, is a very interesting Englishman. It is his habit to read Homer in the original Greek for half an hour after breakfast every morning, and his afternoons are given up to lawn tennis. At the time of the recent "crisis" in Egyptian affairs he ordered the khedive to dismiss his prime minister within twenty-four hours, sent to Malta and to Aden for troops to support him in case of emergency, and went out and played tennis until sunset. Richard Harding Davis, who has sent to Harper's Weekly an entertaining account of this and other of his lordship's performances, thinks that a diplomat who can snub a king and set 8,000 soldiers in motion in the morning and spend the afternoon calmly calling out "forty love," "forty-fifteen," etc., is a very remarkable man; and most people will agree that he is.—New York World. Her View of It. City Girl, to farmer boy—Do you like living on the farm? Farmer Boy—Yes, I like it very much. City Girl—I suppose it is very nice in summer; but to go out in the cold and snow to gather winter apples and harvest winter wheat must be anything but pleasant. Let me read you a little poem I have written about the farmer's pleasant life.—Texas Siftings. Grounds for Divorce. Mrs. Thompson—So you have decided to obtain a divorce from your husband, Mrs. Arnold? Mrs. Arnold—Yes, it's the only means of settling matters. "Upon what grounds will you sue?" "Too frequent change in hired girl and typewriter."—Arkansas Traveler. Partial Information. Little Boy—Every time I tie my shoelaces, they slip. I wish you'd tie them in a pine knot for me. Grandpa—What sort of a knot is that? Little Boy—I don't know, but I've heard it's tough.—Street & Smith's Good News. Proof Positive. Mr. Beenthere Yale—Well, I guess John has settled down to study for his examination at last. Mrs. Yale—Why do you think so? Mr. Beenthere Yale—He doesn't write home for money to buy books as often as he did earlier in the season.—Puck. Way Up. Dillaway—Talk about your aristocracy descent; why, my father had often 10,000 men directly under him. Caraway—Ah, a general? "Well, not exactly." "A wholesale contractor?" "No, an aeronaut."—N. Y. Dispatch.

Heart Disease 30 Yrs! Short Breath, Palpitation. Mr. G. W. McKinsey, postmaster of Kokomo, Ind., and a brave ex-soldier, says: "I had been severely troubled with heart disease ever since leaving the army at the close of the late war. I was troubled with palpitation and shortness of breath. I could not sleep on my left side, and had pain around my heart. I became so ill that I was much alarmed, and fortunately my attention was called to Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. I decided to try it. The first bottle made a decided improvement in my condition, and five bottles have completely cured me." G. W. MCKINSEY, P. M., Kokomo, Ind. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1.00 per bottle, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind. For Sale by all Druggists. READ THE TRIBUNE For Telegraph, Local, General, State and Foreign News. MARKET COMPLETE THE SIOUX CITY DAILY TRIBUNE \$6 Per Year. 50 Cents Per Month. QUICKEST AND BEST MAIL SERVICE Address: THE TRIBUNE. Sub. Dept. Sioux City, Iowa. WEST NORTH WESTERN EAST SOUTH F. E. & M. V. and S. C. & P. RAILROADS. TRAINS DEPART: GOING EAST. Passenger east, 9:20 A. M. Freight east, 10:30 A. M. Freight east, 2:10 P. M. GOING WEST. Freight west, 2:10 P. M. Passenger west, 9:27 P. M. Freight, 2:10 P. M. The Elkhorn Line is now running Reclining Chair Cars daily, between Omaha and Deadwood, free to holders of first-class transportation. For any information call on W. J. DOBBS, AGT. O'NEILL, NEB. PATENTS. C. A. SNOW & CO. MANHOOD RESTORED! "NERVE SEEDS." Guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Nervousness, all drains and loss of power in Generative Organs of either sex caused by over exertion, youthful errors, excessive use of tobacco, opium or stimulants, which lead to Infertility, Consumption or Insanity. Can be carried in vest pocket. \$1 per box, 6 for \$5, by mail, prepaid. With a \$5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. With a \$5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Write for free Medical Book sent in plain wrapper. Address: NEW YORK: 150 N. 5th St. Chicago: 150 N. Dearborn St. For sale in O'Neill, Neb., by MORRIS & CO., Druggists.



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