

LUCKY THIRTEEN.



WO bright, laughing girls bent their curly heads together over a table littered with writing material.

"There," said Jeannie, throwing down her pen and waving a sheet of paper with a triumphant flourish.

"What has he done lately to incur your displeasure? You don't seem as cordial to him as you used to be."

"The reason is just this," said Jeannie, decidedly, "he has moved to a new boarding house and the number of it is that dreadful unlucky thirteen."

"Of all the silly girls that ever were heard of you are the silliest, Jeannie Gray! If I were you I'd just invite him and break the superstition."

"I couldn't do it," returned Jeannie. "I have a perfect horror of number thirteen, and you know, Meta, this is my first real dinner party."

"What did you do on your thirteenth birthday?" inquired Meta. "Oh!" gasped Jeannie. "It happened on a Friday, too! I had a big birthday party, but I didn't think anything about it till it was all over."

"And what dreadful misfortune happened to you?" "Nothing at all," said Jeannie, feebly. "And didn't you enjoy yourself?"

"To tell the truth, I never had such a good time in my life, but I was young and giddy then."

"Well, so long as I think it," persisted Jeannie, "it would make me unhappy, and I can't help it."

And Meta continued her writing after marking the tears in Jeannie's eyes. When her work was finished she arose from her chair.

"These are all finished now," she said, taking up her wrap which she had removed on entering. "Do you wish me to post them for you?"

"If you will," replied Jeannie, trying to look bright and gay. "And now that the invitations are out I can think about my dress and other fineries."

"I suppose you will wear pale blue?" said Meta, touching a sore point. "I don't believe I will," said Jeannie, evasively. "I wore blue at the last party I was at, you know."

This explanation was rather lame, and she knew it, for Tom loved blue, consequently for the past six months Jeannie had sported every imaginable shade and color of blue.

"Oh!" said Meta. "Well, good-bye, I must be off." And she gathered up the letters and took her departure.

Jeannie arranged the dinner table herself. All the decorations were blue and white. A broad band of blue satin edged with white lace ran down the center of the table.

"What an idiot I am!" she said to herself when she wiped her eyes. "To turn my nose red and my eyes like two burnt holes in a blanket, all for nothing; for why should I care if he isn't here?"

So she put on her gayest smile and went down to receive her guests, a study in blue both inwardly and outwardly.

The dinner wasn't half as nice as she had expected, although everything was very brilliant except the guests, and she thought them stupid; the man beside her bored the life out of her.

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HYPNOTISM ON SHIPBOARD

Ocean Travel Will Be Delightful When Each Ship Has a Hypnotist. "Hypnotism," remarked the drummer to the hotel clerk, "is a great snap."

"So is a turtle," responded the clerk. "But there is lots in it," added the drummer.

"In what—the turtle?" "Aw, let up," commented the drummer. "Hypnotism has solved the riddle for me, and I'm going to Europe next year."

"What has it done? Dropped a couple of thou. into your inside pocket?" "Of course not. You know I have never gone because I couldn't stand the seasickness."

"That's what you always said." "That was the reason, too; but yesterday I met a friend who has been over there for a couple of years, just because he was afraid to come back again."

"Couldn't he compromise with his creditors?" interrupted the clerk. "As I was saying," continued the drummer, "regardless of the interruption, he was so shaken up on the trip over that he was afraid to come back, and he might have died on foreign soil, if he hadn't run across a distinguished hypnotist in Paris who was coming to America, and the Frenchman suggested that he make an experiment on him."

He had only been anxious to make, to wit, continuing a sensitive in the hypnotic condition for an indefinite period. My friend proved to be a good subject, and after a few experiments ashore they went aboard ship, the hypnotist put him under the influence, that is, by suggestion, as they say, simply telling him every morning he wouldn't be sick, and he came across as smooth as you please, and never was sick for a moment.

The captain of the ship, who was so pleased with the experiment that he secured the services of a hypnotist to go with the ship regularly, and I'm going to Europe on that ship in May, and I won't be the only one, either. It's going to boom ocean travel, and I'll tell you how it feels when I come back."

The clerk gave a long, low whistle of doubt, and sent a pitcher of ice water to room 13.

THE LITTLE GIRL QUEEN. Wilhelmina of Holland Has Tantrums Like Other Young Ones.

A pretty little story about Wilhelmina, the girl queen of Holland, has just found its way into the Dutch papers. The queen is at present only fourteen years of age, and she is credited with even a larger measure of caprice and precocity than is usually granted to less exalted young ladies at that interesting period of life.

ABOUT PATENTED ARTICLES.

The Mistake of Charging Fancy Prices for New Ideas. A new article of domestic hardware has been put on the market which is a staple in all families and competes with a similar utensil which is sold for 15 and 20 cents, says the Engineer.

The price of the new article is \$1. Before it can be in demand and generally adopted to the displacement of the old utensil, a great deal of work will have to be done, which is very much hampered by the prohibitory price put upon the new goods.

The number of persons who will be willing to pay the price of four or five of the old style goods for one of the new style will not be large, we think, and a wiser policy would have fixed a lower price. This leads us to say that every year there are large numbers of similar articles put on the market, which would have a larger sale if they were sold at mercantile prices.

By this we mean a consideration of the first cost of the goods when ready for delivery to jobbers, the jobbers' profit and the retailers' as well added, for these things are considered by buyers, both wholesale and retail, before there we went into a store where a filter was for sale.

Upon asking the price of one of half a gallon capacity, we were informed that it was \$20. It was a plain casting with no fittings or fixtures and with some porous material inside of it of no particular money value.

The castings may have cost 50 cents, and an outside figure for the cost of the utensil would be \$1, yet \$20 was the price to the buyer. We demurred at the price and gave the same reasons for so doing that are given above, but the seller's argument in favor of the high price was that it would filter some fabulous number of gallons of water per day.

This had no connection whatever with the cost of the goods; a frying-pan will turn out 500 pounds of cooked material a day and a 25-cent faucet will permit thousands of gallons of water to pass through it daily.

These are the functions of the articles sold; they are expected to be efficient, but there is no reason in this fact for adding 2,000 percent to the cost of them. The fact that articles are patented leads many persons to feel that the public expect to pay stiff prices for such things, but we believe this to be erroneous.

Nowadays those who have money to spend consider prices very carefully, and if they are unreasonable they simply go without the goods.

REMEMBERED IT IN TIME. If Peter Daly Had Shot He Would Have Been Oath-Bound to Eat Snakes.

Peter Daley, St. Bernard's "own" councillor, tells the snake story of the season. Here it is, in Peter's own pleasing style, according to the Pittsburgh Chronicle.

ROMANCE OF A RESTAURANT.

Marriage of "Appetite Bill," a Gotham Celebrity, to a Pretty Waitress. Miss Mamie Hammill and William Fream were married in St. Peter's R. C. church, Brooklyn, on Wednesday evening, says New York Recorder.

The bridegroom, who is engaged daily in the pleasing pastime of opening oysters in a Fulton street restaurant, is known by his immediate friends as "Appetite Bill," while the charming bride, when on duty in the same place, was known as "No. 11."

William was engaged in a sort of a wrestling match with a particularly obstreperous bivalve one morning a few months ago when the sweet voice of "No. 11" fell on his ear, as she gently murmured: "Brown the wheat for No. 11, and draw one in a shell."

Her voice was like unto music to William, and he determined to make the acquaintance of the fair owner. This was soon accomplished, and the two became fast friends. Friendship eventually ripened into a much stronger feeling and they became engaged.

The numerous good-looking, well-dressed youths who had been wont to congregate at Mamie's table and bask in the sunshine of her smiles wondered at the change in her. They were very carefully waited on, and treated with great courtesy, but the cheerful smile with which she had been in the habit of greeting them was lacking.

A few, more daring than the rest, made desperate love to her, but her heart remained true to "Appetite Bill," and the young gentlemen were thrown down so hard that they decided that it was a clear case of the "marble heart."

Meanwhile the courtship progressed smoothly, and a week ago Mamie confided to her fair collaborers the news that she and William were to be married. The other girls, of course, pretended that they were awfully surprised, that they had never suspected it and showered congratulations on Mamie.

The wedding took place, and all the girls were present with pocketfuls of rice, which they showered on the blushing bride and happy-looking groom. After the wedding a reception was held at the bride's house in Bergen street, near Smith.

After the honeymoon William will be found opening oysters at the old stand, but to Mamie the Scriptural texts and the seductive "slinkers" will be but a sad memory. Her customers will miss her, but what is their loss is "Appetite Bill's" gain.

MRS. GREELEY'S DISCIPLINE. Threw Hat and Coat of Her Husband's Guest Out of Doors.

"While I have the floor," said Amos Cummings, while in a story-telling mood the other day, "I might as well tell a story about Horace Greeley. I worked with Greeley for years. He always called me 'Asa,' never could remember 'Amos.' One day I went over to see Greeley at Chappaqua about some newspaper business.

FOURTH OF JULY

Reduced rates on the Sioux City and West. Between all Stations. APPLY TO ANY LEGAL ADVERTISER.

TIMBER CULTURE FINAL NOTICE FOR PUBLIC LAND OFFICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Delliger has filed notice of his make computation for the year 1905, and receiver at their office in Lincoln, Nebraska, on Saturday, the 24th of July, 1905, on timber culture.

Notice is hereby given that the named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim for the land described in the foregoing plat, and that said proof will be made on Monday, July 31, 1905, at the office of the Register and Receiver at Holt county, Nebraska.

ORIGINAL NOTICE. Amos L. Shannon and Elizabeth defendants, take notice that the plaintiff, by virtue of the laws of the State of Missouri, filed a petition in the district court of Holt county, Missouri, for the purpose of recovering the sum of \$100.00, and costs, from the defendant, Amos L. Shannon.

RUSSIAN THISTLE NOTICE. To Joseph Sampson, S. Z. Wheeler, Investment Company, 1212 Broadway, New York City, and to the holders of the shares of the said company, notice is hereby given that the said company has been dissolved.

IS BILL COOK COMMONPLACE? Study of a Famous Outlaw by a Prison Superintendent. Superintendent McIntyre of the Albany County penitentiary has been observing Bill Cook, the young and much-advertised outlaw from the west, and is not much impressed with him, writes an Albany correspondent of the New York Sun.

NEED EYES TO JUDGE WEIGHT. A Blindfolded Person Is Deceived by the Bulk. M. Flournoy, of Geneva, recently devised a novel experiment for testing the limits of human intelligence. He arranged a series of common articles of all sizes, and requested his class to put them in order of weight.

Horse Doctors Hissled. A striking instance of animal instinct, or "horse sense," is revealed by the actions of an old horse owned by Henry Root, a prosperous farmer of Wisconsin. Mr. Root's horse has been troubled for months with rheumatism of the entire body, and all the treatment of learned veterinarians failed to relieve the suffering animal.

A Dainty Room. In a pretty country house lately furnished for a bride one of the sleeping rooms is all in white and violet with touches of gold. The wall paper has a white ground strewn with bunches of purple violets connected by delicate gilt festoons.

Was He Great? A curious detail of Napoleon Bonaparte's costume was the religious care with which he kept round his neck the little leather envelope, shaped like a heart, which contained poison which was to liberate him in case of irretrievable reverses of fortune.

A Clever Invention. One of the cleverest inventions ever patented is the machine for sticking pins in the papers in which they are sold. The contrivance brings up the pins in rows, draws the paper in position, crimps it in two lines, then at a single push passes the pins through the paper and sets them in position.



"DREAM OF LOVELINESS." marked preference for his company, and he has always been ready to take you wherever you wanted to go and give you a lovely time.

"He can find out the reason," returned Jeannie, with willful petulance. "I have invited my twelve for next week, and I am not going to have any thirteen around. So help me to address the envelopes, like a good girl."

"I had before you came in, but I have changed my mind about some of them, so will write them over again."

AN ELECTRIC SWINDLE. His Rat Poison Is Sugar; a Battery Kills the Rodents. Enormous business has been done lately at French fairs by a man who professed to sell a rat powder that was perfectly harmless to human beings but which struck rats dead on the spot.

An Annoyance of Travel in India. Travelers in India, especially if they are afraid of burglars, find great annoyance in the doors of hotel apartments. They are sometimes so swelled that they will not shut, and at other times so shrunken that the lock is useless.

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