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HUGS THE EQUATOR.

Strip Upon Which the Starry White Coffea Flower Blooms.

It is only on the world's waistband that the starry white coffee flower blooms. Only between the fifteenth degrees, north and south of the equator, can the tree be successfully grown and on those altitudes which are between the 3,000 and 5,000 feet mark. Left by itself the plant will grow to a tree twenty-five feet in altitude; but, as man is not usually over two yardsticks high, the bearing shrubs are kept by pruning under a maximum height of ten feet, so that they can be easily handled.

The seeds are thickly sown in the nursery, but as soon as babyhood has passed and the tender sprouts are able to bear a breath of wind or changes of temperature they are transplanted into orchards. They are set pretty far apart so that while young and not yet bearing the soil may be utilized with parallel rows of corn, bananas or plantain. A thrifty shrub grows berries when three years old and continues to bear during twenty years from three to six pounds of beans. Its glossy green leaves remind one of the laurel, and the fragrant, white, five petaled flowers—the perfume varying in different countries and localities—grow in clusters of from three to ten each in the axils of the branches. Well regulated streams of water run through the orchard to secure lushy growth, but when the berries begin to ripen the water is turned off lest the fruit be too succulent. The twin beans or nutlets ripen within a mass of pulp that looks like a dark red cherry, or in tint and size rather like a cranberry. This pulp, when perfectly ripe, is delicious to the taste, but when dried it is taken off either by hand or, as is usually the case in present day operations in Brazil, by most modern machinery.—St Louis Republic.

WORKED TOO HARD.

Why David Graham Phillips Once Lost a Situation.

People who thought that the late David Graham Phillips had a rapid, fluent and even at times overhasty pen were very far from the truth, says a writer in the Bookman. Mr. Phillips himself admitted freely that from first to last he always found literary composition a labor—a labor of love that he could not have shirked if he would, but none the less a labor.

A story which he sometimes told at his own expense illustrates this. It was shortly after his graduation from Princeton that he sought work as a reporter and finally by offering his services for nothing obtained a chance to show what he could do on the leading daily in a western city.

The weather was cold and the temperature of the office somewhere below 60 degrees, yet hour after hour Mr. Phillips would sit at his desk with the moisture rolling from his brow in the anguish of trying to make literature from such material as "Yesterday afternoon John Jones fell off a stepladder and dislocated his shoulder."

One day—it was the tenth of Mr. Phillips' services—the presiding genius of the paper happened to pass through the city room and stood for some minutes watching him.

"Who is that young man?" he presently asked the city editor.

The latter explained. "Get rid of him!" came the curt edict.

"But," expostulated the city editor, "we are getting him for nothing."

"I don't care," rejoined the higher power, "I don't care if he is paying for the privilege. Get rid of him at once. I can't bear to see any human being work so hard."

The Scream of Ennui. A dog howls when he is lonely, a cat wauls (the word must be right, for it comes from "caterwaul") because of some combative or amative impulse, but a parrot screams through sheer boredom. I sometimes think it is the only creature that shares with us that secondary curse which followed our ejection from Eden—ennui. And I know that if Noah fed his animals well and if they had plenty of room for exercise the only creatures who rebelled vocally against the dire tedium of voyage and the creature who made the most noise, bar none, were the two little papiques, as our forefathers used to call them.—Atlantic.

Slipper Day in Holland. There is a curious festival called Slipper day celebrated in Holland. Slipper day in the Netherlands is the one day in the year in which the Dutch woman claims superiority over her husband. On that day she rules him to her heart's content, and he generally obeys good humoredly enough—that is, unless she is one of those ladies not unknown in Holland—in any other country who aspire to complete rule over their unhappy partners throughout the year.

Badly Handicapped. "How did your show go on the road?" "Bad. We were fearfully handicapped by the plays we selected."

"Eh? Why, I thought the dramas in your repertory were the finest you could secure."

"Yes, but we couldn't play 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Extremely Rare. Tommy—Pop, what is meant by the sense of humor? Father—The sense of humor, my son, consists largely of knowing when not to be funny.—Philadelphia Record.

Mirth is the sweet wine of human life. It should be offered sparkling with zestful life unto God.—Beecher.

LISZT AS AN IDOL

The Great Musician Was Pelted by English Royalty.

A SOUVENIR OF THE MASTER.

The Singular Memento That Was Sacerdally and Secretly Treasured by a Cold, Rigid and Rather Disagreeable Old Englishwoman.

"When I was a very small boy indeed," writes Ford M. Hueffer in Harper's, "when I wore green velvet clothes, red stockings and long golden curls, thus displaying to an unsympathetic world the fact of my pre-Katphaelite origin, I was taken one day to a very large hall. In front of us was a wooden platform draped all in red. Upon the platform was a grand piano.

"In front of me the first row of the stalls had been taken away, and in place of them there had been put three gilded armchairs, before which was a table covered with a profusion of flowers that drooped and trailed to the ground. Suddenly there was applause—a considerable amount of applause. A lady and gentleman were coming from under the dark entry that led to the artists' room. They were the Prince and Princess of Wales. There was no doubt about that even for a small boy like myself.

"And then there was more applause. What applause! It volleyed, it rolled round the hall. All were on their feet. People climbed on to their chairs, they waved hands, they waved programs, they waved hats, they shouted, for in the dark entrance there had appeared, white and shining, a head with brown and spinklike features and white and long hair and the eternal wonderful smile.

"They advanced, these three, amid those tremendous shouts and enthusiasm—the two royal personages leading the master, one holding each hand. They approached the gilded armchairs immediately in front of me, and the prince and princess indicated to the master that he was to sit between them at the table covered with flowers.

"He made little pantomimes of modesty, he drew his hands through their grasp, he walked quickly away from the armchairs, and because I was just behind them he suddenly removed me from my seat and left me standing under all the eyes, solitary in the aisle of the center of the hall, while he sat down. I do not think I was frightened by the eyes, but I know I was terribly frightened by that great brown, aquiline face, with the piercing glance and the mirrorless, distant, inscrutable smile.

"And immediately just beside me there began what appeared to be a gentle and courtly wrestling match. A gentleman of the royal suit approached the master. He refused to move. The prince approached the master. He sat indomitably still. Then the princess came and, taking him by the hand, drew him almost by force out of my stall, for it was my stall, after all.

"And when he was once upon his feet, as if to clinch the matter, she suddenly sat down in it herself, and with a sudden touch of good feeling she took me by the hand—the small solitary boy with the golden curls and the red stockings—and sat me upon her lap. I, alas, have no trace of the date on which I sat in a queen's lap, for it was all so very long ago; the king is dead, the master is long since dead, the hall itself is pulled down and has utterly disappeared.

"I had a distant relative—oddly enough an English one, not a German—who married an official of the court of Weimar and became a lady in waiting on the grand duchess. As far as I know, there was nothing singularly sentimental about this lady. When I knew her she was cold, rigid and rather disagreeable. She had always about her a peculiar and disagreeable odor, and when she died a few years ago it was discovered that she wore round her neck a sachet, and in this sachet was a half smoked cigar.

"This was a relic of Franz Liszt. He had begun to smoke it many years before at a dinner which she had given, and he having put it down unfinished, she had at once seized upon it and had worn it upon her person ever since. This sounds inexplicable and incredible, but there it is."

Settling a Bill. When Andrew Jackson lived at Salisbury, N. C., he once attended court at Rockford, then the county seat of Surry, and left without paying his bill, which was duly charged up against him on the hotel register, which seems to have been the hotel ledger at that time, and so stood for many years. When the news of the victory of the 8th of January, 1815, was received in this then remote section the old landlord turned back the leaves of the register, took his pen and wrote under the account against Andrew Jackson, "Settled in full by the battle of New Orleans."

She Meant Well. The late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the rigid apostle of temperance, while on a week end visit made the acquaintance of a sharp young lady of seven, to whom, on leaving, he said: "Now, my dear, we have been talking some time. I am sure you have no idea who I am."

"Oh, yes, I have," the little missy replied. "You are the celebrated drunkard."—London Graphic.

Not by years, but by disposition, is wisdom acquired.—Plautus.

First publication April 27

Legal Notice.

In the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, Thomas McMahon, Jr., plaintiff, vs. Teresa Dixon, a widow, Matthew Dixon (single) Jane McDermott and husband John McDermott (real name unknown), Michael Dixon and wife, Ellen Dixon, Johanna Cross and husband John Cross (real name unknown), Dennis Dixon and wife Ellen Dixon, defendants.

The above named defendants will take notice that on the 27th day of April, 1911, the above named plaintiff, Thomas McMahon, Jr., filed his petition in the above entitled cause and court, the object and prayer of which are to quiet the title in himself in and to the northeast quarter of section six, township twenty-nine, north of range eleven, west of the Sixth P. M., in Holt county, Nebraska, against the claims of each and all of the defendants and to obtain a decree excluding the defendants and each and all of them from having or claiming to have any interest in and to the above described real estate and to join the defendants and each and all of them from claiming or asserting any title, claim, or right, in or to the before described real estate against the plaintiff and that the title hereto and right of possession thereof be forever quieted and confirmed in the plaintiff and the defendants and each and all of them excluded from having or claiming to have or asserting any claim, right, title or interest in or to said premises or any part thereof, and or such other and further relief as may be just and equitable.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 5th day of June, 1911.

R. R. DICKSON, Attorney for Plaintiff.

First publication May 4th.

Notice of Application for Allowance and Assignment of Personal Property State of Nebraska Holt County, ss.

To all persons interested in the estate of John A. Wilson, deceased. You are hereby notified that on the 27th day of April, 1911, Jennie S. Wilson, widow of John A. Wilson, deceased, filed her petition in the county court of Holt county, Nebraska praying for an allowance from said estate for her support during the year of administration, and for the assignment to her of the personal property of which she is given an absolute right by the terms of the statute, and that said petition will be heard at the county court room in said county on the 1st day of June, 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m.

It is further ordered that notice of the pendency of this petition be given to all persons interested in said estate by publication for four weeks in The Frontier, a newspaper of general circulation in said county.

Dated this 27th day of April, 1911.

C. J. MALONE, County Judge.

First Publication April 27th.

Notice of Hearing on Petition for Letters of Administration.

State of Nebraska, Holt County. To all persons interested in the estate of Margaret R. Barker deceased: You are hereby notified that on the 24th day of April, 1911, Charles H. Finney, filed his petition in the county court of said county for the appointment of an administrator of the estate of Margaret R. Barker, who died in the State of Rhode Island, about the 1st of January 1891, and who died seized of real estate situated in said county, and that the same will be heard at the county court room in the city of O'Neill, in said county, on the 15th day of May 1911, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m.

It is further ordered that notice of said hearing be given to all parties interested in said estate by the publication of this notice for three successive weeks in The Frontier a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said county.

Dated this 24th day of April, 1911.

C. J. MALONE, County Judge.

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