

CASEY'S TABLE D'HOTE.

Oh, them days on Red Horse mountain when the skies was fair 'nd blue. When the money flowed like likker 'nd the folks was brave 'nd true. When the nights was crisp and balmy, 'nd the camp was all a-fire. With the joints all throved wide open 'nd no sherrif to derrier!

Improvements in Chicago. Englishman to American young lady visiting abroad—Aw—Miss Breezy—I understand that the society young ladies in America always carry jeweled revolvers when at evening entertainments.



Soon at a Fat Man's ball.—Texas Sittings.

A Qualified Substitute. "Say, sis," he said to a 10-year-old girl who answered his ring at the door, "is your mother in?"

Homeopathy Defined. The small boy's father is a doctor, an allopath. He took his small son out for a walk, and they passed a house upon which was a sign, "Dr. —, Homeopathic Physician."

Couldn't Attend to Everything. "I've got a complaint to make," said an office boy to his employer. "What is it?"

Johnny Was TI ere. "Ah, my darling," murmured J. Court Plaster, as they sat on a sofa in the softly lighted parlor.

Literal. "Hal Jones, cold day!" "Yes." "Had a big fall of it, haven't we?" "Yes, pretty big."

An Overworked Official. "Who is that tired looking man at the desk in the corner?" inquired a visitor at the headquarters of the signal service bureau.

A Great Age. A German paper has this witticism. It is an enthusiastic professor who is speaking to his students. "Yes, gentlemen, yes, that was a great time. Herder had written his 'Walden,' Lessing was in full activity, Goethe had begun his brilliant career, and Schiller was about to be born."

A Subject for Reflection. A southern hotel advertiser among its attractions a "parlor for ladies thirty-five feet wide." We trust this paragraph will catch the eye of the woman who occupies three seats in a crowded car.

His Voice Had Such Go in It. Mable (sotto voce)—What do you think of his voice, dear? Very—Oh! it's just what we wanted. The very thing to make our party go. Which the party immediately did.—Judy.

A GRAY WOLF TAMED.

One of the Savage Breed of the Rocky Mountains. Made a Domestic Pet. A gray haired, eccentric looking man, known as "Uncle Davy," recently returned to the Republican office in company with his pet wolf, Jack, as his master called him, is a fine specimen of the gray wolf, and weighs a little more than fifty pounds, is six months old, has the sharp nose peculiar to that animal, and carries his long, bushy tail hanging in a graceful curve.

He was Wrong. "Can I speak to you a moment?" he said softly as he called the chief clerk in the post-office to the window the other day. "Certainly."

A Trifle Too Precise. Capt. J. W. Coons, of the state auditor's office, was grumbling in deep undertones this morning. "Some people's nerve paralyzes me," he said.

Speaking Literally. Miss Breezy to Professor X., of the Natural History museum—Do you not think, Professor X., that Miss Smith, at the piano there, is a very beautiful girl?

Very Destructive of Life. A Lamb Who lay down beside a Pond for Rest and Sleep found it impossible to close his Eyes on account of the Croaking of a Frog.

One of Our Neighbors. It is only about once in fifteen years that Mars comes as near as even 36,000,000 miles. Its orbit is so eccentric that the interval between it and the orbit of the earth varies all the way from 20,000,000 miles to 61,000,000; and it is only now and then that, as the two planets circle round in their respective tracks, the passing point is between the earth and Mars.

To Make Beet Sugar. Nebraska will shortly enter upon the manufacture of beet root sugar on a scale which promises the greatest success. The German farmers are skilled in the raising of this vegetable, and a large sum has been subscribed to secure the production of the beet sugar in the market.

Fruit in England. England, says The Toronto Globe, pays \$40,000,000 a year for foreign fruit. At the same time English fruit is believed to be so much better than foreign that Canadian and American apples are sold marked as "best English," and bring double prices when so marked.

Scares That Cause Illness. There can be little doubt that people are made sick by reading so much of the dangers of one sort or another. Now it is a leprosy scare, again a smallpox or yellow fever or cholera scare, and all the time sensational pathologists magnifying or creating diseases innumerable.

Street Music. The decision of the supreme court of Massachusetts against street music may be pleasant to the wealthy who suffer, but some way it recalls the habit of Sir Arthur Helps—one of the sweetest social writers who ever lived—of stopping to listen to every organ grinder being upbraided for it by one of his aristocratic friends, he answered, "Well, it isn't so very bad music, and then, you know, it is all that most of them have a chance to hear."

To Prepare Soft Coal. Some one tells how to prepare soft coal in such a way, at small cost, that there will be no accumulation of root in the chimney, and that the under sides of the stove lids will be kept clean. Here it is: For a ton of coal buy a few cents' worth of common salt, make a brine of it, and pour over the coal. We do not say that the result will be as effective as the process, but it is worth trying.—Scientific American.

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CAPITAL CITY COURIER, Both for \$4.25. This makes the price of the COURIER when taken this way only \$1.25.

THE CENTRAL NEBRASKA LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY. CAPITAL \$100,000. Mr. Fickley—Do you know, Miss Dewitt, you looked charming at the ball the other night! Miss Dewitt—Nonsense! I don't believe it. Mr. Fickley—Oh, but you did. Actually, I didn't recognize you at first.—Buffalo Courier.



"Now, if I hadn't been able to read, what a fix I might have been in!"—Life. A Decided Success. First Little Boy—My papa says perpetual motion is a failure. Second Little Boy—Guess your folks ain't got any gas meter in their house.—Time. A Better Way. A lady's magazine tells "How to Stain Floors." A cheaper way is to take up the carpets and give the baby a bottle of ink to play with.—Norristown Herald. Accidents in High Eds. First Tramp—Say, pard, how'd ye smash yer finger? Second Tramp—Shuttin' the piano.—New York Weekly.