

MORE POLISH THAN MOSS.

NOW A "ROLLING STONE" CONSOLING HIMSELF FOR LOST TIME.

An Autobiography with a Small Moral. But Many Young Men Will Think the Pentitent Did Well Enough—"Might Have Been Manager," Perhaps!

[Special Correspondence.]

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 13.—I met here the other day a living illustration that a rolling stone gathers no moss. His story throws light on the methods of employers and the salaries paid to clerks, and I believe will appeal to that large and growing class of young men who are either earning their own living or about to start out for themselves, warning them, perhaps, to let well enough alone. I give the story in the young man's own words as nearly as I can remember them.

"I am 24 years old," said he. "In 1886 I was employed in an insurance office in this town, where I had then been for two years, having started as a boy on a small salary. I am a graduate of the St. Louis university, and at that time was a good stenographer, running off about 130 words a minute. I also wrote on the typewriter about eighty words a minute, frequently taking letters from dictation on the machine. I was head clerk in the office and my salary was \$75 a month. But I got dissatisfied—thought I ought to be getting on faster—and I kicked. I told my employer that something must be done. The fact is, I got the big head. I thought he couldn't get along without me. Just about this time I got an offer from another office to travel, and that settled it. I left my place and went out on the road.

"I was away four months and traveled all through the southwest. Then I was recalled. My work was of a special nature and required no extraordinary ability. When it was finished of course there was nothing more for me to do but to leave. This didn't occur to me when I left my former place, and I began to realize that I had thrown up a good thing for an uncertainty. Well, I hadn't been back three days before I heard that a large wholesale house wanted a stenographer. I went down and saw one of the firm. He was a perfect Chesterfield. Shook hands, was glad to see me, said he knew I was just the man they had been looking for, but his partner was away in Chicago and, of course, he wouldn't like to engage me positively until that individual got back. But I would be sure to hear from them. Then I went home and held down chairs for a few days until I got a letter. I was engaged. Salary \$75 a month. I was as happy as a clam at high tide. The next morning I showed up bright and early and worked like a horse all day taking notes.

"Everything was lovely in the morning, but in the afternoon a cloud appeared on my horizon. The manager, who had been so pleasant when he saw me first, began to curse me. Of course I resented it. I told him politely that I was willing to do anything I was told to do, but I didn't propose to be sworn at by any man. He quieted down after this, and things went along until 6 o'clock, when I was told that the work was a little behind and it would be necessary for me to put in a few nights. I said I was perfectly willing, went out, paid for my own supper and came back and worked until midnight. For three days and nights I kept this up. I never worked so hard in my life. Well, sir, will you believe me, when Saturday came the manager called me into his office and said they would not require my services any longer. Maybe I didn't boil. I raved. There were a lot of clerks there, and some of them told me afterward they never saw such nerve as I displayed. They themselves had been under subjection for some time, and of course were scared to death.

"The reason given for my discharge was that my services were not satisfactory, but that didn't go down with me. It was a week, however, before I found out what was the matter. Then I learned that my predecessor was a girl who had been paid \$35 a month. The man I saw decided to engage me at \$75, not waiting for his partner to return from Chicago. Saturday his partner got back, and when he heard the news there was a cyclone. As he ruled the place of course I was fired.

"Then I loafed for a spell. Laid around home and waited for developments. Looked through the advertising columns of the papers every day for about two months. One day I saw that a large carriage house wanted a stenographer. My application was answered, and I appeared one morning to be tested. My future employer, after he had dictated some few minutes, expressed himself delighted with me.

"He was a tall man with flowing side whiskers, and would have graced any drawing room. 'Young man,' said he, 'there's a great future for you in this business. We not only want a man to write shorthand, but we shall expect you, sir, to acquire the details of the business; to become familiar with the various kinds of vehicles, sir, and to know their prices. Young man, I have no hesitation in saying to you that if you succeed in mastering this business—and I have no doubt of your ability—a fortune awaits you. After you have been here some little time I shall ask you to wait on a few customers. That, sir, will be the beginning. Eventually you will be given a commission, and I have no doubt that you will make a complete success.'

"I was entranced. The long flowing whiskers of my amiable employer floated through my brain all night. The next morning I appeared on the scene and put in my best lick for the rest of the week. My salary was to have been \$75 a month, but I was told that it would be increased to \$20 a week.

"After my last experience all this seemed like a dream. I stayed in my new place for six weeks. Then one Saturday night I got a note saying that my services would be required no longer. I was thunderstruck. I hastened to my employer. He curtly informed me that

A JAPANESE NOVELIST.

His Workshop and the Tools with Which He Paints His Stories.

It is particularly hard to believe in a Japanese literature. One can accept the latter characters over the tiny shops and being in some fashion significant, but to understand the portrayal of virtue and vice, of mighty deeds and sublime scenes, of joy and despair, by a set of crossbones playing cricket is beyond the Occidental intelligence. And the idea of these solemn lines taking it upon themselves to convey modern fiction to this quaint little public in flapping kimono and clattering geta, that warms itself over a hibachi, and sits all day on the floor of its curious domiciles, and goes bareheaded about its business in the streets, is more exceedingly queer.

I know they do, though, not because they have conveyed any to me, but because I have a Japanese friend who is a novelist, and tonight sat and watched him decorating the fortunes of his heroine for a long time. His workshop has no Grub street suggestions in it. I shall describe it to you.

It is a little room, a very little room. "Six mats" is its Japanese measurement, and a mat is about six feet by four. It is full of the soft, dull light that pulses from a square white paper lantern; the low, bright wooden ceiling gives back a pale brown gleam here and there. There is a silvery glint in the frail paneled walls, which I have learned not to lean against; and in a warm, gray shadowed recess a gold Buddha crosses his feet and stretches forth his palms, smiling gently upon the lotus which he holds. In another recess stand the curious vessels of iron and clay and bamboo for the tea ceremony. My novelist has often told me the story of the tea ceremony—how it was invented 200 years ago by a wise man, whose name I could not possibly spell, who thought that the Japanese were declining into luxury, to gratify the soul more and the sense less.

Often have I seen him conduct this grave function, I tasting first, as a foreign guest, the bitterness of that powdered politeness that went from lip to lip and last to his. The special bowl of the tea ceremony, fashioned by the hand of the wise man himself, come back to clay so long ago, is more precious than rubies. It is of the coarsest mold, and there are even stones in it, but one can see quite plainly about it the finger marks of the maker, with their delicate curved line of wrinkled skin, and the impress of his thought is also there. And on one side, where the clay is broken away, the place is made whole again with pure gold.

There was nothing in the room an hour ago except my novelist and his table and his tools and me. He sat on the floor in a flowing garment of brown silk lined with blue, his legs disposed comfortably under him. I sat there, too, with mine contorted under me. It takes time to adapt one's muscles to the Japanese point of view. It is a wretched table about a foot high—such a wonderful table! For it has stood before the altars of dusky Buddhist temples, and upborne the curling incense of many generations—generations that lived and prayed and clattered away into an obscurity deeper than that of the temple, though the great bronze feet of Buddha behind the altar stirred never a hair's breadth from that place to keep them company. The lacquer is so honest and so old that it has turned a mysterious greenish brown, and over this runs a spinning design of wild roses in deep cut gold, turning down the claw feet of some imaginative monster which support the massive slab.

My friend's writing materials are as idyllic as his surroundings—his paper is delicately tinted yellow, with blue lines running up and down. His inkstand is a carved ebony slab, with one end hollowed out for water to rub his cube of India ink in, and holds the four or five daintily decorated bamboo brushes which are his pens. Naturally, he does not write his novel, he paints it. Beginning at the end of the whole, at the left of every page and at the top of every line, straight down between the two blue parallels, his small brown hand goes, with a quick, delicate touch, from which are springing the words of O-Mitsu-san, or Miss Honey Sweet, and the heroism of Matsuo-san, or the Strong Pine Tree.—Cor. London Athenaeum.

Armenian Colonists in Persia. The deportation of Armenians which visited the shah to ascertain if an emigration of members of that race would be acceptable to Persia have reported favorably to their oppressed brethren at home, but these latter will meet with almost insurmountable difficulties in escaping the grasp of their Turkish masters. The Ottoman officials have been accustomed for so many years to consider it as a duty as well as a privilege to rob them that they regard with constant dread the prospect of losing what they deem their legitimate prey. Every obstacle will be thrown in the path of the emigrants, and they will need all their traditional cunning to transport much property with them. Obstinate Christian as they have remained through centuries of persecution, they do not care to take refuge among those of their own faith in other lands, partly for climatic reasons, but principally because among the ignorant and sluggish Mussulmans they have had more favorable opportunities of gratifying their ruling passion—money making—for the sake of indulging which they will run nearly every risk and submit to every humiliation.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

One Dollar Worth \$1,000. Dr. Edward Walther, of St. Paul, Minn., recently discovered one of the very few silver dollars of the year 1804 in the possession of an old Norwegian living in the southern portion of Minnesota, and purchased the coin of him for \$150. About a dozen of these coins are known to be in this country, two of which are in this city, two in New Mexico, two in Boston, one in Baltimore and one in the Davis collection, in New York.

Charles E. Osborn, of No. 1421 Fairmount avenue, said yesterday that he attended a sale some few years ago in this city when one of these coins, in good condition, brought \$1,002.50, and within a year he had an opportunity of buying one for \$1,000. There are numerous bogus coins of this date which are made by skillfully cutting out the figure 3 in an 1805 dollar and neatly plugging it with a figure 4. Some of these frauds are so neatly executed that it requires the aid of a powerful microscope to detect the deception.—Philadelphia Record.

Our own. A widespread legend of great antiquity informs us that the moon is inhabited by a man with a bundle of sticks on his back, who has been exiled thither for many centuries, and is so far off that he is beyond the reach of death. This tradition, which has given rise to so many superstitions, is still preserved, under various forms, in most countries; but it has not been decided who the culprit originally was and how he came to be imprisoned. Dante calls him Cain; Chaucer assigns him a thorn bush to carry, while Shakespeare loads him with thorns, but by way of compensation gives him a dog for a companion.—Chicago Ledger.

Douwing street, London, was named after an American from Salem, Mass., a fact that is not generally known.

Under Recognition. Legal Language That Angered a Southern Landlady. "We had all been attending court on the Blank circuit," said an old lawyer to an Atlanta Constitution man, "and old Judge Wisdom had presided with his usual dignity. In the town of Hardluck we had finished the week's business and were all seated at the table of Mrs. Edgeway's boarding house, finishing the farewell dinner.

"Mrs. Edgeway had been very kind and attentive to us all during the week, and that day she was more considerate than ever. On the table reposed a cold boiled ham, as hard as a hickory mast and as stale. We had cut and hacked and chipped from its cautious surface all the week, and still it came up fresh and smiling, the center dish on the table, meal after meal.

"Gentlemen, ahem!" said Judge Wisdom, "conduct yourselves with proper deportment now." Then, rising from his seat, he began: "To all and singular, the sheriffs, constables, and other officers of the county aforesaid, greeting: I recognize this ham, and do hereby command said ham to be and appear at the fall term of the honorable superior court in and for said county, and to appear from day to day and from term to term until properly dismissed by this court.

"Great grief!" Old Mrs. Edgeway had stood in the corner, arms folded and a smile of pleasant anticipation on her face, when the judge arose, but as he proceeded she stood mute and paralyzed for a moment, and then burst forth such a torrent of abuse and invectives as we had never heard before. Judge Wisdom's conclusion was drowned in the storm of her wrath.

A Clear Case. Eminent Lawyer—Gentlemen of the jury, according to all the testimony presented, the evidence against my client is purely circumstantial. A murder was committed, and the autopsy showed that deceased had been hit by a club. A few persons saw my client standing over the prostrate man. My client had a club in his hand. The club was bloody. He was seen to strike, or I should say, to push, tap, the prostrate man a few times with the aforesaid club, but gentlemen of the jury, remember the injustice which has been done in the said, regretted, unrecoverable past and be cautious. Remember the hundreds of innocent men who would have suffered unjustly if, at the last moment, some happy circumstance had not thrown doubt on their guilt. Now, gentlemen, it is very evident to me that my client, in returning to his peaceful home from a prayer meeting or something, just happened to see the deceased committing suicide by beating himself on the head with a club, and my benevolent client, true to instincts of humanity, rushed up, jerked the fatal club away, and playfully patted him with it as an admonition that he should not try to commit suicide again.

Verdict of Jury—Not guilty.—New York Weekly.

How to Enjoy Dreams. A poet asks: "What are the dreams of the days gone by?" The poet has no business to ask such foolish questions. They are gone, irretrievably gone. You can't put up dreams like you can bottles of ketchup or pot preservers. You have to get all the good you can out of a dream while it is on tap. That's the time to enjoy dreams. Then, when the dreams are gone by, if the poet hankers after more, let him eat a mince pie or some pickled salmon before going to bed, and he can secure a new, fresh batch of dreams with no trouble at all.—London Titbits.

Customs of the Country. "Aw!" said young Fitz Brown de Nubbins, of London, England, "this is certainly the most blawsted country for queer customs, aw! I ever was in. It's warm weather and I don't want any heat from the register. Why should I write my name on it?"

The disgruntled clerk showed a book of autobiographies before him, gazed at his own lily white hands and condescended to explain, for which young De Nubbins was sentenced to 93.—Cartoon.

Her Peril. A Rochester woman came very near starving to death last week. She had plenty of money in her purse, but in an unlucky moment she put the wallet in her dress pocket, and when she went to look for it to pay for some groceries she couldn't find it. It was several days before she came across it.—Rochester Post-Express.

Didn't Like the Business. "What are you going to do for a living?" asked one boy of another. "I would like to write taxidermy."

"Why not?" "It's such a stuffy business."—Washington Capital.

What She Caught. Stella—You mean old thing! I've a notion never to speak to you again. You went off skating with Willie Dunn and never asked me to go along. I hope you caught a good cold!

Minnie—But I didn't. I caught Willie.—Time.

The Best Part of the Cod. Mr. Verdant (on his bridal tour)—What shall we order for breakfast?

Mrs. Verdant—O, anything light. Let's see! I'd like some fish cakes. I just love them. I think they are the best part of a cod, don't you?—Exchange.

The Danger Signal. Jones—What does that red flag on the weather signal tower mean?

Smith—I guess that's to let the weather clerk know he's in danger.—Binghamton Republican.

Very Hard Times. Squyers—These are hard times, eh? Nickleby—Yes; but I've heard of harder.

"When?" "The stone ages."—Burlington Free Press.

A Creature of Habit. A man who had been told that he was about to die asked the doctor for his bill saying that he did not wish to depart from his life long rule, "Pay as you go."—Rome Sentinel.

Neatly Turned. Miss Tilly—Mr. De Todd, I really never know what to do with my hands. Mr. De Todd (after a pause)—You might give one of them to me. Miss Tilly—It is rather sudden, Mr. De Todd, but here it is.—Time.

The Mails of Old. In the days of the mail coach St. Valentine was liable to miss connection. The lumbering old vehicle had to pass through perils by highwaymen, high seafarers and other incidents of the time. More than one mail sack has been plundered by masked robbers who had no objection to the prevailing customs, and the dainty missives—arrow pierced hearts over rhyming sentiment—were left by the roadside to wind and snow. This is why there were disappointments in the olden time when there should have been happiness supreme, and the valentine sender was doomed to wonder why the next letter from the gentle one made no mention of his elegant tributes.

Nowadays, when the postman turns the corner with the regularity of a true clock, there are fewer disappointments. The entire household, including the domestics, get their share of valentines, and the patron saint is blessed or anatomized as the missives strike the recipient. The linked hearts with Cupid hovering over them throw the confirmed old bachelor into a rage. He knows that the valentine came from his jolly little niece who is always setting a trick or two on him, but at the same time he is so sarcastic that he must have his choler out in spite of the real circumstances.—Exchange.

UNDER RECOGNIZANCE.

Legal Language That Angered a Southern Landlady.

"We had all been attending court on the Blank circuit," said an old lawyer to an Atlanta Constitution man, "and old Judge Wisdom had presided with his usual dignity. In the town of Hardluck we had finished the week's business and were all seated at the table of Mrs. Edgeway's boarding house, finishing the farewell dinner.

"Mrs. Edgeway had been very kind and attentive to us all during the week, and that day she was more considerate than ever. On the table reposed a cold boiled ham, as hard as a hickory mast and as stale. We had cut and hacked and chipped from its cautious surface all the week, and still it came up fresh and smiling, the center dish on the table, meal after meal.

"Gentlemen, ahem!" said Judge Wisdom, "conduct yourselves with proper deportment now." Then, rising from his seat, he began: "To all and singular, the sheriffs, constables, and other officers of the county aforesaid, greeting: I recognize this ham, and do hereby command said ham to be and appear at the fall term of the honorable superior court in and for said county, and to appear from day to day and from term to term until properly dismissed by this court.

"Great grief!" Old Mrs. Edgeway had stood in the corner, arms folded and a smile of pleasant anticipation on her face, when the judge arose, but as he proceeded she stood mute and paralyzed for a moment, and then burst forth such a torrent of abuse and invectives as we had never heard before. Judge Wisdom's conclusion was drowned in the storm of her wrath.

A Clear Case. Eminent Lawyer—Gentlemen of the jury, according to all the testimony presented, the evidence against my client is purely circumstantial. A murder was committed, and the autopsy showed that deceased had been hit by a club. A few persons saw my client standing over the prostrate man. My client had a club in his hand. The club was bloody. He was seen to strike, or I should say, to push, tap, the prostrate man a few times with the aforesaid club, but gentlemen of the jury, remember the injustice which has been done in the said, regretted, unrecoverable past and be cautious. Remember the hundreds of innocent men who would have suffered unjustly if, at the last moment, some happy circumstance had not thrown doubt on their guilt. Now, gentlemen, it is very evident to me that my client, in returning to his peaceful home from a prayer meeting or something, just happened to see the deceased committing suicide by beating himself on the head with a club, and my benevolent client, true to instincts of humanity, rushed up, jerked the fatal club away, and playfully patted him with it as an admonition that he should not try to commit suicide again.

Verdict of Jury—Not guilty.—New York Weekly.

How to Enjoy Dreams. A poet asks: "What are the dreams of the days gone by?" The poet has no business to ask such foolish questions. They are gone, irretrievably gone. You can't put up dreams like you can bottles of ketchup or pot preservers. You have to get all the good you can out of a dream while it is on tap. That's the time to enjoy dreams. Then, when the dreams are gone by, if the poet hankers after more, let him eat a mince pie or some pickled salmon before going to bed, and he can secure a new, fresh batch of dreams with no trouble at all.—London Titbits.

Customs of the Country. "Aw!" said young Fitz Brown de Nubbins, of London, England, "this is certainly the most blawsted country for queer customs, aw! I ever was in. It's warm weather and I don't want any heat from the register. Why should I write my name on it?"

The disgruntled clerk showed a book of autobiographies before him, gazed at his own lily white hands and condescended to explain, for which young De Nubbins was sentenced to 93.—Cartoon.

Her Peril. A Rochester woman came very near starving to death last week. She had plenty of money in her purse, but in an unlucky moment she put the wallet in her dress pocket, and when she went to look for it to pay for some groceries she couldn't find it. It was several days before she came across it.—Rochester Post-Express.

Didn't Like the Business. "What are you going to do for a living?" asked one boy of another. "I would like to write taxidermy."

"Why not?" "It's such a stuffy business."—Washington Capital.

What She Caught. Stella—You mean old thing! I've a notion never to speak to you again. You went off skating with Willie Dunn and never asked me to go along. I hope you caught a good cold!

Minnie—But I didn't. I caught Willie.—Time.

The Best Part of the Cod. Mr. Verdant (on his bridal tour)—What shall we order for breakfast?

Mrs. Verdant—O, anything light. Let's see! I'd like some fish cakes. I just love them. I think they are the best part of a cod, don't you?—Exchange.

The Danger Signal. Jones—What does that red flag on the weather signal tower mean?

Smith—I guess that's to let the weather clerk know he's in danger.—Binghamton Republican.

Very Hard Times. Squyers—These are hard times, eh? Nickleby—Yes; but I've heard of harder.

"When?" "The stone ages."—Burlington Free Press.

A Creature of Habit. A man who had been told that he was about to die asked the doctor for his bill saying that he did not wish to depart from his life long rule, "Pay as you go."—Rome Sentinel.

Neatly Turned. Miss Tilly—Mr. De Todd, I really never know what to do with my hands. Mr. De Todd (after a pause)—You might give one of them to me. Miss Tilly—It is rather sudden, Mr. De Todd, but here it is.—Time.

The Mails of Old. In the days of the mail coach St. Valentine was liable to miss connection. The lumbering old vehicle had to pass through perils by highwaymen, high seafarers and other incidents of the time. More than one mail sack has been plundered by masked robbers who had no objection to the prevailing customs, and the dainty missives—arrow pierced hearts over rhyming sentiment—were left by the roadside to wind and snow. This is why there were disappointments in the olden time when there should have been happiness supreme, and the valentine sender was doomed to wonder why the next letter from the gentle one made no mention of his elegant tributes.

Nowadays, when the postman turns the corner with the regularity of a true clock, there are fewer disappointments. The entire household, including the domestics, get their share of valentines, and the patron saint is blessed or anatomized as the missives strike the recipient. The linked hearts with Cupid hovering over them throw the confirmed old bachelor into a rage. He knows that the valentine came from his jolly little niece who is always setting a trick or two on him, but at the same time he is so sarcastic that he must have his choler out in spite of the real circumstances.—Exchange.

Language is hardly strong enough to express my admiration of it. It is the best I have ever seen for its purpose, and I have never used. During the past eighteen years I have tried nearly all the prominent cough medicines on the market, but say, and with pleasure too, that Chamberlain's cough remedy is the best of all.—Thomas Rhodes, Bakersfield, Cal. For sale by A. L. Shadler, druggist.

Notice. To Hattie B. Breeze, non-resident defendant. You are hereby notified that on the 23rd day of December, 1899, Fred J. Breeze filed a petition against you in the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a divorce from you on the grounds that you have willfully abandoned the said plaintiff, without good cause, for the term of two years last past; and that said defendant was guilty of cruelty towards said plaintiff at divers times, and frequently intoxication. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 17th day of February, 1900.

FRED J. BREEZE, Plaintiff. By ATKINSON & DOTY, Attorneys.

Notice of Publication. In the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, The Citizens' National Bank of Hillsborough, Ohio, plaintiff, vs. E. L. Johnson and James W. Smith, defendants.

E. L. Johnson (or Edward L. Johnson) and James W. Smith, defendants, who take notice that on the 28th day of December, 1899, the Citizens' National Bank of Hillsborough, Ohio, plaintiff herein, filed its petition in the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which are to recover the sum of \$6,573.32, with interest thereon from the date of May 18, 1899, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, due and unpaid upon a certain judgment duly rendered and entered in the Common Pleas Court of Highland county, State of Ohio, having adequate jurisdiction in such cases. Said judgment is for the sum of \$6,573.32, and bears interest at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum.

And said plaintiff has duly attached the following pieces and parcels of land as the property of the said defendants, to-wit: Section 10, Township 12 N., Range 7 E., County and State aforesaid. Also the following: West half of Section Two, and west half of N. E. quarter, and south half of S. E. quarter, all in Section Twelve (12), Township 10 N., Range 7 E., County and State aforesaid. Also the following: East half of S. W. quarter, all in Section 11, Township 11 N., Range 7 E., County and State aforesaid. Also the following: West half of Section Two, and west half of N. E. quarter, and south half of S. E. quarter, all in Section Twenty-two (22), Township 10 N., Range 7 E., County and State aforesaid. Also the following: East half of S. W. quarter, and east half of S. E. quarter, all in Section Three (3), Township 10 N., Range 7 E., County and State aforesaid. Also the following: North half of S. E. quarter, and N. E. quarter of N. W. quarter, all in Section Ten (10), Township 10 N., Range 7 E., County and State aforesaid. Also the following: West half of Section Two, and west half of N. E. quarter, and south half of S. E. quarter, all in Section 12, Township 10 N., Range 7 E., County and State aforesaid. Also the following: East half of S. W. quarter, and east half of S. E. quarter, all in Section 11, Township 11 N., Range 7 E., County and State aforesaid. Also the following: West half of Section Two, and west half of N. E. quarter, and south half of S. E. quarter, all in Section Twenty-two (22), Township 10 N., Range 7 E., County and State aforesaid.

The said defendants are required to answer said petition on or before the 17th day of February, 1900.

THE CITIZENS' NATIONAL BANK OF HILLSBOROUGH, OHIO, Plaintiff. By ATKINSON & DOTY ATTORNEYS. Dated Dec. 30, 1899.

Notice. District Court, Lancaster county, Nebraska. George W. Hubble, plaintiff, vs. Fannie Hubble, defendant.

You are hereby notified that on the 30th day of January, 1899, your husband, George W. Hubble, filed a petition against you in the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which is to obtain a divorce from you on the ground that you have willfully abandoned the plaintiff without good cause for the term of two years last past. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 17th day of March, 1900.

GEORGE W. HUBBLE, Plaintiff. By Pound & Burr, His Attorneys.

James Mathers, his heirs and devisees, vs. Notice that it has been shown to me, S. T. Cochran, a justice of the peace in and for Lancaster county, Nebraska, that the judgment rendered in the action of Hass and Zeh against James Mathers for the sum of \$15.51 and \$9.35 costs, against the Printing Company, Nebraska, a justice of the peace in and for Lancaster county, Nebraska, on the 8th day of May, 1875, has become dormant by lapse of time, and is to be paid. It is therefore notified by me that unless you appear at my office on March 19th, 1900, at 4 p. m., and show cause against said revival, the said judgment will stand revived.

S. T. COCHRAN, Justice of the Peace. Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 8, 1900. (2-8-04)

Notice. THE STATE OF NEBRASKA, vs. J. B. Trickey, et al. In the District Court, Lancaster county, Nebraska. J. B. Trickey, et al.

Charles Othenstein. The above named Charles Othenstein will take notice that on Friday, the 28th of February, 1899, he filed a petition in the District Court of Lincoln, Nebraska, for the purpose of having the deposition of Edward L. Trickey taken, and for the purpose of having the same read in evidence on the trial of the above entitled cause, at the office of W. H. Hart, 226 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California, between S. B. and P. M.

UNDER RECOGNIZANCE.

Legal Language That Angered a Southern Landlady.

"We had all been attending court on the Blank circuit," said an old lawyer to an Atlanta Constitution man, "and old Judge Wisdom had presided with his usual dignity. In the town of Hardluck we had finished the week's business and were all seated at the table of Mrs. Edgeway's boarding house, finishing the farewell dinner.

"Mrs. Edgeway had been very kind and attentive to us all during the week, and that day she was more considerate than ever. On the table reposed a cold boiled ham, as hard as a hickory mast and as stale. We had cut and hacked and chipped from its cautious surface all the week, and still it came up fresh and smiling, the center dish on the table, meal after meal.

"Gentlemen, ahem!" said Judge Wisdom, "conduct yourselves with proper deportment now." Then, rising from his seat, he began: "To all and singular, the sheriffs, constables, and other officers of the county aforesaid, greeting: I recognize this ham, and do hereby command said ham to be and appear at the fall term of the honorable superior court in and for said county, and to appear from day to day and from term to term until properly dismissed by this court.

"Great grief!" Old Mrs. Edgeway had stood in the corner, arms folded and a smile of pleasant anticipation on her face, when the judge arose, but as he proceeded she stood mute and paralyzed for a moment, and then burst forth such a torrent of abuse and invectives as we had never heard before. Judge Wisdom's conclusion was drowned in the storm of her wrath.

A Clear Case. Eminent Lawyer—Gentlemen of the jury, according to all the testimony presented, the evidence against my client is purely circumstantial. A murder was committed, and the autopsy showed that deceased had been hit by a club. A few persons saw my client standing over the prostrate man. My client had a club in his hand. The club was bloody. He was seen to strike, or I should say, to push, tap, the prostrate man a few times with the aforesaid club, but gentlemen of the jury, remember the injustice which has been done in the said, regretted, unrecoverable past and be cautious. Remember the hundreds of innocent men who would have suffered unjustly if, at the last moment, some happy circumstance had not thrown doubt on their guilt. Now, gentlemen, it is very evident to me that my client, in returning to his peaceful home from a prayer meeting or something, just happened to see the deceased committing suicide by beating himself on the head with a club, and my benevolent client, true to instincts of humanity, rushed up, jerked the fatal club away, and playfully patted him with it as an admonition that he should not try to commit suicide again.

Verdict of Jury—Not guilty.—New York Weekly.

How to Enjoy Dreams. A poet asks: "What are the dreams of the days gone by?" The poet has no business to ask such foolish questions. They are gone, irretrievably gone. You can't put up dreams like you can bottles of ketchup or pot preservers. You have to get all the good you can out of a dream while it is on tap. That's the time to enjoy dreams. Then, when the dreams are gone by, if the poet hankers after more, let him eat a mince pie or some pickled salmon before going to bed, and he can secure a new, fresh batch of dreams with no trouble at all.—London Titbits.

Customs of the Country. "Aw!" said young Fitz Brown de Nubbins, of London, England, "this is certainly the most blawsted country for queer customs, aw! I ever was in. It's warm weather and I don't want any heat from the register. Why should I write my name on it?"

The disgruntled clerk showed a book of autobiographies before him, gazed at his own lily white hands and condescended to explain, for which young De Nubbins was sentenced to 93.—Cartoon.

Her Peril. A Rochester woman came very near starving to death last week. She had plenty of money in her purse, but in an unlucky moment she put the wallet in her dress pocket, and when she went to look for it to pay for some groceries she couldn't find it. It was several days before she came across it.—Rochester Post-Express.

Didn't Like the Business. "What are you going to do for a living?" asked one boy of another. "I would like to write taxidermy."

"Why not?" "It's such a stuffy business."—Washington Capital.

What She Caught. Stella—You mean old thing! I've a notion never to speak to you again. You went off skating with Willie Dunn and never asked me to go along. I hope you caught a good cold!

Minnie—But I didn't. I caught Willie.—Time.

The Best Part of the Cod. Mr. Verdant (on his bridal tour)—What shall we order for breakfast?

Mrs. Verdant—O, anything light. Let's see! I'd like some fish cakes. I just love them. I think they are the best part of a cod, don't you?—Exchange.