

CREDULITY OF MAN.

TWO GOOD STORIES ILLUSTRATING A BROKER'S THEORY.

Some Men Will Believe Almost Anything Without Logical Investigation if Somebody They Happen to Know Appears to Be in Earnest.

They wandered from subject to subject in a listless way over their coffee and cigars, as men often do when they have enjoyed a good dinner, until the broker got on his favorite hobby—the average man's credulity.

"Well, I'll give you an instance. It is a pretty good story anyhow, and perfectly true, almost incredible as it seems. In the town where I was born there lives an old river captain named Stewart, who is a great practical joker.

"The joker had added another figure in ink to the numbers on the bill, and as the proprietor did not like to acknowledge that he had never seen an eleven dollar bill before he had only glanced at it casually before putting it in the drawer.

"About fifteen minutes after Stewart went away a man walked in and said to the proprietor:

"Mr. Kennedy, I understand that you have an eleven dollar bill here. May I look at it? I never saw one."

"Kennedy produced it, and the man marveled over it for several minutes. Before he got through examining it another man walked in and asked to see the bill, and then another and another. Finally Kennedy's curiosity became excited, and he thought he would see what the bill really looked like.

"Well, here's another instance," said the broker. "Stewart went to a picnic one day with some men, and one of them had on a brand new hat he had just bought in the city. It was an almost white derby, and it at once attracted Stewart's attention.

"Well, he said, going up to the young man, you've got one of those new hats, have you? Let's look at it?"

"The fellow took it off with some show of pride and handed it over for inspection.

"I saw one of them hats the other day in the city," said Stewart to the little group of men who had gathered around him, "and I had half a mind to get it, but as I was in a hurry I didn't stop. They are something entirely new. They don't burn, you know. I'd like to have that hat. What'll you take for it?"

"I don't want to sell it," answered the owner, grinning with pleasure at being the object of so much attention. "I didn't know it was fireproof though. Are you sure about it?"

"Oh, yes," replied Stewart confidently. "Sell it to me and I'll show you."

"No, if you're sure I'll try it myself. And the young countryman walked over to a wood fire, followed by the crowd of men who had been gazing with wonder at the reported qualities of the new hat.

"How will I put it on?" he asked Stewart, who stood near by with a look of intense interest on his face.

"Oh, chuck it right in. It can't hurt it," replied the joker.

"So the innocent victim threw his hat into the fire, which of course made short work of it. The man's face was convulsed with rage and astonishment, and his temper was not improved when the crowd of men burst into a roar. He looked around for Stewart, but that gentleman had discreetly disappeared."

"Oh, come off! Go and tell that to the marines as your 'experience.' You can't make me believe such fairy stories," said his auditor.

"Those stories are perfectly straight. I knew the men myself."—New York Tribune.

Excess of Conscience.

Professor Palmer, of Harvard, discussing the teaching of morals in the public schools, says that excess of conscience has desolated New England like a scourge. Conscientiousness becomes a moral disease and takes the place in the spiritual life of nervous prostration in the physical life.

A Shrewd Business Man.

First Manager—Some prima donnas want the earth.

Second Manager—That is so. I once engaged one who demanded all the receipts of the house, but still I made money.

"How did you make out to do that?" "I married her when the season was over."—Texas Sittings.

Fond Recollection.

She—You haven't brought me a box of candy since we were married.

He—Yes, but think of the tons I brought you before we were married.—New York Weekly.

THE FLY EATING PLANT.

A Curious Operation of a Vegetable Devouring Animal Life.

One species of the diptera has its leaves rounded, while the other has them elongated into both alike have them reddish in color and covered with short hairs or filaments. At the end of each of these hairs there is an enlarged gland which secretes a tiny drop of what appears to be harmless dew.

Within a short time of the capture of a fly—so excessively sensitive are the glands—all the filaments growing around the one which has made the capture commence to bend inward, covering the luckless insect until it is securely within the grasp of the relentless plant.

Curiously enough, Darwin, whose researches into the subject were of a most exhaustive and interesting nature, found that the leaves on his plants were killed when he gave them a surfeit of cheese and raw meat.

Good Advice on the Subject of Hats.

Some one has said that not one man in a dozen knows how to wear a dress coat, and it is quite as true that a large number of individuals do not have any idea how to wear a hat.

Living in Chambers.

Within late years a new style of house-keeping has come in. It is a step further than the "flat." Besides it is much more swell to live in "chambers" than to live in a flat.

Overexercise.

Physicians are protesting against the overexercise taken by the slender, high strung people who would better be holding on to what little flesh they have, while it is next to impossible to stir up the lazy, heavy class to exert themselves enough to relieve them of their superfluous bulk.

His Lordship's Weight.

The present Earl Granville, some years since, when Lord Leveson, swallowed half a crown during the performance of some conjuring trick at a Christmas party.

Fine Threads.

If your nerves were steady enough to admit handling the silkworm's threads and you were to take a carpenter's rule and lay such threads side by side until they covered the space of an inch, you would find after completing the task that you had handled exactly 1,009 threads.—St. Louis Republic.

Learned Men Disagree.

That even honest doctors may sometimes disagree is an evident fact, and in literature as in medicine there are two sides to a shield. When Professor E. H. Palmer was teaching oriental languages at Cambridge university, England, he received a note, badly written and incorrectly spelled, asking if he could "read the inclosed document."

The document proved to be a paper written in Persian, and presented no difficulty whatever to the professor, who sent it back, saying that it was a warrant or ticket for certain goods, setting forth in the name of Allah the quantity, quality and make of the stuff.

A day or two afterward another letter came from the same correspondent. It contained a ten pound note and the words:

DEAR SIR—Hooray for old Cambridge! This was what the Oxford chap said it was.

"This" proved to be a copy of the "Oxford chap's" translation.

"This very curious and most interesting document," he wrote, "appears to be a copy of an ancient Persian inscription, probably taken from a tomb or a triumphal column. It is, however, very incomplete. It reads as follows: 'In the name of God. This was erected by [name uncertain] in the year [uncertain]. It is one thousand four hundred and seventy-five—long and seven hundred and thirty broad, and it'— Here the manuscript abruptly ends."—Youth's Companion.

The Jewels of a Saint.

The idea of sanctity usually carries with it a suggestion of poverty, and it may seem a contradiction to refer to the jewels of a saint. It has been customary for painters who choose for their subjects saints or martyrs to treat them with the utmost simplicity.

Raphael, who was perhaps the greatest painter of religious subjects the world has known, has in most of his works adhered strictly to this rule, but in the head of "St. Cecilia" is to be noticed a departure from it.

A young woman condemns herself in the eyes of good society who is observed to enter alone with a young man a place for public refreshment, be the restaurant or tearoom ever so select.

An Unpardonable Offense.

Many parts of the south and west allow this to be done with the smiling consent of good society, but in eastern cities it is considered a violation of the code of good form, and for the comfort, if not the convenience, of the girl considering it, had better be ranked among the least privileges upon which social evolution may look back with fond regret.

Mr. Emerson Knew What He Wanted.

"Those who know Mr. Emerson best," said Miss Louisa M. Alcott, "were assured that what seemed the decline of his faculties in his latter years was largely but a seeming. It was only words he could not command at will.

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A Bachelor's Argument.

"Why don't I get up and give my seat in a car to a woman whom I happen to see standing after I am seated?" said a broker the other day whose reputation for good breeding is beyond reproach.

"Well, I'll tell you frankly that it is due to the women. They become more ill bred and bolder every year. They demand a courtesy as a right. They never think of looking at a car as it approaches to see whether it is full or not or as to whether it would be better to wait for the next. They just board the first to come along and look at the men deprecatingly if they do not rise at once.

"Personally I have often waited for four cars to find a seat. Then I hang on to it, except in the case of a woman with a baby or an elderly lady. I am a bachelor and propose to remain so until a woman thanks me for giving her my seat in either an elevated train or a horse car. To such a one I think I'd propose marriage at once. But then I'm going to be careful to whom I give up my seat. Pretty soon we men will have to surrender our seats in the theater to the woman who buys an entrance ticket.

"And why not? Your seat in the theater cost perhaps \$1.50 and your seat in the car costs only five cents. Still the principle is the same, and no woman with a proper sense of delicacy ought to accept anything from a stranger which costs money.

"What would a woman think at the postage stamp window in the postoffice if a man ahead of her in the line turned around and said, 'Pardon me, madam, won't you take my stamp?' Yet a stamp is only two cents."—New York Herald.

At the Tomb of Eve.

"When Mark Twain was in the orient he dropped a tear on the grave of Adam, but I could not summon up so much sentiment at the tomb of Eve," said Professor Jeremiah Barson, who was relating his travels in the east to a party of politicians at the Laclede. "According to Arabic tradition the mother of the human race is buried at Hiddah. A small temple which is held by Mohammedans as especially sacred stands on the spot where the dust of this primeval giantess is supposed to lie, for, mark you, the Arabs believe that Eve was 300 feet tall and broad in proportion. I can only wonder that she didn't pull up the famous apple tree and take it along with her. Think of a woman 300 feet tall walking around among us in a pullick gown and yellow suspenders!

"Every seven years the pious Ishmaelites make a pilgrimage to the supposed grave of our alleged common mother. The spot is surrounded by a high wall, and through a crack in the rock roof of the little temple grows a gigantic palm. It is a most desolate looking spot, and contrasts strongly with that delightful paradise pictured by Milton. On June 3, which is supposed to be the anniversary of the death of Abel, the doors of the temple remain open all night. The Arabs say that on that night the spirit of Eve laments the murder of her best beloved, and that awful cries of grief and despair ring from the tomb, transfixing with horror all who hear them."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

When Tennyson Was Rebuked.

Little as Tennyson cared for society, he was sometimes to be met in houses which interested him, and one of these was the Duchess of Bedford's, in Eaton square, now the dowager duchess. It was at a party there one evening that he saw a certain great lady of whom he had heard, but whom he did not know. He desired to be introduced to her, or perhaps—for his ways were sometimes regal—desired that she might be presented to him. In whichever way it was, the ceremony took place, and Tennyson's second remark was this question, "Oh, Lady Blank, do I know Lord Blank?" The person about whom he thus inquired was a peer, who, though young, had won much distinction in public life and was widely known in private.

His wife was devoted to him and jealous of any word which sounded like disparagement of his position or indifference to his renown. She looked Tennyson in the face and answered, with perfect composure of manner: "I am sure, Lord Tennyson, I can't say I never heard him mention your name in my life." For a moment the poet was staggered by this straight hit from the shoulder, but he had the good sense and good temper to take it well.—San Francisco Argonaut.

It is estimated that it costs well to do people in this country \$125,000,000 yearly to support charitable institutions, while about \$30,000,000 are invested in permanent buildings, where the needy are cared for.

The moth has a fur jacket and the butterfly no, because the nocturnal habits of the moth require it, the diurnal movements of the butterfly do not.



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