

**TOO AFFECTIONATE FOR MAYOR.**

Dignified Official Dislikes Being Hugged in the Dark by Bruin.

When closing time came in the city hall the other afternoon Mayor Charles H. French coughed impressively, indicating a proper degree of satisfaction with the dignified progress of his administration, closed his roll-top desk with a bang, permitted the messenger to adjust his overcoat and present his hat, and then trot forth to meet his fellow townsmen, says a Concord (N. J.) dispatch to the New York Herald. Instead of going out the front door of the city hall, however, Mayor French took a short cut that led through a dark hallway past the back entrance of a theater.

While the mayor in the city hall was throwing off the shackles of official care a wrestling bear in the theater was busy throwing off the shackles of a more material nature, and as the mayor put on his overcoat the bear shed its leather collar. So it came about that as the mayor entered the dark hallway at one end, the bear entered it at another. The mayor has a great respect for bears, but this bear had no respect at all for mayors.

In the darkness the mayor felt a powerful detaining force laid upon his arm.

"Sir," he said, in chilly tones, "if you have business with me, you may call at my office in the morning."

"U-g-r-r," was the unpleasantly harsh response.

"My man—" began the mayor, but he stopped right there, for a furry arm was thrown about his neck, and a rough tongue made a demonstration, which, if it was intended for a kindly salute, failed utterly of its purpose with the mayor.

"Le' go!" commanded the mayor, but his companion showed no disposition to yield to harsh commands. The mayor had other resources. He struck out so savagely with his free hand, and with such painful precision, that the bear, smitten on the nose, loosed its hold and fell back a step.

Content with this temporary victory, the mayor sped agilely back over the route he had just traversed, shouting: "Bear! Bear!" at every jump. In corroboration of his alarm, the bear galloped along behind, bound not to be deserted by his new friend. The mayor was the first to reach an open door, through which he sped just in time to be able to close it in the face of his pursuer.

The bear was led back into captivity by the theater employees.

**Best Wrapping for Butter.**

The use of aluminum paper with which to wrap butter is said to preserve the sweetness of the butter for a very long period.

**Only Simple Justice.**

Women must have their wills while they live, because they make none when they die.—Proverb.

**Laying Up Treasure.**

No man lays up treasure in heaven until he quits dodging taxes on earth.—Dallas News.

**Justice vs. Iniquity.**

It is joy to the just to do judgment; but destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity.—Proverbs 21:15.

**Where the Disgrace Lies.**

Disgrace is not in the punishment, but in the crime.—Alber.

**The Greedy Caterpillar.**

The caterpillar each month eats food weighing 6,000 times its own weight.



**It's a Rare Pleasure**



To trade at a grocery store that carries a stock of all the delicacies that the world furnishes, in addition to the regular lines. We pride ourselves upon the fact that we carry as fine a line of table delicacies as the big metropolitan stores—and you will find the prices lower. Our rent is lower, our taxes are lower, every expense is lower—and your patrons are given the benefit. Our old patrons know this and are universally satisfied customers. But we can handle more business, and you are cordially invited to call and get acquainted with our stock and our manner of doing business. We feel sure that you'll be another satisfied customer. A full line of seasonable "green stuffs."

**H. M. SOENNICHSEN**  
PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

**Rats' Cold Weather Retreat.**

Many animals snuggle together for warmth in bitter weather—as the squirrels and the rats. Those who go rattling in hedges and dells in the winter know they may try a dozen freshly-used burrows without finding a rat—when suddenly from a single hole the rats will come pouring out in a stream of frenzied fur. Twenty or more rats will be together in one hole.

They are clever enough to block up a hole on the windward side—to keep out the draught—so that when a rat hole is noted, newly stopped with soil, turnip leaves or grass, here is almost certain indication that rats are within. Like the squirrels they store food for winter—and the keeper may find it more difficult to secure his potatoes from frost than from the attack of the most numerous of his furred foes.

**The Phonograph in China.**

American phonograph companies do a big business in China. The most famous Chinese bands and palace singers are engaged to make records. They are brought from all parts of the empire to the three record-making centers—Peking, Shanghai and Hongkong. Here the apparatus for making the master records is set up and the recording done under the direction of an expert. A record popular in the north of China seldom is popular in the south.

**HANGMAN WAS ALSO SURGEON.**

Until 100 Years Ago Executioners Were Permitted to Practice.

Two or three centuries ago executioners not infrequently performed surgical operations, says the British Medical Journal. This seems to have been particularly the case in Denmark. July 24, 1579, a license was issued by Frederick II. to Anders Frelmut, executioner of Copenhagen, granting him the right to set bones and treat old wounds; he was expressly forbidden to meddle with recent wounds. In 1609 it is recorded in the municipal archives of Copenhagen that Gaspar, the hangman, had received four rigsdalers for the cure of two sick children in the infirmary. In 1628 Christian IV. summoned the executioner of Glückstadt in Holstein to examine the diseased foot of the crown prince. In a letter addressed to Ole Worm, a leading Danish physician of the day, Henry Koster, physician-in-ordinary to the king, complains bitterly of the slight thus put upon him. He says that for two whole months the hangman, "who is as fit to treat the case as an ass is to play the lute," had the case in hand and the doctor was not asked his advice. . . . Again, in 1681, Christian V. gave a fee of 200 rigsdalers to the Copenhagen hangman for curing the leg of a page. In 1732, Bergen, an executioner in Norway, was authorized by royal decree to practice surgery.

Even up to the early years of the nineteenth century this extraordinary association of surgery with the last penalty of the law continued. Erik Peterson, who was appointed public executioner at Trondhjem in 1796, served as surgeon to an infantry regiment in the war with Sweden, and retired in 1814 with the rank of surgeon-major. Frederick I. of Prussia chose his favorite hangman, Coblenz, to be his physician-in-ordinary. It might be suspected that this peculiar combination of functions had its origin in a satirical view of the art of healing; but in the records we have quoted we can trace nothing of the kind. Perhaps the executioner drove a trade in human fat and other things supposed to possess marvelous healing properties; he may thus have come to be credited with skill in healing, though the association surely represents the lowest degree to which the surgeon has ever fallen in public esteem and social position.

**Choosing a Vocation.**

It is very certain that no man is fit for everything; but it is almost certain, too, that there is scarcely any one man who is not fit for something, which something nature plainly points out to him by giving him tendency and propensity to it. I look upon common sense to be to the mind what conscience is to the heart—the faithful and constant monitor of what is right or wrong. And I am convinced that no man commits either a crime or a folly but against the manifest and sensible representations of the one or the other. Every man finds in himself, either from nature or education—for they are hard to distinguish—a peculiar bent and disposition to some particular character; and his struggling against it is the fruitless and endless labor of Sisyphus. Let him follow and cultivate that vocation; he will succeed in it, and be considerable in one way at least; whereas, if he departs from it, he will, at best, be inconsiderable, probably ridiculous.—Lord Chesterfield.

**BURIAL VAULTS OF CEMENT.**

Method of Entombing the Dead Which Will Resist Decay.

The manufacture of concrete burial vaults is becoming quite a large industry in various western states, says Cement Age, New York. At Joplin, Mo., there has been organized a company which operates a large plant. In the manufacture of concrete burial vaults a full body of steel reinforcement is set up within a solid mold at an exact center of the cement which strengthens the vault at every point. Steel thus protected is everlasting. It cannot rust and collapse with time, as such vaults must which are made entirely of steel. The vault is made absolutely waterproof by the addition of a waterproof compound which is initially mixed with the cement. The vaults remain in the molds for three to five days until thoroughly set, after which they are allowed to season about thirty days. A trip to the cemetery shows the vault lowered in the grave, followed by the lowering of the casket and the putting on of the vault lid, which snugly fits upon the vault. A mixture of pure cement and water-proofing is then poured into the space between the vault and the lid, making the vault and lid practically one solid piece.

At Lawrence, Kan., there is another company engaged in the same line of work. This concern has been conducting some interesting tests of their cement vaults. In one instance the vault was immersed in a tank of water to demonstrate that it could withstand any amount of pressure. The vault, which is made entirely of cement, is constructed in two parts. Instead of fitting the cover on the top of the vault and then sealing it, the vault fits down over a cement slab. When the vault is lowered over the casket, it is, of course, filled with air. The vault itself is molded or made in one airtight piece, open only at the bottom which fits down over a cement slab. A perfectly tight space from which the air cannot descend or escape is formed. The water, when rising to a level with the bottom of the vault, will be checked by air, which is now firmly incased by the vault on sides and top and the water on the bottom, and water can never rise in the vault. A piece of glass is fitted into the top of the casket, so that spectators can look down into the vault and see that everything is as dry as it was when it was put in.

**WAS NOT GREATLY IMPRESSED.**

Visitor's Speech Dealt with Frankly by Youthful Critic.

Princess Lwoff Parlaghy, the Hungarian painter, was asked in Philadelphia to address a women's club on portrait painting—a subject that would have much interest, for the artist has done portraits of the kaiser, the czar and other celebrities.

But she declined to deliver the address.

"I cannot speak impromptu," she said, "and what is newsworthy more than a speech read from notes?"

"A friend of mine once spoke before a class of school children on literature. She had spent a week writing the speech. She read it to the little ones, as she hoped, with great success."

"But the next day she heard that a boy, on being asked by his mother what had happened at the school, replied carelessly:

"Oh, nothing much, except a lady talked to herself on a piece of paper."

**The Forgotten Dramatist.**

Is it not strange, remembering the "boom" that followed his introduction to English audiences, that Ibsen already is so entirely "laid on the shelf?" How is it that Ibsen lovers and the "curious" cannot, in the whole year round, see a cycle of his plays performed in London?—Era.

**Where Panama Hats Are Made.**

Panama hats are made in Columbia, Peru, and Ecuador, but never in Panama. The value of a Panama hat is chiefly the cost of the labor expended in making it, for the value of the raw material never exceeds 35 cents, and averages less than 13 cents.

**Secretive British Diplomacy.**

The secrecy of diplomacy is carried to much greater lengths in England than in most European countries. Not only are statements in parliament fewer, but they are much less frank than they are in Germany or in France.—Manchester Guardian.

**Praiseworthy Plodders.**

The quiet plodder, if he is loyal and conscientious and sincere, overtakes the talkative bluffer. He is more dependable, because his judgment is sounder. He is quicker because he has less to undo. He proves his worth by his work.—Men's Wear.

**SPENT MUCH FOR EMBROIDERY.**

Napoleon I. Had Costly Coronation Robe and Throne.

An old Parisian firm which deals in embroideries and supplied artistic needlework to the court of Louis XVI. is still in possession of the accounts of former centuries, and an inspection of these books reveals some interesting facts. Napoleon I. was economical as compared with the Empress Josephine, but his bills were considerable. The embroidery on his coronation robe cost 10,500 francs, and an embroidered coat cost 3,500. This coat became too small for him after he had worn it a year, and he ordered pieces of cloth to be inserted at the seams and covered with embroidery.

The bill for the first Napoleon's throne amounted to 53,970 francs. The outer drapery of purple velvet trimmed with gold lace cost 10,200 francs. The red velvet panels were strewn with embroidered golden bees at five francs apiece. The inner drapery of blue satin, with gold lace, was 9,000 francs, and the gold embroidered stripes for the inner trimming cost 8,500 francs. The embroidery on the blue velvet cushion cost 3,020 francs, and the foot cushion 1,200. In addition there were 1,050 bees embroidered on the panels of the canopy at a cost of 5,250 francs.

**Work of Bees.**

Three hundred billion bees made enough honey during last year to fill a train of cars long enough to reach from New York to Buffalo. At the low wholesale rate of ten cents a pound it was worth \$25,000,000, and if the 700,000 bee-keepers of the country had worked as industriously and skillfully as did the bees, the weight of the output would have been three times as great and the value \$75,000,000.

In one year the beehives sent to market a product worth nearly as much as the barley crop, three times as much as the buckwheat crop, \$6,000,000 greater than the rye crop, and nearly \$9,000,000 greater than the rice crop. All the the rice and buckwheat grown on an aggregated area of 2,126 1/3 square miles did not reach to the value of the honey by \$151,259.

To appreciate these results, one must necessarily strive also to appreciate the number of insects at work. That is rather difficult, for 300,000,000,000 stretches a long way beyond intelligent human comprehension. The human mind doesn't work well in anything mathematically greater than thousands.

**Small Scale Love.**

Dr. Pierce Underhill, whose book on divorce and marriage is to appear next month in Indianapolis, delivered a lecture on divorce recently in a fashionable Indianapolis church.

"Extravagance," he began, "is one of the big causes of divorce. My cousin, a bank clerk, married a pretty girl and took her home to a nice little flat. But she frowned and bit her lip. "Oh, Jack," she said, "I can't live in a tiny flat like this!" "You don't love me when you say that, darling," said my cousin. "Oh, yes I do, but not on such a small scale."

**Cause of Baldness.**

After considerable jocularity the pair turned to the pearly-pated stranger and one said:

"My friend and I have been discussing the cause of baldness, but we can't seem to agree. Would you mind telling us what you regard as the real cause of baldness?"

The stranger wheeled about, eyed his questioners fiercely and snorted: "Brains!"

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