

The Spirit Moved Him.
An old negro preacher approached a southern physician and offered a scrap of paper.
"Please, sah, read dat," he said.
The physician found it to be an advertisement in which it was asserted that whisky was the only genuine and reliable specific for malaria.
"But you haven't any malaria, uncle," he assured the old man; "none of it around here at all."
"Whar do dey hab it de wust, Mars' Jeems?" the old man asked, curiously.
"It's pretty bad down on the Cypress river," the physician told him, naming a locality some 20 miles away.
A few days later the physician was passing the old fellow's cabin and observed him climbing upon a rickety old wagon piled high with household goods.
"Moying, Uncle Ned?" he said.
"Where are you going?"
"Mars' Jeems," the old man said, solemnly. "Ah done had a call; de spirit done move me to go wuck in de Lord's vineyard on de banks ob Cypress ribber!"—Harper's Weekly.

Tribute to French Wives.
French girls make good wives. The French bride is comparatively less extravagant than her British or American sister. Where the British wife requires \$4 a week, the American wife \$18 or \$20 a week for the housekeeping, the French wife will manage admirably on \$1.90. The Frenchwoman does not regard her husband as a mere money making machine and her house simply as a place to sleep in. As soon as she is married she is her husband's partner in business as well as in private life. She considers it her duty to make herself acquainted with every detail of her husband's business. No French husband will think of taking any important step without first consulting his wife, and her advice is often amazingly shrewd.

A Gibsonism.
Dave Gibson delivers himself of this epigram, which we grab off before he gets a chance to print it:
"The business of a business man is to see that his employes attend to it."—Cleveland Leader.

For Annual Registration.
City Clerk Bratton and City Attorney Butten, of Hastings, are preparing a measure for submission to the legislature providing for registration of voters in Hastings and other cities from 7,000 to 25,000 population, after the manner of that now provided for Lincoln and Omaha. Under the present laws applying to Hastings, and other cities in the class named, only those voters who have moved from one ward to another, first voters and new voters are required to register. Once registered a person need pay no further attention to registration unless he moves into another ward. As a result of this inadequate method of registration the books contain about 2,500 names while the largest vote ever cast in Hastings was approximately 2,000. The proposed measure will be provided for annual registration of all voters.

Try to Break into Station.
An attempt was made to break into the Burlington station at Beaver City at 11 o'clock Monday night. The agent lives over the depot and was awakened by the noise made by the burglars who were trying to force an entrance through one of the windows to the ticket office. Mr. Irwin, the agent, telephoned to the sheriff, who organized a posse and started for the station, which is nearly a half mile from town. His approach was noticed by the intruders and they made a hasty retreat to the east and were not captured. There was a considerable sum of money on hand at the time, which is supposed to have been known to them. No clue to their identity has been discovered.

Violent Method of Courtship.
W. Pett Ridge, the English novelist, is a good story teller, and most of his stories concern people in the poorer ranks of life, and by far the greater number of them have the merit of being true. The following contains a rare touch of human nature, and speaks for itself. A certain club for working girls in the East end of London had recently elected a new member, and one day the secretary happened to look out of the window, and was surprised to see the new member rush up to a strange lad in the street, punch him violently on the head, and then run away. The secretary remonstrated with her sharply, to which the new member made reply: "I'm very sorry; I won't do it no more, if it's agin the rules; but perhaps you won't mind telling me, then, how am I ever to get engaged?"

Immense Normandy Apple Crop.
This year will go down to posterity in Normandy as the apple year. Never until this year has a Normandy farmer been known to express satisfaction with his crop. His usual answer about it is that "for a year where there are no apples there are apples, but for a year where there are apples there are no apples to speak of." This vagueness is a Norman peculiarity. You cannot get a "yes" or "no" in answer to a question from a Norman peasant. "Well, perhaps yes," or "After all, perhaps not," is the nearest he will ever go to a positive assertion. But this year he admits to a good apple crop. During the past month 50,000 railway truck loads of apples have been sent along the Western line as against 6,000 trucks last year.

Good Advice.
The Tenderfoot (in the mining town out west)—Alkali Ike has forged my name to a check.
Old Inhabitant—Take a tip and say nothing. Alkali Ike is a dead shot and always ready to defend his honor.
Mr. Whittier's Haymaker.
Maud Muller was raking the hay.
"Of course, I could have the hired man do it," she explained, "but this is what catches the summer boarders."
Herewith she waved her hand at the judge.

THOSE DEAR GIRLS

AND THE RUDE CROWD AT THE TICKET OFFICE.

Age of Chivalry Surely Dead When Men Object to Missing Their Trains to Accommodate Fair Femininity.

It was one of the branch offices of a big railroad. As the man ahead of her threw down his money, grabbed his ticket and disappeared, she fluttered up to the counter.

"I want to get my trunk checked, please."

"Let me see your ticket, miss."

"O, Clare, we forgot to get my ticket," turning to the girl with her.

"So we did. Now we will have to go all the way back."

"You can get your ticket here, miss."

"O, Clare, I can get my ticket here. Isn't it lovely?"

"Just happened to have a few odd lots on hand," grinned some brute behind her. "It's bargain day, you know. All tickets reduced to \$1.98!"

"What does that rude creature mean, Clare?"

"I don't know, dear. Don't pay any attention to him."

"Where to, miss?" inquired the ticket agent at this point.

"New York."

"Round trip?"

"O, I—wait a moment. Clare, I never thought about that. Would you get a round trip? You know the Howards may only be in New York a week, and I may go on with them to Pittsburg. They have been begging me to for weeks, but if Mabel's wedding should come off by the 30th, I'll want to go to that. I shouldn't be a bit surprised though if she postponed it again, but—"

"Round trip, miss?" asked the ticket agent again, while the waiting line of men and women stood on the other foot.

"O, Clare, what would you do? I am wild to go to Pittsburg with the Howards—"

"And we are wild to have you go," suddenly yelled a man at the extreme end of the line, whose train left in 20 minutes.

"Try Pittsburg," yelled another voice. "You have to change everything there every hour or so, and you can include your mind without any extra inconvenience."

"Oh, no," shrieked another frantic individual, "go to Mabel's wedding. I am dying to have you go. What, Mabel?"

"Clare, did you ever see such dreadful people. I shall report you at the main office," and she glared at the ticket agent.

"Yes, miss," returned that individual in an expressionless voice.

"Round trip?"

"No, single," haughtily.

"What time? The next call is between 11 and 12."

"Oh, my trunk isn't packed yet. I could never get it ready in that time."

"Next call between 3 and 4."

"Very well, have the man call for my trunk at 3, then I can take the 2 o'clock train."

"You would not have your check, miss?"

"Why not? I can get the check when the man comes for my trunk."

"But you won't be there if you go on the 2 o'clock train and he doesn't come until 3."

"Oh," a long pause.

"Clare, I won't be there. What shall I do? Do you think I could get my trunk ready by 12? You know they never come when they say they will."

"I think you could, dear. I'll pack one tray for you and we'll phone for Helen to come and help us, and—"

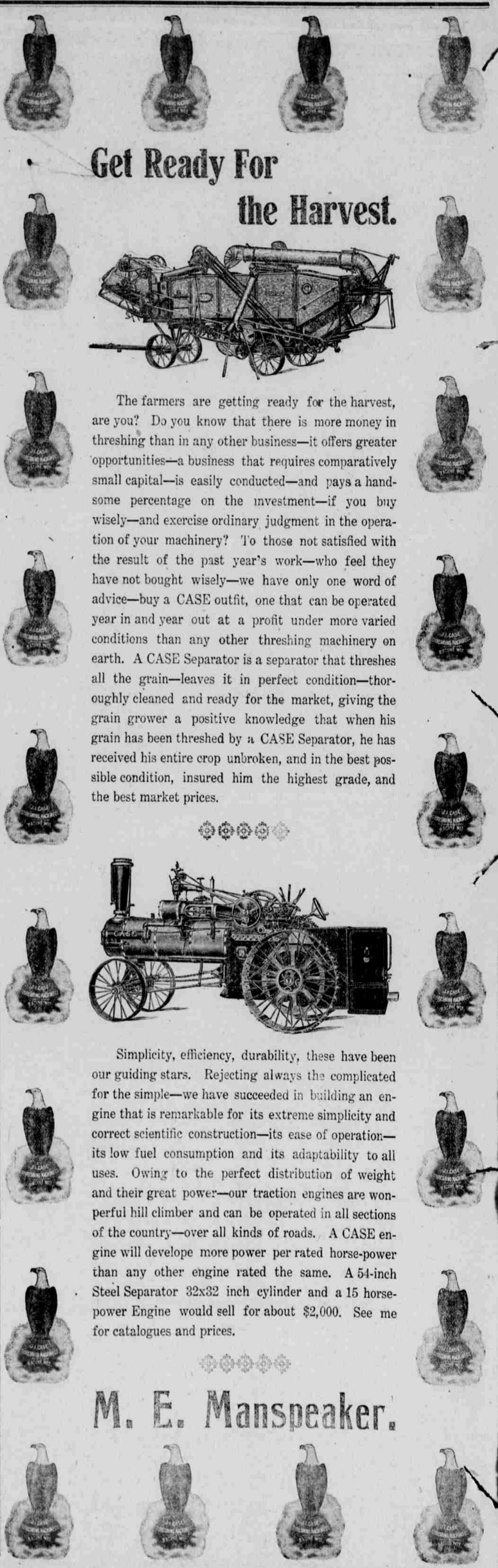
"Say, look here," shouted an excited person in the rear, whose hair was standing wildly on end and whose eyes appeared to be endeavoring to sever their connecting links with his face. "I've got just 20 minutes to make my train in, and it's a matter of \$40,000 to me if I lose it. Now if 'Clare' and her friend will retire for a few moments and decide these momentous questions the rest of us can get our tickets before she has time to change her mind again."

"Clare, I'll not stay here another moment and be insulted. I shall not get my ticket at this office, and I shall certainly report you, sir, at headquarters. I will never go on this road again and I shall tell all my friends how I have been treated, and see that they take their custom elsewhere," and then she and Clare swept haughtily from the office, while the crowd cheered.

As the two disappeared the ticket agent winked at the crowd, and then began throwing out tickets and making change, as each man yelled his destination, tossed him his money and snatching his ticket sprinted out of the door with his coat tails standing out straight and his suit case cutting long streaks out of the atmosphere.—Puck.

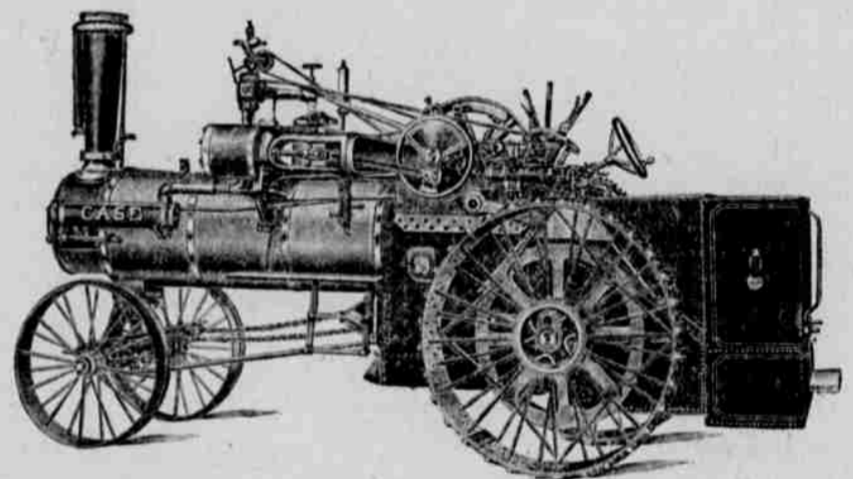
Things Undone.
Knowing Child—Mamma punished me for something I hadn't done yesterday.
Auntie—That's rather unjust. Are you sure?
Knowing Child—Yes, she punished me because I hadn't done my lessons.

A Soft Answer.
"69—What did you tell your father when he asked you if you indulged?
"12—Told him I took only ginger ale
"65—Thought a soft answer would turn away wrath, eh?"



Get Ready For the Harvest.

The farmers are getting ready for the harvest, are you? Do you know that there is more money in threshing than in any other business—it offers greater opportunities—a business that requires comparatively small capital—is easily conducted—and pays a handsome percentage on the investment—if you buy wisely—and exercise ordinary judgment in the operation of your machinery? To those not satisfied with the result of the past year's work—who feel they have not bought wisely—we have only one word of advice—buy a CASE outfit, one that can be operated year in and year out at a profit under more varied conditions than any other threshing machinery on earth. A CASE Separator is a separator that threshes all the grain—leaves it in perfect condition—thoroughly cleaned and ready for the market, giving the grain grower a positive knowledge that when his grain has been threshed by a CASE Separator, he has received his entire crop unbroken, and in the best possible condition, insured him the highest grade, and the best market prices.



Simplicity, efficiency, durability, these have been our guiding stars. Rejecting always the complicated for the simple—we have succeeded in building an engine that is remarkable for its extreme simplicity and correct scientific construction—its ease of operation—its low fuel consumption and its adaptability to all uses. Owing to the perfect distribution of weight and their great power—our traction engines are wonderful hill climber and can be operated in all sections of the country—over all kinds of roads. A CASE engine will develop more power per rated horse-power than any other engine rated the same. A 54-inch Steel Separator 32x32 inch cylinder and a 15-horsepower Engine would sell for about \$2,000. See me for catalogues and prices.

M. E. Manspeaker.

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In George Washington's Time



There was no talk of adulteration and grocery stores sold only staples—table delicacies were few and far between. Well, this store for one is old fashioned as to its ideas of purity, new style in that it has on hand the best of everything for the table brought from the marts of the world. We would like to name you among our patrons.

H. M. SOENNICHSEN.