

MARY WAS POLITE.

She Amended the Message She Delivered to the Doctor.

A very pompous doctor is in charge of the female wards of a noted charitable institution in London. One evening about 9 o'clock Mary, a new Irish servant girl, knocked at the door of the doctor's office, saying:

"Doctor, the head nurse wants you to come down to supper."

The doctor, swelling in his pride of superiority above the nurses, sent the Irish girl away with a curt message. Half an hour later the head nurse came to his room looking very serious.

"Doctor," she said, "No. 8 is very bad indeed. I think you ought to see her at once."

"Why did you not let me know before?" was the reply.

"Why, doctor," said the nurse, "I sent you word by Mary half an hour ago."

"The fool!" said the doctor. "She told me to come down to supper."

"Why," said the nurse, "I sent you word to come down to supper."

An inquiry made the whole thing clear. Mary thought it more polite to say "Come down to supper" than to say "Come down to ate."

Won His Bet.

A gentleman in Dublin, speaking of the Irish, said that nothing ever satisfied them and that he was willing to prove his words on a wager that if he should go to the door and call a cab, no matter what fee he would give, the driver would ask for more. The wager was taken for £10. The gentleman called a cab, drove about a quarter of



THE CABBY RETURNED.

a mile, stepped out and handed the driver a 10 shilling gold piece, the legal fee being 1 shilling. Cabby drove off. The gentleman who had taken the wager was exulting in his triumph when suddenly the cabby returned and, touching his hat, said: "Please, sir, have ye a dirty threepenny bit about ye? It would be such a pity to break a bright piece of gold like this for a drink!"

Hitch Your Wagon to a Star.

Hitch your wagon to a star. Let us not fag in paltry works. Let us not lie and steal. No god will help. We shall find all their teams going the other way. Work rather for those interests which the divinites honor and promote—justice, love, freedom, knowledge, utility.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A Test Question in Theology.

Six-year-old Walter had a new little wagon, and it was very dear to his heart. Sunday was a long day, and after getting home from Sunday school he brought his treasure around on the front lawn to enjoy it. But his father, who could not have the Sabbath broken in the face and eyes of passersby, remonstrated with him, telling him to take it around to the back yard.

"Why can't I play with it here, papa?"

"Why, because it is Sunday, my son!"

"But, papa, isn't it Sunday in the back yard?" asked Walter in surprise.

The Wrong Laddie.

A gentleman on a walk from one of the suburbs of Glasgow happened to call at a farmhouse, where he was readily supplied with a glass of milk. He offered the woman sixpence, but she declined all payment. "I couldn't tak' money for 't," she said in her own proud way.

The gentleman expressed his acknowledgment and went on his way, but at the garden gate he detected a small boy playing. Surely, he thought, this is the lady's son. So he put his hand in his pocket to give him the sixpence when he heard a shrill voice. "That's na ma laddie, sir." Then there was a pause, and the voice afterward resounded, this time directed toward a small boy at the side door. "Gang out, Wullie, an' speak till the nice gentleman at the gate!"

A Name Like a College Yell.

From a crowd of rab-rah college boys celebrating a crew victory a policeman had managed to abstract two prisoners.

"What is the charge against these young men?" asked the magistrate before whom they were arraigned.

"Disturbin' the peace, yer honor," said the policeman. "They were givin' their college yells in the street an' makin' trouble generally."

"What is your name?" the judge asked one of the prisoners.

"Ro-ro-ber't Ro-ro-rolins," stammered the youth.

"I asked for your name, sir—not the evidence."—Everybody's Magazine.

HE WAS INDIGNANT.

A Business Transaction That Made the Old Man Bristle.

A general merchant in a good sized country town was waiting upon an aged farmer in his store when the old man pointed to a quartet of ice cream freezers.

"What are they?" he asked.

"Ice cream freezers," explained the merchant. "Want one? They're only \$2."

"Ice cream freezers," mused the old man. "They freeze milk, don't they? Will they freeze anything?"

"Sure," said the storekeeper.

"Freeze water?" asked the old man interested.

"Freeze anything liquid," said the storekeeper, laughing.

The old man paid for one of the freezers and drove away.

Three days later he returned. His beard was bristling with indignation, and he eyed the merchant fiercely.

"You're a robber!" he said.

The merchant gasped.

"You told me that thing would freeze water," went on the old man indignantly, "and I took it home to freeze some water and make me some ice, and my nephew said you had to put ice in it before it would freeze anything. Gimme my \$2."

The merchant weakly handed him \$2, and the old man strode out and hasn't bought anything else at the store since.

Wanted Sympathy.

To the leader of a band in a small city, jocularly spoken of in its locality as "the worst in seven different states," there once came a man with a request that the band play at a cousin's funeral.

"Is it a military funeral?" asked the leader.

"Not at all," was the reply. "My cousin was no military man. In fact, he was never even interested in matters military. Nevertheless it was his express wish that your band should play at his funeral."

The leader was surprised and flattered. "Is that so?" he asked.

"Yes," responded the other. "He said he wanted everybody in town to be sorry that he died."

Stories of Douglas Jerrold.

On the first night of the representation of one of Jerrold's pieces a successful adapter from the French called him on his nervousness. "I," said the adapter, "never feel nervous on the first night of my pieces." "Ah, my boy," Jerrold replied, "you are always certain of success. Your pieces have all been tried before."

He was seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends. This friend heard that Jerrold had expressed his disappointment and questioned him, "I hear you said — was the worst book I ever wrote." "No, I didn't," came the answer; "I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote."

Of a mistaken philanthropist Jerrold said he was "so benevolent, so merciful a man he would have held an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain."

Resolution.

No man is fit to win who has not sat down alone to think and who has not come forth with purpose in his eye, with white cheeks, set lips and clinched palms, able to say, "I am resolved."—Butler.

The Weeping Whale.

A captain of one of the popular Atlantic liners was regaling a little group of ladies with sea stories.

"One trip," he said, "there was a woman who bothered the officers and me to death about whales. Her one



"I WANT TO SEE A WHALE BLUBBER," desire was to see a whale. A dozen times a day she besought us to have her called if a whale hove in sight.

"I said, rather impatiently, to her one afternoon:

"But, madam, why are you so anxious about this whale question?"

"Captain," she answered, "I want to see a whale blubber. It must be very impressive to see such an enormous creature cry."

Not Appius Claudius.

At a pageant given in an English town commemorating Britain at the time of the Roman occupation a young woman spoke to a tall, burly and shivering man whose Roman toga hardly protected him from a raw, penetrating east wind.

"Are you Appius Claudius?" she asked eagerly.

"Me, miss?" he replied demially.

"Me 'appy as Claudius? Oh, no, miss. I'm un'appy as 'em!"

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A Sensitive Soul.

A poor foreign musician was doggedly wrestling with his trombone outside an English village inn. He knew that "The Lost Chord" was somewhere in that instrument, but the latter seemed loath to part with it. At length the landlord appeared at the door. The poor musician bowed



"THE LOST CHORD" WAS SOMEWHERE, and, doffing his cap, said, "Musig hath farms," and smiled. The innkeeper smiled also, and kindly.

"Well, not all ways," he said, "YOU VOS RIGHT," "but try that tune LE SAID SLOWLY," outside that red brick house and I'll give you sixpence."

Three minutes later the trombonist was back again, mud bespattered and forlorn.

"You vos right," he said slowly and sadly. "Musig hath farms not always—no. A mad yellow out of dat house came, and me mit a brig he knocked down—yes. He not like that tune, no, no!" And he rubbed the back of his head.

"I thought he wouldn't," said the landlord. "He's just done a month's hard labor for stealing a clothesline from a back garden."

Ambition.

"The narrow vale is not for me!" Cried one atamie with youth's fierce fires.

"I'll climb a mountain peak and see The world and all my heart desires!"

'Twas long and hard. On bended knee He reached the top. What mournful cry!

He could not see—Aze dimmed his eye! —"Heart Throbs" in National Magazine.

Particular About the Plates.

A Washingtonian who has lived at hotels and restaurants nearly all his life and who is notably absentminded, especially when absorbed in talking about a subject that interests him, went out to dinner the other night.

He had plunged into a discussion before dinner and was continuing it animatedly throughout the oyster and soup courses. When the fish plates were placed on the table he followed the usual custom of the man who lives at hotels and wiped the plate off with his napkin. Instantly a butler removed it and placed another.

Deep in his discussion, the guest wiped that one with his napkin, and the butler replaced that. This happened a third time, and then the hostess said: "Please do not do that any more. I assure you the plates are perfectly clean, and, besides, I have no more of that pattern."—Saturday Evening Post.

An Ignorant Salesman.

An uncouth looking and overdressed young man entered a drug store and said:

"Gimme a brush?"

"Very good, sir," said the polite assistant. "What kind of a brush—a toothbrush?"

"Toothbrush! Naw!" snarled the young man. "What would I want a toothbrush for? Do ye think I've got hair on my teeth?"

A Very Common Crime.

A certain judge who had got into the way of using a regular form of expression when imposing sentences, says Arthur Train in "The Prisoner at the Bar," was sentencing a man for the crime of stealing a ship's anchor, which he had carried away in a dray drawn by six horses.

The judge, who could not escape from his regular formula, pronounced sentence in these terms: "You have pleaded guilty to the crime of stealing a ship's anchor." Then, raising his voice, he continued with perfect solemnity: "The crime of stealing a ship's anchor is becoming entirely too prevalent. I sentence you to three years and a half in prison."

Don't Stay Down.

And if you fall, why, rise again. Get up and go on. You may be sorely bruised and soiled with your fall, but is that any reason for lying still and giving up the struggle cowardly?—Charles Kingsley.

Unprotected.

A little girl was greatly interested in watching the men in her grandfather's orchard putting bands of tar around the fruit trees and asked a great many questions. Some weeks later, when in the city with her mother, she noticed a gentleman with a mourning band around his left sleeve.

"Mamma," she asked, "what's to keep them from crawling up his other arm?"—Everybody's Magazine.

A FEAST THAT FAILED.

The Story of a Raccoon That Was Not Served For Breakfast.

In the old days, and not so very old either, the custom of school-teachers "boarding around" was the usual thing in country districts. Although a custom which teachers seldom liked, it is doubtful if many of them had as hard a time as a young schoolmaster who described his experience in the New England Galaxy for 1817. The article was written by Leonard Apthorp, then an undergraduate of Bowdoin college. The young schoolmaster was to receive \$15 a month and his board:

From the first day I perceived that I was at board on speculation and at the mercy of a close calculation, he writes. One day the whole dinner consisted of a single dumpling, which they called a pudding, and five sausages, which in cooking shrank to the size of pipestems. There were five of us at the table.

A few days afterward on my return from school my eyes were delighted by the sight of an animal I had never seen before. It was a raccoon, which the young man, Jonathan, had killed and brought home in triumph. When skinned he seemed to be one entire mass of fat and of a most delicate whiteness. I was overjoyed and went to bed early, to dream of delicious steaks which the morrow would bring.

Long before daylight I heard the family stirring, and the alacrity of quick footsteps and the repeated opening and shutting of doors all gave assurance of the coming holiday.

I was soon ready for breakfast, and when seated at the table I observed that the place of Jonathan was vacant.

"Where is Jonathan?" I asked.

"Gone to market," said they.

"Market! What market, pray? I did not know there was any market in these parts."

"Oh, yes," they said, "he is gone to —, about thirty miles to the southward of us."

"And what has called him up so early to go to market?"

"He is gone," said they, "to sell his raccoon."

"The Man of Destiny."

A very interesting pen picture of Napoleon is drawn by John Cam Hobhouse, afterward Lord Broughton, in his "Recollections of a Long Life." He writes:

"I had for some time a most complete opportunity of contemplating this extraordinary being. His face is of a deadly pale, his jaws overhanging, but not so much as I had heard. His hair is short, of a dark, dusky brown. He generally stood with his hands knit behind him or folded before him and three or four times took snuff out of a plain brown box. Once he looked at his watch, which, by the way, had a gold face and, I think, a brown hair chain, like an English one. His teeth seemed regular, but not clean. He very seldom spoke, but when he did smiled in some sort agreeably. He looked about him, not knitting but joining his eyebrows. As the front of each regiment passed he put up the first finger of his left hand quickly to his hat to salute, but did not move his head or hat. He had an air of sedate impatience."

Sail Bearing Fishes.

Various marine animals possess organs which, raised above the surface, act as sails, by means of which they are propelled along the water. Among these may be mentioned the Portuguese man-of-war and the paper nautilus. Certain fishes, it appears, use the same method of progression, the dorsal fin acting as a sail. Broussonet called such fishes Poissons voiliers. And the scientific name histiophorus (sail bearer), given to a genus of fish, implies a similar belief. In a contribution to the zoological Jahrbuch Louis Dollo claims that other genera are also sail bearers. He suggests also that among the cetaceans the grampus and bottle nosed whale may make a similar use of the dorsal fin.

Too Big a Job.

While studying her Sabbath school lesson nine-year-old Elizabeth was much puzzled by the statement that Solomon "repaired the breaches of the city of David, his father." This was to her mind a remarkable statement and quite incomprehensible. After pondering it deeply she asked one of the older members of the family for an explanation, saying that she did not think any man could "mend the breaches of a whole city."—Lippincott's

The Life Giving Touch of Sympathy.

A man may have become almost a demon, he may have resolved upon immortal hate and study of revenge, but let him once feel the life giving touch of sympathy and love, and the seed, long dormant, will spring up and bring forth its harvest in the field of life.—J. C. Sellers, Jr.