

She Repudiated the Charge.
At the men's service in a Yorkshire parish the vicar tried to convey the lesson that the trust heroes and heroines are those who do noble deeds in the secret corner of the home, where none can see or applaud.

"Few of you seem to think," he concluded, "that your wives staying at home uncomplainingly to mind the children and prepare the meals are heroines, and yet their touching devotion to duty proves them to be so."
It certainly hadn't struck one old farmer in this way before, and as soon as he got home he promptly told his wife that the vicar had called her a heroine.

"Whatever does that mean?" asked the good lady.

"Oh, it means a woman who stays in the house instead of going out to show herself," explained the farmer vaguely.
"Then I'm not a heroine, an' I'll thank 'e vicar to mind what he's sayin'," snapped the wife. "I go to his church as much as t' other women do, an' he must be blind if he can't see me. Why, I'd five different colors in t' bonnet I wore last Sunday!"—London Spectator.

The First Balloons.

The chemical philosophers have discovered a body (which I have forgotten, but will inquire) which dissolved by an acid emits a vapor lighter than the atmospheric air. This vapor is caught, among other means, by tying a bladder compressed upon the bottle in which the dissolution is performed. The vapor, rising, swells the bladder and fills it. The bladder is then tied and removed and another applied till as much of this light air is collected as is wanted. Then a large spherical case is made, and very large it must be, of the lightest matter that can be found, secured by some method like that of oiling silk against all passage of air. Into this are emptied all the bladders of light air, and if there is light air enough it mounts into the clouds upon the same principle as a bottle filled with water will sink in water, but a bottle filled with ether will float. It rises till it comes to air of equal tenacity with its own if wind or water does not spoil it on the way. Such, madam, is an air balloon.—From Dr. Johnson's Letter, Sept. 22, 1783, to Mrs. Thrale.

Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata."

The story runs that Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata"—always so called, though he so rarely gave a descriptive name to any of his works—was composed on an occasion when he had been playing to some stranger folk by chance. Walking with a friend, he overheard in a humble house some one playing with much feeling a bit of one of his sonatas. He paused to listen. In a moment the music ceased, and a girl spoke longingly of her wish to hear some really good concert. The voice was so appealing that the composer stepped without hesitation to the door and knocked. Admitted to the wondering host, he said, "I will play for you," and played wonderfully till the lamp burned out. Then with the moonlight filling the room he began to improvise—the mysterious delicate breathings of the beginning of that wonderful sonata, then the tricky elf-like second part, and the glory of the close.—Christian Science Monitor.

Long Words.

While our language does not contain such long words as are found in some other tongues nor so many words of unusual length, still we have several that are awkwardly long for conversational purposes. We have "philoprogenitiveness," with twenty letters; "interconvertibilities," with twenty-one; "intercommunicabilities," with twenty-two; "disproportionableness," with twenty-three, and "transubstantiationists" and "contradistinguishability," each containing twenty-four letters. An effective little word is "synecdoche," as it manages to compress eight syllables into seventeen letters. The longest monosyllables contain nine letters, and there are four examples: "sploshed," "squelched," "strengths" and "stretched."—New York Tribune.

Printers' Marks.

The interrogation mark or "point" (?) was originally a "q" and an "o," the latter placed under the former. They were simply the first and last letters of the Latin word "questio." So, too, with the sign of exclamation or interjection (!). In its original purity it was a combination of "i" and "o," the latter underneath, as in the question mark. The two stood for "io," the Latin exclamation of joy. The paragraph mark is a Greek "p," the initial of the word paragraph. The early printers employed a dagger to show that a word or sentence was objectionable and should be cut out.

A Silent Man.

Jorkins—There's Perkins—you know Perkins—entered into an agreement with his wife soon after their marriage, twenty years ago, that whenever either lost temper or stormed the other was to keep silence. Bob—And the scheme worked? Jorkins—Admirably. Perkins has kept silence for twenty years.

Take Your Choice.

From Sir John Lubbock we take this ennobling thought: "You may see in a shallow pool either the mud lying at the bottom or the image of the blue sky above."

Feed Him.

If you want to win the gratitude of a dog, feed him. As to men, the material difference is the quality of the food.—Baltimore News.

Figure It Out For Yourself.

If you want a hard case there is the case of a man who late at night bought a bottle of whisky at a public house—price, 3s. 6d.—says the London Globe. He handed over a five pound note, and the publican would not change it. "All right," said the customer. "Give me the whisky and 10s. 6d. and keep my five pound note." Next morning the customer came in, plucked down four sovereigns and said, "Give me back my five pound note and we shall be straight." The publican and the sinner looked at each other. Can you tell at a glance which got the better of the bargain when the customer went away with his five pound note in his pocket?

The question puzzled a whole office full of literary, financial, sporting, philosophical and editorial men—until it reached a girl of eighteen who is engaged in dealing with cash. All the rest were calculating on paper and reaching the result by devious ways. The cash girl saw it in a flash of the eye. Do you? Shut your eyes and do it in five seconds if you wish to beat the cash girl.

Wonderful Victoria Falls.

"It is well nigh impossible to describe a scene of such wonder, such wildness," says Lady Sarah Wilson in her "South African Memories" of the Victoria falls. But she gives this graphic description: "Standing on a point flush with the river before it makes its headlong leap, we gazed first on the swirling water losing itself in snowy spray which beat relentlessly on face and clothes while the great volume was noisily disappearing to unknown and terrifying depths. The sightseer tries to look across, to strain his eyes and to see beyond that white mist which obscures everything, but it is an impossible task, and he can but guess the width of the falls, slightly horseshoe in shape, from the green trees which seem so far away on the opposite bank and are only caught sight of now and then as the wind causes the spray to lift. At the same time his attention is fixed by a new wonder—the much talked of rainbow. Never varying, never changing, that perfect shaped arc is surely more typical of eternity there than anywhere else."

Curran and Lord Clare.

Curran, the Irish advocate, was on terms of intense enmity with Lord Clare, the Irish lord chancellor, with whom, when a member of the bar, he fought a duel and whose hostility to him on the bench, he always said, caused him losses in his professional income which he could not estimate at less than £30,000. The incidents attendant on this disagreement were at times ludicrous in the extreme. One day when it was known that Curran was to make an elaborate statement in chancery Lord Clare brought a large Newfoundland dog to the bench with him and during the progress of the most material part of the case began in full court to fondle the animal. Curran stopped at once. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran!" said Lord Clare. "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my lord! I really took it for granted that your lordship was engaged in consultation!"

Two Smart Actors.

In a popular historic drama the actor who takes the part of Napoleon is required to read aloud a document of considerable length which is brought to him by General Berthier. This, being written at length, is seldom committed to memory. A short time ago, however, the property master at an English theater mislaid the document, and Napoleon, who was new to the part, received instead a blank sheet of paper. For a moment he was aghast; then, eager to escape from his predicament even at the expense of a fellow actor, he handed the paper to General Berthier, saying, "Read it to me."

The other actor was not in the least confused. "Your majesty," he said, handing it back, "I am only a poor soldier of fortune, and you must excuse me. I do not know how to read!"

His Emancipation.

Away back in 1771 Josiah Woodbury of Beverly, Mass., thus published his happy emancipation from matrimonial woes:

Beverly, Sept. 13, 1771.
Ran away from Josiah Woodbury, cooper, B's house plague for seven long years, Masury Old Mill, alias Trial of Vengeance. He that lost will never seek her; he that shall keep her I will give two Bushel of Beans. I forewarn all Persons in Town or County from trusting said Trial of Vengeance. I have have all the old (shoes) I can find for joy, and all my neighbors rejoice with me. A good Rid-dance of bad Ware. Amen!
JOSIAH WOODBURY.

Not Troubled.

Irate Tenant—I asked you when I entered this place if you had ever been troubled by chicken thieves, and you said no. Every one of my chickens was stolen last night, and I am told that the neighborhood has been infested with chicken thieves for years. Suburban Agent—I never keep chickens.

A Narrow Escape.

"What! You a widow, dear cousin?" "Yes."
"Well, that's a lucky escape for me. Do you know, I nearly married you once."—Bon Vivant.

A Roast.

"It takes Freddie so long to make up his mind."
"Why should it? He has almost no material to work on."—Cleveland Leader.

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.—Burke.

No Toadying.

Among the good old ways of "merrie England" is the tendency to democracy prevailing in her boys' schools. Parents can be assured, it is said, that no pampering will fall to the lot of their sons, however exalted may be their rank or great their possessions. An English paper tells the story of an Indian official of high rank calling upon the house master in a famous public school, where a young prince, son of a rajah, was being educated. This official brought a special message from his master, the rajah, to the effect that he wanted no favors or exceptional treatment of any sort extended to his son on account of his exalted birth.

"You may set the mind of the rajah at rest on that score," said the house master, struggling to keep back his smile before the dignified anxiety of the Indian official. "If the authorities were inclined to discriminate in the prince's favor, the boys of the school would set the matter right. Among them generally the rajah's son answers to the name of 'Nigger,' and I understand that with his intimates he is familiarly known as 'Coal Scuttle.'"

Sinister Motives.

Two men—William Jones and John Smith—were neighbors and deadly enemies. They often crossed swords in court and out of it, and Jones, being what might be called more clever than Smith, invariably got the better of the encounter. In the end so cowed was Smith that the slightest move on the part of Jones made him nervous and suspicious, and with the remark, "I wonder what object he has in this?" he called up all his reserve faculties to combat the fresh attack which poor Jones never contemplated.

One day a friend called on Smith and greeted him with:

"Well, old man, have you heard the news?"

"No," said Smith. "What news?"

"Jones is dead. He died last night at midnight," replied the other.

Smith paused, drew a hard breath, raised his hand to his forehead and thought, then blurted out:

"Dead, did you say—Jones dead? Great heavens! I wonder what object he has in this?"

"Dead, did you say—Jones dead? Great heavens! I wonder what object he has in this?"

"Dead, did you say—Jones dead? Great heavens! I wonder what object he has in this?"

Lights His Pipe in a Gale.

I write as one who has smoked in his time more matches than most people, and it will be understood how I regard the bus driver's ability in lighting a pipe. A gale may be blowing, the horses requiring special attention, his left eye engaged on the reflection of the omnibus in shop windows, a passenger inquiring who won the Derby in 1884, constables issuing directions with the right arm, a fare hailing him from the pavement, and amid all these distractions he can strike one wooden match, hold it in the curve of his hand and the tobacco is well alight. Also while hats are blowing about the streets in the manner of leaves in autumn his headgear never goes from its place, rarely moves from the angle decided on the first journey. I have always assumed that he takes it off at night before retiring to rest, but to part with it must mean a terrible wrench.—London Express.

Spontini's Decorations.

Caspari Spontini, the composer, regarded himself in the light of a demigod, and when inspirations crowded upon him he donned a wide, togalike gown of white silk with a border of gold and a fez of white silk embroidered in gold from which a heavy tassel hung down. With great dignity he sat down before his desk, and if a grain of dust was visible on the paper on which he penned his music he rang the bell impatiently for his servant to remove the obstacle. Spontini owned so many medals and decorations that they could no longer be accommodated on his breast. At a grand musical reunion at Halle an old musician remarked to a comrade, "See how many decorations Spontini has, while Mozart has not one." Spontini, who overheard it, replied quickly, "Mozart, my dear friend, does not need them."

A South African Animal.

There is a curious looking animal in South Africa that looks for all the world like a piece of toast with four legs, a head and a tail. It resembles a pussy cat about the forehead and ears, but its nose is distinctly that of a rat, while its tail is not very dissimilar to that of a fox. This strange animal is called the aard wolf and doubtless dwells in South Africa because, judged by his looks, he would not be admitted into good animal society anywhere else.

Why He Desired a Cannon.

It is related that an Indian chief once approached General Crook and wanted to borrow a cannon.

"Do you expect me to loan you a cannon with which to kill my soldiers?" the old veteran inquired.

"No," the chief replied; "kill soldiers with a club. Want cannon to kill cow-boys."

Thermometer Down.

Little Willie—Say, pa, doesn't it get colder when the thermometer falls?
Pa—Yes, my son. Little Willie—Well, ours has fallen. Pa—How far? Little Willie—About five feet, and when it struck the porch floor it broke.

Her Prize.

Daughter—Did you have to fish much, mamma, before you caught papa?
Mother—Fish, my dear—fish! I was bear hunting.—London M. A. P.

Josh Billings used to say that when a man begins going downhill all creation seems greased for the occasion.

PLAY TWO GOOD GAMES

Continued from page 3.

and by a brilliant throw home made Mr. Kelly stick to third like a barnacle. McAndrews struck out, but Mann dropped the third one, and the throw to first enticed Kelly off third, but Mac planned his Douglas on the sack and returned the ball in time to catch Kelly at home and the boat sank. Falen's two-base hit was over the right field fence and Beal's alacrity in the bars and the horse-weeds stopped Hickey at third.

Herold, Bardwell and Kelley went down like a Lynnhaven and as short work was made of McCreary, Drumme and Brassman. Mr. Bardwell sawed McCreary, the Hollis' cork-screw specialist who uses Magnolia Balm and thinks Cut Off lake is as big as the Pacific) for a starter, Drumme out on a pop-up to Droege and Brassman went the McCreary route.

Here is where the Sox scored for the last time. Mann struck out and Beal hit safe over short, stole second on Della Fox while she was replacing a stray hair. Droege lammed a pretty one out to center and Beal came home on the hit. Fitz struck out and Droege took more ground than he could recover in a week, and was caught off second which sent the Sox to the pines.

At the close of this inning the score stood 5 to 5 and the Holly captain and Manager Brantner had agreed to call the game here to allow the Omaha lads to catch the train for home. It was finally decided, however, even though the eighth was finished, to declare a draw game from the fact that the Hollis' agreed during the sixth to call the game at the end of the seventh, and at that time received their expense money, and should they play more than seven innings it was with the understanding that they finish the nine, but in this they dealt from the bottom, turned a Jack, and took the chips without standing for the last shuffle.

It was a good game, nevertheless, free from dirty ball playing, and everything went off without a bobble. All kinds of boquets were handed Umpire Larson for his good work, and rightly too, for the old head is on the job all the time, thoroughly understands the game and makes his decisions promptly and decisively.

Score by innings:
Platts—1 0 2 1 0 0 1 0—5
Hollis—0 1 0 2 0 2 0 3—8
Hits—Platts 10; Hollis 7.
Errors—Platts 7; Hollis 2.
Umpire Larson.

When You "See Stars."

The man who when struck violently on the head says he "saw stars" is not far from telling the truth. The fact is that there is a phosphorescent power in the eye which does not attract a person's attention under ordinary conditions, but which is distributed and reveals itself whenever the head gets a sudden shock and sometimes even in the act of sneezing. A blow on the head results in a pressure of the blood vessels upon the retina, causing either total darkness or a faint blue light which floats before the eyes, and it is in this faint blue light the imagination discerns the thousands of fantastic forms and figures that by general acceptance are termed stars; hence, while the astronomical display so frequently mentioned may be said to be entirely a creature of the imagination, there is at least some foundation for the idea. (The true nature of the sensation is never very apparent, even to the victim, for the simple reason that it is invariably experienced under circumstances which render a searching retrospective investigation out of the question.)

An Odd Nugget of Gold.

There have been many large and oddly shaped gold nuggets found in the United States and elsewhere, but the oddest of them all was that discovered at the Midbas mine, on Sulky gully, near Melbourne, Australia, in 1887. The nugget was flat and almost the exact counterpart in contour of a colossal human hand held open, with the exception of the thumb and forefinger, which were closed together in a manner so as to make it appear that the thumb was holding the finger in place. Its greatest length was twelve and a half inches and its greatest breadth eight inches. It was of the very purest gold, with but a little of foreign substances adhering, mostly between the "fingers," and weighed 617 ounces. It was found in the north-west main drive of the Midbas mine, 120 feet below the surface of the earth and at a spot only fifty feet from where the famous Lady Brassey nugget was discovered the year before. It weighed fifty-one pounds of pure gold.

Nothing More to Say.

"Sir," said the candidate, "you promised to vote for me!"
"Well," said his Dutch friend, "and vat if I did?"
"Well, sir, you voted against me!"
"Vat, vat if I did?"
"Then, sir, you lied!"
"Vat, vat if I did?"

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 37 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The Kansas City Weekly Star

The most comprehensive farm paper—All the news intelligently told—Farm questions answered by a practical farmer and experimenter—Exactly what you want in market reports.

One Year 25 Cents.

Address THE WEEKLY STAR, Kansas City, Mo.

J. E. BARWICK DOVEY BLOCK

REAL ESTATE. Town residence from \$450 to \$3,000. Don't pay rent any longer. You can own your own dwelling cheaper. Let me show you some good chances to acquire farms in Nebraska, South and North Dakota, Missouri or Texas. FIRE INSURANCE written in six of the best companies. SURETY BONDS. Get your bonds from the American Surety Co. ACCIDENT INSURANCE. The risk of personal injury is 40 times as great as that of losing your property by fire. Secure a policy of the London Guarantee and Accident Company and be sure of an income while you are able to work. INDEPENDENT PHONE 454.

Barclay's Restaurant



THE PLACE
TO EAT

Everything neat and clean and a good place to go for your SUNDAY DINNER. Board by the week. Lunch counter in connection.

Open All Night

Center of Block Between 4th and 5th Sts.

MICHAEL HILD

House Furniture and Undertaking
Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, etc.,

South Sixth Street. Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

Michael Hild, John Sattler,
Funeral Directors and Embalmers

Phones 137 and 247.

The Daily 10 Cents a Week