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FIRE PROTECTION.

Mr. B. L. Paine is working for added fire protection, and in a letter recently published he reviews the history of how a few business men went down in their pockets to pay \$600 a year for an imported fire chief, and he also explains partially the very potent fact that the fire department is no more efficient than it was before.

Mr. Paine favors a volunteer addition to the department, to be paid for by public subscription, and the suggestion is one that should be heeded by the people if they care for additional protection, because until there is a clean sweep of the city government there is no chance that there will be any variation of the distribution of city funds from the present plan.

Much of the past trouble over the fire department has been raised by the insurance combine when it failed to have a good enough understanding with the chief in the adjustment of losses.

The Lincoln Traction company is up against a lawsuit for the July rent money at Lincoln park. Of the merits of the case The Independent knows nothing and cares less.

When Joe Keppler was alive he used to make frequent trips to Washington for the purpose of seeing statesmen whom he wanted to draw. He was very clever at catching likenesses and scarcely ever referred to a photograph.

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Then commenced a merry time. Bills began to come in. People who had been furnishing food and medicine, people who had cooked for the temporary hospital, people who had been nurses and attendants wanted pay.

Dr. Beachley asked the city to pay him ten dollars a day for his services and the mayor (who would have refused the job at five times more) set up an opposition and declared it an outrage.

The Shortness of Life.

What always strikes one so forcibly is, I think, the shortness of human life, compared with other works of nature. The longest life—how short it is! And half of it one can hardly call life, being spent in sleep, which is not real existence.

A French preacher I heard once brought the shortness of life strongly before me by relating in his sermon how a saint, in olden days, wishing to impress on himself the rapidity of life's race, when he came to years of discretion, placed 30 marbles in a glass jar, each marble to represent a year of human life, taking 30 years as an outside limit very far exceeding that.

The Maori is not strictly beautiful, but he is valiant and, let us trust, good. As for his better half, in her native dress, with tattooed lips and chin and long, single eardrop of greenstone and with an appropriate background of tree fern or ti tree scrub, she is savage and not unpleasing.

Begin at the ground and picture a pair of large, fat, brown feet and thick ankles appearing beneath a badly cut skirt of some howling design in checks. Above hangs a short and disproportionately full jacket of scarlet, purple, magenta or green velvet.

No sketch of a Maori lady of respectability is complete without a pipe—frequently a heavy silver mounted one—worn in the mouth, the united effect of the pipes, the frilled bonnets and the gorgeous gowns being to bestow upon the worthy dames the appearance of animated Aunt Sallies.

President Eliot of Harvard told this story at a dinner: "A friend of mine, a college professor, went into a crowded restaurant in New York city for luncheon one hot day last summer. The negro in charge of the big corridor where the hat shelves stood was an intelligent looking fellow, and his bow and smile were not of the obsequious, stupid kind so often affected by colored waiters and doormen in hotels.

At a dance in the country a gilded youth from town was complaining that there was nobody fit to dance with. "Shall I introduce you to that young lady over there?" asked his hostess. "She is the daughter of the Countess of Ayr."

Delighted, the young man assented, and, after waiting with the fair scion of a noble house, ventured to ask after her mother, the Countess of Ayr. "My father, you mean," said the girl. "No, no, no," said the bewildered youth, "I was asking after your mother, the Countess of Ayr."

Utterly at a loss, the young man rushed off in search of his hostess and said the girl she had made him dance with was "quite mad; told him the Countess of Ayr was her father."

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Two True Stories.

The Piscatorial Prevaricators' association is in session. "I was fishing for cod off the Banks one day some years ago," said one, "when I dropped my watch overboard. The next year I went fishing at the same place. I caught a whopping big fellow and found my watch inside of him. It was running steadily, the action of the fish's liver having kept it wound up. But it was five hours fast. The only way that I can account for it is that the fish crossed the Atlantic, staid on the other side long enough to get the time over there, and that I caught him too soon after he got back to allow the watch to regulate itself."

"I was fishing for trout in Pennsylvania last fall," said another member, "in company with my nephew, who is an inveterate cigarette smoker. We landed a ten pounder and allowed him to flounder around in the bottom of the boat while we cast again, because they were biting freely. My nephew had just thrown a lighted cigarette into the boat, and in some way this trout got it, put it in his gills and smoked it. The cigarette seemed to have a soothing effect on him. I brought the trout home, taught him to smoke a pipe, and when we killed him Christmas I served up to my guests something that I believe has never been served up before—self smoked trout. It was great too."—New York Journal.

A commercial traveling man landed at Edinburgh, Scotland, one Saturday night, too late to get out of town for Sunday. The next day he found that there was actually no form of amusement in the whole city to assist him in willing away the day. He went to the proprietor of the hotel to see if he could suggest a way of passing the remainder of the day.

The landlord took pity on the stranger and took him to one of the rooms in the house in which a number of Scotchmen were playing a game called "nap," which is a sort of modification of "seven up." They were playing for a shilling a point, so that the game was a pretty stiff one.

"What is the matter?" the other players asked. "I'm ganjin awa," the Scot answered, glaring at the stranger. "I'll play cards w' no mon that whistles on the Sabbath."

The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, "The Scenic Line of the World," has prepared an illustrated book upon the above subject, which will be sent free to farmers desiring to change their location. This publication gives valuable information in regard to the agricultural, horticultural and live stock interests of this section, and should be in the hands of everyone who desires to become acquainted with the methods of farming by irrigation. Write S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. A., Denver, Colo.

When he took his departure he would purposely leave his cane. One outside Nast would make a hasty pencil sketch on a card and would usually find that his memory was deficient as to some detail. He would then return, ostensibly for the cane, and another look at the victim would enable him to perfect his sketch. After that he had the man forever.

A duel was fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, but Shott avows that he was not, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot or that Nott was shot notwithstanding.

In a telenca theater women always go bareheaded and the men wear their hats all the time the curtain is closed. During the performance they remove them. Frequently men rise in their seats and sweep the tiers of boxes with large glasses. It is considered something of an honor to have the glasses of a well below leveled at your box.

To produce liquid glue which will keep for years break pieces of glue and place in a bottle with some whisky, cork tightly and set aside for a few days. This should be ready for use without the application of heat, except in very cold weather, when the bottle should be placed in hot water for a few minutes before using the glue.

"You must not think, young man," said the corn fed philosopher, "that a young woman doesn't know anything just because she has a habit of asking foolish questions that give you a chance to impart information with a superior air."—Indianapolis Press.

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