

## ABSINTHE AS A "TOOTH DOPE"

Bartender Finds Out One Good Thing About the Popular But Wicked Stimulant.

He had just had a tooth out—one of those extractions that seem to go to the root of all things—and dashed in to see his friend the bartender for solace. He called for whisky, and as he swallowed a toper's portion explained the reason for his haste. He had to drown the pain, he said, over the bar, and while he was about it guessed he would repeat the dose.

"I know a better way than that," said the barkeeper, forcibly removing the whisky bottle from the bar. "Absinthe is what you need." And he poured out about a thimbleful.

"All that?" inquired the toothless one. "Aren't you afraid it will lay me out?"

"S'noh," said the bartender. "Just put that in your mouth; don't swallow it; and let it soak in where the tooth was. It will fix you all right, stop the hemorrhage and the pain at the same time."

Credulously the customer obeyed and found almost instant relief.

"Dangerous stuff that," said the bartender; "even those who use it admit its wickedness, its treachery to its friends, its general cussedness. But it's a good friend to the man who's had a tooth out or who has an ache in a tooth that isn't out. Don't know why—it isn't only the alcohol in it, but it's the best tooth dope I've found."

## FISH FOR IRON THROUGH ICE

How the Swedes Get Ore From the Bottom of Some of Their Lakes.

The bottoms of many Swedish lakes are covered to a thickness of six or eight inches with fragments of iron ore of the size of peas. This lake ore consists chiefly of ochre, or hydrated oxide of iron, mixed with silicate and phosphate of iron, clay, sand and other impurities, and yields pig iron of very good quality.

The ore is obtained by very primitive methods. In winter a hole is cut in the ice, a scraper attached on a long pole is inserted and all of the ore within reach is collected into a heap beneath the hole. Some of the mud which has been scraped together with the ore is removed by stirring the mass with poles, and the ore is then scraped into bags which have been sunk and is hauled up.

In summer this curious mining operation is conducted in a similar manner from rafts anchored in the lake. Two miners can bring up about four tons of ore in a day. Steam dredges have recently been installed in a few places. About thirty years after the removal of the ore a new layer of the same thickness is found to have been produced by natural chemical processes.

### Wasted Effort.

"I want you to subscribe something to the fund we are raising for the purpose of giving Senator Bunk a grand reception when he comes from Washington. How much shall we put you down for?"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing? Why, you must admit that Senator Bunk has made a great record in congress. He has succeeded in making himself one of the leaders of the most, dignified deliberative body on earth."

"Yes, but he's got all the offices at his disposal filled, so what's the use?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

## CAN'T STAND FOR EVERYTHING

Every Man Has Weak Spot in His Humorous Nature and Falls to See Joke.

A man who lacks a sense of humor is despised by all. But every man has a weakness somewhere in his humorous nerve. Every man knows of some joke which is amusing to all but himself.

For my part I never could see anything funny about any one having the toothache. What on earth is funny about the toothache? I have had plenty of opportunity to observe this phenomenon in all its phases, and while I admit that toothache is thrilling and exciting, I cannot see where the fun comes in.

I have six children and they each have toothache by turn. Bulstrode has it Monday, Ajax Tuesday, Abelard Wednesday, Sinbad Thursday, Fritz Friday, Peter Saturday, and I have it myself on Sunday. Everybody in the house has it but my wife and the cook. One of them hasn't time, and the other cannot afford to have it. But as it is we are busy with it all week.

When I stagger into the office Tuesday morning clutching my hot, throbbing head the boss inquires: "What's the matter?"

I say: "Little Bulsey had the toothache all night last night."

"Too bad!" says the boss.

Wednesday morning finds the same symptoms in me, and the same question comes from the boss.

"Ajax had it this time," I say.

The next day the boss questions me, and I say it was little Sinby's turn, and the next day Fritz and the next Peter. The boss is always sympathetic.

But on Monday when I tell him I had the toothache myself he lets out a horrible roar of laughter. I despise such misplaced humor.—H. P. Galt in Chicago News.

### Fond Hearts Finally United.

After waiting 30 years for her to become a widow, George Slegarm of Wilkesbarre, Pa., has married Mrs. Marietta Tehern of Hazelton. When they were young in Germany, they fell in love, and would have married had it not been for the opposition of their parents. They tried to elope, but were discovered and caught before it was possible for them to wed. Slegarm, despondent and angry, emigrated, and his sweetheart, who was married a year after he left, followed a few years later with her husband, who died a short time ago. Slegarm lately discovered that his old sweetheart lived in Hazelton. The old courtship was begun again and culminated in their wedding the other day.

### Poe's Conundrum.

Edgar A. Poe, great as was his genius, had but little humor. He had, however, a hard, intellectual wit which scintillated in the most unexpected ways. He was accustomed to denounce punning as the most banal and foolish of all kinds of pleasantries, and satirized on every occasion the poverty of faculty which indulged itself in this kind of pseudo-cleverness.

On one occasion a brilliant company in which he was present, knowing his foible, was teasing Poe with a profusion of conundrums, and challenging him to make one. The poet grimaced, and instantly shot forth this:

"Why is Aesop's fable of the fox that lost his tail disproved by geology?"

Every one was nonplused, and Poe had to give the answer:

"Because no animal remains have ever been found in trap."—Youth's Companion.

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