

A Famous Kitchen.
"It was our good fortune to see at least one thing in Paris which the tourist knows nothing about," writes an American woman from that city. "Every one knows about the Tuilleries and sees what is left of the historic pile, but not many find their way to the kitchen from which the elect of the third empire were served, as we did. It lies under the Pavillon de Flora, its high arched ceiling resting on massive columns. It is divided into many sections, at the entrance to each of which there is a sign—gold on marble. Here we see 'Rotisserie,' 'Patisserie,' 'Section aux Sauces,' etc. The provisions for washing gold, silver and porcelain services, the tremendous roasting, boiling and broiling arrangements, the extra roast beef oven, six meters high and seven meters broad; a roaster with a capacity for six sheep and four dozen chickens all looked extra large and imposing to us, who manage to worry along in a flat kitchen, which has two things, however, which we could not find in Napoleon's dinner factory—electric light and a battery of washtrubs."

Her Sound Advice.
The prominent citizen and favorite son sat at his desk, deeply immersed in the cares of his wide affairs. A delegation of party leaders was ushered in.
"Sir," said the spokesman, "you have been unanimously chosen as the party candidate for governor of the state. Under present conditions a nomination is tantamount to election, and we urge your acceptance. The office seeks the man."
"Gentlemen," said the favorite son, "I am profoundly impressed by the honor done me, but before I accept I must consult my wife. I never take a decisive step without consulting my wife."
The committee bowed and withdrew. At home the favorite son confided the circumstances to his wife, who listened with fond pride and wifely admiration.
"And now," he said in conclusion, "what would you advise me to do?"
"John," she said, "you must get your hair trimmed."—Savannah News.

Uncle Sam's Eagle.
The eagle is the king of birds, the lord of the sky, the bravest, noblest and most independent of the feathered tribe, and probably that is the reason why he was adopted as our national bird. His image holds its place upon our national coat of arms by sheer merit and not merely from empty sentiment. The noble bird, loving liberty, scornful of confinement, at home and at his best only when invested with the wide freedom of the glorious heavens, is the fit emblem of the "spirit of '76" and of the government that that spirit won and established on the earth. Other peoples entertain the same high opinion of the eagle, since from the time of the institution of the Roman standard straight down to the present day he has appeared as a conspicuous figure in the heraldry of the nations.—New York American.

Too Pretty a Lake For That.
"China gave me many a shock," said the returned traveler, "but the one that nearly carried me off was administered in the Fuccau district. Out in the country I came across a beautiful little lake drained by a beautiful little river. The scenery was marred somewhat, however, by signs stuck up every few yards at the edge of the lake. I wondered what their import was, and on one of my trips to the lake I took a missionary friend along to translate.
"Oh, that," said he, "there are not many of them left in this district. That is a warning that girls must not be drowned in this lake."
"Somehow I could never admire my beautiful lake so much after that, although maybe I ought to have admired it more."—New York Press.

Ponies and Horses.
I have been asked a great many times if ponies are really more intelligent than full sized horses. They certainly appear to be. But the intelligence of any horse will develop under petting and human companionship, and there is no doubt that other horses, if given the same privileges that ponies enjoy and if their size admitted of their being handled and managed in the same way, would prove equally intelligent.—Outing.

Sheer Waste.
Wife—John, is there any poison in the house? Husband—Yes, but why do you ask? Wife—I want to sprinkle some on this piece of angel cake and put it where the mice will get it. Wouldn't that kill them? Husband—Sure, but it isn't necessary to waste the poison.

Stretches Politeness.
The Duchess of Blankshire (who has made a poor drive)—A little too much to the right, I'm afraid. Obsequious Professor (who is instructing the Duchess)—Oh, not at all, your grace; the hole has been cut too much to the left.—Golf Illustrated.

Variety.
Blodds—I never knew a woman so changeable as Mrs. Dashaway.
Stobbs—I know it. She never even wears the same complexion twice.—Philadelphia Record.

One Way.
Wizwag—I never knew such a fellow as Blones! He is always looking for trouble. Henpecke—Then why doesn't he get married?

There's nothing half so good as laughing. Never sigh when you can laugh.—Mackworth Praed.

Married Women's Names.
In England and in the United States a woman loses her identity in marriage. In Belgium and Spain the husband adds the name of his wife to his own. In the United States women sometimes retain the family name, as Mrs. Harriet (Beecher) Stowe. In the Channel Islands the woman never loses her maiden name. In Spain the children write the names of both parents, as Llucrecia y Monteverde. In "Don Quixote" is the following: "Casajo was my father's name, and I, for being the wife of Sancho Panza, am called Teresa Panza, but by good right they ought to call me Teresa Casajo." In Scotland both names are preserved, and the woman is always known by her maiden name. In Wales it is the custom to describe the woman by her maiden name. The fact that a woman on becoming the wife of a man loses her identity is apparent in many portions of the Bible, when under the ancient custom man, on taking a wife, declared that she became "flesh of my flesh and blood of my blood," thereby establishing the old time saying that man and wife are one.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Tyranny of the Tip.
There have always been those who have revolted against the tyranny of the tip. So long ago as October, 1795, we find that ubiquitous personage, "Constant Reader," venting his grievances in the columns of the London Times. "If a man who has a horse puts up at an inn," he complains, "besides the usual bill he must at least give 1s. to the waiter, 6d. to the chambermaid, 6d. to the hostler and 6d. to the jackboot, making together 2s. 6d. At breakfast you must give at least 6d. between the waiter and hostler. If the traveler only puts up to have a refreshment, besides paying for his horses' standing he must give 3d. to the hostler; at dinner 6d. to the waiter and 3d. to the hostler; at tea 6d. between them; so that he gives away in the day 2s. 6d., which, added to the 2s. 6d. for the night, makes 5s. per day on an average to the servants." They did the thing pretty thoroughly in those days.

A Millionaire.
The term "millionaire" is of international use, but it does not mean the same thing in the mouths of different nations. To every one it means the possession of a million, but not necessarily a million dollars. In Great Britain a millionaire has a million pounds, or nearly \$5,000,000, while in France they count francs, so that there a millionaire is a comparatively poor individual with but \$200,000 to bless himself with. Millionaires are quite common in Prussia, but a million marks don't mean much these days, amounting to a trifle of \$250,000 in our money. For millionaires of real class it is necessary to go back to old Babylon. The Babylonian millionaire had 1,000,000 talents and would not be regarded as a poor man even by a Wall street office boy. A talent was about \$2,000, and a million of them would be \$2,000,000,000.

A Triple Play.
It was at the end of the ninth inning. Yet, though the home team was two runs to the good, things looked black for them.
The visitors were at bat. There were no outs, and three men were on bases; also Terrible Terry Tomklus was up, and Terry's batting average reached the clouds.
Terry hunched his shoulders and waited confidently, and a groan went up from the bleachers.
The ball flew in three pieces, and the pieces flew in three directions. One was caught by the pitcher, one was pulled out of the air by the shortstop, and one landed in the first baseman's mitt. A triple play! The game was the home team's.
The bleachers went wild.—Philadelphia Times.

Breaking It Gently.
"I have called, sir, to see the photo of the lady with \$25,000 who wants a husband."
"Can you keep your face straight?"
"Of course I can."
"Very well. We'll break you in first with the \$5,000 applicants, and then gradually, as you grow stronger, we will work you up to the big prize. This way, please, and don't get frightened."—Exchange.

Dinner Among the Romans.
The Romans in the time of Cicero and Augustus took an early breakfast, from 3 to 4 in the morning; a luncheon at 12 or 1, and at about 3 o'clock the coena, or principal meal of the day, corresponding with our dinner. Concurrently we read of some not dining until sunset.

Early Morning Talks.
He is always doing something that causes a lot of talk.
"Why, I never heard any of it."
"He is the only one who hears it. He is always staying out at night later than his wife wishes him to."—Hornston Post.

A Scheme.
Youthful Inquirer—Father, what is a scheme? Perplexed Parent—I can't exactly define it, my boy, but it is something which will fall through quicker than anything else on earth.

Coming.
First Graduate—I hear that you've got a job on the road. Second Ditto—Yes; it hasn't reached me yet.—Exchange.

Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally.—Hawthorne.

The Stake in the Game.
A party of apaches entered a Paris cafe to have a game of billiards. The game was carried on in great mystery and absorbed all the interest and attention of the players. They had an enemy who was to be "done for," and whoever lost the game was to "do" him. When the game was over the loser accepted the result without discussion. Not long afterward a workman was stabbed fatally as he was coming out of a dance hall. The man who had stabbed him quickly disappeared, and the workman was placed in a cab and driven to an address which he had given. This was in a certain street where a sister of his was living. The man was barely able to get out of the cab and to explain that he had been stabbed. His case was so serious that he was conveyed to a hospital and died a few hours later. The police then made an inquiry and learned how the murder was deliberately decided upon and savagely executed. The workman himself did not know that his life was staked on a game of billiards.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Scotch Accent Too Much For Him.
The only real blot on my visit to Glasgow, says a writer in the London Sketch, is my total inability to speak with a Scottish accent. I rather pride myself, as most people do, on my vocal imitative faculties, but I confess to all the world here and now that I cannot imitate the Scottish accent. My Irish is beautiful; it would make all Dublin weep. My American is quite good; I could nearly always get anything that I wanted in the shops if I had the money. Anybody can talk Welsh who cares to substitute "p" for "b" and "f" for "va." But the Scottish accent eludes me. Sometimes I speak a little Scottish, tentatively, to the policeman or the tram conductor or the shopkeepers. The policemen draw their staves, the tram conductors stop their trams, and the shopkeepers put up their shutters. I am not quite sure, but I rather think that I shall abandon the unequal struggle.

She Was Persistent.
A huge package once reached Sir Walter Scott from a young lady in America for which he had to pay \$25 expressage. It contained a manuscript play and a letter from the fair author requesting Scott to read and correct her work, write a prologue and an epilogue, arrange for its production at Drury Lane and negotiate with a publisher for the copyright. That was bad enough, but worse was to follow. About a fortnight later arrived another mighty packet, charged with a similar postage. Scott, who had not grown wiser by experience, paid the charges and opened the parcel. Out came a duplicate copy of the play and a second letter from the authoress, stating that as the weather had been stormy and she feared something might have happened to her former manuscript she had thought it prudent to send him a duplicate.

How Centipedes Walk.
An eminent authority has investigated the peculiar wavy motion of centipedes and millepedes to determine the manner in which these animals manage to use their superabundant pedal extremities so gracefully and harmoniously. It has been found that the legs move in groups or waves, each wave including a definite number of legs. The number of waves included in the length of the body is constant for each species. In millepedes the waves of each side are synchronous. In centipedes they are symmetrically alternate, giving rise to beautifully accordant movements. The difference may be explained by suggesting that the millepede moves like a pacing horse, the centipede like a trotter.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Pleasant Surprise.
A young man in Indianapolis felt his heart sink as he pulled from his mail box a letter of the wedding invitation type. That was the fifth he had received this season, and he had begun to wonder whether he had any friends left in the single state.
"Another five dollar bill busted to smash," he mourned.
Then he opened the envelope. But it was only the announcement of a wedding that had taken place the week before. And he found in the same cover a check for \$5.
It was then that he recalled a bet made with a friend years before. The conditions were that the one first married should pay the other \$5.—Indianapolis News.

And Upside Down at That.
"Where does this train stop next?" asked the nervous traveler on an uncertain railway.
"Well, boss," replied the porter, "dar's three washouts an' some bad track right along here, an' she's liable to stop mos' any place mos' any minute."—Washington Star.

Experienced.
"That trained nurse is quite remarkable. She made a man I know cough up a brass tack at the hospital."
"That's nothing to what she can do. She made the young doctor she's engaged to cough up a diamond ring."—Baltimore American.

Diplomatic.
Young Man—So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister. Who comes after her?
Small Brother—Nobody ain't come yet, but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her.—Exchange.

A Kitchen Jar.
Lady—Susan, I've come down to help you. Servant—I'd much rather you didn't, please, mam. I'm very busy today.

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WHERE ART WAS AT FAULT
House Maid Has Trouble With Picture of Leaning Tower of Pisa.

Among the engravings that adorned the walls of a Toledo woman's home was one big one of the leaning tower of Pisa. One morning, shortly after the advent of a new maid, the mistress of the house noticed that the picture of the tower hung crooked. She straightened it and said nothing of the matter to the new servant, who had evidently shifted it while dusting. The next day the picture was again crooked; the same thing happened the next day and the next. Finally, one morning, chancing to be in the room where the picture was, the mistress said to the maid as she dusted:
"Mary, you've hung that picture of the tower crooked. Just look at it!"
"That's what I say, mum," returned the domestic, "look at it! The only way I can get that blamed tower to hang straight is to hang the picture crooked."—Lippincott's.

Country With Only One Bank.
There are no public banking institutions in the Dominican republic, and but one private bank with agencies in the more important towns which buys and sells drafts, makes loans, and is the repository of the government funds.
Buying and selling drafts is an important course of revenue to this bank and also to many private individuals.

Money is easily placed at almost any time at one and one-half per cent. a month, and sometimes at two and one-half per cent., with first class real estate or personal security. Long time loans of large amounts are placed at 12 per cent. per annum. Municipalities, borrowing money for improvements and other purposes, pay 10 per cent. a month.
There are very few depositors in the bank. Most of the well-to-do people, both among the merchants and farmers, never think of depositing their money, but have small private safes or secrete their hoardings in some other manner.—Moody's Magazine.

Gem of Ancient Architecture.
The Oratory of Gallerus, situated on the Dingle promontory in Kerry, is probably the oldest place of Christian worship in the United Kingdom. It is unique in its architecture, for it was built without mortar, and the arch was formed direct from the ground level by the peculiar placing of the stones. In the east gable is the only window in the building, while in the west is the small doorway. The building, which is now one of the national monuments of the Emerald Isle, has recently been restored to perfect condition.

International Marriages.
There are five hundred American women in Europe who left their native land as the brides of so-called noblemen. Out of these, two hundred have been divorced or are separated from their husbands.

The Sisters.
"What a dainty little person Miss Bookings is!" exclaimed a very young man at an East end reception one Monday afternoon.
"Yes," agreed his companion, laconically.
"Such a lithe, perfect figure! And those beautiful little hands! Surely no manicurist could produce an effect like that; it must come from nature aided by rest."
"I guess so."
"But here's something I've always noticed. See that gaunt awkward girl standing beside her? Girls always get some ugly person to show them off by contrast. Look at the big red hand of the second one. Ain't it fierce?"
"Who's that fright, anyhow?"
"That's Miss Bookings' older sister. She washes and irons Miss Bookings' party gowns for her."—Lewiston Post-Dealer.

Not Much Lost.
Two lunatics conversed in the asylum yard. One had megalomania. Said he: "Had they not locked me up here, I should have been a second Napoleon!" Thoughtfully, the other contemplated a peagreen devil on the asylum wall, then remarked: "The second Napoleon wasn't much shucks."

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANT.
September 15, 1911.
To Harry B. Gilson,
You are hereby notified that the plaintiff, Grace M. Gilson filed her petition in the District Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska, on the 16th day of May, 1911, praying for a divorce from you on the grounds of willful abandonment and non-support and she also prays for the custody of your minor child Marguerite Gilson. Now unless you answer said petition on or before the 6th day of November, 1911, said petition will be taken as confessed and the prayer of the petition will be granted.
GRACE M. GILSON,
By Tyrrell and Morrissey,
Her Attorneys.

LEGAL NOTICE.
Seth W. Lowell, will hereby take notice that William Foote has filed his petition and commenced an action in the District Court of Lancaster County, State of Nebraska, entitled "William Foote, Plaintiff, vs. Seth W. Lowell, Defendant," and plaintiff has filed affidavit therein that the defendant is a non-resident of the State of Nebraska.
The object and prayer of said action is to recover the sum of \$176.45, with interest at the rate of six per cent per annum from the seventh day of March, 1890, upon a promissory note that plaintiff has caused to be attached in said action, the undivided one-third interest in Lot Four (4), Block Two (2), Trester's Addition to the City of Lincoln, Lancaster County, Nebraska, and the undivided one-third interest in Lot Eight (8), Block Forty-three (43) in University Place, Nebraska; that the defendant is required to answer the petition of the plaintiff on the ninth day of October, 1911.
SETH W. LOWELL,
By TIBBETS & ANDERSON,
Attorneys.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have associated themselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the state of Nebraska.
The name of the corporation shall be the Maupin-Schoop Publishing Company.
Its principal place of business is Lincoln, Lancaster County, Nebraska. The business of said corporation is to do a general publishing and printing business and any and all things necessary and consistent therewith, including the right to buy and sell real estate.
The authorized capital stock is five thousand dollars, divided into shares of fifty dollars each.
Said corporation shall commence business on August 7th, 1911, and continue for twenty years, unless sooner dissolved by a majority vote of its stock, or by process of law.
The highest amount of indebtedness to which it shall at any time subject itself shall not exceed two-thirds of its authorized capital stock.
The affairs of the corporation shall be governed by a board of four directors, who shall have power to elect from among their own number a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer.
Dated this 5th day of August, 1911.
WILL M. MAUPIN,
FRANK L. SHOOP.

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