

QUERY FOR THE MISSIONARY

After the Discourse Was Ended, Young Heathen Wanted to Know Only One Thing.

A Bostonian, who has done considerable missionary work in the far east, not long ago addressed a Bible meeting in a church of that city, on which occasion he spoke of the adventures, as well as the work, of the missionaries in that quarter, says Harper's Magazine.

There was one youngster in the audience, a lad of twelve, who had been brought to the meeting by his father. It was with considerable surprise and gratification that the missionary observed, when his discourse had been finished and he had asked whether anyone had any questions to put, that the aforesaid youngster evinced a disposition to make an inquiry.

"Come, my lad," said the missionary, "speak up. If there is anything I haven't made clear, tell me." "Oh, everything is clear to me," said the boy. "What I want to know is, have you any foreign stamps you can give a fellow?"

A "WREATH OF BABIES."

Imagination is the making of a writer, so one has been led to believe.

Perhaps; but some writers go too far. Just listen to this description of a bit of simple summer millinery from a foreign publication:

"It goes with a yellow print frock, like the post's—
"Buttercup-color was her print gown, So sweetly rare, so quaintly fair!"
and here we had gray chip, very coarse, but dull of surface, and buttercup-yellow taffetas Winterhalter bows, with raveled ends, sitting all around the low crown, with their fat, short legs sticking out well apart in front of them, for all the world like a wreath of chubby babies.

How He Voted.

At a church court a pastor had to vote on a delicate question. Either way would estrange some of his flock. So he voted "non liquet," which is equivalent to asking to be excused. The next day a country delegate was asked how this pastor had voted on the vexed question. He said: "The man did not seem pleased. In fact, he voted that he did not like it."

AN EXCEPTION.

"I hat that expression, 'Drop me a line.'"
"Still, it's permissible if you happen to be drowning."

Man's Complex Makeup.

The average man in health has the material for 13 pounds of candles, one pound of nails, carbon sufficient for 800 pencils, bindings for 16 octavo books, 500 knife handles, 28 violin strings, 20 teaspoonfuls salt and one pound of loaf sugar.

Many Have Tried.

No man has ever gained distinction because of the excellence of his jewelry.

Quality That Profiteth No Man.

Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.—Ruskin.

Trained to Use Both Hands.

The children of Japan are trained as ambidexters, using both hands equally well.

Importance of Typewriter.

The typewriter ranks as one of the most important inventions of the last half a century in the promotion of business and the spread of intelligence. Like the telephone, sewing machine, automobile, etc., its loss would cause the world to slow down a bit.

Obvious.

The man who gets much satisfaction out of the fact that he has a high, aristocratic instep never worries about the height of his brow.

Rule for Success.

Having begun in one line, resolve to fight it out on that line, to lead in it; adopt every improvement, have the best machinery, and know the most about it.—Andrew Carnegie.

What He Escaped.

A 30-year convict in a southern state heard the telephone the other day for the first time. This may be called pathetic, but think what tortures he has missed by not having to wait in drug stores.—Keene Sentinel.

Small Demand for Buttons.

The Rev. G. Preston Tonge of St. Paul's church, Yarmouth, England, in his Parish Magazine, under the heading of "Acknowledgments," says: "Several anonymous contributions of buttons have been received. We are still wondering how to use these gifts to the best advantage in the district, as, for obvious reasons, they are unsuited to the needs of the heathen."

The First Thimble.

The thimble of plain sewing was invented in the year 1684 by a gallant young Dutch goldsmith of Amsterdam, who devised the "thumb-bell"—for this was its original name—in order to protect his sweetheart's thumb post when she was engaged with a needle and cotton. The "thumb bell" has, however, become a "finger-bell," but in shape only little change has taken place in it since the loving Hans placed the first thimble on the thumb of this lady love.

Women Lawyers Gaining Ground.

Women are now eligible for admission to the bar in all Federal courts, and in Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington and several other states.—Law Notes.

Remains of Old-Time Fortress.

Archaeological researches made at a spot some 20 miles from Kars, Russia, have brought to light a completely intact stone fortress of prehistoric date. The masonry of the primitively designed forts and bastions is somewhat roughly, but extremely well laid. Among the many and various objects found are quite a number of well-preserved figures of heathen gods, mostly in animal forms and in a kind of hard-baked potter's clay.

The Omerence.

The hen never drinks without looking up, whereas when men drink they can't look up.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Almost the Limit.

"You say she worries herself unnecessarily over trifling things?" said one of two women who were speaking about the ways of another. "Worries" was the answer. "Why, she's more trouble to herself than a family of children!"

Where Glass Eyes Are Made.

Glass eyes are made principally in Lauscha, a German town 20 miles from Coburg. The trade is flourishing, with constant improvements of value, though in minor details. As in many occupations in Europe, the artisans hand down their acquired knowledge and skill to younger members of the same family.

Gigantic Task.

A billion dollars is a great sum of money. It would take a man, working eight hours a day, over 90 years to count and stack it at the rate of a dollar a second.

United States Comes Fourth.

The United States government is the fourth to establish an aeronautical laboratory. Belgium, France and Russia have already done so.

Railroad Cars for Automobiles.

In order to handle automobiles easily, several railroads have adopted a new style of freight car, having doors the full width and height of the car.

Spanish City's Vehicle Tax.

Valencia, Spain, farms out its vehicle tax for a fixed sum per annum to a concessionary, who is allowed to collect under the terms of his contract a sum amounting to about \$34.50 for each automobile, plus about \$4.06 extra for each seat the car contains. Practically all the machines are kept for only city and park driving.

Fell From Roof of Church.

A mason named Littlejohn, residing in the Strathdon district of Aberdeen-shire, Scotland, met his death recently in a remarkable manner. He climbed to the roof of a church in order to dislodge a swarm of bees, but suddenly overbalancing, he fell to the ground and was killed on the spot.

Thief Restored Sacred Objects.

The precious stones removed and taken away from the tabernacle in the new church, Claremorris, Ireland, some months ago, have been returned by a registered letter. The act of restitution was the cause of much satisfaction, as the stones were rare and costly.

Small Millions of Years Old.

A petrified prehistoric small embedded in the heart of a large piece of blue limestone, was discovered a few days ago by quarrymen working at Cheddar Cliffs, Wales, upon some large boulders of stone which were displaced in the landslide which occurred some years ago. The discovery is distinctly interesting to the geologists on account of the great age of the find, as, situated upon a very low strata, it must be millions of years since the small lived.

No Vipers in New World.

Africa is the home of the typical vipers. No species of the true viper inhabits the new world, though several kinds of snakes are commonly so called. The viperine snakes of this hemisphere belong to a sub-family of the vipers, known technically as the Crotalinae. Under this head come the rattlesnake, copperhead, water moccasin, bushmaster and the fer-de-lance.

Not for Her.

One of our smallest business men, a little bit of a fellow—at the dinner table of the house, a few days ago, was jokingly proposing marriage to a fat woman about six times his size. "No," indignantly replied the big woman, "when I marry I don't want to get a man so small that I'll have to shake the bed clothes in the morning to find him."

How About It?

It may also be true that the rolling moss gathers no rocks.

Facts as to Air's Movements.

The movement of air is variously designated, according to its velocity, as a zephyr, breeze, wind, gale or hurricane. A dense or thick fog, according to the weather bureau, obscures objects at a distance of 1,000 feet.

A Hare's Daily Sea Bath.

A hare which had made a daily practice of swimming in the sea at Cley, to the delight of visitors, has been captured by some local fishermen in a boat. They chased the animal seaward for 300 yards before they came up with it. The hare was then exhausted and was easily captured.—London Daily Mail.

Too Much Taffy Is Bad.

It is not good to eat much honey; so for men to search out their own glory is grievous.—Proverbs of Solomon, xxv:27.

Not Always.

It is not always safe to decide that a man has passed the age of usefulness merely because his 15-year-old son can beat him at golf.

Success Apt to Dazzle.

There's a glare about success which is apt to dazzle men's eyes. When we see a man rising in the world, a foolish high opinion is formed of his merits. It is said, "What a wonderful man this must be to rise so rapidly!" forgetting that straw, dust, and feathers—things without value or weight—rise the soonest and easiest. It is not always the great and good man who rises rapidly into wealth and notice.

Loving Friends.

Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one drop off through inattention, or let one push another away, or if we hold aloof from one through petty jealousy. Would you throw away a diamond because it scratched you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of the earth.

Legal Qualifications.

It seems that a lawyer is something of a carpenter. He can file a bill, split a hair, chop logic, dovetail an argument, make an entry, get up a case, frame an indictment, impanel a jury, put them in a box, nail a witness, hammer a judge, bore a court, shave a note, "grind an axe," chisel a client, and other like things.

A Poor Press Agent.

Max O'Rell was exceedingly popular as a lecturer, and the way in which his mother viewed the suggestion that her son should take to the platform is worth repetition. She wrote to him from the native village which she had never left for more than a day to say that she did not think appearing before audiences to be reputable business, and when he replied that he had decided to do it and had signed a contract to that effect the dear old lady wrote back that she was "still" his loving mother and that she would tell no one in the village about it.

Office of the Lungs.

"What is the office of the lungs?" a teacher asked a small pupil in a class in physiology. "The chest," she promptly replied. "And," said the teacher, telling the story, "I guess she was somewhat near right, for the lungs certainly do business in the chest."

Helping Him.

Intrepid Widow—Speaking of conundrums, Mr. Slocum, here's a good one. Why is the letter "d" like a wedding ring? Procrastinating Bachelor—Oh, I'm no good at conundrums. Intrepid Widow—You give it up? Why, because "we" can't be "wed" without it.

Big Hearted Goldsmith.

Mills, a fellow collegian of Goldsmith's, called one morning to offer Oliver a breakfast, when he was adjured in answer to his knock and in a smothered voice to force open the door and enter. When Mills and others had at last forced the bolted door they found Goldsmith so entangled in the ticking of his bed that he could not extricate himself without help. He explained that as the night before had been piercing cold he had given a poor perishing woman with five children all his bedclothes. What could he do? He had nothing else, not a penny, to give her. "It was a cold night, too," he added, "for I couldn't at first sleep till I thought of ripping open the mattress to lie in the ticking."—"Oliver Goldsmith," by R. Ashe King.

A Surprise For Swagger.

"Yes," said Swagger, "this is a turquoise ring."
"Excuse me," said Bangs; "the correct pronunciation of that word is 'turquoise.'"
"No; turquoise, excuse me."
"I say turquoise."
"Well, let's go to the jeweler and ask him."
"Right."
"In order to settle a wager," said Swagger to the jeweler, "would you mind telling me if the correct pronunciation of the stone in this ring is turquoise or turquoise?"
The jeweler took the ring and examined it carefully. "The correct pronunciation," he said, "is glass."—London Tit-Bits.

BOOKS ON GOLF ARE DEAD

Dealer Vehemently Complains That He Can Sell Any Other Kind Except That.

A book dealer burst into bitter complaint the other day.

"I can sell any sort of a book," he said, "except one. Let its age be what you please; let its covers be battered, still I can find a customer for it. Provided, that is, it is not a book on golf."
He went on to sketch the sad situation:

"It may seem to you odd, but it is true that the golf books are dead as dead can be. The publishers don't know that fact yet, but we book dealers do. They still issue golf records, golf manuals, and all that sort of thing, and we have to buy them on a falling market."

He was perfectly serious about it, and, as the phrase goes, ought to have known what he was talking about. There are, it is true, less piffling questions, but he raises one which teases the curiosity. Is it true that people don't read golf books? Is the book-taught beginner merely a myth? Here is some evidence that he is, or at least that he gets his theory of golf out of books which he borrows but does not buy.—Chicago Evening Post.

SOFTNESS OF GOLDEN ARC

Peculiar Color of Light Is Due to Special Preparation of Carbon Which Contains Rare Minerals.

In place of the pure white glare—cold and unkind in its whiteness—of the usual form of arc light, a still more glaring radiance, but of a soft and pleasing golden color, is now everywhere seen.

The golden color of this light is due to a peculiar preparation of the carbon pencils, which are said to contain the salts of various somewhat rare minerals; but their exact constituents are not revealed by the manufacturers.

The golden arc light gives a curious spectrum quite unlike the continuous band afforded by ordinary carbons, which is very similar to that of daylight. The spectrum yielded by the new carbons is discontinuous, and consists of a number of brilliant strips separated by spaces of darkness. The red, orange and green are especially conspicuous, while blue and the colors beyond it are scarcely represented. The carbons have the disadvantage of giving a somewhat unsteady light, and for this reason they are held by many to be more suitable for outdoor than for interior illumination.—Harper's Weekly.

ROMANCE FLIES AWAY.

Mr. Charles Alden Seltzer, questioned recently about the scene of his newest book, "The Two-Gun Man," replied: "All the romance has gone from the west now. I believe I would find very little in New Mexico now to remind me of the old west. Of course, a transition was inevitable; civilization must advance, and with its advance the old conditions and old customs must go. Fences and laws—and sheep—have stopped cattle stealing and the cowpuncher is dethroned. But he was once king, with the unfenced range for his kingdom. He lived a free, hard life, obedient only to his own desires. I wish to remember him as I knew him and do not wish to return to destroy my sense of the romantic in the west."—Outing.

WHEN ALL MEN FLY.

The influence of this freedom will tend toward decentralization, permitting men to live at such places as may be found most convenient, without the close influence of the location of their business activities. It is quite possible that the cities may become more and more restricted to business and be gradually abandoned as places of residence, a condition which is already beginning to appear in some instances. When a man is able to rise from his own grounds and travel with the speed of an express train in any chosen direction in a machine of moderate cost, operated wholly by himself, there will be no reason why the situation of his manufactory or office should have much influence upon his place of residence.—Cassier's Magazine.

LUCKY.

"Brown is a lucky chap."
"How so?"
"He can afford to let his wife go away whenever she wants to."—Detroit Free Press.

NOTICE OF ADOPTION.

In re Adoption No. 322, of Manley Fuglei, in the County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, To all persons interested take notice that Orville H. Sheffert and Anna Sheffert, husband and wife, have filed their petition and the relinquishment of Child Saving Institute of Omaha and of Edith Fuglei for the Adoption of Manley Fuglei, a male minor child with bestowal of property rights and change of name which has been set for hearing before this court on the 16th day of January, 1912, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when you may appear, object to and contest the same.

Dated December 6, 1911.

P. JAS. COSGRAVE,

County Judge.

By ROBIN R. REID,

Clerk.

[SEAL]

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 silicates 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.

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