

WILD DOGS MENACED PARIS

Serious Situation That Became One of the Worst Features of Reign of Terror.

So many startling events happened from day to day during the Reign of Terror that the apparition of wild dogs in Paris was commonly overlooked. But it was quite natural. The greater part of the grandees, who fled or went into hiding, kept dogs, and very few of them were able to make arrangements for the poor beasts when they left home.

The dogs, abandoned, took to the streets of course, and shortly they began to congregate in two packs, one occupying the Champs Elysees, and one the Bois de Boulogne. Soon they became a public danger. Carlyle pokes fun at Santerre, the brewer, who proposed a law that all dogs should be hanged; he had not noticed the paragraphs in the newspapers telling how people had been attacked in the Champs Elysees.

At length the situation became really grave, as is easily understood when thousands of starving animals have to find subsistence in a starving city. Many of them were wolf hounds, and of powerful fighting breeds. So in September, 1793, drastic measures were taken against the Champs Elysees pack.

Two battalions of the National Guard surrounded the area, leaving a gap toward the Rue Royale, while multitudes of ragamuffins beat the cover. The game was driven up to the Rue Royale to the Place Royale, where troops made a battle of it, firing volleys. Three days consecutively this operation was repeated and more than three thousand dogs lay in the place.

A certain Gaspardin received orders to clear them away, and he, short of means, applied for the Royal equipages. It was a timely job, greeted with applause. So M. Gaspardin packed the dead dogs neck and heels in the gilded coaches as full as they would hold, and made a state procession through delighted Paris.

HARD ON MRS. PACKER, TOO

Little Mistake in Matter of Tickets Causes No End of Annoyance.

Blueberry was a small and unimportant rural railroad station, and the post of ticket agent was held by Mrs. Nancy Dipple, an energetic woman who lived near the tracks. Travel to and from the town was light, and having little use for a separate office, Mrs. Dipple sold railroad tickets, when they were called for, at her own house, where she kept her stock for safety in a bureau drawer.

Besides selling tickets, Mrs. Dipple "did for" a household of boarders and a shiftless husband. A ticket for town being required one day when the agent's hands were occupied with the mixing of biscuit dough, Mrs. Dipple requested her husband to act as her representative, and he obligingly complied. A little later he appeared in the kitchen with a troubled brow. "Nancy," he asked anxiously, "was any of the town tickets blue?"

"No—all red," said Nancy. "Well,"—Mrs. Dipple rubbed his head with a disturbed look,—"I sold Mrs. Packer a blue ticket, an' then afterwards I noticed some red tickets in the drawer, an'—"

"Forevermore!" Mrs. Dipple broke out in great vexation. "Did I ever see the like! You've gone and sold her one o' my milk tickets,—the last one I had,—you careless critter, and now the train's gone and we can't get it back! And milk's so dear, too!"—Youth's Companion.

Modern Appliances for Whaling.

The use of the modern whaling cannon in place of the old-fashioned and more picturesque hand harpoon has been familiar for a good many years, but it is probably not widely known that another modern invention has been pressed into service. Compressed air is now pumped into the whale's carcass until it resembles a toy balloon, and the hole filled with oakum, so that the whaler may set the carcass afloat with a buoy to mark it, without danger of its sinking.

In this way time can be saved in starting on the pursuit of other whales which may be in sight.

Heroism of Women.

It is painful to note that few Carnegie medals go to women. One might infer from this that heroism is exclusively a male characteristic, comments the Philadelphia Inquirer. Fortunately, it isn't so. As a fact most women have to be heroes to get through this world at all. They do things right along which would make a man famous. Some of them exhibit constant heroism by living with men who ought to be in jail or in the tomb. But, aside from such considerations, women have done their share in every branch of heroic effort so far as opportunities opened.

Appeal to National Pride.

The Italian wrestler Bruggio was proceeding cautiously, says a writer in the Chicago Evening Post. He was feeling his opponent out, stalling him off with various pokes and not showing that daring in attack that the crowd likes. Most of them were silent, but one adviser, seated far away, kept yelling to him to "take a chance." As this seemed to make no impression with repetition, he shouted finally: "Take a chance, you wop lobster. Co-cumb's took a chance."

MAKING MONEY WITH GAS

Up-to-Date Equipment Installed in New Melting House of British Mint.

Four tons of gold will on an average be melted down each working day in the wonderful new melting house now being completed for service next year at the royal mint, near the Tower of London.

The new melting house will be the most complete in the world. It is much larger than the existing one, and is to contain ten furnaces, all heated by gas. The present melting house has only four such furnaces. Gas furnaces alone are now used at the royal mint for the melting down of precious metal, coke furnaces having been finally banished in March last. No less an amount than £80,000,000 worth of gold has been melted down by gas since the special furnaces were introduced.

Many experiments were carried out before gas was accepted as the best medium for the melting. In connection with the tests Mr. Rigg, the superintendent of the operative department, paid a number of visits to factories in London and the country and made a tour in Canada and the United States with the object of obtaining evidence as to the value of gas as a fuel. At length a special type of furnace was designed by officials at the mint, and a gas burner made by Mr. S. N. Brayshaw, of Manchester, was adopted.

Ordinary gas is taken from the street main for the melting and mixed with air from a powerful blowing engine. It is found that by the use of gas the crucibles for the gold last longer than they did when coke was employed, each crucible enduring eighteen heatings under gas as against twelve under coke. In addition, the cost is less, having been reduced from 7d. to 5d. for each hundred weight of gold melted.—London Mail.

BYRON HAD LITERARY AGENT

Author's Representative Not New Invention for the Torment of Publishers.

Much has been written lately about literary agents, as if they were a new invention of the Evil One for the torment of publishers. But in looking over Byron's letters the following one shows clearly enough that the first John Murray, who published for Byron, had to cope with authors' representatives just as the third and fourth John Murrays do today—and, by the way, John Murray IV., who is an active and pleasing young man, is taking more and more of the burden of his father's business. Here is Byron's letter to John I.:

"Can't accept your courteous offer. These matters must be arranged with Mr. Douglas Kinnaird. He is my trustee and a man of honor. To him you can state all your mercantile reasons, which you might not like to state to me personally, such as 'heavy season,' 'flat public,' 'don't go off,' 'lordship writes too much,' 'won't take advice,' 'declining popularity,' 'deduction for the trade,' 'make very little,' generally lose by him; 'pirated edition,' 'foreign edition,' 'severe criticisms,' etc., with other hints and howls for an oration, which I leave Douglas, who is an orator, to answer.

"23d August, 1821"

Apparently the song of the publisher to the author was exactly the same almost a century ago as it is today.

The Italian Soldier Under Fire.

These Italian soldiers were a new experience to me. For sheer unemotional daring I have never seen anything to equal the behavior of the Italian soldier under fire, and mark you, heavy fire. They are, as a whole, a splendid body of men from the point of view of physique and discipline. Much more than this can be said, however. The good spirits and earnestness and other good soldierly qualities of these men can only be spoken of in terms of highest praise. "Chummy" is the word I must use to describe the relationship and feeling existing between officers and men, and under such conditions where each is so essential to the other a wiser policy cannot be adopted.—Frank J. Magee, in Metropolitan.

Very Ancient Sword.

"Some of the Arabs have two-handed swords," says ex-Lieutenant Montague, late with the Turks in Tripoli, "left behind by the crusaders." But one never can be certain of anything in this world. After one of the British campaigns in Egypt an officer brought back as trophy such a formidable weapon, which he hastened to submit to the late Mr. Jack Latham, head of the Wilkinson Sword company, in Pall Mall, saying that, in his opinion, the thing belonged to the first half of the eleventh century. "No," said Mr. Jack, with a smile, after a slight scrutiny of the blade, "it belongs to the second half of the nineteenth century. There's our trademark in the corner of the hilt."

English Women Intemperate.

"Women now provide a disproportionately large part of the habitual drunkards," says the head constable of Liverpool, England. Thus, during 1910, in the class of three or more convictions within twelve months there were 133 men and 184 women, and in the class of six to sixty convictions (all told) there were 733 men and 774 women. For two years the "black list" in Liverpool has consisted solely of women.—Temperance.

WAR IS COSTING ITALY MUCH

Spending Vast Sums in Cannonading at Nothing More Vulnerable Than Desert Sands.

The correspondent of the London Daily Express who is now with the Turkish forces in Tripoli says that the Turks are hoping much from the cost of the war to Italy. The war is costing Turkey nothing, but the Italians are spending vast sums in incessant cannonading at nothing more vulnerable than the desert sands. The correspondent says that there are Italian prisoners in the hands of the Turks and that they are well treated, and especially the wounded. He then adds: "The Turkish doctors have other patients, too. I was in one of the medical tents this morning, and there entered a muffled little figure in the dress of an Arab girl. Hiding her face, she crouched on the floor, and the doctor, removing bandages and pads, showed me a ghastly cavity in the poor little creature's shoulder. An Italian bullet had entered—from behind!—and had passed through, making a dreadful wound. I questioned her, and the child, still muffling her face in her striped robe, told me how the Christian soldiers broke into her father's house and killed her mother and sister, and how she, being near the door, had run out into the street. Some of the soldiers followed her to the door, and stood there firing at her as she ran down the street; and 'At last,' said she, 'one of those Christians shot me as you see, here in the shoulder, and I fell down.'"

"How do you like this weather, Algernon," asked Mr. Topfloor as he got into the elevator one cold evening last week.

"I doesn' min' it sah. 'Tain' so bad, but it might be better," replied Algernon impartially. "Any ol' t'ing de good Lo'd likes suits me, sah."

"It is pleasant to find you so resigned and so cheerful," commented Mr. Topfloor.

"Thank you," I's right cheerful dis ebenin'," replied Algernon with a broad grin. "I's mighty blue las' night, but I's well now, 't'ank de Lo'd. I had a right pleasant aff'noon at a fren's house, an' dat kin' cheer me up. 'W'ot de 'casion? De 'casion was de fume' ob his sister. Dere was a mighty big dolla's to cel'brate de 'vent, an' de whole party so cheerful an' signed like, I couldn' help bein' elevated up, too. Yessar dat so, de half dolla's an' de quartahs de does count, 't'ank you, sah, 't'ank yo! Mebbe yo' don' know, sah," pursued Algernon, cheerfully, as Mr. Topfloor took out his latch key to open his front door, "dat de gas pipes is froze an dere ain' no dinners bein' cooked in de 'partmen's dis ebenin'? De gas man's confab'latin' wif de pipes now. He done bring his bag o' instruments, an' I guess he gwine operate on de dif'erent meters, but ef he say dere's any danger of a confab'ration in de house, I sut'n'y will rimform yo', sah."—New York Press.

AS A BEGGAR REMEMBERED

Remarkable Character Who Died in 1681 Left Bequest for Benefit of Poor.

Gifts of clothing are being made in many market towns and villages of Surrey to the poor from a bequest left for the purpose by Henry Smith, or "Dog" Smith, as he was more generally called, having earned the sobriquet from the fact that he was never seen without a dog at his heels.

This remarkable character lived about two and a half centuries ago, and was one of the best known figures in Surrey. He was originally a silversmith in the city of London, and, prospering in business, acquired estates in different parts of England.

Developing eccentricities as he grew old, he adopted the life of a beggar. His wanderings were confined almost entirely to Surrey, and he is said to have begged his way through every town and village in the country. At his death in 1681 he left all his wealth to the market towns and parishes of Surrey, and the endowments enabled each town to spend £250 and each village about £30 on the purchase of clothing for its poor.

Mitcham, however, was excluded from his benefactions, Smith's explanation being that on one occasion the inhabitants of Mitcham whipped him through the village as a common vagrant.—London Chronicle.

Danger of Gasoline Fumes.

In a letter to the New York Medical Journal Dr. D. W. Pinckney declares that public warning should be given in regard to danger from fumes when gasoline is burned and cites the case of a man who was found unconscious and near death after being for a short time in a small room in which an automobile engine was running.

"Some time ago," he says, "I was also called to see a plumber who was rendered helpless and almost unconscious by fumes from his gasoline torch. It appears that only a small amount of the fumes is necessary to cause helplessness, and that there is little or no warning of danger in the feeling of the one affected.

"Persons working alone in their small private garages are in grave danger when they let their engines run for even a short time," says Dr. Pinckney. "Chance alone saved the men in the two cases I mention."

Reviving Old Mackintoshes.

Shabby old mackintoshes can be made as good as new at home for a small outlay, and by the exercise of a little care and patience. Roll a little linseed oil and add to this about 20 drops of terebene (to be had at any chemist's). While hot apply this mixture to the mackintosh with a brush. Allow it about 48 hours to dry in, and then wash the whole over with india rubber solution dissolved in methylated spirits to the thickness of cream. Leave this another two days to dry and the mackintosh will be found to have a smooth and hard surface, as calculated to resist all moisture as when the coat was new. The same process will, of course, do for rain hats, sponge bags and all water-proofed things.

Measuring River Flows.

In its work of stream gauging—measuring the flow and volume of rivers by up-to-date methods—the United States geological survey co-operated during the past fiscal year with 13 states, the states contributing over \$49,000 and the survey doing the work. The geological survey also co-operated in this work with the reclamation service, the office of Indian affairs and the forest service. Ninety-six gauging stations were maintained in co-operation with the reclamation service, 13 in co-operation with the Indian office and 194 in co-operation with the forest service on streams draining national forests. In all 1,105 gauging stations were in operation at the close of the last fiscal year.

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MULEY HAFID GOES HUNTING

Sultan of Morocco Uses the Telephone, Wireless and Acetylene During Day's Sport.

Muley Hafid, Sultan of Morocco, has evidently made up his mind to make the best of things and have as good a time as he can.

A short time ago he expressed the desire to go partridge and rabbit hunting. To go out without an army would have been impossible to him a few months ago, before the French occupation of Fez. But he started out one morning with a small escort, and had good luck at hunting, while no rebellious tribesmen took a shot at him.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon he found a tent set up and luncheon served. On the way home he stopped at a French fort, used the telephone to call up his palace at Fez and saw for the first time wireless telegraph in operation.

After many trials the operator succeeded in getting into communication with the station on the Eiffel Tower, and the Sultan sent a message to his minister in Paris, El Mokri.

Acetylene lamps were used to light his entry into Fez, and the Sultan was as pleased over the day's sport as a child with a new toy.

Benefits of the Fire.

The fire alarm sounded and a vagrant who had been huddled in a dark hallway crept out and joined the crowd hurrying to the midnight fire. Presently others of his fraternity appeared.

"Why do all you Johnnies always break your necks to get to a fire?" said a man who was something of a fire fiend himself.

The vagrant pointed to a woman who was emerging from a nearby apartment house carrying a pall of steaming coffee.

"There's the answer," he said. "At every winter fire that gives the firemen a hard tussle the women of the neighborhood bring out coffee and sandwiches to brace them up. Sometimes the firemen don't have time to snatch a bite, sometimes they do. Anyhow, there is sure to be something left over, and the women—well, it's a hard-hearted woman that won't give a poor devil a cup of coffee a night like this."

The man kept an eye on his candid derelict. He got two cups of coffee and two sandwiches.

California Wine Grapes.

The total number of tons of wine grapes handled by the wineries in this vicinity during the last season reaches the surprising total of 70,000 tons, writes a Lodi correspondent. If this 70,000 tons of grapes had been converted into sweet wine the total number of gallons would approximate 5,800,000. It would be safe to say that at least 10 per cent. of this tonnage was converted into dry wines, which would bring the number of gallons up to a higher figure.

As between table and wine grapes the wine grape industry at the present time looks to be in the better shape. At \$10 a ton for the common variety of grapes a rancher can show some profit. As table grapes have been selling for the last year or so there is little or no profit in them.

Music Fever.

Walter Damrosch, the eminent musician, told, at a dinner in New York, a story about Patti.

"When the Patti fever was at its height," he said, "a worthy Philadelphia couple decided to buy tickets at \$8 each. So they drew \$16 out of bank.

"But \$16 seemed a good deal of money to spend on a single evening's music. In brief, after a serious talk, the worthy couple decided to devote the \$16 to charity.

"So they sent the money to a poor man whom they knew—and the poor man bought two tickets with it, and took his wife to hear Patti."

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