

A FEW PETS.

Queer Facts About Dogs, Cats, Snakes and Toads.

The biggest dog in the world is in Chicago. He is a St. Bernard, with shaggy white and orange hair, and his name is Simon. When he sits up he is as tall as a man, and he weighs a great deal more than most men, but while he is big and strong, he is very gentle, and is very fond of children.

HOW TOADS CATCH FLIES.

The toad has a very queer tongue. It is round, and has a sharp point, with a barb at the end like a fish hook. When the poor fly gets near enough to the toad's tongue, and the fly is in his mouth quicker than one can tell about it. The toad is a very good marksman, and never makes a mistake nor fails to stick his sharp tongue through the fly.

Toads are not pretty pets, but they may be easily tamed, and like to be stroked on the back.

FEEDING BOA CONSTRICTORS.

When you feed your boa constrictor grab him just behind the ears and pry his jaws gently open. Then drop a rat right down among the three rows of long curved teeth, and then push it down as far as you can with a ruler, and then work it further down from the outside. You just keep on feeding him this way until his stomach is as full as he can hold.

Maybe you haven't got a boa constrictor. Well, I haven't either, and I am not going to get one. But I know this is the way to feed them, because it is the way the best snake-keeper in the world does it. His blood is poison-proof, and a snake can harm him that way. Some of his boa constrictors like him very much, but he never lets them squeeze him because he does not want to die.

THE CAT IS A FRAUD.

All the people who have ever had much to do with cats say they cannot be trusted. A dog will do as he has been taught, but a cat will only mind while it is watched. A lady who owns one has often whipped it for coming into the parlor, where, with its sharp claws, it tears up the curtains or anything else that flutters. While the lady is in the house the cat will never go into the parlor, but when she has been out she always finds pussy's black hairs on the parlor sofa cushions. The other day, when she came home from a call, she saw pussy in the parlor window lazily watching the people go by. When it saw her coming it jumped and ran up stairs where she found it pretending to be asleep.

A FOX TERRIER AT MANILA.

Boojum is a fox terrier which went to the Philippines with its master, Sergeant Holmes of New York, and was in the great battle of Manila. When the cannons began to boom and the shells began to fly Boojum ran up and down, barking fiercely, as if he, too, wished to help fight the Spaniards. But when the battle was over Boojum was nowhere to be seen, and at last was found watching over the body of his dead master, who was killed by a Spanish bullet. Day after day it watched over the grave until at last the soldiers feared he would starve, and they sent him back to the United States. But poor Boojum has never ceased to mourn for his master.

Monkey Listeners.

In India the people look upon the monkeys as sacred animals, and will not drive them away from their houses. As the monkeys are as plentiful almost as birds here they sometimes become a great nuisance, which the people, however, bear without grumbling.

A minister, who was preaching a sermon one Sunday in a village street in that country, has this to tell about it: "Behind the house on the other side of the street there was a long row of trees growing in their back yards, the branches of which stretched out over the street roofs."

"Happening to raise my eyes, I saw many branches of these trees bent down toward the roofs, and saw the faces of some old jack monkeys looking out through the leaves. Soon some of them jumped down to see what their big brothers in the street were doing, as they stood gazing at those white men standing on the platform. Getting upon the front edge of the roof, they seated themselves with their hind legs hanging down and looked at the preacher as they saw the people in the street doing."

"Other monkeys came, until there was a long row of them seated on the housetops. The last ones I could see walking along behind, looking for a place wide enough to get a seat. Not finding a place between two already seated monkeys wide enough, they put up their hands, and, pushing each one aside would seem to be saying, 'Sit along a little, please, and give me a seat,' until the 'bench' was crowded."

"I noticed that many mother monkeys had brought their babies to church with them. These little baby monkeys sat upon the lap of the mother, while her arm was placed around them just as human mothers would do, but the sermon was too sober for these little folks, for I saw one of the little monkeys stretch his hand around, and, catching hold of another baby monkey's tail, give it a pull. The other little monkey struck back. But neither mother monkey liked this play in church, and each gave its own baby a box on the ears, as though saying: 'Sit still! Don't you know how to behave in church?'"

"Except a monkey now and then trying to catch a flea that was biting him they sat quietly until the preacher finished his sermon, and until we had given tracts to the people, and bidding them a polite goodby, had started for our tents."

REALISM IN MURDER TRIALS.

Ghastly Experiments and How One Cost a Lawyer His Life.

The realism injected into the recent Allgaier murder trial by the introduction, as evidence, of photographs showing the scene of the tragedy and the relative position of the principals and witnesses was something out of the ordinary, even in murder trials. It is common to introduce such gruesome reminders as blood-stained linen, and bullet-bored coats as evidence, but post mortem photographs are indeed a novelty.

The Luetgert case in Chicago was especially prolific in unshightly remnants of bones, supposed to be and finally accepted as human.

But in all the domain of criminal jurisprudence perhaps no greater intensity of realism was ever attained than in a case at Memphis, Tenn., about ten years ago.

The body of Mrs. Mary Person was found in the back garden of her suburban home. There was a hole in the temple, and a pistol by her side, one barrel discharged. Neighbors had heard a shot shortly after midnight. The husband and children testified that Mrs. Person had retired early the night before and was not missed till daylight. The surface facts indicated suicide and the coroner so declared it.

An observant reporter noticed that while the ground everywhere was muddy, as was the gown of the dead body, the soles of the feet were as clean as though fresh from the bath. He argued that the woman was killed in the house, and the body carried to where it was found. On this information the attorney general of Shelby county, George B. Peters, ordered a post mortem. The order was served just as the funeral cortege was leaving the house the following day. In the meantime the husband was arrested.

The post mortem developed that there were two exterior wounds, one made by a pistol ball. The other might have been the point of exit. But this it was contended by the prosecution, had been produced by a blow, which had fractured the skull and produced death, the pistol ball having been fired into the skull after the body had been placed in the garden, to give the appearance of suicide. There were no powder burns, such as is almost invariably the case in suicide by shooting. A small iron bar, used as a paper weight, was missing from its usual place on the desk of the accused. Person was indicted for murder in the first degree.

He employed eminent counsel and the trial was a highly interesting battle of legal talent and medical experts.

The defense's theory was that the pistol ball had fractured the skull and caused death. But the post-mortem showed, not only an extensive fracture of the skull, but fractures generally of the nasal and other small facial bones. Experts for the state contended that a pistol ball would merely bore a small hole in its passage and could not produce such extensive fractures.

The first bit of realism was the introduction of the top of the woman's skull as evidence.

Then followed some of the most remarkable experiments ever made in search of evidence to substantiate theories. Bodies of paupers and hospital patients were procured and experts banged away at their skulls, afterward noting the effects by surgical exploration. They found extensive fractures hard to achieve by such means. In further endeavors a pistol was firmly tilted to the head by bandages and then exploded. Following these experiments came various shootings of pistol balls into heads and bodies of the dead at close range, to test the powder burn theory.

These exercises were conducted in the intervals of court, and not in the presence of the jury, but the experiments were explained to them in detail, and the skulls exhibited at short range.

Ranged on the table, and marked Exhibit A, B, C, and so on down the alphabet, the court room looked like a museum of anatomy, and the "exhibits" proved too much for the stomachs of some of the jurors, most of whom were farmers.

The case ended in the conviction of Person of a lesser degree of murder than charged. He was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary, but secured a new trial on a technicality and was never placed in jeopardy again.

A few months later Person, at the age of 60, with married children, married a 15-year-old girl and narrowly escaped being lynched by indignant neighbors of the bride's family.

The acme of realism was reached, though by accident, in a criminal trial a few years ago at Lebanon, O.

Two men had a personal encounter. One of them, after vainly trying to draw his pistol from his hip pocket, turned to flee. A moment later he fell, shot in the small of the back. One chamber of his pistol was found to have been fired. His assailant was tried for murder.

The defense contended that the man had shot himself while trying to draw his pistol, which had become entangled in the linings of the pocket, and that the prisoner's shots had not taken effect. The prosecution contended that such a wound could not have been self-inflicted.

The defendant's counsel, Clement S. Vanlandingham, undertook to demonstrate to the jury just how the dead man's pistol had hung in the pocket and just how possible it was to inflict such a wound. Suddenly there was a loud report and the lawyer sank back to the floor. The ball had entered the back almost in the identical spot where the dead man had been shot.

The defendant was acquitted. Mr. Vanlandingham died.

USE FOR OLD NEWSPAPERS.

Invaluable For Warmth From the Chilling Blasts of Winter.

Few persons realize the utility of old newspapers. When once read they are either burned or piled away for wrappings or thrown into space to be played upon by the four winds of heaven.

If the poor knew how to make intelligent use of them they could save many a dollar and render themselves and their children much comfort.

They may be made to serve as a best protector in the place of the more expensive articles that are bought for that purpose.

Neatly cut to fit they may be worn in several folds beneath the clothing and the cold cannot penetrate them.

They absorb the moisture of the body and may be replaced without cost.

They may be sterilized by being placed in an oven for a few moments, when they are ready for use.

For weak lungs, stiff neck, coughs and as a protector from colds they are without equal.

Their use will save many from contracting pneumonia, la grippe, bronchitis, consumption, etc.

When worn in the bottom of boots and shoes they keep the feet warm and absorb the moisture.

They may also be utilized as leggings when placed beneath the stockings. A mother who has children who are to take a journey in the cold may thus effectively protect them.

Any number of newspapers may be secured together and used to protect the bed in an emergency.

They are aseptic and may be immediately destroyed without cost or trouble.

Newspapers may be used as covering by placing layers of them between any fabric, however cheap, and fastening them by knotting a cord through and through.

Thus a comforter is made far superior in warmth to cotton.

If desirable a layer of cotton may be placed on either side of the paper between the fabric.

The use of newspaper as an adjunct to the clothing produces a beautiful warmth that is not to be surpassed by the most expensive furs.

Air Castles.

William George Jordan, in the Saturday Evening Post: Living in the future is living in an air castle. The man who says he will lead a newer and better life tomorrow, who promises great things for the future and does nothing in the present to make that future possible, is living in an air castle. In his arrogance he is attempting to perform a miracle; he is seeking to turn water into wine, to have an end without a beginning.

If we would make our lives grand and noble, solid and impregnable, we must forsake air castles of dreaming for strongholds of doing. Let us think little of the future except to determine our course, and to prepare for that future by making each separate day the best and truest that we can. Let us live up to the fullness of our possibility each day. Man has only one day of life—today. He did live yesterday, he may live tomorrow, but he has—only today.

The secret of true living—mental, physical and moral, material and spiritual—may be expressed in five words: Live up to your proportion. This is the magic formula that transforms air castles into fortresses.

Men sometimes grow mellow and generous in the thought of what they would do if great wealth came to them. "If I were a millionaire," they say, and they let the phrase melt in their mouths as if it were a caramel—"I would found a college; I would build a great hospital; I would show what real charity is." Oh, it is all so easy, so easy, this spending of other people's fortunes! Few of us have a million, but we all have a portion of it. Are we living up to our proportion? Are we generous with what we have?

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES

Chicago Tribune: Hiram Jinks—Oh, Maude, are you never going to listen to my suit? Miss Maud—Listen to it! Hiram Jinks, I've done nothing but listen to it for half an hour. It's the loudest one you ever wore.

Detroit Free Press: She—Will you speak to papa. He—Never, unless he speaks to me first. It would be unjust to you and to me, my dear, for he dropped me because I loved you. Any advance toward a reconciliation must be made by him.

Somerville Journal: Miss Prudence—Do you believe in long engagements? Miss Flytte—No. My average record so far has been about three months.

Washington Star: "A woman," read Dr. Meekton from the newspaper, "may argue, but she won't reason." "Yes," answered his wife, "and a man as a rule doesn't do either."

Chicago News: "I have just learned," she said, with a perceptible tinge of asperity, "that I am the ninth girl to whom you have been engaged." "Well," he suavely replied, "that ought to make you glad." "Glad?" she exclaimed; "I'd like to know why?" "Don't you know," he answered, "that there's luck in odd numbers?"

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "Wretch! There's a letter in your coat pocket I gave you to mail three months ago!" "It can't be possible my dear." "Why do you say that?" "Because I'm pretty sure I haven't had that coat more'n ten weeks!"

Chicago Post: "Did your new society actress make a hit?" "Did she make a hit?" echoed the manager. "Say! She's the best that ever was. Did she make a hit? Why, she knocked down her ex-husband twice in the presence of five reporters. She's good for two seasons at the very least."

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robins hid,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallow on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.
—Thomas Hood.

A Chestnut, But Good.

John Daly Murphy, comedian of the Columbia stock company, St. Louis, tells a story of a Teutonic Milwaukee saloonkeeper and his dog, which he represents to be new, and maybe it is, but there was another just like it being passed around the country several years ago. However, as a good many stories don't get into print until they are old and the writer has never seen this one published, it may come in the nature of a fresh anecdote to some readers, and here it is.

The German kept a quiet little saloon, where the actors often went. The dog was a common yellow cur, but very dear to his master, who credited him with almost human intelligence, and would talk to him like a chum when they were alone. One morning Murphy, coming quietly into the place, heard the German talking to his dog, and stopping unseen behind the screen, overheard the following:

"My dog, you haf a scnap. You are only a dog, and I am a man; but I wish I was you. Effery way you have got de best of it. Ven you want to go to bed, you turn around tree times und lay down, und you are in bed. Ven I go to bed, I haf to lock up de place, und vindt de clock, und undress myself, und my wife wakes up und scholds me, und den de baby cries und I haf to walk him around, und bymby I joust get to sleep und its tige to get up again."

"Ven you get up, you stretch yourself und scratch a couple times, und you are up. Den somebody giffs you your breakfast, und dere you are. Ven I get up I haf to dress myself, und light de fire, und put on de kettle, und scrap some more mit mine wife, und clear up de bar, und den maybe I get some breakfast."

"You play around all day und haf plenty fun. I haf to work hart all day und haf plenty trouble."

"But some day, my dog, you will die, und ve will put you in de ground, und dat is de last of you, my dog."

"But even dere you haf still de best of me, my dog. Ven I die, I haf got to get to h— I yet!"

The After-Dinner Nap.

There is much difference of opinion in regard to the desirability of an after-dinner nap. Those who advocate it cite the example of animals, but those who oppose themselves with food whenever opportunity offers and are heavy and drowsy in consequence. A short rest is, however, different from lethargic sleep, and often appears to do good. Brain work should certainly be forbidden after dinner; the interval between it and bedtime should be devoted to recreation and amusement. In the case of elderly people, a short nap after a late dinner often aids digestion, but as a general rule it is better for such persons to make their principal meal at 2 p. m. The digestive powers of most elderly people are at a low ebb in the evening. When sleeplessness is troublesome, relief should be sought for in the discovery and removal of the cause, whenever possible.

The condition is often due to indigestion and when this is the case the ordinary remedies for inducing sleep are worse than useless. The nervous relations between the brain and stomach are so intimate that disorder of the one organ is almost certain to affect the other. Excitement, worry and anxiety, which have their seat in the brain, interfere with the functions of the stomach, and in like manner, anything that unduly taxes the power of, or irritates the stomach, disorders the circulation and nutrition of the brain.

The sleeplessness often complained of by gouty persons is due to the poisonous effect of the morbid material upon the nervous system. Excessive speaking, too much alcohol, tea and coffee often resorted to by overworked persons, are frequent causes of sleeplessness. In all these cases the cause is removable, while the effect may be counteracted by appropriate treatment. Nothing is more mischievous, however, than to continue the habits and have recourse to drugs to combat the effects. A due amount of exercise tends to induce normal sleep, and such exercise need not be of a violent character. A walk of two or three miles a day is sufficient and is, perhaps, as much as a busy man can find time for.

Detroit Journal: This is the story of a love that was too beautiful to last: "Ah, me!" the young wife is exclaiming bitterly. "Here is my husband beating me with the stove lifter, when but six short months ago he was asking me to recite poetry before company!" Yes, it is doubtless the terribly intense passion that soonest fails; the sweetest wine making the best vinegar.

INCREASE IN EXPORTS

What We Shipped in February For Foreign Markets

The February exports were the largest in history, with the single exception of 1898. The exports of breadstuffs, provisions, cotton and mineral oils amounted to \$55,989,894, against \$40,438,806 in February, 1897, and \$52,114,373 in February, 1896. The slight reduction as compared with the corresponding month of 1898 is not in volume, but in value, because of lower prices for some of the leading articles. The quantity of wheat exported in February, 1898, was nearly 100,000,000 bushels, against 7,000,000 bushels in the corresponding month of 1898, while the value is given at \$7,335,399, against \$6,434,028. The exports of wheat in the eight months ended February, 1899, amounted to 108,807,880, against 101,425,562 bushels last year, while the value is but \$81,173,049, against \$82,982,566 in the corresponding months of last year. While the wheat producers are not obtaining as satisfactory prices for their products as they did at this time last year, the cotton growers are more fortunate. The February exports of cotton, which amounted to 283,412,706 pounds, were valued at \$17,326,462, while 368,833,600 pounds exported in February of last year were valued at but \$21,761,107, the average export price last year being below 6 cents per pound, while this year it is considerably above 6 cents. In practically all articles except wheat the export trade is more satisfactory than usual, that of provisions in 1899 being larger than in the corresponding month of 1898, 1897 and 1896, while manufacturers continue the steady growth over last year and over any preceding year.

THE SUNNY SOUTH

Presents an Unequaled Combination of Advantages

"Nature has given the South advantages unequalled by those of any other country. More than 60 per cent of the world's cotton is raised in the South. But its cotton crop is now exceeded in value by its grain crops, which aggregate 650,000,000 bushels a year, a fact which comparatively few seem to know. More than one-half of all the standing timber in the United States is in the South. Iron ore and coal are in unlimited supply, and owing to their proximity to each other, and to the low cost of mining, pig iron is now made at a smaller cost than in any other part of the world. Pittsburg and Chicago are now using Alabama iron for basic steel making, and soon large steel plants will be built in the South. Nearly every Southern state has an abundance of the best water powers to supplement the advantages of cheap coal. It is not an exaggeration to say that this favored land has greater advantages and resources, such as mineral, timber and agricultural wealth, than all other sections; it also has greater advantages for the profitable utilization of these natural resources than any other country in the world; by virtue of its rivers and long sea coast, it has the guarantee of the lowest freight rates, regardless of railroad combinations; it has a climate that is conducive to good health and long life—a climate that reduces the cost of living to a minimum; it has all of these mighty factors to insure its prosperity, and with fewer disadvantages than any other equal area in America or Europe. It can produce everything, from the widest range of agricultural growth to the widest limit of manufacturing and mining diversity, at a lower cost than other sections. It is becoming the market garden of the North. In the aggregate the shipment of early fruits and vegetables to the North and West probably amounts to \$50,000,000 a year. This business is increasing very rapidly. Ten years ago it was of trifling importance.

Some countries have iron and coal; some have timber; some have a good climate; some have water powers; some other advantages; but no other except the South combines all of these, and to them adds cotton, which, in all its ramifications, is the foundation of what is probably the greatest manufacturing interest in the world.

For information concerning the remarkably low prices of land, unexcelled terms and special excursion rates, apply to G. N. Clayton, Northwestern Passenger Agent, Wabash Railroad Co., room 302 Karbach Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS SOUTH

via the WABASH RAILROAD.

Half fare tickets south with \$2 added good returning 21 days, will be sold on April 18, May 2 and 15. Remember the Wabash is the Short Line and quickest route South. The best line East. For rates East or South call on or write G. N. Clayton, room 302 Karbach Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

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FOR DECORATING WALLS AND CEILINGS

For decorative walls and ceilings purchase a package of Calcimo paint dealer and do your own decorating. This material is made on scientific principles by machinery and milled in twenty-four tints and is superior to any concoction of lime and whitening that can possibly be made by hand. To be mixed with Cold Water. USE FOR WALLS, CEILINGS, CHIMNEYS and if you cannot purchase this material from your local dealer let us know and we will post you to the nearest dealer.

THE MURALO COMPANY, NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., NEW YORK.

A New York preacher, just back from Cuba, says the island is a Klondike for ministerial energy. Right across the river in Hudson county, New York, the New York Herald reports an appalling condition of affairs in the county almshouse a condition so shocking as to defy description in words. Why not operate on the home grown heather for a while?

Charles Frohman has engaged the Earl of Roslyn to appear in New York in "His Excellency, the Governor."

Catch Cold Easily?

Are you frequently hoarse? Do you have that annoying tickling in your throat? Would you feel relieved if you could raise something? Does your cough annoy you at night, and do you raise more mucus in the morning? Then you should always keep on hand a bottle of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

If you have a weak throat you cannot be too careful. You cannot begin treatment too early. Each cold makes you more liable to another, and the last one is always harder to cure than the one before it.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster protects the lungs from colds.

Help at Hand.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

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Bloomer's Are "Too Awful."

London.—(Special).—A test case which has excited great interest in cycling circles was decided at the Kingstonsessions today, when Lady Harberton charged a landlady of a hotel with having refused to serve her because she was attired in bloomers. Lady Harberton, who is treasurer of the Rational Dress League, said on the witness stand that she had traveled 4,000 miles and through the West End of London in bloomers. The landlady pleaded that she only refused to serve her ladyship in the coffee room, and would have served her in a private room or at the ordinary bar. She also claimed her business would be ruined if she was obliged to serve some women attired in bloomers. The jury decided against Lady Harberton.

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