

G. C. BURKE, PROPRIETOR

HARRISON, - - NEBRASKA

And some of these days, as likely as not, the leaning tower of Pisa will topple over.

It may be necessary for American girls to black up before they can get into Germany hereafter.

The Cubans want to put a heavy duty on soap. Evidently they don't regard it as one of the necessities of life.

The case of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes indicates that it isn't necessarily fatal to have had a poet for a father.

One ambitious and able-bodied mosquito will cause more bloodshed than all the Central American and Haytian warriors put together.

Young Bartholin of Chicago is fully as delightful a character for the contemplation of "our young" as the late Mr. Tracy of the Pacific slope.

A Western man has discovered a way to make paper out of oats. In future, when a man finds himself puffed in the newspapers he will feel his oats more than ever.

"A man," according to a Missouri philosopher, "spends the first forty years of his life flirting with fortune and the next twenty looking around for the best cure for rheumatism."

It seems too marvelous to be true, but the life-savers at a station on the New Jersey coast have reported that they resuscitated a five-year-old boy who had been under water twenty-five minutes. They worked forty-five minutes before any sign of life appeared, and maintained artificial respiration for an hour and a half; then the child began to breathe naturally. People living near water ought to remember this, for its lesson of persistence may save many lives.

A young graduate of the Mill Hill School, England, enlisted in the African war, and after long and valiant service came home seriously wounded. On "peace night" he was set upon by a band of London "Hooligans" and brutally beaten to death. The boys of Mill Hill School determined to "avenge" his murder, and have planted on the spot a settlement to be supported and conducted by the school. Compare therewith a historical picture of the seventeenth century. It is the dying Richelieu, towing in a boat behind his barge two political enemies to their execution. Surely the golden age lies before, not behind, us.

As a record of the progress made by the nation within the last two decades a bulletin recently issued by the treasury department is certainly a notable document. It shows graphically the extent and rapidity of the country's development in the various branches of commercial and material enterprise. Within the twenty years, during which the population has increased 50 per cent, the aggregate wealth has increased from \$42,000,000,000 to \$94,000,000,000, the wealth per capita has increased from \$850 to \$1,236 and the total circulation of money from \$973,000,000 to \$2,065,000,000. The total deposits in national banks and savings banks have nearly tripled. The value of farm properties has increased from \$12,000,000,000 to \$20,500,000,000 and the yearly farm products from \$2,212,000,000 to \$3,764,000,000. Exports of merchandise have increased more than 50 per cent. The number of manufacturing establishments has doubled, while the value of their output has increased two and a half times and the number of their employes has more than doubled. To-day 194,321 miles of railway are in operation, as against only 93,262 in 1880. The receipts of the federal government have increased from \$330,000,000 to \$567,000,000. This is an impressive showing of material growth and commercial development.

Not long ago there was a Children's Day celebration at Ocean Grove, N. J., and 800 little folks admired souvenirs in the shape of new pennies set in aluminum. Rev. J. O. Wilson had prepared a sermon and that was a masterpiece and the title was "The Best Thing in the World—Good Heart." As a starter and before announcing his text, he leaned over the pulpit and said: "My dear children, I want you to tell me what is the best thing in the world." He is to blame for what happened. Children are honest. You can look into minds when you ask them for information. It would have been pleasing to have boy Harold answer, "Please, sir, to be good to the poor," and to have little Jim announce the Golden Rule, and the rest of the 800 to assert that good impulses should rule the world, and that charity and benevolence should reign in the breasts of men. The cry that did go up from that army of children was "Money, Money, Money." There is nothing to worry about. It was a foolish question and a natural reply. The children of to-day live in an atmosphere of money-getting. They imbibe it with their very nourishment. They inherit it. They see the struggle going on, and they are observing. They are seeking means to gain money almost before they have babyhood and mother's love. They checked a preacher and spoiled a sermon by saying the truth.

There is no justice in the schools of the "New York" contained a dull-headed youth one day, with great show of indignation, as he learned from the results of the annual examination that he had failed to receive the regular promotion with his class. "To show you how unfair the school committee-men are," he went on to say to a companion, "I will tell you the facts about that examination. I looked over Nick Smith's shoulders for everything! There was not a word on my papers not copied from his. They passed him and flunked me. You see how unfair they are!" This lament is fairly representative of the state of mind into which cheating at examination eventually gets those who yield to it. "Cribbing," as it is usually called, has lately been much discussed by the newspapers of the country. Nearly every educator has had some experience with the evil, and many of them have ideas of the way in which it may be prevented. Most of the under-graduate deception seems to spring from the desire to get promotion without earning it. The students neglect their daily work, and when examination time comes they realize their deficiencies and try to steal their way through that they may keep on with their class. In the preparatory schools the students are usually watched in the examination room; but in many colleges they are put on their honor, because the authorities wish to make the students self-reliant, and to show them that whether they get an education or not depends on themselves. Sooner or later every pupil must come to realize, in the world if not in school, that the "cribber," whether he be detected or not, is his own worst enemy. Education is not the process of getting high marks. It is character building. The real promotions of life are not made on what one reads over another's shoulders, nor by what a man is able to write in advance upon the lower part of his cuff.

"Old Bill," who did faithful service for Farmer Shepler, of Snowden, Pa., for 37 years, is dead at the age of 39. "Old Bill" was a horse. There was no special service when the old horse was buried, and no sermon, but there is a sermon in his life, just the same. Thirty-seven years of faithfulness! It mattered not to "Old Bill" if the weather was clement or inclement, it mattered not if the road was muddy or dusty underneath his feet. It was his business to do his duty by the plow and the wagon. Upon his monument should be written: "He did his stunt and never complained." There was precious little of holiday in "Old Bill's" life. If, by some exigency, there was a lapse in the life of the farm and he got a day off he took it with equine dignity and without thanking the gods. If on Sunday he must needs pull the family to church or on a visit to the relatives, or if one of the boys hitched him to the buggy, it was all the same to him. And what of his owner? He must have taken good care of the horse to make him last for thirty-nine years. And there is another sermon. "The merciful man is merciful to his beast." Doubtless Farmer Shepler found occasional fault with Bill, especially in fly time. He may have used expletives and other things. But he took good care of his horse. That much is plain. Most likely Bill and his owner grew old together, and a mutual affection existed between them. They understood each other perfectly. And the farmer was bereaved when the old horse died. Was there in your boyhood history some "Old Bill" or "Old Jim"? Some old horse who knew more about plowing corn than you did? You used your lordship over the beast, and sometimes abused the patient, faithful fellow. But a lump came into your throat, and your boyish eyes were wet when he laid down and died. And in many a family in town or country is some old horse, the memory of whose faithfulness in all the years is written in the hearts of man and wife and children. When God wanted to teach man faithfulness he made the horse.

**Great Heat of Meteors.**  
Ordinarily the meteors that flash across the sky at stated periods of time burn themselves out in the upper air, but occasionally a meteoric mass lasts long enough to reach the earth. One fell on May 15, 1900, at Felix, Ala. Meteors were seen on the occasion referred to and sundry explosions were heard, while later on a mass of meteoric substance weighing seven pounds was discovered imbedded in soft soil. This meteorite was analyzed and found to be built up of such minerals as olivine, augite, triloite, nickel iron and graphite carbon. The dark color of the Felix stone is stated to be due to the presence in fair amount of the last-named substance. The interest attaching to meteorites, of course, centers around the fact that they enable us to obtain glimpses of the composition of other worlds than ours. Astronomy is well agreed on the unity of chemical composition which marks the orbs, and even the simple fact that it is hydrogen gas which biases in the sun and gives us our light and heat is a testimony to this fact. Meteoric iron and carbon similarly display links between these erratic bodies and our own earth.

**The Consumption of Needles.**  
We often wonder what becomes of all the pins, but it is still a more puzzling thing to know what becomes of all the needles; for their use is much more limited than that of pins, and it is said that, taking the world over, three millions of needles are used every day, and that here in the United States alone three hundred millions of them are lost and broken every year. When a baby shows its first temper, its mother remarks that she likes to see a child, "with some life in it."



HOUSEWORK AS EXERCISE.

**H**OME exercise is said to be quite quite as good as that obtained by sporting pursuits. For arms, fingers and wrists, washing and wiping dishes will be found admirable. One is as good as the other. Bed-making as it is still taught in the physical culture economics of the home, can not be too highly recommended. With the folding of every counterpane, blanket and sheet, the arms are stretched as far as they will go, standing perfectly erect, the chest is thrown out. Quickly the hands are brought together again, and presto! the sheet is folded double. Sholders, body and limbs are all developed by mattress turning. The eye and the sense of symmetry learn much from the regular arrangement of counterpane and pillows. Sweeping gives much the same motion as golfing strokes. For the graceful perfection of arms and shoulders so much desired by every ambitious girl nothing could be better, if done in moderation. Floor scrubbing, like lawn tennis, is rather violent, and must not be tried unless one's heart is all right. At first it will be almost as severe on the knees as rowing in a shell, but as one gets use to the occupation it will give a subtle satisfaction of its own. Running upstairs on errands for the rest of the family is first-class exercise, and running downstairs is almost as good. Interesting diversion will be found in egg-beating and ice cream freezing. Dusting ought to have a chapter by itself. First you are down on all fours, then you are on tipto, seeing how far the duster will reach. You twist yourself into all sorts of positions to get at the corners of the carved furniture. First, you are on one knee, then on the other. Every muscle, every tendon, is brought into service before you are finished. Even this magnificent exercise can be overdone, but you will make no mistake if you only dust every room after you have swept it, although many housekeepers dust oftener.

**Comfort One Another.**  
Comfort one another;  
For the way is growing dreary,  
The feet are often weary,  
And the heart is very sad,  
There is a heavy burden-bearing,  
When it seems that none are caring,  
And we half regret that ever we were glad.

**Comfort one another**  
With the hand-clasp close and tender,  
With the sweetest love can render,  
And the look of friendly eyes,  
Do not wait with grace unspoken;  
While life's daily bread is broken,  
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

**Comfort one another:**  
There are words of music ringing  
Down the ages, sweet as singing  
Of the happy choirs above,  
Ransomed saint and mighty angel  
Lift the grand, deep-voiced evangel,  
Where forever they are praising the Eternal Love.

**Comfort one another:**  
By the hope of Him who sought us  
In our peril—Him who bought us,  
Paying with His precious blood,  
By the faith that will not alter,  
Trusting strength that shall not falter,  
Leaning on the One divinely good.

**Comfort one another;**  
Let the grave gloom lie behind you  
While the Spirit's words remind you  
Of the home beyond the tomb,  
Where no more is pain or parting,  
Fever's flush or tear-droptarting,  
But the Presence of the Lord, and for all His people room.  
—Margaret E. Sangster.

with but indifferent success, to make various sugar-coated language-lesson series do the work formerly accomplished by old-fashioned grammars in giving students an accurate working knowledge of their mother tongue. One natural consequence of these attempts is that the number is comparatively much smaller than it once was of so-called well-educated young people who can tell with certainty whether or not they speak and write just what they wish to express. Thorough drill in formal grammar should be made a prominent feature in every school whose pupils are not less than 10 years old or more than 25. But, inasmuch as this subject, as usually presented, is found to be very difficult and uninteresting for pupils under 10 years of age, it may well be preceded by an elementary course in language lessons, which will kindle interest and prepare the mind for the solid work in analysis and construction which should follow.—Success.

**Brief Suggestions.**  
To dust carved furniture there is nothing better than a painter's brush. To preserve roses and other flowers and to prevent their opening out further in water put a little salt in the vase you arrange them in.

To make a damp cupboard dry keep in it a bowl of quicklime. The quicklime must be renewed from time to time, as it loses its power. To prevent a teapot from dripping rub a little butter round the spout. This will keep the tea from trickling down when it is poured out. A good wrinkle for mending a hole in an umbrella is to stick on very firmly black court plaster inside of the umbrella. This is not so much seen as a darn. Mildew stains can be removed by rubbing plenty of soap and powdered chalk on the garment and placing it in the sun. It may be necessary to repeat this operation. Immediately after opening a can of meat, fish, soups or vegetables pour its contents into a dish. Many cases of metallic poisoning reported are due not to a poison in the canned food but to putrefactive changes that occurred after the can was opened. To make a home-made knife cleaner cover an old knife-board with a strip of Brussels carpet. Thickly cover the board with powdered bath brick and keep an end of it wet. First rub the knives on the wet bath brick and then finish off on the dry. Knives are polished well and quickly in this manner. To clean cream roller curtain blinds take the curtains down, lay them across a table and then rub them well on each side with a clean flannel dipped in cream powdered starch, including the lace, if they be trimmed. Next roll up the curtains and leave them till next day when the starch should be rubbed off with a clean piece of flannel.

To clean a white straw hat mix lemon juice with powdered sulphur and apply it to the hat with a small brush—an old tooth-brush will do nicely—then rinse in clean cold water and wipe with a dry cloth. This treatment will not only clean but will also whiten sunburnt straw. Dry in the shade and if it be a sailor hat let it remain on a table or board, so that the brim may dry flat.



**ABOUT THE BABY**  
A pretty kimono for the baby is of pink wash fannel, with bands of India silk and fancy stitching done in twisted embroidery silk. The kimono is an easy and comfortable garment, as it can be slipped on and off easily over a dress or wrapper and affords the slight protection that is needed. The white India bands are joined to the fannel with brier stitching and French knots done with twisted embroidery silk. A row of brier stitch finishes the lower edge of the yoke, and above this are worked pyramids of French knots. The materials necessary are three-quarters of a yard of French wash fannel or challis, a quarter of a yard of India silk and four skeins twisted embroidery silk, pink.

**For Roughness Caused by Wind or Sun.**  
The following is an old recipe for an emollient to be rubbed into the skin; it will prevent the roughness caused by the fresh sea or hill breezes. To prepare it use a double saucupan to prevent any possibility of its burning. Into a pint of boiling water stir half a cupful of fine oatmeal and let it boil until it looks clear. Strain it through a cloth and boil it up again, then strain it once more. When this is cool add sufficient rosewater to make it pour easily and one ounce of glycerine. It may now be perfumed as desired and bottled. It will need to be well shaken up before using.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

**Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.**

At a little schoolhouse in the north of Scotland the schoolmaster keeps his boys grinding steadily at their desks, but gives them permission to nibble from their lunch basket sometimes at their work. One day, while the master was instructing the class in the rule of three, he noticed that one of his pupils was paying more attention to a small tart than to his lesson. "Tom Bain," said the master, "listen to the lesson, will ye?" "I'm listening, sir," said the boy. "Listening, are ye?" exclaimed the master; "then ye're listening wif one ear an' eating pie wif the other!"

**The Very Limit.**  
Tom—Self-conscious, isn't he?  
Harry—The limit! He hasn't yet become aware of the existence of other people.

**Fluently.**  
"She's not a very good conversation artist."  
"No; but her money talks."

**Weary's Latest.**



Woary—Don't you remember a lovely, blue-eyed, curly-haired little chump you used to kiss and give pie to some years ago? Well, I'm him.

**Adds to the Interest.**  
"Do you believe in the study of nature?"  
"Why, to an extent. I like to have a landscape around every girl I make love to."

**Conversational Hair-Splitting.**  
Harriet—Don't you think mother is a good talker, Harry?  
Harry—Well, she's a fluent contradicter.

**Ouch!**  
"Say!" she cried suddenly, as the bashful young man backed into the nearest chair, "you must think you're a bird."  
"Beg pardon," he stammered; "I don't understand what—"  
"You're on my hat!" she shrieked.

**Stumped.**  
Little Willie—Say, papa, this book says nature never wastes anything.  
Pa—I guess that's right, my son.  
Willie—Then what's the use of a cow having two horns when she can't even play on one?

**His Choice.**  
"Prosperity has ruined many a man."  
"No doubt; but if I'm given any choice in the matter, I'd rather be ruined by prosperity than by adversity. The process is more enjoyable."

**Like Father, Like Son.**  
"George, why are you so unkind to nurse? Why don't you love her?"  
"Cause I don't," replied the terrible child. "I hate her. I could pinch her cheeks like papa does."

**Not Guilty.**  
Judge—I can see dissipation written on your face.  
Remus (frightened)—Yo kin, sah? Well, 'deed Ah didn't write it, 'cause I can't spell sech a long word.

**Perhaps.**  
"I went riding with a girl I used to go with in the days gone by. I got overheated, too."  
"Perhaps that was because you were sitting by an 'old flame.'"

**Railway Hold-Up.**  
Conductor—Did you give the porter the checks for your baggage?  
Traveler—No, but I gave him all the money I had and he ought to be satisfied to let it go at that.

**An Awful Jolt.**  
Softleigh—I—aw—am weally cawried away by me—aw—thought occasionally, doncher know.  
Miss Cutting—Indeed! Would you mind thinking some thoughts now?

**Nothing Alarming.**  
Sharpe—"What strange sounds your wife is making! I'm afraid she has a fit."  
Wheaton—"Don't be alarmed. She is merely trying to scold her neighbor while she has her mouth full of clothespins."

**And There Are Others.**  
Smith—Dr. Uppton is a specialist, is he not?  
Jones—Yes. He has two specialties, Smith—What are they?  
Jones—Consultations and fees.

**Way Ahead.**  
Briggs—Have you made any money on the races this year?  
Griggs—I should say I had, I haven't been once.

**Best Course.**  
"Husband," wailed the speckled hen, "I laid my eggs high up in the loft and someone took them. What should I do now?"  
"Lay low!" chuckled the red rooster, as he strutted away.

**Between Friends.**  
"No, Mr. Dudleigh," said the beautiful girl. "I can never be your wife, but I shall always be your friend."  
"Then before I go," rejoined the young man, "I have one last word to say to you as a friend."  
"What is it?" she asked after the manner of the curious sex.  
"It is this," he replied. "I think you have stacked the cards against yourself in this game. You lose by winning, while I win by losing."

**Terrible to Contemplate.**  
Stubble—"Did yez ever hear that family has invented a typewriter that will play a tune while you work?"  
Penn—"Great Scott! I hope it won't come in general use. Imagine all the typewriters in a big office building banging out rag time at once!"

**A Safeguard.**  
"Women are certainly queer creatures," remarked the old physician.  
"What is it now?" asked the druggist.  
"Why," answered the old pill dispenser, "I just received a postal card from a woman patient marked "Personal."

**Took It Seriously.**  
Maid—"Did yez ever hear that family had a skilton in thor closet?"  
Cook—"O'hev."  
Maid—"Thin, bedad, th' rats must hev ate it up. Oj can't find ut at all."

**Another Sufferer.**  
"And the automobile affected you, too?" asked the ancient plug.  
"Yes," said the ostrich, "I can't get anything like as many horseshoes to eat as before."

**Very Likely.**  
Diggs—"Gabriel won't be the only trumpet-sounder at the final round-up."  
Biggs—"Why do you think he won't?"  
Diggs—"Because every self-made man will insist on blowing his own horn."

**From Bad to Worse.**  
Mistress—Well, Jane, did you find the ornament for my hair yet?  
Jane—Yes, ma'am. But I've mislaid your hair, and now I can't find that.

**His Only Chance.**  
Kind Old Gentleman—Why do you carry that umbrella, little boy? It's not raining.  
"No, sir."  
"And the sun's not shining."  
"No, sir."  
"Then why do you carry it?"  
"Well, when it's raining pa wants it, and when the sun's shining pa wants it, and it's only this kinder weather I can get to use it at all."—Exchange.

**Qualified.**  
"He furnishes small speculators with tips."  
"Why doesn't he speculate for himself?"  
"He failed."



**Teacher (hearing reading lessons)—**  
What are pauses, Johnny?  
Johnny—"The things wot grow on dogs and cats."

**Sure Care.**  
Ida—"She imagines herself beautiful. How can we cure her of such conceit?"  
Belle—"Induce her to have a tincture taken at one of our suburban resorts."

**A Paradox.**  
Belle—What a lovely bulldog.  
Nan—I think he's horrid looking.  
Belle—O, but bulldogs aren't lovely unless they're horrid looking.

**The Main Object.**  
Briggs—Was the place you spent your vacation in satisfactory?  
Griggs—The best yet. I never was quite so glad to get home.

**A Type.**  
"Bah! Backnumber holds so many theories which have been exploded."  
"That's right; and the explosions didn't even wake him up."—Puck.

**Strictly Cash.**  
Mr. Poorpeigh—These Panama hats, I suppose, are \$12 and up.  
Hatter (who knows him)—No, sir; they are from \$12 to \$100 down.—Chicago Tribune.

**Somewhat Different.**  
Diggs—I set a trap for my wife the other evening.  
Biggs—Not jealous, I hope?  
Diggs—Oh, no. She wanted to catch a mouse in the pantry.

**The Woman of It.**  
The Parson—Always speak well of your neighbor.  
Mrs. Nextdoor—I do; yet I assure you she is one of the most detestable creatures on earth.

**Still a Chance.**  
Wife (during the quarrel)— Before we were married you called me an angel. I'll never be in that class again, I suppose?  
Husband (calmly)—Oh, I don't know, I still have hopes.

**His Turn.**  
Zeke—Do you remember when I refused that tramp a meal he said his turn would come?  
Hiram—Yep!  
Zeke—Well, he kept his word. He is out there turning the grindstone.