Lockjaw leaves statesmen alone, or else they are immune.

Shall we also be jolly good fellows if Sir Thomas lifts the cup?

That \$5,000,000 toy trust will furnish monopoly's newest "something to play

M: de Plehve says Russia will "encourage the Jews to emigrate. " "Encourage" is good.

Never roll a MS to be offered to an editor, unless you roll it around a couple of 50-cent cigars.

before she takes up the men's sock fad and puts her foot in it. Japan is doubtless gritty for its

The prudent woman will think twice

size, but it should be warned in advance that Russia is not China.

Those three men up north who took

bed-bug poison for whisky merely

made a mistake in the kind of poison. An automobile is never so much out of place as at a horse show. Besides, it is liable to add injury to in-

It is suspected by the police that there is a suicide club in Hoboken. Doubtless there is one there if any-

Grand Duke Vladimir, the czar's uncle, declares that the Russian Jews are happy. Glad they are still alive, perhaps.

Fathers-in-law make the most trouble before the marriage, but generally they mind their own business afterward.

The Chicago youth who has stolen over a hundred bicycles during the past year must be crazy. At least he has wheels.

Cuba would like to borrow \$35,000,-000. Just now we don't happen to know anybody who has that much lying around loose.

knighted by King Edward. Evidently some slight rubbing and a deal of leghe doesn't know of any rich American | pulling and arm jerking. girl that he wants to marry.

The man in London who has just sold thirteen apostle spoons for the record price of \$24,000 cannot be persuaded that thirteen is an unlucky number.

An English judge has declared that South Dakota divorces are no good. There are plenty of other people, howget them.

It's all very well for the astronomers to tell us that the new comet is in the vicinity of Alpha Cygnus, but most of us haven't the least idea where Alpha Cygnus is.

The public men who complain about cartoons of themselves may some day be subjected to the awful condition of not having their pictures in the papers at all.

Prof. Marinski of New York finds that the strains of the bagpipes are sure death to mosquitoes. Very likely; but a more humane way of killing them should be invented.

Possibly the officials ordered the Kearsarge to make that rapid trip in order that the toiling officers might get into form again after their sumptuous fare in Europe.

Englishmen have bowed courteously to the Americans who carried off the marksmanship trophy. A former generation once bowed very precipitately to Yankee straight shooting.

Tesla's prediction that it will be possible to send photographs by a system of wireless electrical transmissions may be regarded as one of the most brilliant things that he has done thus

It may be true, as an expert declares, that the devil lurks in soda fountains, but people are not so much afraid of the devil nowadays as they used to be in the days of Cotton Mather.

Dr. Stiles' discovery of the germ which produces laziness may be interesting, but it would have been a great deal more useful to have discovered the germ which produces the desire

for hard work. Who shall say that the duke of Marlborough is not fitted for the post in the diplomatic service to which he is likely to be appointed? He showed his skill in diplomacy when he got himself engaged to Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt.

There is some talk in Russia now of expelling the Jews from that country altogether if they don't quit complaining about being oppressed. What the Russians like is a man who will patiently let himself be flayed and pretends he likes it while the operation is in progress.

WESTERN IDEAS SUPERIOR TO THE ORIGINAL.

Traveler Who Has Undergone the Ordeal in Damascus Says That There They May Be Genuine, but They Are Not Agreeable.

"About the first real craving that strikes the unsophisticated American or Englishman upon his arrival in Damascus is the desire for a Turkish bath right on the spot where the famous bath was originated," said a traveler. "His next decision is that a New York or a London Turkish bath is about as far ahead of the Damascus article as mother's pies beat the baker's. In view of the eastern origin of these baths I naturally expected to

find something of a luxury. "Entering one of the finest baths in the city, I was at first sight much pleased with the general appearance of things. Dog of a Christian that I was, I entered a large open court, in the center of which gushed a splendid fountain, while the scene all about was at first impression one of an oriental fairyland. All around the fountain on raised platforms were combination chair-couches upon which orientals were lolling as only orientals can. Some were reclining, some napping. some sipping coffee, some smoking the narghileh, some chatting, and one was going through the red tape contortions required by Allah when the ninety-nine Moslem prayers are of-

"As if to carry out the fairyland idea, instead of being conducted to a private room, in conformity with the views of propriety of the western dog or an unbeliever, I was expected to disrobe before the miscellaneous audience; also, before the audience in the street whenever the door was opened. My clothes I had to store in a drawer under my couch. The publicity of the disrobing act was modified somewhat, however, by the attendants, who, by the use of towels, formed a temporary screen. After this they gave me wooden sandals with high strips fastened to the soles, which converted them into a sort of high stilt. I saw no use for this contrivance excepting to further the chances of breaking my neck. With these stilts on, I was taken to the 'hot room,' where there was a temperature to make her understand why her fathnot higher than that of New York city or a hot summer's night. After re-A London man has refused to be maining here some time there was

"Desiring a shower bath, a believer in the true faith aimed a garden hose A New York paper reports the at me with such a sharp stream that catching of a mackerel weighing 108 I had all the 'shower' I wanted in the mother. pounds. A decimal mark must have three seconds. Then they wrapped Down on her knees went the trust been dropped out of the original me in a Turkish towel and turbanned ful, loving little soul and prayed: my head for me, and led me to a couch and bade me rest. I rested, wishing for an hour in my favorite from the land of Allah, within earshot of the clanking trolley car and in a district over which reigns only Shiek

"As a mere idea of satisfying curios- has revived the memory of the tactful ity nothing can top the visit to the and gracious mistress of the White Damascus baths. But, unlike the Turk- House during the presidency of her ever, who will never be happy till they | ish fig. the Turkish bath is not at its | uncle, James Buchanan. best when sampled on the spot."-Hygienic Gazette.

# WHEN THE WORM TURNED.

Mrs. Smoker Wanted a Change in the Brand of Havana. They were almost ready to start,

and like a good husband Mr. Smoker waited patiently for his wife to put the finishing touches to her toilet. She was adjusting her hat and took a hat pin from a big cushior. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"I think it's a shame!" "Yes, my dear," nervousi, asssented

Mr. Smoker.

dear."

Harlem.

"I mean the way these writers say that women sharpen lead pencils and open cans with their husband's razors."

"Yes. Now, I never do such things with your razor, and I don't believe any women does as the writers allege. I looked at your razor once when I had a box of sardines to open, but it was so sharp and so wabbly in the handle that I was afraid to use it. Besides, when I want to sharpen a pencil and have no knife I nibble a point on it."

"Yes, my dear." "But if the writers wish to put something true in the papers, why don't they go for the men who use their wives' hatpins for pipe cleaners?

Ugh, you nasty brutes!" Mr. Smoker forgot to say " Yes, my

The Scheme That Failed. The ways of the panhandler are many, and he is constanty working new schemes on the sympathetic pe destrian, says the New York Times The other evening a well-dressed young fellow walked up and down Fifth Avenue in the vicinity of the Millionaires' Four Corners and ac-

like ready money. He said that he had gone broke at the race track, and needed only a nickel to take him to his home in

costed every passer-by who looked

"What have you been doing since the races were over, my boy?" inquired a shrewd-eved man who looked as if he might have been a lawyer.

"Why, walking up and down here looking for car fare," replied the par-

"A very foolish thing to do under the circumstances," returned the man "If you had started to walk to Har lem instead you'd have been home long aga

ODD PRESENTS TO JOCKEYS.

Fred Archer the Most Fortunate Man in This Respect.

No public man comes in for more presents from persons he has never seen or heard of before than a successful jockey, says London Answers. Many of these gifts are of a highly valuable order, while others speak pleaner than words for the eccentricity of the donor.

Fred Archer was the most fortunate jockey in this respect that ever lived. On one occasion \$10.000 in notes was sent him anonymously, and he is said to have made \$3,000 a year by presents of this kind. But now aday big gifts of money are rarely bestowed, although it is said Watts received £2,000 from an admirer four

Archer, however, set greater store on some of the more trifling souvenirs he received. For instance, after he had ridden Silvio to victory over the Derby course in 1877 a tramp came to him and presented him a with three penny piece, which from that day forward he always wore as a talisman in every race. On Derby Day annually too, he was the recipient of a dozen linen shirts from an anonymous ad mirer, while among the other trifles received by him were a grand piano. a yacht, a litter of young pigs and a

share in a north-country public house. One of the most curious talismans ever worn by a jockey was the bullet always inseperable from the late Harry Grimshaw. Just before one of his big races a powerfully built man came up, and, showing him a bullet, said: "If you lose I'll put this through you; but if you win you shall wear it for life:" Grimshaw won, and a few days later the bullet set in gold as a watch charm arrived, and he wore it till the day of his death.

## A FAITH TO MOVE CITIES.

Surely This Was a Prayer That Deserved to Be Answered.

Georgia is not yet four years old She lives in Northwestern Connecticut with her mother and baby brother, because the boy does not thrive in New York, where the children's father is kept by his business. The father does not see his family as often as he would like, and his visits are so few and so short as to be a real grief to the little girl, who loves him dearly. Not long since her mother was trying er could not come oftener. Believing in the efficacy of prayer, Georgia put the question:

"If I asked Dod to let papa tum would he do it?"

"Better ask God to make brother well, and then we can go back to New York and live with papa always," said

well, so's we tan be with papa in Noo Ork, or if you don't want to well Turkish bath in New York city, far Neville, please move Noo 'Ork to Neck-tick-kut, so I tan see my papa of'ner, Amen!"

> "Buchanan Has Sneezed!" Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston's death

An old Baltimorean at the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other day related some anecdotes of the other side of her life, as mistress of her own home and devoted mother of two fine lads.

whom she brought up as though they were delicate exotics. A dinner party was in progress at the Johnston home, when the nurse

appeared at the dining room door. "Mrs. Johnston," she said solemnly,

as if she were a bearer of sad tidings, Buchanan has sneezed."

It was a vivid, if somewhat ludicrous, illustration of the extreme care Mrs. Johnston took of her boys, Henry and Buchanan, both of whom, however, died in their teens .- New York Times.

# He and She.

He walked along as if he might Have known a thing or two: He slipped and hit the lcy walk, As if he might go through.

He gathered up his scattered words, And said them over twice, Because his equilibrium Had failed him, on the ice.

He looked around him just in time To see a sancy maid Laugh loud, and then go slipping down

Like mercury in the shade. She gathered up her packages And smiled an empty smile;

She didn't say a word out loud, But talked inside the while. She cracked the smile to fool the man She laughed at, wouldn't you? The man gave several chuckles

And the "horrid ice" cracked, too, The fall, the laugh, the ice, the joke,

Were all forgotten when

They started on together, lest They both go down again.

Beyond a Question. Magistrate Crane of New York has of late received innumerable letters regarding his claim that women are unable to make trustworthy identifications, and he has also been interviewed by innumerable reporters on this subject. To one reporter, the

other day, he said: "A salesman of trouser-stretchers told me a rather good thing about a woman this morning. It is somewhat foreign to the topic we're discussing, but I'll repeat it to you, anyway.

"The salesman said he was going from house to house one evening selling his trouser-stretchers. He rang the bell of a certain dwelling, and a man came to the door.

"'Are you, sir, the master of this house?" the salesman asked. "The man smiled, faintly. "'I am,' he said. 'My wife died last week.' "-Detroit News-Tribuna

GREAT POET'S POOR HAND.

Shakespeare's Writing Not His Chief Claim to Fame.

W. Carew Hazlitt in a recent article on Shakespeare's handwriting says: "We have to bear distinctly in mind when we seek to criticise these some what unclerkly examples of penmanship that the great dramatist used the court, not (like Jonson and Becon) the Italian, hand, and that in the case of his contemporary and countryman, Michael Drayton, the characters of the signature are equally distant from fulfilling technical postulates and, if possible, still less elegant. The question of handwriting is, of course, independent of that of educational acquirements, as we may satisfy ourselves from innumerable instances, ancient and riodern, but if Shakespeare was less happy in his calligraphy than in other directions the circumstance does not affect, as some have sought to demonstrate, his general learning, and was his personal idiosyncrasy rather than the blame of the excellent provincial school which had the unique honor of being his alma

# THE BLESSINGS OF HUMOR.

Moral Drawn From Career of the Late Max O'Rell.

If there is a moral to be drawn from the career of Max O'Rell it concerns the practical value of a sense of humor in promoting the comity of nations. The satirist sets people by the ears, but the humorist, by teaching them to smile at each other's amiable weaknesses, predisposes them to friendship. We and the French are undoubtedly the better friends and the more conscious of our common humanity for the genial manner in which M. Paul Blouet alternately chaffed John Bull and Jacques Bonhomme. As the merry mutual friend of the middle classes of the two countries he rendered a service to which they may now join in paying tribute; and one wonders, without feeling unduly sanguine, whether there will ever arise among our foreign language masters a German Max O'Rell, whose kindly jests will have an equally salutary effect upon our relations with our Teuton kinsmen.-London Graphic.

The Man Behind the Fire.

A worker at the Sailors' Mission in East Boston, has a story of heroism to tell. One night in January a fireman on one of the ocean steamers walked in the darkness down an open hatchway. He fell to the hold, broke his leg and received other injuries. His outcry brought a group of stevdores to his help, and they were excitedly discussing what to do for him when it became evident that he was trying to speak.

"Be quiet, boys," said one of the men. "Maybe Jake's wanting to send a word home."

But it was not of home poor Jake was thinking, even in that moment of agonizing pain. "Tell the fifth engineer to look

after the boiler!" he whispered. That is the sort of fidelity and courage to put to shame the theorists who would have us believe that self-inter-

est is the only motive that rules men in the workaday world.-Youth's Companion.

Women in South Africa.

Openings for women in South Africa appear to be many and varied. A woman writing on this subject says the peculiarity of this country is its unfamiliar conditions of life. Luxuries are more in demand than necessities. The range of employment open to women is a wide one varying from domestic service to beauty doctor, but everything is much more expensive in this newly opened land. Living in the Transvaal is at least 100 per cent dearer than in London. Laundresses are scarce and the calling in small favor among the women at the Cape, who fear social ostracism if they turn to the washtub. This and the fact that doilies are being sent out to some of the houses needing decent furniture throws a curious side light on this country. There are chances for much money to be made by clever women caterers at railway stations. These are few and far between and the rentals enormous.

The Silent Little Prayer.

My little boy knelt at my knee last night And said the prayer my mother taught me long ago; Then for awhile was silent, with his head still bowed, And when at last he rose to give the

For which I waited, and withdrew his arms. I asked him why he had kept kneeling His "Now I lay me down to sleep" was

Grave-faced, he said "In Sunday school they asked The children all, when they have said their prayers, To whisper, asking God, up there, to

The little ones in China and to put The love of Jesus in their hearts."

True, tender little prayer like that were For me each night, I'd ask no more, and The richest blessing God may send as mine.

Why He Didn't Call.

Henry Taylor Gray of Bradstreet's has just come back from a trip around the world. On the return voyage he fell into conversation with a pursesame trip.

"I suppose you visited the Pyrethe talk.

"No," bluffed the other. "They wanted us to spend a week with them. but they got measles in the family at the last moment and had to recall the invitation."-New York Evening World.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON VIII., AUG. 23-DAVID AND JONATHAN.

Golden Text-"There Is a Friend That Sticketh Closer Than a Brother"-Proverbs 18:24-The Results of the Sins of Saul.

1. "A Notable Friendship."-The lesson for to-day is a most interesting and almost romantic section of David's history, in which we can delightfully trace the workings of God's guiding providence, as he leads a young man toward his life's

The friendship of Jonathan and David was one of the most perfect and beautiful ever known. "The soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David"; their souls were interwoven together; Jonathan loved him as his own soul." II. "Three Essential Conditions of Friendship."—It is true that "the marriage of souls is a heavenly mystery, which we cannot explain"; but it is also true that we can see some of the conditions necessary to the strongest and most abiding friendship. First. Mutual Worth. There must be

something strong and noble in each partner to the friendship. Second. An Essential Similarity with Minor Differences, not indentity, but harmony. Two friends must be set to the same key, and each note must harmonize

with the others. The Spirit of Self-sacrifice. Friendship always implies the willingness to sacrifice self for the sake of the one

Christ was a measureless lover, and hence glorified above every other." Bishop Warren. III. "How David and Jonathan Fulfilled These Conditions."-David. It is

worthy of special notice that it was when David's worth shone resplendent in his victory over Goliath that Jonathan's soul was knit to the soul of David. IV. "How Jonathan Expressed his Friendship."—I. Sam. 18: 1-4. Jonathan,

the prince, took off his royal soldier garments and gave them to David, together with his sword and "his famous bow which was his special weapon" (II. Sam. 1 22), and his princely girdle V. "The Test of Friendship."-Vs. 12-A court, and especially an Eastern court, is a perilous place for a young and untried man, and most of all for one with

the popular qualities of David. But God used this period of trial as one means of saving David from the threatening dangers. He was safe because God was with him, and he kept close to God. Saul was sometimes troubled by an evil spirit, which wrought him up to an insane frenzy of evil passion. David still sought to soothe him with his music, but the king grew envious of him, for the reason that David was so good and God so manifestly with him (I. Sam. 18: 28). Davidd was compelled to escape from the court as quietly as possible, so that his absence might not be noticed by King Saul. But when the festival of the new moon was held David was expected to be presen at the table, and Saul would certainly nquire why he was not there. David therefore asks Jonathan to make an ex cuse for him, to note his father Saul's feelings toward David, and report to David.

12. "Jonathan said . . . O Lord God of Israel." Better as R. V., " The Lord, the God of Israel, be witness," or as Septuagint, "knows."

13. "The Lord do so and much more to Jonathan." A prayer that God should treat him as he treated David, and even more severely. "As he hath been with my father." Raising him from an humble station to the throne, and giving him every opportunity for usefulness and suc

14. Jonathan was convinced that David would be the successor of Saul as king of Israel, and therefore asked as favor, "while yet I live shew me the kindness of the Lord."

"Jonathan caused David to swear again." The intensity of his love led him to want the sweet words repeated again and again, as in v. 42. "Jehovah was to be watchman, umpire, arbiter between Jonathan and David -Johnson

Tomorrow is the new moon. Jonathan now returns to David's suggestion in v. 8. and proceeds to unfold his plan of making known to his friend the state of the king's feeling toward him. 19. "When thou hast stayed three days," in Bethlehem (v. 6), or in any place of hiding, "thou shalt go down" into the valley, and "remain," await Jonathan's comthe stone Ezel.

20-22. So David went his way, and Jonathan returned to his home, and at the risk of his life tried to excuse David, and soothe his father's anger. But Saul was so angry that he threw a javelin at his son to wound if not kill him.

At the appointed time Jonathan went out into the country to give his signal to David. He not only bade the boy to go beyond where he was, but he shouted to him. "Make speed, haste, stay not," intended for David's ears. After the boy had gone Jonathan went to David's hiding-place, and the friends

kissed one another in the Oriental fashion, and wept. Then they parted, never to meet again, save once, a year or two later, in the wilderness of Ziph, when David was pursued by Saul. Then Jonathan went out wilderness to comfort his friend. and "strengthened his hand in God"

(I. Sam. 23: 16). Read David's beautiful Song of the Bow." his lament over his dead friend (H. Sam. 1: 17-27). VI. "Lessons Taught Us by This Friend-"Every man may learn from this story of Jonathan how to choose friends." for we have the right and power to choose who shall be our friends. "Choose friends. not for their usefulness, but for their

for their worth in themselves, and choose if possible, people superior to ourselves." Kingsley. The friendship of Jonathan and David teaches us concerning the higher friend-

goodness; not for their worth to us. but

ship with Jesus. First. We must be friends to him, as well as he to us. He loves us, whether we do him or not; but we are not friends unless we also love him, nor can we claim the benefits of that friendship.

Second. Friendship with Jesus is based

on worth. We love him because he is so good, so noble, so lovable. Third. Friendship with Jesus implies self-sacrifice. Jonathan cheerfully quished his hopes of his father's kingdom for his friend David. Jesus left his heavenly kingdom to come down to us, and he died upon the cross that we might be kings and priests in his Father's kingdom. We, on our part, are to show our love by sacrifices for him and his cause,

Compare the friendship of Ruth. Faith Producing Love.

What we should do is really, very often, to be still. And if we want something to make us more active proud New Yorker who had made the and energetic, watchful, and holy, I know but one thought, that is faithfaith producing love. More trust and nees?" said Mr. Gray in the course of confidence and joy in God would be the secret-the only true or successful secret-of more goodness. And this should come quietly and calmly, not in great effort; this kingdom of God has come not with observation. Best and quiet growth are what you want. -James Hinton.

Competition is the life of trade and the death of the non-advertiser.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW? If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. it will make

them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents Seeing isn't believing when a mar

can't believe his own eyes.

To the housewife who has not yet become acquainted with the new things of everyday use in the market and who is reasonably satisfied with the old, we would suggest that a trial of Deflance Cold Water, Starch be made at once. Not alone because it is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be superior to any other brand, but because each 10c package contains 16 ozs., while all the other kinds contain but 12 ozs. It is safe to say that the lady who once uses Defiance Starch will use no other. Quality and quantity must win.

Opposition inflames the enthusiast, never convents him.-Schiller.

The Astors at Court.

William Waldorf Astor has never recovered his social footing in London since he snubbed one of King Edward's friends by turning him out of doors when he came to the Astor residence without invitation, having been brought there by one of the guests, with whom he had been dining. But the royal cold shoulder does not extend to the expatriated American's son, for young Waldorf is quite popular at court. He was even included among the small number of "personal friends of their majesties" who were invited to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the king's wedding.

Eight Tall Brothers.

At a recent meeting of Benjamin Hamrick's family in Webster Springs, W. Va., it developed that the aggregate stature of Mr. Hamrick and his eight sons was sixty-two and one-half feet. The father stands six feet five and one-half inches and the "sawed-off" of the family, a son named William, is six feet one inch. The members of this remarkable family range in weight from 155 to 200 pounds.

She Didn't Care.

Maplehill, Ia., Aug. 10th .- "I felt as though I didn't care whether I lived or died, I was so miserable all the time.'

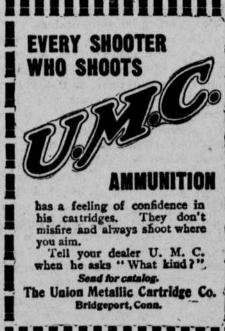
In these words does Miss Nellie Barfoot of this place describe her condition. Every woman who is, or has been sick and suffering will understand and appreciate just how Miss Barfoot felt, and there are no doubt many thousands of similar cases.

It is truly an awful thing when a woman gets so low that she can say "I don't care whether I live or die." But Miss Barfoot tells a different story to-day, and her words should guide every suffering woman to the path of health and happiness. "I used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I

am cured. I feel like a new person. and I would say to every woman suffering as I did, give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial and you will not be disappointed. They are worthy of the highest praise."

Wise is the man who can recall a previous engagement when he receives a disagreeable invitation.





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