



SOCIETY.—Is it progression or a reversion to type?—*New York Times.*

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

An interesting story showing how an old colored woman once worsted Colonel Ingersoll is related by a writer in the *Woman's Home Companion*.

When Robert G. Ingersoll came to Washington from the west, his head filled with legal lore and infidelity, or it would be better to call it agnosticism, he encountered in one of the corridors of the capitol an old negro woman vigorously scrubbing the floor when she heard any one coming; and when the footsteps died away busily reading her Bible.

He slipped up on her very quietly one morning, and taking her by surprise, with her Bible, he said:

"Mary, do you believe all you read there?"

"I suttanly do," she replied; 'ebery word, Colonel Ingersoll."

"Do you believe that God made man out of dust?"

"In coase I does."

"Say, it happened to rain hard about that time, and the dust was gone and there was nothing but mud?"

"Den de good Lawd knowed enough to know dat it was time to make dem lawyers an' infidels, Colonel Ingersoll."

Bob walked away crestfallen and quoting Tennyson's "In Memoriam," "Leave thou thy sister when she prays."

William De Long, an employe in New York's department of water supply, gas, and electricity, relates to the *New York Times* this interesting tale:

William De Long, Commissioner Dougherty's right-hand man in the department of water supply, gas, and electricity, tells this:

"There used to be a Dutch barber who kept a place in the city here. He had an assistant who was just about as Dutch as the boss, but the assistant thought the boss about the meanest man on earth. Every time he got a customer in the chair he would tell him all about the boss. One day he had a man all fixed, face lathered, and head laid back. Then he began his

tale of woe as he stropped the razor:

"Mine poss ist der meanest man. He charches me 10 cents if I cud a man und a quarter if I gash him."

The assistant went on stropping and the man in the chair was beginning to get uneasy, for it seemed to be a settled thing that every customer would have something happen to him. He waited in silence. Presently the assistant resumed:

"Pud I don't care today. Pecause I vun fife dollars on der races yesterday, und I mide as veif spend id dat vay as any odder."

The customer suddenly remembered that he had to catch a train.

A great many curious inventions are recorded at the patent office, says an exchange, and a great many others that the public never hears of are "sidetracked" on the way there. A brisk, eager individual called on a capitalist for the purpose of interesting him in a device for discouraging burglars.

"I want to get the idea patented," he said, "and I haven't the money. I'm willing to go halves with any man that will give me the financial backing. My scheme is this: You first make all your doors and windows secure, so they can't be opened at all from the outside—make all of them tight and fast, except one—there are plenty of devices for doing that nowadays—make all of them tight and fast, except one. Leave that one so it will open easily. Then run a wire from that window to the head of your bed, where you have an alarm bell. The burglar comes along, tries the doors and windows, and when he comes to that one he raises it. The alarm goes off and the burglar hears it and flees, or it wakes you up, and you are ready for him. In either case it accomplishes your purpose."

"But," said the capitalist, "if you can make all the doors and windows fast except one, why not make that one secure, too, and thus keep the burglar out entirely?"

"I never thought of that!" replied the inventor, rubbing his jaw.

Dr. Piller—Your husband's stomach is in a very bad condition.

Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, my! Do you think my cooking is responsible for it?

Dr. Piller—Well, it's a severe case of gastritis, and—

Mrs. Newlywed—Gastritis? Gracious! It's that gas range he made me use this summer!—*Philadelphia Press.*

First Clerk—Poor Jim! It will be a long time before he gets another place.

Second Clerk—Don't you believe it. Why, he got a place as floor walker.

First Clerk—You don't say so?

Second Clerk—Yes, he's got a new baby.—*Judge.*

"Johnnie," called the mother, "I want you to go to the store for me."

"Wait a second, maw," replied the youth, who was absorbed in a 5-cent volume; "Pepperhole Pete has thirty-seven Injuns to kill, an' it'll only take him about two minutes."—*Columbus (O.) State Journal.*

The *Philadelphia Times* says: Robert Barr, the novelist, recently told a story to illustrate the Mohammedans' belief in the absolute certainty of fate—a story, he says, that is a tradition among them. A sultan was once asked by his favorite, the grand vizier, for permission to leave at once for Smyrna, although a brilliant court fete was then in progress. Upon being asked his reason for such haste, the vizier replied:

"Because I just saw the angel of death yonder in the crowd. He looked at me so earnestly that I know he has come for me. I wish to escape him."

"Go! Go at once!" said the sultan, and then beckoned to the angel and asked why the latter had looked so earnestly at the vizier.

"I was wondering," replied the angel of death, "why he was here; for I have orders to kill him in Smyrna."

The *Pittsburg Times* says: A jovial looking man on a Jersey City-to-Pittsburg train drank frequently and deeply from a quart bot-

tle, which he courteously offered before each swig to his fellow passengers, one of whom, an ascetic looking man, refused the bottle with scorn, and eventually delivered a lecture on temperance, ending with:

"You take awful chances in clouding your brain with alcohol. When you again come into possession of your normal senses, you may be in the gutter, you may be in prison, you may be in eternal punishment!"

After the berths had been made up for the night, the jovial one staggered down the aisle, pulled aside the flap of that occupied by the lecturer, and asked:

"Where yoush goin', ol' fel'r?"

"Pittsburg"—this severely.

"Yoush didn't tip p-p-porter."

"I never do. It's a bad practice."

"Yo' take awful chances, o' fel'r, in losin' your wits not tippin' porter. When you wake up, yoush may be in Pittsburg, yoush may be in Fort Wayne, yoush may be in Chi-Shicago!"

"Money and loot" is all that Aguinaldo was after in the Philippines, according to Admiral Dewey. Well, what else is there in the Philippine civil government bill when cut down to the bone?—*Philadelphia (Pa.) Record.*

The Tariff Responsible.

The people need not look to the republican party for relief from burdens imposed by the trusts, for the party, protection mad, will not get at the root of the evil and readjust the present tariff. It is the tariff which makes trusts in this country possible, and the republican party's attitude in this regard is one of the things that will make an anti-trust campaign by President Roosevelt difficult.—*Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.*

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