



"Hello, Neighbor!"

When you weary of the journey as around the world you roam,
When you near the place you love best—catch a glimpse of home,
sweet home—
You forget the joys of travel in the joy so full and free
That you feel in once more standing 'neath your own loved home roof-tree.
And your heart is full to bursting with the thankfulness you feel
As before the Throne of Mercy in your quiet home you kneel.
Then you know that life no pleasure has for you a single lack
When your friends come 'round you saying: "Hello, neighbor; glad you're back!"

When you look in friendly faces, feel the grasp of hands of friends;
When all thoughts of creed and party into honest friendship blends;
When you see around about you those who know you day by day
And can hear their cheery greeting as you pass along the way—
Then you know that life's worth living and that sweetest pleasure ends
When your ears can hear no longer hearty greetings from your friends.
And your heart is full to bursting, and the tears unbidden come
As you hear their kindly greeting: "Hello, neighbor; welcome home!"

When at last the final summons sounding from the other shore
Tell that earthly toil is over and for me time is no more;
When across the old home threshold for the last time I shall go
And the dirges sound above me in their measures soft and low;
When my eyes have closed forever on the earthly forms of friends,
And life's journey with its trials and its joy and pleasure ends,
May I wake to hear the music ringing 'round the heavenly dome
As old friends shall meet me saying: "Hello, neighbor; welcome home!"

A Variation

Everybody has heard of the man who could have bought one-half the state of Texas for a pair of boots once in his life, but who failed to make the deal because he did not have the boots.

The Nebraska state fair was held in Lincoln last week and the city was full of visitors. On Thursday evening a gentleman somewhat advanced in years and clad in a suit of clothing that did not fit very well, sat on the Lindell hotel corner and watched the passing crowd. Three or four traveling men representing firms having exhibits at the fair grounds were sitting near, and they engaged in conversation with the stranger.

"Live in Nebraska, uncle?" queried one.

"Yes, I've lived in Nebraska a long time," replied the elderly man.

"Pretty good state, isn't it?"

"There's none better that I've seen."

"It has developed wonderfully, hasn't it, uncle?"

"Yes sir; it has had a great prosperity. I can hardly realize it. When I first came to Nebraska I could buy land at a dollar an acre within twenty-five miles of Lincoln, and it is worth \$75 to \$100 an acre right now."

"You should have bought a few

acres, uncle. You might have been rich by this time."

"Yes, that's so," said the elderly man dreamily. "I did buy a few acres, but I didn't have money enough to buy all I would like to have."

"Got any of it left, uncle?"

"Yes, and a little more besides now."

"How many acres did you get when it was a dollar an acre?"

"Oh, I only got a couple of sections, but I added to it at from \$3 to \$10 an acre until I got quite a farm now."

The traveling men gasped for a minute and then one asked:

"What do you call a farm?"

"O, I've got about three thousand acres down in Saline and Jefferson counties after giving each one of my seven children a half section when they got married. Mother and I are alone now and I guess I'll have to sell off some of the land, 'cause we can't look after it any more. But if I'd a bought more land when I came to Nebraska I might have been a rich man now."

While the traveling men were thinking it over the elderly man yawned, stretched his arms and remarked just as the 9 o'clock whistle blew:

"Well, it's getting late gentlemen, an' I guess I'll have to go to bed. Good night!"

Honors Even

"I presume, Mr. Fodderman, that in your infrequent visits to the city you have been swindled by our metropolitan fakirs," remarked Mr. Officeman as he sat down to his first meal at the Fodderman table during the late summer vacation.

"Yes, I've been swindled a time or two by your smart city fellers. They certainly do think up some cute schemes."

"That's right, Mr. Fodderman. Our city ways teach a man to be keen and to seize every advantage. I'm not saying it is right, but 'all's fair in love and war,' and business is war these days."

"O, I ain't complainin'," said Farmer Fodderman. "Have some more o' this butter. Help yourself to the sweet corn. Won't you have some more o' this thick cream on your fruit? I've just charged it all up to experience."

A week later, when Mr. Officeman had paid his bill and departed, Farmer Fodderman turned to his wife and remarked:

"Well, Maria, I guess we might as well hitch up an' drive to town an' pay fr all them canned goods and condensed cream that we've been sellin' to our smart city boarders this summer."

Different Reason

"Hello, Blinks! How are you feeling?"

"Just like Rockefeller."

"Struck it rich?"

"No. Got stomach trouble. Haven't had a bite to eat for two days."

Timely

Autumn's breezes gently blowing
Whirl the dead leaves as they fall,
And the sumac leaves are glowing
In the glint that covers all.
But I feel a tinge of sadness
Over all my being roll—
I have spent my summer's wages
And I have no winter coal.

Thoughtful

Having shipped a car of produce to a distant market to be sold on commission, Farmer Plowem sat looking at the check therefor and wondered how he could make a check for \$120 for produce pay a freight bill of \$186.91.

"I haven't given government ownership much thought," he murmured, "but this has set me to thinking about railroad ownership."

Folding the check thoughtfully he went over to talk about it with a neighbor.

The Benefits

"So you have postponed the dash for the pole that you were to make under the auspices of the Bungtown Daily Whooper?"

"Yes. Owing to some miscalculation we were compelled to await the coming of the next season."

"It must have been quite a disappointment."

"O, no. You see we made lots of copy writing up what we intended to do. Then we had a lot to write about the preparations we were making. Now we can write a lot more about why we had to postpone the dash, and when that runs out we can begin again writing about our new plans and preparations."

Dangerous

"The people of this country will never consent to public ownership of the railroads," said General Manager Bilkem of the X, Y, & Z. road.

"Isn't that rather a sweeping prophecy?" we ventured to ask.

"No, sir; it's self-evident," said General Manager Bilkem. "Do you imagine for a minute that the people will consent to the building up of a vast political and business machine that will absolutely ruin them? They will not lay themselves open to that danger."

Although not convinced we withdrew to make way for the gentlemanly political mixers of the X, Y, & Z. road who were due to meet and fix the state officials so that rate laws and tax levies would be satisfactory to the management of the railroads.

Brain Leaks

Real humor never hurts.
Crooked politics means crooked morals.

Duty done for duty's sake is self-rewarding.

Real religion needs no brass band accompaniment.

Reformed spelling might well wait on reformed voting.

A few careless directors of financial institutions lodged in jail might help some.

A lot of prodigal sons think more of the fatted calf than they do of the home coming.

Every one of us would be a great success if we could run our own business as well as we think we could run the other fellow's business.

It is better to have the husband away a part of the time and anxious to get home, than to have him at home most of the time and always anxious to get away.

Whenever we see a man driving a horse that is checked brutally high we always wish we could put the man in the shafts and officiate as driver for an hour or two.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

Gotrox—What are your lowest terms as a son-in-law?

Count—One million.

Gotrox—All right; I'll sign a check tomorrow.

Count—And how soon shall I marry your daughter?

Gotrox—Oh, you won't marry her; I'm going to hold you for a rise and sell you to somebody else.—Life.

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Small Change

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There never was a funeral procession quite as sad as the efforts of a humorless man to be funny.

When one day chances to be allotted to two distinctly separate and hostile dogs, it is pretty safe to count on a scrap and the triumph of the better brute.—Judge.

England Encroaching Sea.

Yorkshire alone has record of no fewer than twelve drowned towns and villages. There was Ravenspur, for instance, which was constituted a free borough by Edward I at a cost of \$1,500, and became a seaport of almost national importance. There it was that Edward Balliol embarked with a force of 2,500 strong in order to win the crown of Scotland. The town, bigger and more important than Hull, had five churches, a capacious harbor, and a number of buildings befitting its rank and importance. Where are they now?—London Pall Mall Gazette.