

We Did Business

WE beg most graciously to thank you for this our twelfth and best Christmas. The people appreciated the fact that we had assembled the most complete line of holiday goods ever shown in Red Cloud, and patronized us accordingly. We appreciate it. Wishing you all a happy and prosperous New Year, and asking you to call again, we are

Very Truly Yours,

NEWHOUSE BROTHERS

Jewelers and Optometrists.

C., B. & Q. Watch Repairers

Got Into the Pulpit.

A Madison avenue pastor who likes to be first in the eyes, ears and hearts of his congregation had occasion to discuss seriously with his curate one of that young man's "habits."

"There have been complaints," said the pastor severely, "that you talk too much. Not gossip, understand—oh, no, nothing of that sort—but certain parishioners have found you loquacious—long winded, one might say. At a christening, at a wedding, at a funeral or at any little meeting over which you may be called to preside you talk much more than is necessary. That may in time become a serious fault. There are certain prescribed forms for those occasions, you know. Now, if you would only keep your discourse down to the proper length—"

The curate braced himself for fight. "I could keep myself down," he interrupted, "if I was allowed to talk a little some place else. The trouble is I'm seething with a certain amount of talk that I've got to get rid of. If I was allowed to preach a regular sermon once in awhile that might relieve the strain, but as I am denied that outlet I have to seize all those other opportunities and deliver little sermons then. The only way to keep a curate or anybody else from talking too much when he shouldn't talk is to let him talk some when he has a right to talk."

"Dear me!" said the pastor mildly. "The next Sunday evening the curate occupied the pulpit."—New York Sun.

The examination for the degree of doctor of philosophy in the German universities will be sufficiently illustrated by giving in brief the requirements in the University of Jena. The candidate after gaining permission to enter for the degree presents a short sketch of his life in Latin or German, a maturity certificate, evidence of at least three years of academical study, evidence that he has enjoyed a good reputation up to the present time, an original scientific treatise in German in his own handwriting and a written declaration on word of honor and oath that the thesis is the candidate's own composition. The payment of 240 marks is required. In the oral examination the subject of chief importance is that of which the thesis treats, while the candidate is allowed to select two minor subjects. After this examination and the distribution of 280 copies of the thesis to the faculty the degree is conferred.—School Bulletin.

Dislocation.

A superintendent in the elementary schools of New York city was making his dreaded rounds among the teachers of a girls' school. He suddenly opened the door of one class room and asked the teacher in charge:

"What are you doing in nature study?"

She hurried out of the room and fetched out a basket of bones.

"We are taking up the vertebrates," she remarked.

"Very good, indeed," said the superintendent, and he hurried out pleased with this evidence of industry and interest in school work.

Half an hour later he appeared in a neighboring room and, taking a comprehensive glance, remarked, "What have you done in nature study?"

She, too, from somewhere fetched out a basket of bones.

"It seems to me that I have seen this basket of bones in another room before," ventured the superintendent.

"Sir," she indignantly replied, "these are my own bones!"—New York Times.

A Tale of Two Parrots.

An old maid had a parrot whose favorite expression was, "I wish the old woman was dead."

This worried her a great deal, and one day when the minister called she spoke to him about it. He said he had a parrot which only said religious things and that he would bring it over some time and see if it would not break her bird from using its favorite expression.

So one night they were going to have a meeting in her house, and he gathered up his parrot and took it with him. When he went in he hung his cage up near where the old maid's was hanging. The meeting was being opened with prayer, and all of a sudden her parrot said:

"I wish the old woman was dead."

The minister's parrot cocked his head and, looking at the other parrot, in a solemn voice said:

"We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord."—Judge's Library.

"To think," said the visitor, "that you will have to go through life an ex-convict!"

"Well, miss," replied Crowbar Claude, "to tell you the truth, just at present there ain't nothing I'd like more to be."—Exchange.

Breaking the News.

The matrimonial failure of Pat, a bartender in the center of the city, has been common knowledge for some time, and it has also been no secret that Pat really does not blame his wife for her impatience with his habits. Pat is in dead earnest when he says that his wife really is too good for him and deserves a divorce, which the self-abusing Pat would gladly grant her if it wasn't so expensive. The good faith of Pat in this respect was, however, never more forcibly illustrated than during the severe attack of pneumonia from which he has just recovered. "Pat, the doctors say you are very sick," said his wife during her visit to the hospital one day. "What do they really say? You can't hurt me by telling the truth," answered Pat. "Well, Pat, they say that you cannot live," whispered the wife, finally yielding to Pat's insistent demand for the truth. "Don't you believe it. Doctors make a habit of holding out hopes to the last," drawled Pat in his wearisome style. "They are only breaking the news to you gently. I am going to get well."—Philadelphia Record.

Telltale Bibles.

A dealer in secondhand books advertised the other day for old Bibles belonging to three families that have lately come into prominence.

"Do they want them as heirlooms?" asked a customer who had read the advertisement.

"Not a bit of it," said the dealer. "They want the Bibles because they contain a record of births; consequently they reveal ages—women's ages, presumably. Very often dealers in old books are asked to look up inconvenient documentary evidence of that kind. Before days of affluence the family Bibles got lost in the shuffle of moving around. Nobody thought much about the loss then, but with the advent of prosperity the books could easily become a source of mortification to many women if they happened to fall into the hands of malicious persons; hence the frantic attempts to gather all such records into the family."—New York Post.

The man who is driven to drink by bad luck would probably have been ruined by prosperity.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dogberry's Poetry.

Giving evidence at Marylebone, a young constable said he found a dagger on a man he had arrested. "A what?" Mr. Plowden asked as the constable held the weapon up to view. "Why call it a dagger? It has not the slightest resemblance to one." "Well," faltered the constable, "a sheath knife." Mr. Plowden returned: "Yes. Now, try in future to be less picturesque in your descriptions. You cannot be too matter of fact in the witness box. I dare say you have leanings toward poetry in your nature, but you must stifle them in the witness box."—London Standard.

Ingenious.

"Now," said Mrs. Goodart, "if you do a little work for me, I'll give you a good meal after awhile."

"Say, lady," replied Hungry Hawkes, "you'll git off cheaper if yer glimme de meal now. Work always gives me a fierce appetite."—Exchange.

Not His Fault.

The Vicar—I was surprised to see your husband walk out in the middle of my sermon last Sunday. Mrs. Jones—You must really forgive him. He's a somnambulist and walks in his sleep, you know.—London Opinion.

For words are wise men's counters—they do but reckon by them—but they are the money of fools.—Hobbes.

A Cruel Inscription.

A tombstone unearthed during the demolition of the old churchyard of Radnorshire bore a curiously unloving "In Memoriam." Here it is:

I plant these shrubs upon your grave, dear wife. That something on this spot may boast of life. Shrubs may wither and all earth must rot; Shrubs may revive, but you, thank heaven, will not.

The Cheaper Way.

"Do you know, hubby, that when I go to Ostend I shall dream of you every night?"

"If it's all the same to you, I would prefer to have you stay with me and dream of Ostend."—Fliegende Blätter.

Why He Looked.

Hojack—Why are you consulting the dictionary? I thought you knew how to spell. Tomdick—I do. I am not looking for information, but for corroboration.—London Tit-Bits.

INDICTMENTS ARE QUASHED

Land Fraud Cases Will Be Carried to Supreme Court of United States.

Denver, Dec. 25.—In the United States district court here Judge R. E. Lewis granted the motion to quash the indictments against E. M. Boga, president, and Charles D. McPhee and J. J. McQuindy, directors of the New Mexico Lumber company, and Charles H. Freeman and W. W. Nossaman of Durango, charging them with conspiracy to defraud the government of timber land in Archuleta county, Colorado.

The order to quash was based upon the ground that no crime under the federal statutes was shown. The court also quashed for the same reason the indictments against A. T. Sulzberger, president of the Pagosa Lumber company, and others in connection with the operation of that company.

The decision of Judge Lewis is based, as to the main point in the cases, upon the ground that the indictments charge no tampering with or agreement with entrymen prior to the application of the entryman for lands.

Judge Lewis intimated that the indictments in the coal land cases found by the grand jury last summer would also be quashed.

The cases will be carried by the government to the supreme court of the United States.

DISTRUST OF SHAH SHOWN

Persian Ruler Has Not Succeeded in Convincing Subjects.

Teheran, Dec. 25.—Twenty-four hours' reflection seems to have convinced that faction of the Persian public which favors the constitutionalists that it is better to keep their powder dry until the shah's promises of reform are converted into acts. The utter lack of confidence was evidenced in the bazaars, where the shops that were reopened had their shutters up again.

Small armed crowds are reassembling in the public squares, but up to the present time there has been no aggression. One of the chief legal advisers of parliament was shot at by some soldiers, but he was not hurt.

El Dowieh, who, in accordance with the "shah's koran oath," was banished and ordered to leave Teheran, refused to go and took refuge at the Dutch legation. Nasir El Malik, the former premier, who was exiled recently, left Enzell for Europe.

BAD HEARTS KILL 18,509 IN YEAR

Returns from Seventeen Cities Show Increase Over Figures of 1906.

Chicago, Dec. 25.—The pace that kills is not confined to Chicago and New York. From widely separated cities come reports of an increased number of deaths due to heart disease. Statistics from seventeen cities, covering practically the entire United States, show that in 1906 the number of victims of heart disease was 16,163. Estimating the fatalities from this cause for the last ten days of 1907, the figures this year will reach the alarming total of 18,509—an increase of 2,346 in the cities from which figures have been obtained.

Health department officials and physicians generally assert that nothing but a letup in the "steam pressure" of American life will prevent constant increase of the peril which besets the American nation.

CAIN GETS LIFE IMPRISONMENT

Sentence Imposed Upon Slayer of Wealthy Iowa Mine Owner.

Des Moines, Dec. 25.—J. C. Cain, convicted of murdering C. H. Morris, a wealthy mine owner, because the latter attempted to drive him out of an illegal liquor business at one of his mining camps, was sentenced to life imprisonment at Fort Madison. "My life has been sworn away," declared Cain to the court after sentence had been imposed. "I had no chance against the array of witnesses who cared nothing for the truth and only to get me in state's prison."

Iowa Has a Rate Problem.

Des Moines, Dec. 25.—The Iowa railway commission has been asked to solve a new problem in express charges, it coming from E. H. Martin of Webster City. It is, "Can an express company charge the minimum on each of two packages sent on the same bill at the same time to one person, or should the two packages be considered one consignment and the regular rate charged?" The minimum charge on each package was made to Mr. Martin and brought them to \$50. If it had been one consignment, both would have cost but \$25.

Morphine Fatal to Children.

Marshalltown, Ia., Dec. 25.—A boy of four and a girl of three years of age, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Stull, living near Green Mountain, climbed up to the top shelf of the pantry and secured a quantity of morphine pills. The boy is dead and the girl is not expected to live.