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Water and Life.
Of all the conditions preparatory to life the presence of water, composed of oxygen and hydrogen, is at once the most essential and the most worldwide, for if water be present the presence of other necessary elements is probably assured. If water exist, that fact goes far for the necessary temperature, the germ of life being coextensive with the existence of water as such. It is so consequentially, life being impossible without water. Whatever the planet, this is of necessity true. But the absolute degrees of temperature within which life can exist vary according to the mass of the body, another of the ways in which mere size tells. On the earth 212 degrees F. limits the range at the top and 32 degrees F. at the bottom in the case of fresh water, 27 degrees F. in the case of salt. On a smaller planet both limits would be lowered, the top one the most. On Mars the boiling point would probably be about 110 degrees F. Secondly, from the general initial oneness of their constituents a planet that still possesses water will probably retain the other substances that are essential to life—gases, for the reason that water vapor is next to hydrogen and helium the lightest of them all, and solids because their weight would still more conduce to keep them there. Water, indeed, acts as a solution to the whole problem.—Professor Lowell's "The Evolution of Life" in Century Magazine.

Only an Office Boy.
"If you want a ready-to-hand study in the downright cussedness of human nature unwarped," said an insurance agent, "just watch the office boys in your own or any other place of business. In four cases out of five the thing will come out this way:
"A new boy is engaged. He is meek and mild, apologetic of bearing and courteous of speech. He is apparently seeking an excuse for daring to make a living. He looks reproachfully at the head office boy, who orders him around in a rough, catch-as-catch-can style. Such rudeness pains him.
"Note this boy a little later. His rude superior has resigned or been dismissed, and he is now head office boy. Is he meek and mild, apologetic and reproachful? Say, he's a worse young ruffian than his predecessor—bullyrags the newcomer, ignores the cuspidor, uses language not fit to print and comes dangerously near 'sussing' his employer. He knows it all, and a little more.
"There are exceptions, but they prove the rule."—New York Globe.

A Big Grasshopper.
A geographical expedition which set out for Australia on an exploring and mapping tour had engaged a negro cook, who took great interest in everything he saw. While the party was en route a kangaroo broke out of the grass and made for the horizon with prodigious leaps, an event that interested the colored gentleman exceedingly.
"You all have pretty wide meadows hereabouts, I reckon," he said to the native who was guiding the party.
"Not any larger than those of other countries," returned the guide most politely.
"Well, there must be — a grasshopper,"

ran high grass roundabouts, neen?" he insisted.
"Not that I know of," replied the guide. "Why do you ask such odd questions?"
"Why, I'll tell you, boss. I was thinking of the mighty uncommon magnitude of them grasshoppers."—Kansas City Independent.

An Artist's Ruse.
A Roman cavalier commissioned a great artist to paint his portrait, no definite price being agreed upon. When the portrait was finished, the painter asked 100 crowns in payment. The highborn sitter, amazed at the demand, returned no more nor dared to send for his counterfeit presentment, whereupon the artist hit upon the happy expedient of first painting bars across the portrait, then affixing the doleful legend, "Imprisoned for debt," and finally placing it in a prominent part of his studio, to which Roman nobles frequently resorted. Ere long a rich relative came to the rescue and released his kinsman.

Newton's Telescope.
Newton's telescope is a clumsy looking instrument, nine inches in length, two inches in aperture and capable of magnifying thirty-eight times. It was entirely made by Newton himself, who first exhibited it before the Royal Society in 1671, and more than 100 years later his successor in the presidency of the society laid before George III. Sir William Herschel's scheme for making a telescope on Newton's plan, to be forty feet in length and four feet in aperture.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Financial Expedient.
Shoeblack—Shine, sir? Four sous? Passerby—No, thank you. Shoeblack—Two sous? Passerby—No. Shoeblack—For nothing, then? Passerby—A right, if you like. Shoeblack (after having finished one shoe)—It's 6 sous to clean the other, sir.—New Loists.

Kept Busy.
One of the contemporary poets asks: "Where are the bright girls of the past?" Our own observation is that some of them are administering cautious doses of paregoric to the bright girls of the future.

Tender Hearted.
Mrs. Muggins—My husband is too tender hearted to whip the children.
Mrs. Buggins—Humph! My husband is so tender hearted that he can't even beat the carpet!

Where envying is there is confusion and every evil work.—New Testament.

A man was recently being tried for murder, but the evidence against him was so weak that the judge directed the jury to find a verdict of "guilty" and notified the court of his intention to stop the case. But the youthful counsel for the defense wanted the opportunity of becoming famous. He asked permission to address the court. "Certainly, Mr. Cantepout," remarked the judge. "We'll hear you with pleasure, but first for safety's sake, we'll acquit the prisoner."
The learned counsel blushed.—London Academy.

The Other Reason.
A teamster retires at the age of ninety with an accumulation of \$50,000. He says he waits and is entitled to a rest. Some inquirers want to know how he could have saved so much on \$12 a week, the highest wages he ever received. The answer is easy. He got 2 a day. He lived on 22 cents a day. He saved the difference. I lived in New York on 5 cents a day for nearly six months and was in magnificent health. Some people eat to live; others live to eat. As the old chap on the ferryboat said to the small boy: "Sonny, why does a pig eat?"
"Cause he's hungry."
"No. There's another reason."
"What's dat?"
"He wants to make a hog of himself."—New York Press.

Sam Weller.
It was Sam Weller who made Dickens famous. "Pickwick Papers" were a complete failure financially until this unique character was introduced. The press was all but unanimous in praising Samival as an entirely original character whom none but a great genius could have created. Dickens received over \$16,000 for "Pickwick Papers," and at the age of twenty-six he was incomparably the most popular author of his day.—London Standard.

Tame Your Rattlesnakes.
A tame rattlesnake belonging to an Arizona farmer sleeps every night on the front gate of its owner's garden, coiling himself around the gate and gatepost, so that a lock and chain keep out intruders are not needed.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Failed.
"Ah!" said Bragley, with a view to making Miss Wise jealous. "I was alone last evening with some one I admire very much."
"Ah!" echoed the bright girl. "Alone were you?"—Philadelphia Press.

A Losing Scheme.
"They tell me that poor Jolly is a victim of his own good fellowship."
"That's so. He lost his own health in drinking other people's."—Baltimore American.

The Coop.
"This flat is a mere coop."
"Yes, John," said his wife sweetly. "I the cook has just flew it."—Pittsburg Post.

Reduced Size.
After a concert at Manchester, England, Joachim, the great violinist, was at a station, waiting for a train. A respectable looking man, apparently a lawyer in his best clothes, paced at his elbow, catching him when he stopped. Finally he asked for Joachim and got it. As he drew at the violinist's face, "John, just as he was going on, he said of the violinist's playing: 'That's a fine man,'" said the lawyer used to say, declares the violinist in the station. "Whole piece of music," Joachim had never begun to whistle the tune so fine.

How to Stop a Nose Bleed.
When the bellboy responded to the signal he found the elderly traveling man standing in the center of the room holding a handkerchief to his nose, from which the blood was oozing.
"Give me a stop alongside of the head, good and hard," said the elderly man, turning his face toward the boy, and speaking with difficulty.
"But, sir, I—" "Don't stop to talk," spluttered the traveling man. "Slap me, I tell you." The boy hesitated for a moment, then timidly slapped the man's face. "Harder!" commanded the smitten one. The boy hesitated no longer, but with his open palm dealt the man a vigorous blow.
"That's better," grunted the gory one as he removed the handkerchief and after a test found the bleeding had stopped. "I'm subject to these attacks of nose bleed," he explained to the astonished youth, handing him a tip. "I have tried all sorts of remedies, but nothing acts more promptly than a blow alongside the head. The shock seems to paralyze the ruptured blood vessels and the spit-work at once. Try it some time if you have the occasion. I got the idea from an old physician in Mexico."—New York Press.

Could See For Himself.
Clarence Foster ("Pop"), the old ball player, was always busy sewing in his spare moments in the clubhouse. Foster was a handsome fellow and took pride in keeping himself looking neat and natty as far as his attire went, and he was as particular as an old maid regarding his clothes, so was kept busy doing the tailor act with the needle and thread. One August "Pop" was taken ill and was ailing for some few days. The fact of his illness got into the public press and so became common talk among the players. A few days after the announcement was made that Foster was ill the St. Louis aggregation blew into the Washington grounds. The first day Foster was discovered sitting in front of the clubhouse, busy at his everlasting sewing.
"Hello, Pop!" shouted Catcher Joe Suglen. "I heard you were sick, but how are you now?"
"Well, Joe," carelessly responded Foster as he paused a moment in his tailor stunt, "I have been sick, but just at present, as you can see for yourself, I happen to be on the mend."—Washington Star.

No Come Back.
Some of the West Indian islanders have learned that when a foreigner misbehaves on their shores it is better to suffer in silence than to mete out punishment at the risk of a descending gunboat from the miscreant's native land. A judge in Haiti, however, recently took occasion to pay off old scores and to redeem his self respect in the case of an offender brought before him.
To his first question as to the nationality of the accused the interpreter had answered that the prisoner was from Switzerland.
"Switzerland!" said the judge. "And Switzerland has no seacoast, has it?"
"No seacoast, your honor," replied the interpreter.
"And no navy," continued the judge. "And no navy, your honor," was the reply.
"Very well, then," said the judge. "Give him one year at hard labor."—Brooklyn Life.

"Doctor, you have saved my life! I feel that I can never repay you!"
"I feel that I'll sue you if you don't!"—Houston Post.



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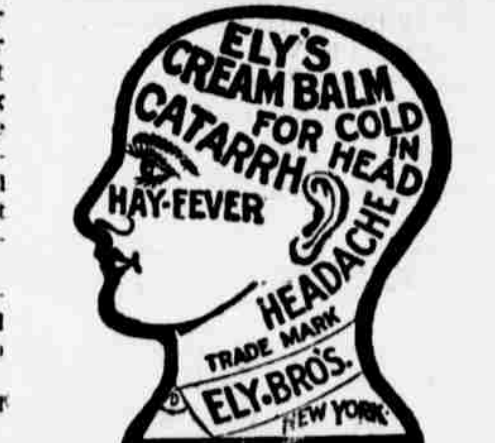
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