

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Well—May Brassy's awful mad. She sent an anonymous letter to the society editor announcing that Miss May Brassy is one of the prettiest young women in the uptown set.

Belle—And didn't he publish it?

Yes; but he headed it: "Miss Brassy says."—Philadelphia Record.

Precaution.



Visitor—Why, Mrs. Foxy, do you put peas under your rug?

Mrs. Foxy—To keep young men from making declarations of love to my daughter!—Meggendorfer Blätter.

In This an' That.

"Say, I thought you said they always give fresh vegetables at that farm. I've got my family there now, and we're all disgusted."

"You surprise me. Perhaps they provide the best they can."

"Not much. They can't even provide the best the cannery can."—Philadelphia Press.

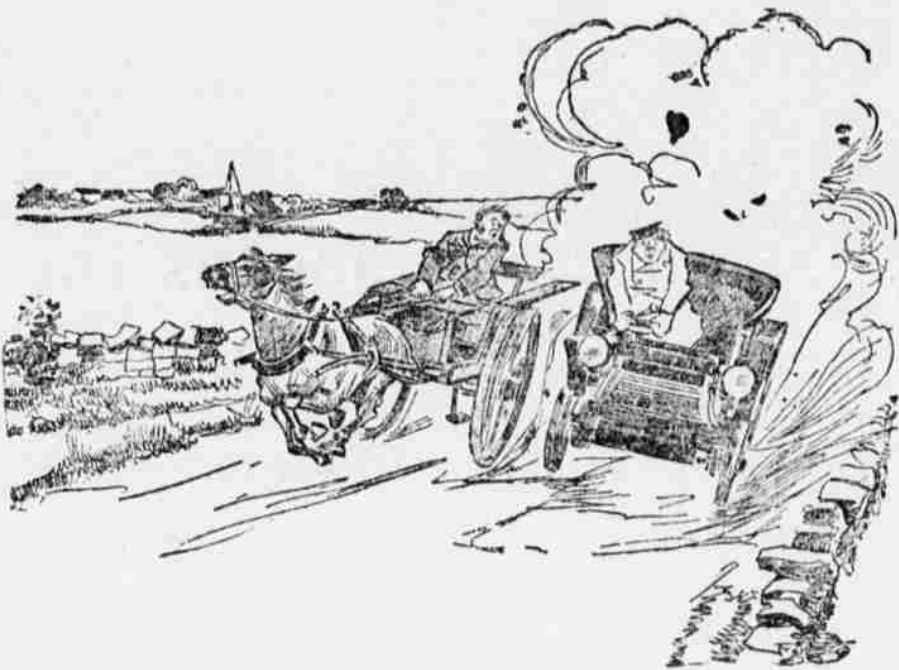
Putting It Right.

"I didn't get home till dawn yesterday morning."

"What did your wife say?"

"That's the wrong way to put it. What didn't she say?"

BROTHERS IN ADVERSITY.



Farmer—Pull up, you fool! The mare's bolting!
Motorist—So's the car!—Punch.

Lukewarm Weather.

"Pop, this is awfully hot weather, ain't it?" quoth Georgie, the 6-year-old family joy. "How do you like your weather?"

"In summer I imagine I like it cold; in winter I believe I like it hot. How is it with you?"

"Oh, I like mine lukewarm."—New York Press.

A Dead Tramp.



Mrs. Youngwed (crying)—Oh, Frank! Boo-hoo! Don't you know a big tramp ate one of the pies I baked this morning! Boo-hoo!

Mr. Youngwed—Oh, well, dear, there's lots of other tramps. Besides, the police won't blame you for it.

Past and Future.

"The secret of happiness is to live in the present."

"That's so; but my wife is always wanting money for to-morrow, and bill collectors, you know, won't let you forget yesterday."

One Little Detail.

"Are all the arrangements for your marriage with the count complete?"

"Practically. All that remains is for him to give papa a statement of his liabilities."—Life.

Propagators.

"Mosquitoes are accused of propagating disease," said Spyles.

"Well, I know that they propagate profanity," said Spokes.

Leading Him On.

The summer girl and the summer young man had exhausted all other subjects of conversation, when they turned to the crops.

"I guess the corn fields of the West are in a bad way on account of the dry spell," said he.

"Yes, that seems to be the case," she assented, coyly; "but I don't think the pop corn crop will be injured."

After that what could he do but pop?—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

Facts in the Case.

"Madam," said the poor but honest iceman, "you do me a great injustice when you say my bill is more than it should be. To tell you the truth, I am actually selling ice at a loss this summer."

"Oh, I can readily believe that," replied the indignant female. "The 10-pound cakes you cut for me show a loss of fully three pounds each by the time you get them in the refrigerator."

As Others See Us.

Miles—I have my doubts about that assertion of yours.

Giles—Well, you certainly have plenty of room for doubt.

Miles—How's that?

Giles—There is plenty of vacant space under your hat.

Easy.

"Which would you rather, Tommy, be born lucky or rich?" asked Uncle Tredway.

"Both," replied Tommy sententiously.

Overstocked.

"I argued and argued with young Nibbs to have more self-esteem."

"Was he influenced by your efforts?"

"He's got so much now that I can't stay around where he is."

Cause of Her Cold.

"Poor Emersonia has a very severe cold," said Mrs. Backbay to Mrs. Bostling.

"Yes, the poor child took off her heavy-weight spectacles and put on her summer eyeglasses too soon," replied the latter.

Critically.

Polly Pinkights—The leading lady is ill.

Fanny Footlights—Critically?

Polly Pinkights—I suppose so. Didn't you see the way all the papers roared her this morning?—Philadelphia Record.

EXCHANGED VALISES.

Why the Rightful Owner of One Never Cares for It.

The story was told by a quiet, black-bearded gentleman who had registered from Pittsburg, and who happened to be one of a group of yarn spinners in the corridor of the Grunwald Hotel a few evenings ago. "I am in the foundry business at present," he said, "but in my younger years I imagined I was out for a doctor, and took a course at the old Ohio Medical College, in Cincinnati. It was the custom at that time, and may be yet, for the advanced students to do a good deal of individual dissecting work at their rooms, and for that purpose a regular division was made of certain of the cadavers at the college. One student, for instance, would get an arm, another a foot, and another some other section, which they would carry away and study at their leisure. One evening—I will never forget it if I live to be a thousand—I secured the forearm of an unusually fine subject, a muscular negro, and, putting it in a small valise, started for my quarters in the eastern suburbs of the city. The mule car I took was unusually crowded, and I put my valise on the floor. When I reached my rooms and took a second look at it, I was shocked to see that I had picked up somebody else's luggage by mistake. I hated to lose my specimen, but what troubled me a hundred times more was the thought of the fright that it would probably occasion some innocent person, may be a woman, and, on reflection, I concluded to report the matter at once to the police. Accordingly, I got on the cars again and went directly to headquarters, where I was fortunate enough to catch the chief, just going out. He heard my story in his private office, and agreed with me that the discovery of my ghastly package would be apt to fill some household with horror and consternation. 'We will have somebody rushing in here before morning with a clew to a mysterious murder,' he said; 'and, by the way, suppose that we open the valise you have with you. It may furnish us with the address of the owner.' It was locked, but he soon found a key that fit, and when he looked inside he gave a prolonged whistle. 'Your valise will never be reported, doctor,' he said, dryly. The one I had picked up contained a kit of burglars' tools."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Wanted to Know.

He ambled up to the window in a careless manner and put his elbow on the shelf for support. Then he drew a strong breath—you could tell it was strong without looking—and smiled at the clerk.

"Zish-hic—Informashun burro?" he asked, in deliciously thick accents.

The clerk nodded and looked wise.

"Zish where zhay-hic—tell folsk things."

"It is."

"Wise guysh!"

The clerk looked annoyed and waxed groggy as he inhaled the atmosphere lingering just outside.

"If you have any business with me, please state it at once," he said, angrily.

"Zash it 'zachly-hic—tell't right nowshohelme! Shee, zish way. Camd down town 'shevenin' I balance bookshno can't balansh anyshinghe, hel 'Rah frbut shay, whashwan' tell y' ish I met a frien'-shay, you frien' o' mine?"

"Yes, yes, I'm a friend of yours; but get a move on, old man, and let that crowd behind you take a peep."

The visitor wasn't so certain about that, but after surveying the angry line just subsequent to him, he stopped hesitating and went on:

"Sho me'n my frien' we took a drink hic—an' here I am! 'Rah fr—but shay, whashwan' know ish zish-hic—Informashun burro?"

"Certainly; hurry up."

"Well, I wansh know—shay, I'm golt' home I wansh know ish my wife got a club?"—Denver Times.

They Can't Be Done.

There are many apparently simple things that an experimenting you will find you cannot do. You can't stand for five minutes without moving. If you are blindfolded, you can't stand at the side of a room with both of your feet touching the wainscoting lengthwise. You can't get out of a chair without bending your body forward or putting your feet under it; that is, if you are sitting squarely on the chair and not on the edge of it. You can't crush an egg when placed lengthwise between your hands; that is, if the egg is sound and has the ordinary shell of a hen's egg. You can't break a match if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand and pressed upon by the first and third fingers of that hand, despite its seeming so easy at first sight.

Wasted Effort.

"Are you trying to do anything for the benefit of posterity?" asked the serious person. "Nothing much," answered the intensely selfish man. "Just look what previous generations have tried to do for posterity. But here we are going to burlesque shows and using slang and wearing freak clothes, just as if Shakespeare and Sir Isaac Newton had never lived. I am thoroughly convinced that any effort to benefit posterity is a sheer waste of time."

Never Done.

She—Do you think it is work for a woman to talk?

He—Oh, yes; you know they do say woman's work is never done.—Yonkers Statesman.

By the time the average boy is ten years old, he has a scar on his head where the hair will never grow again.

PRESIDENT PASSES AWAY

Lamp of Life Goes Slowly Out Almost With Dawning of Another Day.

HOPE ABANDONED IN THE EARLY EVENING

Not a Shadow of Lingering Hope and the Death Chamber Hushed and Still While the Tear-stained Watchers Awaited the Dread Message.



MILBURN HOUSE, Buffalo, Sept. 14-- President McKinley died at 2:15 this Saturday morning.

BUFFALO, Sept. 14.—The message of death had been long expected. For hours the president had been unconscious.

The physicians remained with the president out of respect, the time for their services having passed.

The members of the family with the exception of the bereaved wife were at the death bed. Mrs. McKinley was in an adjoining room. Dr. Rixey was the only physician present.

HOURS THAT PRECEDED DEATH.

MILBURN HOUSE, Buffalo, Sept. 13.—The president is slowly dying.

Secretary Cortelyou sent this announcement from the house at 9:30 o'clock tonight. At the same time Dr. Mynter, who had just come from the sick room, said there was hardly any pulse left and the body was getting cold, although the president's vitality was so strong that he might last until 2 o'clock in the morning.

But he might die at any moment. The extremities are now cold with the approach of death.

The last sad offices about the bedside have been said and the president has again lapsed into unconsciousness after a brief period of consciousness. During his conscious moments Mrs. McKinley was brought into the chamber and there was an affecting farewell. Members of the cabinet, one by one, saw the president momentarily, and there was a hushed exchange. Then the president softly chanted a hymn.

Just before he lapsed into unconsciousness he begged the doctors to let him die.

At 9:40 every one within the house and in the great crowd outside was awaiting the announcement of the end.

Distress Plainly Pictured.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14.—The three cabinet officers in the capitol today were pictures of distress. Two days ago Secretary Hay had left his chief apparently on the road to recovery and today Postmaster General Smith, who had left Buffalo even later and reached here this morning, said that when he came from the Milburn home yesterday the president was, according to his best information, surely on the mend.

No Pity in Her Heart.

CHICAGO, Sept. 14.—When shown the Associated press dispatch announcing the inevitable death of the president, Emma Goldman, the anarchist lecturer, now being held at the Harrison street station, carefully adjusted her glasses, read the bulletin, and after a moment's pause without a change of expression, said:

"Very sorry." Absolutely no shade of regret or pity showed itself upon her countenance.

NEBRASKA NOTES

Kearney will hold a coursing meet October 22.

A telephone exchange has been established at Cougias.

There is a new state bank with \$25,000 capital stock at Valentine.

The sugar beet factories will start up at Fremont in a few days.

St. Edwards will have electric lights within thirty days, or the Sun misses its guess.

At a cost of \$18,700, sixty new steel cells have been placed in the state penitentiary.

A private telephone exchange is being put in at Battle Creek, and now the women pay calls by wire.

Although De Witt has had a curfew ordinance and bell for two years, it is said that the bell has never been rung.

A watermelon party was given at Humphrey the other night. Over 200 children were present and 150 melons were consumed.

The champion corn huskers, who can gather 200 bushels in one day, will be watched with a great deal of interest this fall.

The Stanton Register has given up the idea of trying to run a semi-weekly paper and it will hereafter appear but once a week.

Albert Anderson, a lad of 15, didn't wait until the train stopped at Fremont, but jumped off and was knocked senseless. He may die.

Sixteen organs have been sold in the country surrounding Long Pine during the past year. This isn't so bad for sand-hill country.

A little North Platte girl stuck a crochet needle into her hand and the hook fastened over a muscle. A physician was required to remove it.

A woman at Glenover plead guilty to the charge of putting concentrated lye on the legs of her neighbor's horse because she was mad at the neighbor.

The young lad killed in a wreck a few days ago at Columbus, is thought to have been Frank Burnick of Chicago, who mysteriously left his home some weeks ago.

Paul Adel, who was occupying a cell in the Stanton jail on a charge of stealing some wheat, took French leave one night, without leaving any clue as to how he did it.

People in Beatrice who own houses three stories or more high, and have not provided them with fire escapes, have been notified by Labor Commissioner Watson to comply with the law.

John Eis, one of the well known farmers near Humbolt lost seventeen head of cattle, supposed to have been caused by eating cane fodder, the animals having just been turned into the field.

Sandy Morison of the Eagle Beacon "knows who the cowardly gossipers are" in that town, and if they don't stop talking he is going to publish their names, that the world may know who they are.

It has been found that the soil of Illinois is not adapted to the culture of the sugar beet, and hereafter the manufacture of beet sugar will be confined largely to the states of Nebraska and Colorado.

A party of hunters who went hunting for prairie chickens near Brunswick accidentally set fire to the prairie grass and burned several tons of hay. It is reported that they will be prosecuted for violating the game law.

The Cody Cowboy wants a devil for the office, but the editor wants it distinctly understood "that we cannot extend to him the privilege of indulging in the pastime of 'boosting' during the time he ought to be at work."

The fact that so many young people in the state are prepared to attend the normal school or some of the higher educational institutions this fall is taken as an undisputed indication of prosperity.

Few people realize the extent of irrigation in Nebraska. A statement compiled by the state irrigation engineer show that there are 4,000 miles of irrigation ditches in the state. The estimated cost is \$4,899,984 and increasing value of land in irrigated districts \$16,899,310. At this rate irrigation pays.

The training school at Columbus for nurses, the establishment of which in connection with the St. Mary's hospital has been under consideration for several months, was formally opened at St. Francis academy with fitting exercises, keenly enjoyed by twenty-five especially invited gentlemen guests prominently identified with business and professional life there and in position properly to appreciate and encourage so worthy an enterprise. Dr. C. D. Evans, surgeon general of the government's staff and the leading spirit in this undertaking, was master of ceremonies and announced the purpose of the organization.

Gus Herman, a German 33 year of age, became insane near Milford a few days ago and was brought to Seward. At 9 o'clock Tuesday night he escaped from the county clerk's office, but was recaptured after a hard chase in the rain. His face and hands were badly cut by breaking a window. He was violent all night. He was handcuffed and taken to the asylum in Lincoln. Once before he became deranged and walked to Oklahoma before he was caught.