

Not Time's Slave.
A traveler, finding that he had a couple of hours in Dublin, called a cab and told the driver to drive him around for two hours. At first all went well, but soon the driver began to whip up his horse so that they narrowly escaped several collisions.

"What's the matter?" demanded the passenger. "Why are you driving so recklessly? I'm in no hurry."

"Ah, g'wan wid yez," retorted the caddy. "D'ye think I'm goin' to put in the whole day drivin' you around for two hours? Gitap!"

Preparation for Knowledge.
No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near to his eyes is the subject. A chemist may tell his most precious secrets to a carpenter, and he shall be never the wiser—the secrets he would not utter to a chemist for an estate. God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are hidden that we can not see things that stare us in the face until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened; then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not is like a dream.—Emerson.

SENSIBLE CHAP.



First Girl—What did he do when you told him he mustn't see you any more?

Second Girl—Turned the lights out!

Millionaire Whiners.
Senator La Follette at a recent dinner in Washington said of the millionaires who complain about the harm that they and their affairs have suffered from attacks:

"These whiners, with only themselves to blame, remind me of a bad little Primrose boy.
"He ran howling to his mother:
"Oh, ma, Johnny has hurt me!"
"And how did bad Johnny hurt mother's little darling?"
"Why, I was a-goin' to punch him in the face, and he ducked his head and I hit my knuckles against the wall."

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thickly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Belgium Buying Autos.
Belgium is now importing yearly about 1,500,000 worth of automobiles, motorcycles and bicycles. These imports have quadrupled in four years.

Omaha Directory

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ASK YOUR DEALER OR JOHN DEERE PLOW CO.

CEYLON: THE DOOR-SILL OF INDIA

The Funny Things One Sees
in
Smiling Round the World

By
MARSHALL P. WILDER

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Beautiful Ceylon! the real and only "gem of the sea"—and the tropic sea, at that. Let not Ireland claim the distinction of being the emerald set in the bosom of the ocean blue. For never was such emerald greenness, such ocean blue-greenness, such ocean blue-greenness of Ireland's sons or daughters as adorns and encompasses this beautiful island of Ceylon. The doorsill of India! Well, if India is not proud of her threshold—the step over which one passes to her mighty and imperial domain—she ought to be.

The harbor of Colombo is plentifully endowed with natural advantages, but outside of these the English government has constructed an enormous breakwater of tremendous strength, as needs must be, for during the season of the southwest monsoon waves break against it, dashing as high as the masts of vessels that have taken refuge behind its protecting bulwark.

Our attention upon entering the harbor is first attracted by the fleet of native dugout canoes that swarm about the ship, the boys and men paddling them wildly shouting: "Have a dive! Have a dive!" and "One dollah! One dollah!" though if only a penny is thrown over three or four will dive headlong from their tiny craft, their paddles left floating on the water, and in an incredibly short space of time they will come again to the surface, the successful one proudly displaying the coin. They rescue their paddles and leap lightly into their canoes without tipping them in the least or shipping any more than the usual amount of water that floats in the bottom of each. They are so small that a certain amount is always washed over the sides.

It is amusing to see one of these natives, naked except for a very limited loin cloth, sitting in the bottom of his canoe, paddling with one hand, imploring money with the other and kicking the superfluous water out of the canoe with one foot.

Our coolies who pulled us to the Galle Face hotel stopped at the gate, saying they were not allowed to go inside, but we had heard of this trick and insisted upon being taken into the portico. Here, after making inquiry of the door porter as to their proper fare, we paid them, only to be met with a storm of indignant protestations and refusals. Only when the money was thrown at their feet did they pick it up and go on.

So the hotel has built for the amusement of its guests a very large and comfortable swimming tank, filled with sea water, that is always fresh. The hotel has every convenience, electric lights and fans, large airy rooms and an excellent table, when one considers their limitations. Compared with the Hong-Kong hotel and the Raffles at Singapore it was perfect. The Galle Face is further blessed with a splendid manager, Mr. Hoffer, a genial and obliging man, late of the Hotel Cecil in London.

A good many of the castles wear their distinguishing mark painted on the forehead, and one day at the table I peated a soda water label on my forehead and said it was my caste



Displaying the Coin.

mark. I quite convulsed Joseph, but fear the Cingalese waiter was rather shocked.

The beach at Mount Lavinia, seven miles south of Colombo, is an enchanting bit, over whose golden sands the yellow foam rushes and gurgles to the little cliff set thick with a long file of bending, swaying palms, some of whose long, slim trunks bend forward to the waves at an angle of considerably more than 45 degrees. Here bathing goes on at all hours and, let me tell you, a dip in the Indian ocean is a most soul-satisfying experience. The water is not only warm; in some places it is actually hot. But, oh, my! to lie and float dreamily in that bluest of waters, with a dazzling greenery of palms to the right, and a panorama of sky-line, flecked with snowy cloud-fleeces to the left, and to breathe the gentle lullaby air till you don't care

whether you float off to the equator or sink to the bottom—yes, sharks or no sharks.

I was always a little "dopy" about the Indian ocean. I once knew a young fellow—he was a French creole, born in the Isle Bourbon, now down on the maps as the Island of Reunion. It is right in the heart of the Indian ocean, and not far from Madagascar; and the way that fellow could reel off yarns in creole French and broken English about his natal isle would have made George W. Cable, late of New Orleans, turn green with envy. He was a handsome chap and sang divinely, and I first met him in Paris, where he was singing small parts at the Grand opera. Then I ran across him in Cairo, where he was singing in a production—if I am not mistaken—of "Aida." Afterward he came to New York with a company that produced "Grafde-Grafia" at the Fourteenth street theater, and a very good company it was. But, in whatever clime I met him, his theme was the same—his beautiful isle and its beautiful ocean. He would talk for hours of the "purple fingers of the dawn, stealing up the rose-vermillion sky," and the huge, snow-capped mountain that rose in the center of the island and overtopped the city of Port Philip, which I think was the name of the sea-port town where he was born.

He told many pretty stories of his home and of his parents, whose only child he was—the Benjamin of their



"The Sun at Midnight."

old age, long hoped and prayed for. So they named him, when he did come, Desires' (longed for). He had a string of other names beside, but I've forgotten them. His desire was to see America and the Mississippi, of which he had read wonderful things by Chateaubriand, his favorite author. Fortunately the opera troupe went as far south as New Orleans and his desire was gratified. He took everything in America seriously and his admiration almost took the form of awe; he would as soon have thought of ridiculing the holy church and all the saints as of ridiculing anything American. As he was of a very happy disposition he would often hum little operatic snatches or Creole melodies while jogging along in the horse cars, and this was very delightful to me until some would-be wag among his New York friends told him that he must never do that on Sundays, as the Americans were very strict in their religious ideas and would take it as an insult and probably resent it. Very seriously he opened his handsome Oriental eyes and, in tones of great surprise, ejaculated, as he had done for the hundredth time, "Wonderful people!"

A little incident, while it was very amusing, showed the romantic side of his nature. The troupe, while traveling, stopped at a hotel in a southern city, where a young lady guest attracted much attention by her hair, which was not only very thick and heavy, but of a rich golden color. My Creole friend, however, was one of the few who had not seen the young lady and, as it happened, no one had spoken to him of her. But as he was about to retire one evening he stepped into the corridor to say good-night to a friend and met the young lady face to face, followed by her maid, just as the bells of a neighboring church were chiming the midnight hour. Saluting the lady with a profound bow, as was his foreign custom, he was about to re-enter his room when the brilliant gaslight, falling full upon the lady's form, disclosed the fact that her magnificent hair was hanging loose about her like a cloak, and every strand glittering like a thread of gold. The young fellow stood rooted to the spot; then, clasping his hands, he said in tones of the most fervent admiration, "I have seen the sun at midnight!"

"What the deuce is the matter with you?" said his friend.

"I have said it!" replied the Creole. "I will return to my country and I will tell them that in this wonderful America I have seen that marvelous sight—the sun at midnight!"

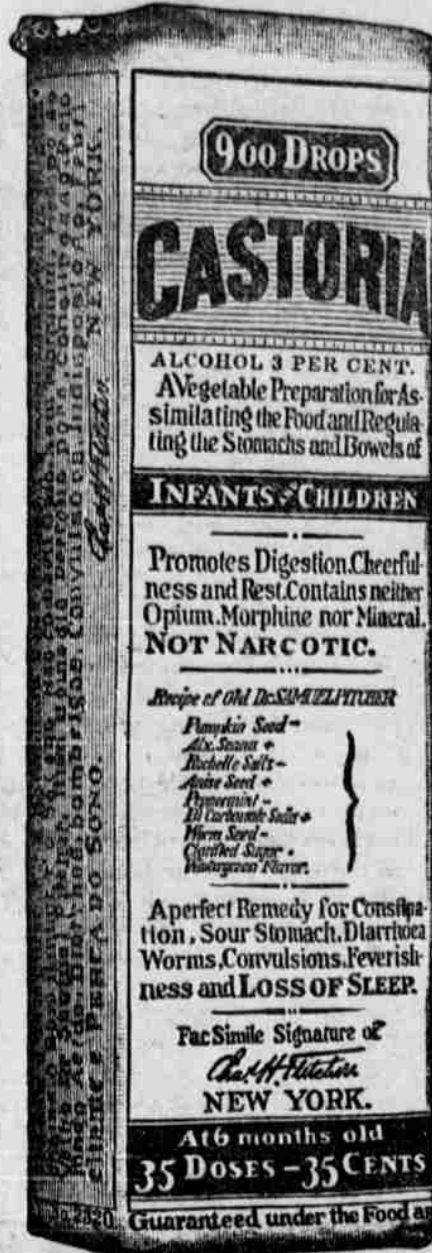
It appeared that the young lady's maid had been giving her mistress's hair a bath and they had been sitting on a rear balcony that the warm night breeze might dry the wonderful tresses before retiring to bed.

Which is why I say that I loved the Indian ocean years before I saw it, and when I did see it brought back these memories of my young friend and his charming and ingenious nature and his frank and honest heart. The sage and the greybeard may attract our maturer mind, but youth has its ever compelling charm; therefore I echo the poet's lines:

"Oh, youth, sweet youth, we love ye! There's naught on earth above ye!"

Don't Poison Baby.

FORTY YEARS AGO almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and A FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. **CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS**, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.



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"It takes a practical man to support a wife."
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The explanation was satisfactory.—Exchange.

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"She hasn't any cause to be snippy with me. The last time I saw her I'm sure I did the politest thing I could."
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Everybody praises Coconut-Custard pie if it's made right, but a soggy pie will spoil the entire meal. Grocers are now selling "OUR-PIE," each 10-cent package containing just the proper ingredients for two pies. Get the Custard for Coconut-Custard pie. "Put up by D-Zetta Food Co., Rochester, N. Y."

Repine not; the disappointments of to-day often prove the blessings of tomorrow.—Thomas a Kempis.

If You Have Common Soré Eyes, if lines blur or run together, you need PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

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The man who is after results isn't always particular as to the means.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

When the Lord makes a fool, the devil gives him a tongue.—Life.

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FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
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