

## THE DYNAMITER.

He Must Be a Man of Many Parts,  
With Nerve and Coolness.

In an article on "Dynamite; the Power Untamable," Samuel Hopkins Adams thus describes the man who handles the explosive and his ways:

"The finished type of the dynamiter is the man who has had the ability to rise and the luck to survive long enough to graduate from the plant and become an agent. In his best embodiment the explosive agent is something of a chemist, something of a quarryman, something of an electrician, a good deal of a mineralogist and above all a man of resource and coolness. It is he who does the exploding. The factory gets notice from a railroad that a contract is open for the destruction of a ledge of rock which blocks their line of advance. Away goes the agent, with his grip sack full of ready made destruction, to look the thing over. First he draws upon his mineralogic lore to determine the nature of the rock. If it is very hard he uses a high grade of his explosive, which delivers a quick, shattering blow. In case of soft rock the lower grade supplies a blast which will produce a wider effect, although it will not break the dislodged rock into such small pieces. Next as a quarryman he considers the nature of the ledge and the indicated fissures or veins and plans his drilling accordingly. Then he must attend to the drilling of the holes, the tamping of the charge and—here his electrical knowledge is called for—the arrangement of the batteries. After a few blasts he gives the railroad company his estimate, and if it is accepted he may oversee the job himself.

"Often he meets his rivals on the ground. Then comes the tug of war. Tricks of the trade are many and not all of them scrupulous. Where many agents are gathered together it seems to be a point of honor with every man to handle his particular article with the utmost apparent carelessness, while he manifests a shrinking timidity toward the products of his competitors. This is to impress the outsider. So the agent will toss about a twenty-five pound package of dynamite like so much meal, kick it, drop it over fences or down ledges and generally maltreat it. If the dynamite is fresh this is all right, but occasionally something goes wrong, and theory, together with the theorist, is blown to atoms in practice. Theoretically a high explosive should detonate only when set off by means of a fulminate of mercury cap, and some of the safety explosives apparently live up to this. But anything with nitroglycerin in it is best treated with consideration, for nitro is a very uncertain quantity."

## STAIN REMOVERS.

Grass Stains.—Alcohol or molasses.  
Blood Stains.—Soak in cold soapsuds to which a little kerosene has been added.

Fresh Paint.—Try kerosene, vaseline or machine oil; then wash with soap and cold water.

Ink Stains.—Dip into boiling water, spread over a basin, rub well with salts of sorrel; then rinse thoroughly.

Wine Stains.—Sprinkle thickly with salt while still wet. If dried wet with boiling water, rub thoroughly with salt and pour boiling water through.

Rust.—Wet in cold water, spread on the grass; then apply to each spot ordinary table salt wet with lemon juice. As fast as it dries renew the application. As soon as the stain is removed rinse thoroughly.

Indelible Ink.—Soak in a solution of common salt; then wash with diluted ammonia. Rinse well. Javelle water and a solution of oxalic acid will also remove indelible ink. Rinsing must follow immediately and thoroughly.

## For American Citizens.

When the visitor approached the diplomatic gallery of the senate chamber the doorkeeper informed him, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger, that the gallery was reserved for foreign representatives.

"It is, hey?" said the visitor. "Well, I want to tell you right now that this is a free country, and this is the senate of the United States, and I demand admission in the name of American citizenship."

"Oh!" said the doorkeeper. "Why didn't you say at first that you were an American citizen? Just step around to the second door from here. That gallery is reserved for American citizens."

With chest puffed up the stranger betook himself to the door indicated and was at once admitted to the public gallery.

## Only London Humor Genuine.

All the best humor that exists in our language is cockney humor. Chaucer was a cockney. He had his house close to the abbey. Dickens was a cockney; he said he could not think without the London streets. The London taverns heard always the quaintest conversation, whether it was Ben Jonson's at the Mermaid or Sam Johnson's at the Cock. Even in our time it may be noted that the most vital and genuine humor is still written about London.—Illustrated London News.

## Gentlemanly Kind.

First Burglar—How'd you happen to break into Smith's house last night? Second Burglar—I was going past there yesterday, and I heard Mrs. Smith tell in some one that she waked up three times the night before listenin' for a burglar, but nobody come. You know, I never like to disappoint a woman!—Detroit Free Press.

## They May Recover.

When a couple is engaged it doesn't necessarily follow that they will never have any sense.—New York Press.

## The Public In Speculation.

The public as a body never buys anything when it is cheap. There are numerous reasons for this. To begin with, the point of view of the successful speculator and that of the public trader are entirely different. The first named operates on deductions, on carefully erected theories of what conditions will be a year—two years—hence. The unsophisticated trader acts upon whatever of the future is already apparent. It is again a platitude to say that Wall street discounts everything, good or bad, but how many people who mouth this axiom extract its full meaning? They do not realize that this discounting means, not the gauging of the known, but of the wholly unknown. The man who acts today on the probable conditions of the long, unseen future is the man who makes money, in Wall street or in any other enterprises for that matter, and the man whose mind goes farthest ahead makes the most money. "If I could only see the tape a month ahead!" cries the tyro. There are many men who see it a year ahead, not in its furies and fractions, but in its great and important entirety.—Thomas Gibson in Moody's Magazine.

## Furs Not Always What They Seem.

Does the average fur buyer know that the far eastern mink is simply a dyed marmot with the black stripes painted in with a toothbrush? Does the buyer know that the low priced black lynx sets are nothing but common wildcats or Roumanian cats or in some cases soft Chinese wolf skin? Does he know that the white ermine pillow muffs selling for a song are really weasels, and yellow weasels at that, since a white weasel commands almost as high a price as its dear relative, the ermine? Then the sable lynx scarfs and muffs that sell for a few dollars are of course nothing but coneys or hare, while the cheaper caracal sets are simply kid astrakhan, which is something entirely different from caracal—as different indeed as ordinary Persian is from broadtail. The beautiful imitation white fox sets that appear also are generally mouflon, or in some cases combed white tibet.—Nugent's Bulletin.

## A Daring Bishop.

A story of the great Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand is told by Commander Gambier of the British navy in his book. The bishop's missionary yacht, the Southern Cross, touched a coral reef when entering the harbor Port of France, New Caledonia. It became necessary to examine her bottom, but the sharks were so numerous and so daring that nobody would venture into the water. "So the bishop, who held that if a man showed a bold front to a shark he would shear off, went overboard himself with a long, sharp knife in his mouth for defense, and, diving under his vessel, ascertained the damage. He then came on board our ship, and we arranged to careen the yacht sufficiently to enable him to nall on some copper sheets, which he did himself, again spending a long time in the water. For some curious reason not a single shark dove in sight all the time."

## Many a Slip For the Farmer.

"Raising wheat is no easy task," remarked a farmer. "One year I had 500 acres of as beautiful wheat as ever lay out of doors. It stood breast high, and it seemed good for forty bushels to the acre. That meant to me a profit of \$7,000. I had the teams and harvest hands engaged and expected to begin cutting on Monday. On Friday afternoon there came out of the northwest a greenish gray cloud. Following a heavy rain, the hail fell. In ten minutes the wheat was flattened to six inches from the ground. We cut a little of it for hay. The remainder rotted on the ground. The mortgage on the farm was foreclosed, and I hired out by the day to support my family. Do you wonder that the wheat farmer is not boastful of his crop until he has it in the granary?"—Outlook.

## The Oldest Tunnel.

The oldest known tunnel in the world is that of Slish, near Jerusalem. It was used as an aqueduct. The famous inscription, discovered some years ago, celebrates the first meeting of the diggers from both sides. Newspapers did not appear in those days, and so the event cannot be exactly dated, but it most probably took place under King Hezekiah, about 700 B. C., and is an interesting testimony to the high state of civilization among the Jews at a time when Europe was inhabited by savages.—American Israelite.

## Shocking Mortality.

The crowded ship gave a sudden lurch.

There was a splash.

"Oh," wailed the young woman who had been sitting near the rail reading a book, "think of all those lives being lost!"

But nothing could be done, and she gazed sadly at her copy of "Plutarch" dancing merrily on the waves far astern.—Chicago Tribune.

## A Kafir Story.

This Kafir story is true: A Christian Zulu-Kafir was heard recounting to another Kafir a vision of heaven of which he had had a dream. "And saw you any Kafirs there?" inquired his listener. The teller of the story pondered awhile, and then "No," said he, "for I did not look into the kitchen."

## The Silver Dining.

Mrs. Suburbs (after the crash)—There is another of my china dishes gone! Suburbs—Never mind, dear; it has stopped the cook's singing.

At one time during the life of John Bright there were no fewer than seven members of his family with seats in the house of commons.

## The City of Great Britain.

Unless we command the sea we cannot keep open the roads by which our people are fed. Britain has in effect ceased to be a country. She is now, considered from the political and military point of view, a city, though a city with very large parks and pleasures and kitchen gardens in which to grow her flowers, fruits and vegetables. A city, from the point of view of war, may be described as a place which if besieged long enough must fall, since supplies once consumed cannot be replenished. Britain answers to this description. The moment the sea roads to her are closed by an enemy she is, ipso facto, in a state of siege. Face to face with a need so imminent, it would be madness for us to give any consideration to what we hope or believe are the intentions of this or that foreign power. All that we can rightly do in considering how to secure our national safety and independence is to count ships and guns and to compute the units of naval efficiency.—London Spectator.

## A Shooting Gallery Secret.

"Do you see this glass ball?" said the shooting gallery man. It was a ball of hollow glass, an airy glass soap bubble, that had swung all season at the end of a thread in the foreground of the clay pipes, bells and what not that had made up the gallery's target. "This glass ball," the man went on, "is my great money maker. All season long people tried to hit this ball—it was bigger and nearer than any other target—and everybody failed. Thousands of bullets were fired at the ball, thousands of nickels were spent on it, yet here it is, still untouched, my best breadwinner. All wise shooting gallery men have a glass ball like this. It makes such a tempting target, yet it is never hit. It is never hit because the air that precedes a gun charge is sufficient to blow the ball aside, out of the way. You might fire a hundred shots at it, but, like a living thing, like a timid soldier, for instance, it would dodge each shot."

## Mary Anderson's Voice.

Miss Anderson's voice was always her predominant charm. Certain tones in it—so thrilling, so full of wild passion and inexpressible melancholy—went straight to the heart and brought tears into the eyes. The voice is the exponent of the soul. You can paint your face, you can pad your person, you can wear a wig, you can walk in shoes that augment your height, you can in various ways change your body, but your voice will sooner or later reveal you as you are. Just as the style of the writer discloses his character, so the quality of the voice discloses the actor's nature. It seems unlikely that Miss Anderson's melting, tragic tones were uttered in any of her girlish impartsments, but the copious, lovely voice was there, and it gained her first victory.—William Winter in Saturday Evening Post.

## Running as Exercise.

The fact that a person is capable of doing the best running and speed walking before the thirtieth year need not lead those who have passed the third decade to think that they are on the down grade of life, says an authority. These exercises call for elasticity of the arteries, and that lessens soon after the thirtieth year, but powers of endurance increase in the well preserved man or woman up to fifty or fifty-five or even later. Soldiers of fifty are like leather and can perform feats of endurance that would kill the stripling, and the same is true of women.

## Blue Eyes.

That the color of the eyes should affect their strength may seem strange, yet that such is the case need not at this time of day be doubted, and those whose eyes are brown or dark colored should be informed that they are weaker and more susceptible to injury from various causes than gray or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are generally the most powerful, and next to those are gray. The lighter the pupil the greater and longer continued is the degree of tension the eye can sustain.

## A Brave Singer.

"I tell you," said one man to another as they emerged from the dimly lighted corridor of a concert hall, "I envy that fellow who was singing."

"Envy him?" echoed the other. "Well, if I were going to envy a singer I'd select somebody with a better voice. His was about the poorest I ever heard."

"It's not his voice I envy, man," was the reply. "It's his tremendous courage."

## She's the "It."

The Lancashire clergyman who recently left the word "obey" out of the marriage service gives as his reason that he does not wish women to start married life at a disadvantage. But it really matters little in practice. It has long been understood that, though a man and his wife are one, the wife is that one.—London Globe.

## A Good Laugh.

Every hearty laugh tends to prolong life, as it makes the blood flow more rapidly and gives a new and different stimulus to all the organs of the body from what is in force at the other times. The saying, "Laugh and grow fat," has therefore a foundation in fact.

## Withered.

Caller—You call this garden scene "June," but the leaves are all on the ground instead of on the trees. D'Auber—They were on the trees, but the picture got such a withering criticism from the committee that they curled up and fell off.—London Tit-Bits.

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## BARTLEY.

The young friends of Miss Mary Gunther surprised her at her home last Friday evening. The party was a very pleasant affair.

Miss Bernice Stilgebouer and Miss Ruby Robison were given a pleasant party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Stilgebouer last Saturday, it being the anniversary of their twelfth birth day. They received many presents as tokens of friendship.

Mr. Blair gave the children a free ride on his merrygoround Saturday.

E. S. Byfield, Editor of the Indianola Reporter, was a business caller here Friday.

Harry L. Brown made a business trip to Cambridge Tuesday and to McCook, Wednesday.

W. S. Minnick will have a large line of stock in Bartley November 8.

Dr. Brown pleasantly passed the 65th anniversary of his birth Tuesday, October 30th.

Mr. Malmberg has purchased another quarter section of land which join his home place on the west. This makes for Mr. Malmberg one of the best farms in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rawson are entertaining Mr. Rawson's mother who is visiting here.

Robert Fischer went to McCook Friday evening to play the violin for the orchestra there.

Oliver and Luther Busch were here a few days last week.

Elder Clark preached in the Christian church here morning and evening last Sunday. There is a prospect of engaging him as minister for the coming year. If this arrangement is made he will locate here with his family.

Mr. Clegg of Greenwood has purchased the Rich & Correll stock of merchandise, and took possession Monday.

Mrs. Flint's mother is here on a visit from Dundey county.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Saunders, of Stockville, were here this week visiting relatives.

Mr. Talcott of Crete is here looking after his farm interests.

Mr. Rouse has purchased of Miss Maud Miller, her business building formerly occupied as Post Office.

Mrs. W. F. Miller and daughters Miss Maud and Blanch, will visit in the eastern part of the state for two or three months, when they will return, and put up a new business building to be used for millinery store.

Will Hanson of Benkelman, formerly B. & M. agent here was in town, Monday and Tuesday shaking hands with old friends. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Sipe.

Mrs. Ed Sullivan is visiting with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Probasco this week.

Dr. J. E. Hawthorn is having an Acetylen lighting plant put into his residence.

M. D. Hobbs was a business visitor here Wednesday. His daughter Mrs. H. L. Brown and children returned with him for a few days visit.

E. E. Shoemaker is erecting a new slaughter house. John Jones is the captner.

The past ten days has been the busiest ever had in the lumber yard here. Improvements are going on all around here.

Jones, Finnegan & Crammer are building an addition to their store room in which to put their furniture.

## INDIANOLA.

Miss Lois Bosworth of McCook visited with Theresa Lehn this week.

Miss May Moore arrived home Tuesday evening from her visit that extended over eighteen weeks, in West Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio.

Young Stotherd and Mrs. Finney were married last week, and have gone to Alliance, where Mr. Stotherd will work at his trade.

Mrs. Rose Free went to McCook last Saturday evening for a few days visit with acquaintances.

Miss Russell who has been visiting relatives in Indianola departed for her home in Chicago, Friday night.

Fred Flannigan and Stella Crocker were married at the Catholic church Wednesday morning.

Miss Melissa Dean and Will Harlum of Cambridge, were the guests of Miss Mamie Mann last week.

Mayor Puckett, Ernest Crabtree, Frank Hardesty and J. R. Lyons, drove up to McCook, Wednesday evening to attend the M. W. A. exercises at that place.

Quite a number of relatives came up from Bennet to attend the funeral of Mrs. D. Schoenthal, on Tuesday last.

Mrs. Don Quigley's babe is very sick at this time.

Archie McNeil has moved out to the farm and will henceforth be a tiller of the soil.

Mrs. Jackson of Sidney, Iowa, is here for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Arch Mann.

Mrs. Conrod Miller is quite poorly, but it is hoped that with careful nursing, she may regain her wanted health.

Several accessions to the M. E. church were made last Sunday evening.

R. E. Smith and William Taylor have finished painting the Catholic church.

Mrs. Tillie Bobbs and little daughter of Denver, Colorado, are visitors in the home of her father, C. A. Hotze.

Protracted meetings are in ses-

sion at the Congregational church this week. The pastor, N. H. Hawkins is assisted by Reverends Hawkes of McCook, and Noyce of Trenton.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ryan had the misfortune to lose, by death, their little two months old baby. The child died Saturday and was buried Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Colling left last week for a sojourn in Colorado, in hopes the change may be of benefit to Mrs. Colling, whose health is poor.

Miss Emma Lang and Martin Rink were married at the Catholic church Tuesday morning by Father Kelley. They left on 12 for a short wedding trip. Plenty of young people were in waiting at the train, and the young couple were showered with rice and old shoes.

In a recent letter from Edison to a friend at this place, Mrs. John Balding writes that they have not yet gone to housekeeping, but are making their home for the present with Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Simmons.

A large crowd of youngsters went out to the home of Andy Lambert, Tuesday evening, and had a Halloween party. Everybody had a lovely time. Refreshments were served during the evening.

Mrs. D. W. Schoenthal who has been ailing for sometime, died at her home two miles north of town Sunday afternoon.

Thus has another home been made desolate. A husband and three small children are left to mourn for one who was altogether lovely, and who will be missed by the whole community in which she lived. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. E. Smith assisted by Rev. Hawkins of the Congregational church.

A very large concourse of people followed the remains to their last resting place. Be not afraid! 'Tis but a pang and a thrill, a fever fit, an ague chill, and then an end to human ill. For thou art dead.

## LIBRARY NOTES.

We have added about fifty volumes of bound magazines to the collection at the library, this makes us about three hundred in all.

We have also subscribed for three new periodicals, "The Saturday Evening Post," "St. Nicholas" and "The Supplement to The Scientific American."

A number of new books have been ordered and we expect same some time this week.

Library hours, mornings from 10:30 to 12 o'clock, afternoons 1:30 to 6 o'clock, evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock, Sunday afternoons from 2 to 5 o'clock.

LIBRARIAN.