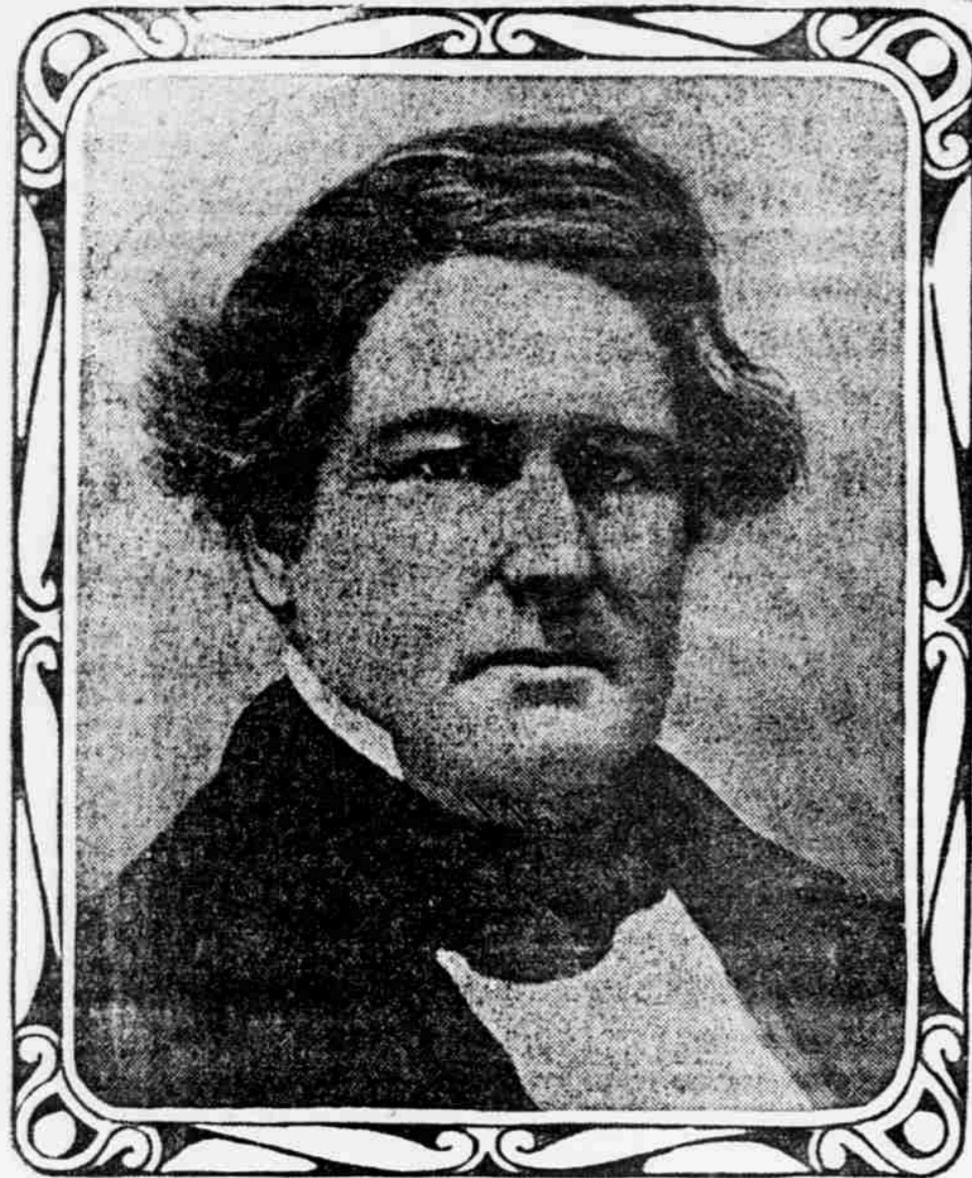


OUR PRESIDENTS



MILLARD FILLMORE.

The thirteenth president of the United States succeeded to the presidency at the death of Zachary Taylor, July 9, 1850. He was born in Cayuga county, N. Y., in 1800. For many years he practiced law at Buffalo. He served several terms in congress and was elected vice president on the Whig ticket with Zachary Taylor in 1848. During his presidency diplomatic relations were established with Japan, and the famous slavery compromise measures were passed. Fillmore was the candidate of the Know Nothing party in 1856, but received the electoral vote of only one state, Maryland. He died in Buffalo in 1874.

The Scrap Book

Engaged.

A well known evangelist at the close of one of his most stirring addresses approached a big, stolid looking German in the congregation who had paid the closest attention to the discourse. "Are you a Christian?" asked the evangelist.

"Nein—Sherman."

"Oh, German? Well, would you not like to become a Christian and work for the Master?"

"Nein. I have youst got a shob to drive an ice wagon."

ASPIRATION.

I am the blush of the summer rose,
The flush of the morn,
The smile on the face of the dead,
The song newly born
From heart of the poet, from shell of the sea,
From rush of the river that oceanward flows.

I am immortal. Who knows me is glad.
Men give me the name
Of passions that kindle the soul—
Love, faith, beauty, fame—
I dwell with all these, yet am higher
than all.
Without me the angels of heaven were sad.
—Edith Willis Linn.

Sim Peck's Deer Hunt.

A self conscious young clergyman was "supplying" the pulpit of a country church. After the service he asked a deacon what he thought of "this morning's effort."

"Waal," answered the old man slowly, "it reminded me of Sim Peck's first deer hunt when he was green. He followed the deer's tracks all right, but he followed 'em all day in the wrong direction."

A Militant Republican.

Congressman John Sharp Williams tells of the militant republicanism of a man he met in Rome several years ago. The man was a merchant in a small town in New York.

One morning they went out for a ride in a victoria and passed King Humbert. The people lifted their hats to the king, and he bowed in return. As his carriage passed the one in which Williams and his friend were riding Mr. Williams lifted his hat, and the king bowed and smiled. The merchant sat bolt upright, looking straight ahead, and did not raise his hat.

"Don't you know who that is?" asked Williams.

"Yes. It's King Humbert. I recognized him the minute I saw him."

"Then why didn't you bow to him as I did?"

The merchant stiffened in his seat and squared his shoulders.

"I don't bow to no kings," he said.

The Real Thing In Ancestors.

"Have ye anny ancesters, Mrs. Kelly?" asked Mrs. O'Brien.

"An' phwat's ancesters?"

"Why, people you shprung from."

"Listen to me, Mrs. O'Brien," said Mrs. Kelly impressively. "I come from the rale sbtock av Donahues that sprnging from nobody. They shprung at thim!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Both Should Be Thankful.

Mgr. Farley was crossing one day from New Haven to Deepse when a young Frenchman attempted to take him in hand. This young man scoffed at religion and at clergymen, but he was unable to draw the monsignore's fire.

Finally the foolish youth resorted to sheer impudence.

"Gentlemen," he

winking in the clergyman's direction, "gentlemen, I am informed that in the strange land of Madagascar whenever they hang a priest they hang a donkey along with him."

The young man laughed, and Mgr. Farley, looking at him mildly, said: "Well, let us both be thankful, my young friend, that we are not in Madagascar."

Chickens of Leisure.

Mrs. Goldvein of Cripple Creek, having come into a fortune through a lucky strike, set up a country home near Denver, where she lived in style. One day while she was showing some of her old time friends about the place they came to the poultry yard.

"What beautiful chickens!" the visitors exclaimed.

"All prize fowl," haughtily explained the hostess.

"Do they lay every day?" was the next question.

"Oh, they could, of course, but in our position it is not necessary for them to do so."—Lippincott's.

Met His Match.

When Alexis Caswell was president of Brown university a student named Betterly called on him. After conversing a moment upon the object of his visit the president asked him his name and upon being told said jovially, "Your name would be better without the last syllable, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," replied the student, with a laugh, "and wouldn't yours be as well without the C?"

Took Him at His Word.

The late Bishop Thomas Frederick Davies of Detroit once told an interesting story of an elopement. He figured in this elopement as the officiating clergyman. It was in Philadelphia, during his rectorship of St. Peter's.

The proprietor of one of the largest dry goods houses in Philadelphia had noticed for some months the melancholy attitude of his head clerk, a young man whom he held in high regard.

The clerk's pallor and increasing leanness, his frequent sighs and absentmindedness, worried the millionaire proprietor. He questioned the young man daily. Finally the clerk admitted that he was in love.

"Well," said the head, "marry her. Your salary is big enough."

"Ah," said the clerk sadly, "you don't understand. She belongs to one of the first families of Philadelphia, and her father is a millionaire."

"Well, maybe he wasn't when he married. You have a good position and a good name. You are a fair match for any girl."

"It's no use," sighed the clerk. "Her parents would not listen to me for one moment."

"Then elope with her."

"Do you advise that?" the clerk asked excitedly.

"Certainly I do. Is she— Do I know her?"

"Yes. She will be at your dance at Devon tomorrow night."

"Well, see here. I'll have my coachman out in front of my gate at 9:30. Rush the girl off into town and marry her. I'll arrange with a clergyman for you."

"By Jove," said the clerk, "I'll do it!" And he did. The next night Dr. Davies performed the ceremony, and an hour or two later the millionaire found his daughter missing and was telegraphing in every direction to the young couple to come home and all would be forgiven.

Several Ways to Hatch Chickens.

The teacher had been talking about a hen sitting on eggs, and, with the incubator in his mind, asked if eggs

could be hatched in any other way. "Yes, put 'em under a duck," was the response.

Something Had to Be Done.

The visiting minister was walking along the shady country road to a church where he was to preach that day, when he saw a little boy digging vigorously into the bank by the roadside. He stopped and asked the boy why he worked so hard on Sunday.

"I'm digging for a woodchuck, sir," replied the boy.

"Well, my son, don't you know it is wrong to do that on Sunday, and you won't get him?"

"Not get him?" exclaimed the boy; "why, I've got to get him. The minister's coming to our house to dinner today and we ain't got any meat."—Ladies' Home Journal.

His P. S.

A young countryman was courting a city bred damsel and proposed to her by letter. He added a P. S.: "Please let me have your answer by return post, as I have somebody else in my eye."

An All Round Misfit.

The late James McNeil Whistler was standing bareheaded in a hat shop, the clerk having taken his hat to another part of the shop for comparison. A man rushed in with his hat in his hand and, supposing Whistler to be a clerk, angrily confronted him.

"See here," he said, "this hat doesn't fit."

Whistler eyed the stranger critically from head to foot and then drawled out:

"Well, neither does your coat. What's more, if you will pardon my saying so, I'll be hanged if I care much for the color of your trousers."—Everybody's.

Perkin Warbeck's Parents.

King Edward asked Prince Edward of Wales what he was studying, and the little prince said, "All about Perkin Warbeck." Asked who Warbeck was, he replied: "He pretended he was the son of a king, but he wasn't. He was the son of respectable parents."

His Fighting List.

Mike sat busily engaged in copying the names of the male population of the immediate vicinity. His good wife, noting the apparent industry of her lord, asked what he was doing.

"Begorra, an' it's wrothin' the names o' the min phwat Oi kin lick, so Oi am!" he exclaimed.

A few minutes later the woman put on her shawl and went to Pat O'Leary's humble home, where she informed Pat that she saw his name on the list.

Without waiting to don his coat, O'Leary sallied forth in search of Mike, who was found still engaged at the list.

"Moike," said Pat in a tone that sounded like the thunders of heaven, "they say as how yez air makin' a list o' the felleys yez kin lick an' that me name's on it."

"An' so 'tis," retorted Mike.

"But, rist yer soul," exclaimed Pat, shaking his fist close to Mike's probovis, "yez can't do it!"

"Thin O'Pl scratch yer name off," said Mike feebly, and he continued adding to the list.

Handicapped, but Healthy.

"Shure, it's married I am, Malone, since I last saw ye, an' I've got a fine healthy bhoys, which the neighbors say is the very piter of me."

"Och, well, what's the harrum so long as the child's healthy?"

The Wrong Number.

Patrick was working in the yards of a railroad. One day he happened to be in the yard office when the force was out. The telephone bell rang vigorously several times, and he at last decided it ought to be answered. He walked over to the instrument, took down the receiver and put his mouth to the transmitter, just as he had seen others do.

"Hello!" he called.

"Hello! Is this eight-six-one-five-nine?"

"Aw g'wan! Phwat d'ye tink Oi am—a box car?"

Mutual Recognition.

A southern lawyer had gone to a northern state to practice his profession, but as he got no clients and stood a good chance of starving he decided to return south. Without any money he got into a train for Nashville, Tenn., intending to seek employment as a reporter on one of the newspapers. When the conductor called for his ticket, he said: "I am on the staff of — of Nashville. I suppose you will pass me."

The conductor looked at him sharply. "The editor of that paper is in the smoker. Come with me. If he identifies you, all right."

He followed the conductor into the smoker, and the situation was explained. Mr. Editor said: "Oh, yes, I recognize him as one of the staff. It is all right."

Before leaving the train the lawyer sought the editor. "Why did you say you recognized me? I'm not on your paper."

"I'm not the editor either. I'm traveling on his pass and was scared to death lest you should give me away."

The Priest and the Rabbi.

Father Kelly and Rabbi Levi were seated opposite each other at a banquet where some delicious roast ham was served, and Father Kelly made comments upon its flavor. Presently he leaned forward, and in a voice that carried far he addressed his friend:

"Rabbi Levi, when are you going to become liberal enough to eat ham?"

"At your wedding, Father Kelly," retorted the rabbi.

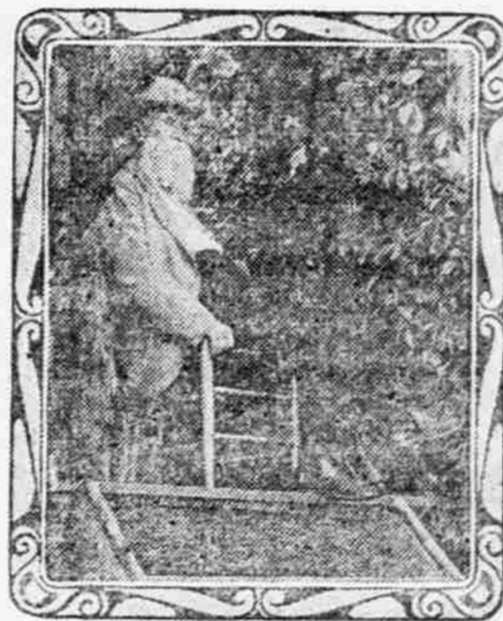
Strange Doings Of Animals.

President Roosevelt's criticism of the so called "nature fakir" writers has had one unexpected result. It has produced a crop of stories about the strange doings of animals all labeled as true and some of them accompanied with affidavits. The students of animals do not all agree about the amount of intelligence the latter possess. John Burroughs says: "The wild creatures get up no private theatricals for our benefit. There are no well organized games; there are no arts and crafts exhibitions. There is only a world of unreasoning wild things behaving as they have behaved since man has known them, each after his kind."

That represents one side of the controversy. On the other hand, in defining his point of view as a writer about animals Dr. William J. Long, who was criticized by President Roosevelt, says, "I describe the unusual things among wild animals and call them unusual and so make you interested in the animal, so that you will watch and find out other interesting things for yourself."

One of Dr. Long's stories to which objection has been made by other naturalists tells how a wolf killed a deer by "a quick snap under the stag's chest just behind the forelegs, where the heart lay." Mr. Burroughs says no wolf could do it, that he would have to have teeth eight or nine inches long to reach the heart. Dr. Long says the point of a deer's heart lies close against the chest walls and when the walls sink at each respiration a very slight wound between the ribs or through the breast cartilage is all that is necessary to reach it.

Another story told by Dr. Long and accompanied by a stack of affidavits recited how a woodcock set its own broken leg in clay and stood on the other leg while the clay hardened. Mr. Burroughs said this was too much for him to believe, but Dr. Long has come



JOHN BURROUGHS AT SLABSIDES, HIS CABIN IN THE WOODS.

to the front with the following, duly testified to by S. M. Reese of Gallion, O.:

One day when hunting woodcock I shot one which had evidently broken its leg. There was a bandage around it composed of clay interwoven with grass or a woody fiber of some kind. The bones seemed to have knit together perfectly. The swelling was nearly all gone, the bandage was loose, and in my opinion would soon have dropped off. I gave the leg, with the bandage on it, to one of our leading physicians and surgeons, who expressed himself emphatically, saying that it was a better job than many surgeons could do. Dr. Coyle kept the woodcock's leg at his office and later exhibited it at a convention of physicians and surgeons of this county.

Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological park, gives animals credit for the possession of more reasoning power than Mr. Burroughs does, but he says there is a limit to their capacity to reason, and he characterizes Dr. Long as "a highly imaginative nature writer." But Dr. Hornaday can tell some pretty good stories himself. He relates how a wise orangoutang at the Bronx zoo refused to be trained by his keepers to do anything, but in playing by himself with a stick one day he found out after numerous trials how to use it as a lever. He was as jubilant over the discovery as Archimedes himself could have been. Armed with the knowledge of what he could accomplish with his lever, he set to work to pry apart the bars of his cage, and his scientific propensities soon had to be curbed.

From the zoological gardens in Central park, New York, comes the story of how a baby leopard adopted a baby sparrow. The strange pair seemed to appreciate each other's company and apparently were a loving couple. The leopard, about three months old, was placed in a cage by itself and given some shin bones of beef with which it might strengthen its jaws and sharpen its teeth. A half grown sparrow flew into the enclosure. The leopard eyed the bird narrowly for a moment and then crept toward it. The sparrow, not in the least afraid, began picking small pieces of meat from one of the shin bones, and the leopard, instead of gobbling it down at one gulp, began licking the little thing in a caressing way. Then the leopard laid down, and the sparrow flew upon its back and remained there. After a time it flew away, but a little later came back. Every time the bird flew away the leopard got on to its feet and watched and waited till the sparrow returned. The bird spent the afternoon either pecking about the cage or roosting on the leopard's back.

She Knew.

Husband—My dear Emily, why is it I am always in the wrong? Wife—Because I am always in the right."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

WORM EATING.

One of the Trades Classed as Dangerous in England.

Time was when it was difficult to obtain an antique oak escritoire or a set of twelve solid dining room chairs for anything less than £10. But "Nous avons change tout cela," as they say in Brittany. Nowadays, thanks to the indefatigable labors of the worm eater, we can purchase furniture of almost any age, in almost any condition of senile decay, for a modest sum. The worm eater is indeed a public benefactor, one who does good by stealth and would blush to find it fame if he had not long ago renounced the gentle art of blushing.

He is usually an elderly man with a slight hump, is the worm eater. In early youth he was apprenticed to a jobbing house carpenter, but by sheer ability, by pluck, grit, perseverance and the exercise of those qualities of body and mind which men call genius, he has risen above his station and the sphere in which he was born and now occupies a position in the professional world as far above that of his original employer as Portland place is above Pimlico. He is not, however, unduly uplifted by success. He does not desert his old master. Nay, more, upon his talents do the finances of his employer largely depend. Vainly may the carpenter piece together fragments of deal into the shape of a bureau; vainly may he turn empty woden biscuit boxes into cabinets. The public will not look at his wares until the master hand of the worm eater has been laid upon these trumpery modern fabrics with a mellowing touch that is only comparable to that of Father Time.

Wrestling the common deal armchair from the clutch of the carpenter, our hero proceeds to paint it all over with a solution of beer and boot blacking until it presents the appearance of extreme age. He then takes a diminutive gimlet from his pocket and makes a number of minute holes in the legs and back of the chair until even an expert would think that a worm had been making its mighty nest for centuries in the wood from which this article of furniture is manufactured. (The worm is nature's lathe. He turns things while you wait; hence the old saying to the effect that the worm will turn. You cannot prevent him.)

The chair is now ready to be displayed in the window of "Ye Olde Antique Seconde Hande Furniture Shoppe," where it will be labeled: "A Bargain. Only £37. Supposed to have been one of the Duke of Buckingham's family seats." And it will eventually be bought by a wealthy American millionaire who wishes to furnish his home in Mogsville, Va., in a style some three centuries anterior to the discovery of his continent. You may wonder perhaps why I have included the profession of the worm eater in the list of "dangerous trades." The danger with which the worm eater is invariably faced is that at any moment he may be found out and sentenced to six months' hard labor for intent to defraud. Truly 'tis a hard life and worthy of all your sympathies.—London Tatler.

Talking About the Baby.

When the visitors asked the mother how old her infant was she replied without hesitation that he was four months.

"Why, no, he isn't," corrected the father, who sat near by; "he is only three and a half months."

"I suppose I shall have to learn it," said the young mother resignedly. "I feel that in a very short while I shall be doing the very thing for which I laughed at mothers in the days before I was married. Then when they told me the ages of their infants in months, weeks and days I thought it was supremely silly. When one would say to me, 'Willie is three months, three weeks and four days old,' I was wont to shrug my shoulders and wonder why she didn't put it in round numbers. 'Four months would be near enough in all conscience,' I would say to myself.

"Also I used to hear that 'Anthony weighs nine pounds and eight ounces,' and that seemed to me a waste of breath; either eight or nine pounds would have been near enough to have satisfied any one's curiosity. But now I am deemed an unnatural mother if I put my child's age or weight in round numbers, and so, being corrected, I will tell you that my precious pet, who is the very sweetest thing that ever happened, is, as his father amends, 'three months, two weeks and—let me see—six days old.'"—Baltimore News.

A Study in Names.

The names on the little vestibule plates in a New York apartment house are the subject of a letter from New York in a Vienna paper. "I had to stand in the little space," the writer says, "waiting for some one five flights up to pull a string which opens the entrance door. This took a long time, and I had opportunity to study the names of the people in the house. These were some of the names: Becker, Schneider, Schuster, Kerner, Schreiner, Fuhrman and Drucker. At first I thought that the various apartments were occupied by persons engaged in trades named on the little signs, but this was not so. Becker (baker) was a clerk; Schneider (tailor) was a railroad employee; Schuster (shoemaker) was a cigarmaker; Kerner (waiter) was an electrician; Schreiner (carpenter) was a woman, a dressmaker; Fuhrman (teamster) was a barber, and Drucker (printer) was a painter. The person whom I visited escorted me to the door and called my attention to one little sign which I had overlooked. It was inscribed 'Baker.' 'That,' he said, 'is the only American family in the house, and they have a boarder whose name is Carpenter. Both men are ironworkers.' It all made me think I had been at a labor union convention."

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