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ABSENCE OF MIND.

A Funny Story About Ampere, the Fa-
mous Mathematician.

You all know the old joke of the pro-
fessor who, pondering over the saying
that in a railway accident absence of
body was a good deal better than ab-
sence of mind, went to the nearest
railway station and tried to take a
ticket "for the nearest railway acci-
dent," so as to have the matter proved
to his own satisfaction. You doubt-
less know the story, too, of the pro-
fessor of mathematics whose new par-
lor maid told him when he rang at his
own door that Professor Jones was
out. "I'll call again, I'll call again," he
said and went away.

But these are stories merely. Here,
however, are some incidents from real
life: Ampere was remarkably absent-
minded. Hundreds of stories of his
absentmindedness are told, but quite
the funniest is that of his dinner at the
house of M. Fontanes, the grand mas-
ter of the University of Paris. For a
joke somebody had told Ampere that
he must go to the dinner in his acade-
mician's uniform of green and gold
and girt with his sword. When he got
to the house he was very much an-
noyed to find everybody else in ordi-
nary evening dress. "I will get rid of
the sword at all events," he said to
himself and slipped it behind the cush-
ions of a sofa. After dinner Ampere
forgot himself, as usual, and became
lost in abstruse calculation. He took a
little piece of chalk out of his pocket
and began working out problems on
the black satin cover of the mantel-
piece. He became so absorbed in what
he was doing that all the guests left
without his noticing them, and when
he wrote down Q. E. D. no one was
left in the room except Mme. Fonta-
nes, and she unfortunately sat fast
asleep on the sofa where Ampere's
sword lay hidden.

Ampere went down upon his knees
and pulled gently at the sword, so as
to get it away without waking the
lady. He pulled and pulled, and pres-
ently the sword came out—without the
scabbard. At this moment Mme. Fonta-
nes awoke and alarmed the house
with her screams of terror at seeing a
man on his knees before her with a
drawn sword in his hand.

But mathematical professors have
not the monopoly of absentminded-
ness. La Fontaine, whose fables are
the delight of adult Frenchmen and
their children's earliest task, went to
the court of Louis XVI. to present a
copy of his fables to the king. And he
forgot the book. Fortunately, the king
knew La Fontaine, his fables and his
foibles and gave him a thousand pis-
toles (about \$250). Unfortunately,
though, La Fontaine left the money in
his hired carriage on his way back to
Paris.

But the prettiest piece of absent-
mindedness of which I have ever heard
was that of Professor Pozzi, who ask-
ed a lady who was bewailing the fact
that she had no children whether she
thought the failing was hereditary.
This is even more amusing than the
delightful answer made by the engi-
neer of the Seine tunnel, M. Berlier, to
a servant who told him when he went
to call upon his lawyer that that gen-
tleman had died that morning. "Oh,"
said M. Berlier, "dear, dear, I'm so sor-
ry. But tell him I won't keep him a
minute."—St. James' Gazette.

Oil Wells at Sea.

The whale is by no means the only
source of marine oil. Though little
known to fame, the humble menhaden
yields oil and fertilizer worth \$1,000,-
000 a year, giving employment to 1,800
fishermen and 1,600 employees of fifty
factories. The people who are so
profitably engaged in slaughtering
700,000,000 of these fishes every year
naturally claim that they were created
providentially for the express purpose,
since they are not fit for food, and yet
the supply seems inexhaustible. No
one knows whence they come or whither
they go. All we know is that every
spring vast schools of them appear in
the gulf of Mexico, heading north in
closely packed masses, near the surface,
utterly incapable of either defense or
escape. All that is needed is simply
to scoop them up with big seines.—
Brooklyn Eagle.

A Costly Autograph.

At a charitable sale in Paris once
Baron Rothschild stopped at a stall
conducted by Gyp, and the fair lit-
térateur addressed him with the usual
request to buy something.

"What am I to buy?" said the baron.
"You have nothing at all suitable for
me. But I have an idea. I should like
to have your autograph. Sell me that."
Taking a sheet of paper, the lady
wrote upon it, "Received from Baron
Rothschild the sum of 1,000 francs
for the benefit of charity. Gyp."

Baron Rothschild read it, thanked
her and, handing her a note for the
amount named, went away delighted
with the lady's ingenuity.

The Daughter Balked.

"I thought," said old Groucherly,
"that I could save money by refusing
to give my consent to my daughter's
marriage with young Huggins, but it's
no go."

"What's the trouble?" queried the
friend of the family.
"She declines to elope," explained the
old man, with a large, open faced
sigh.—Chicago News.

His Scheme.

Snoggs—My daughter is going to
marry young Scroggs. Boggis—Why, I
thought you hated him. Snoggs—I do.
This is a scheme of mine to have my
wife become his mother-in-law.—Cleve-
land Leader.

Hear one side and you will be in the
dark. Hear both sides and all will be
clear.—Halliburton.

A FOOL QUESTION.

Asked In a Railway Station, It Won a
Caustic Reply.

He stood at the ticket window slowly
unrolling an old fashioned leather bag,
while a dozen men stood behind him,
driven to madness by the shouting of
the gatemen calling their trains. After
he got about a yard and a half of bag
unrolled he suddenly stopped and said
to the ticket clerk:

"Is that clock right?"

"No, sir."

"Tain't?" shouted the startled pas-
senger, stooping down and making a
sudden clutch at a lean and hungry
carpetbag. "Tain't right? Well,
what 'n the name of common sense do
ye have it stuck up there for, then?"

"To fool people," calmly replied the
clerk. "That's what we're here for—to
fool people and misdirect them."

"Great Scott!" said the passenger,
hurriedly rolling up his bag. "I've
missed my train. I'll report you, I
will!"

"Won't do any good. It's the compa-
ny's orders. They pay a man to go
round every morning to mix and muddle
up all the clocks, so that not one of
them will be right and no two of them
alike."

The passenger gasped twice or thrice,
but could not say anything. The ticket
clerk went on:
"It's the superintendent's idea. He
is fond of fun, enjoys a joke, and it
does him good to see a man jump about
and hear him jaw when he buys a
ticket and then finds his train has been
gone two hours."

"Which way is this clock wrong?"
the passenger asked in despairing ac-
cents—"fast or slow?"

"Don't know. That's part of the fun
not to let anybody in the building know
anything about the right time. All I
know is that it's about ninety minutes
wrong one way or the other."

With a hollow groan the passenger
grabbed his bag and made a rush for
the door, upsetting any man who got
in his way. In about two minutes he
came back, crestfallen and meek, and
took his place at the end of the line.
When once more he walked up to the
window he said, as he named his sta-
tion and bought his ticket like a sane
man:

"What made you talk to me like you
did?"

"What made you ask questions like
a fool?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

PLEASANT JAILS.

The Way Prisoners in Montenegro Are
Treated.

When I paid a visit to the Cetinje
jail I found that all the prisoners were
out for a walk. For two hours every
morning and again for two hours in
the afternoon they are allowed to wan-
der about on the green before the pris-
on. There is nothing, indeed, but their
own sense of honor to prevent their
going farther afield unless they be
murderers, in which case they wear
chains. The authorities provide them
with housing, of course, and with
clothes—not uniform—also with a fire
at which to cook their food, and they
give them fourpence a day each to
buy it. The prisoners cater for them-
selves. Two of them go to the market
every morning to buy provisions for
the day. They are not required to work
unless they choose, and they are classed
not according to the seriousness
of their offense, but according to their
standard of life and general behavior.
If a man of education and refinement
is sent to prison, care is taken to lodge
him, so far as possible, in a room
where the other occupants belong to
his own rank in life. I found on one
bed a beautiful counterpane and a pil-
low covered with delicate embroidery.
"Yes, poor fellow, that's his wife's
handiwork," the governor of the jail
remarked casually as we passed. In
one prison life was made so easy and
pleasant that on leaving it I ventured
to remark that to be there was no pun-
ishment, it seemed to me.

"No punishment!" the official who
was with me exclaimed in surprise.
"But think of the disgrace of being
here. Is not that in itself punishment
enough?"

I had and still have doubts on the
subject, for I had just seen a cheery
old fellow who, although the time for
which he was sentenced had expired,
stoutly refused to quit the prison.—
Edith Sellers in Fortnightly Review.

White Africans.

The Berbers, who, although African,
are as white as Europeans, are the
oldest white race on record, says an
explorer. They are supposed to have
come from the south of Europe in an-
cient days, the Dundee Advertiser
says, and, although their language and
customs are entirely different from
ours and their religion Mohammedan,
they are probably closely akin by de-
scendant. Blue eyes and fair hair are
not at all uncommon among the Ber-
bers, and many of them have rosy
cheeks and features so like our own
that they were dressed in British fash-
ion they would easily pass as natives
of the British Isles.

Equality.

Uncle—Hello! Dot got a new doll?
Little Miss Dot—Hush, uncle; don't
speak too loud! She is not one of my
own, but belonged to Millie Simpson,
who was cruel to her and abandoned her,
so I have 'dopted her, but I don't want
her to know, because I mean to make
no difference between her and my own
dollies.—London Tit-Bits.

What It Was.

"These deceitful women are so ridi-
culous!" said Miss Passay. "As for me,
I was never afraid to tell what my
age was."

"No woman," replied Miss Wise,
"ever minds telling what her age was."
—London Answers.

CITY LODGE DIRECTORY

A. F. & A. M.
McCook Lodge No. 135, A. F. & A. M., meets
every first and third Tuesday of the month, at
8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
CLARENCE B. GRAY, H. P.
CLINTON B. SAWYER, Sec.

DEGREE OF HONOR
McCook Lodge No. 3, D. of H., meets every
second and fourth Tuesday of each month, at 8:30
p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
MRS. LAURA OSBURN, C. of H.
MRS. MATIE G. WELLES, Rec.

EAGLES
McCook Aerie No. 1514, F. O. E., meets the
second and fourth Wednesdays of each month,
at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall. Social meet-
ings on the first and third Wednesdays.
W. H. CUMMINS, W. Pres.
H. P. PETERSON, W. Sec.

EASTERN STAR
Eureka Chapter No. 86, O. E. S., meets the
first and third Fridays of each month, at 8:30
p. m., in Masonic hall.
MRS. SARAH E. KAY, W. M.
SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Sec.

G. A. R.
J. K. Barnes Post No. 207, G. A. R., meets on
the first Saturday of each month at 2:30 p. m.,
Ganschow's hall.
J. M. HENDERSON, Comdr.
J. H. YARGER, Adj.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
McCook Council No. 1126, K. of C., meets the
first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 8:30
p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
C. J. RYAN, G. K.
F. G. LECHLEITER, F. Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
McCook Lodge No. 42, K. of P., meets every
Wednesday, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
C. W. BAENES, K. R. S.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR
St. John Commandery No. 16, K. T., meets on
the second Thursday of each month, at 8:30 p.
m., in Masonic hall.
EMERSON HANSON, E. C.
SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Rec.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS
McCook Division No. 623, B. of L. E., meets
every first and third Saturday of each month, at
8:00 in Berry's hall.
W. C. SCHENCK, C. E.
W. D. BURNETT, F. A. E.

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN
McCook Lodge No. 509, B. of L. E. & E.,
meets every Saturday, at 8:30 p. m., in Gans-
chow's hall.
W. R. PENNINGTON, M.
W. S. BIXLER, Sec.

MODERN WOODMEN
Noble Camp No. 663, M. W. A., meets every
second and fourth Thursday of each month, at
8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
JOHN HUNT, V. C.
BARNEY HOFER, Clerk.

ODD FELLOWS
McCook Lodge No. 137, I. O. O. F., meets every
Monday, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
E. H. DOAN, N. G.
SCOTT DOAN, Sec.

P. E. O.
Chapter X, P. E. O., meets the second and
fourth Saturdays of each month, at 2:30 p. m.,
at the homes of the various members.
MRS. C. W. BRITT, Pres.
MRS. J. G. SCHWEL, Cor. Sec.

RAILWAY CONDUCTORS
Harvey Division No. 95, O. R. C., meets the
second and fourth Sundays of each month, at
3:30 p. m., in Diamond's hall.
JOE HEDENBERGER, C. Con.
M. O. MCCLURE, Sec.

RAILWAY TRAINMEN
C. W. Bronson Lodge No. 457, B. of R. T.,
meets every Friday at 8:30 p. m., in Berry's
hall.
H. W. CONOVER, M.
F. J. HESTON, Sec.

WORKMEN
McCook Lodge No. 61, A. O. U. W., meets every
Monday, at 8:30 p. m., in Diamond's hall.
WEBB STEPHENS, M. W.
C. B. GRAY, Rec.

R. A. M.
King Cyrus Chapter No. 35, R. A. M., meets
every first and third Thursday of each month, at
8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
CLARENCE B. GRAY, H. P.
CLINTON B. SAWYER, Sec.

ROYAL NEIGHBOHS
Noble Camp No. 922, K. N. A., meets every
second and fourth Thursday of each month, at
2:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
MRS. MARY WALKER, Oracle.
MRS. AUGUSTA ANTON, Rec.

R. S. M.
Oe-co-nox ee Council No. 16, R. S. M., meets on
the last Saturday of each month, at 8:30 p. m.,
in Masonic hall.

RALPH A. HAGBERG, T. I. M.
SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Sec.

W. O. W.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays at 8
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CHAS. F. MARKWAD, C. C.
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ductory sale, authorizes us to sell their
regular fifty cent bottles at half-price, 25
cents, and, although we have sold a lot
of it, and have guaranteed every package
not one has been brought back as unsat-
isfactory. There are sixty doses in a
vial that can be carried in the vest pocket
or purse, and every one has more medi-
cinal power than a big pill or tablet or
a tumbler of mineral water. We are
still selling the specific at half-price,
although we cannot tell how long we
be able to do so, and anyone who is sub-
ject to constipation, sick headache, diz-
ziness, liver trouble, indigestion, or a
general play-out condition, ought to
take advantage of this chance."

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