

FACTS AND FANCIES.

BY ALLAN D. MAY.

We never heard of a man committing suicide by burying himself alive.

Honestly now, which would you rather beat to death, a book agent or an assessor?

Some people try to make a college graduate impression with an eighth grade education.

We suppose you know by this time whether or not you have any relatives living in St. Louis.

We suggest that Falls City hold an exposition next summer to celebrate the digging of the Nemaha.

There are as many people to blame you for what you don't do, as there are to blame you for what you do.

If some girls let this year go by without accomplishing anything, they are reasonably certain to die old maids.

About next winter somebody will give and "old fashioned" party and expect every one present to play flinch.

A man died recently and a friend sent the widow a statement of money her husband owed him on a poker debt.

We never could see any sense in the expression, "sleeps like a log." To say, "sleeps like a cat," would be more expressive.

We wonder if there are still mothers who forbid their boys to play "leap frog" because they might get their backs broken.

We don't believe the St. Louis fair will amount to much. The advertisements do not mention a balloon ascension or a horse race.

It is pretty hard to find a person who has been out of the high-school more than two years who can still extract the square root of a number.

If the St. Louis convention should throw Bryan over the transom, there will be a fortune in it for the man who is present with a kinetoscope.

A youth went to his first dance the other night and during the evening danced with all the girls present except four. The next day he wrote a note to each of the four and apologized, saying that the dance broke up before he could get around to them.

If the man who makes the weather forecast for Nebraska had been in Falls City last Friday, he would probably have been burned at the stake. On Thursday the message came that Friday would be fair and warmer, and some men went to bed with the intention of planting potatoes and onions and lettuce on the mor-

row, and others planned to go fishing, but when Friday came, with it came the first cousin to a genuine blizzard. There was snow on the ground and more falling, and a cold raw wind was blowing. What the people said about the weather man was not for publication.

We are accustomed to speak of the dead as having entered into eternal rest, and yet how few of us have ever paused to think what that would really mean. Eternal rest; ages and ages of idleness; cycles upon cycles of indolence. Would that be heaven, and would it be a place, or a condition rather, of eternal contentment? Personally, we do not believe that it would. Rest is enjoyed only in proportion to the labor that preceded it. As Longfellow says of a village blacksmith;

"Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done
Has earned a night's repose."

Had the village blacksmith not stood all day in his little smithy "under the spreading chestnut tree," and scattered the sparks to the delight of "the children going home from school," he would not have earned the night's repose, nor would that repose have been sweet, if unearned. The rest that follows honest toil is the sweetest rest. We have known men who have spent years on the farm, sowing and reaping, plowing and harvesting, and when age had found them, with eye dimmed, and the strength of the arm gone, but with money in the bank, they have left the farm and moved to town, to spend the remainder of their days in leisure—they have entered into rest. But ere many days have passed, a new and strange monotony enters into their lives. They have comfortable homes, plenty to eat and wear and nothing to do. Aye,

COAL AND WOOD

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I have just received a car of salt which I can furnish you in lump rock, crushed fine rock salt 100 lb. in sack, No. 1 rock salt for ice cream, No. 1 Michigan barrel salt, No. 1 Michigan sack salt 70 lb. in sack just the thing for house use.

Also received a car of Illinois washed nut coal, just the thing for cook stove or range, \$6.00 a ton delivered, satisfaction guaranteed. I can deliver you flour, feed, grain, hay and straw, wood for heating and cook stove, on short notice. I pay cash for butter eggs and poultry, rubber, copper, brass, zinc and old iron.

O. P. HECK

CASH FOR EGGS

Current Press Comments.

A Bad Egg.

The Falls City Journal printed a football in red on its front page for an easter egg greeting. It was doubtless a rooster egg.—Hiawatha World.

Compensation.

The boys and girls will gladly help rake the yard if you will let them have a bon fire and war dance in the evening.—Platts-mouth News Herald.

Oversight.

Senator Burton seems to have been a forehanded chap but when he failed to provide himself with a technicality he put his foot in it.—Auburn Herald.

Graft.

An Emporia man put in a claim for one dollar with the administrator of a friends estate for his services as pall bearer at the funeral.—Morrill News.

Falls City Needs Some.

The residents of North Fifth street are raising a fund by popular subscription for the purpose of importing a few Igorrotes from the colony at the St. Louis worlds fair. Igorrotes eat dogs.—Beatrice Express.

Practical Joke.

Being a victim of a practical joke is a good deal like sticking your head through a hole in a sheet and permitting people to throw eggs at you. You can't dodge and must take what comes.—Atchison Globe.

Not For sale.

It is charged by the democratic press that W. R. Hearst is out buying up democrats in job lots. They have always charged the republicans with trafficking in this commodity and now they claim that they have to be bought by their own party. You never hear of anyone buying republican voters. They are not in the market.—York Times.

D. S. McCarthy

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there's the rub—nothing to do. They have led lives of activity; they are accustomed to rising with the sun; spending the day in hardy toil and at night fall, coming from their fields, weary in body and finding rest after their labor. But now they have nothing to do. They arise early in the morning, build the kitchen fire, have breakfast, go down to the post office and then the days work is done and soon time hangs heavily on their hands, and their thoughts travel back to the busy days on the farm and they long to feel 'neath their feet the soft, yielding earth in the new turned furrow, to smell again the subtle odor of new-mown hay. The days are too long—too long. And so it seems to us that a condition of eternal rest would not be heaven. We would rather think that over there in the unknown, there is just enough activity to make rest sweet when it comes. We trust that Heaven is a place where the ratio between activity and repose is perfect; where a man may rest when he is weary and work again when he is rested. After a man has led a busy life of three score and ten years and is then translated to a sphere of absolute idleness how monotonous will grow the life eternal after the first ten or twenty thousand years,

When I shall leave this vale of strife
And lay the heavy burden down
And enter on eternal life
With its reward of harp and crown,
I only ask that I may rest
Until my bones no longer ache,
Then, in that city of the blest,
Find work to do when I awake.
When I grew restless, I would lay
Aside my glittering harp and crown,
And for at least a half a day,
To strenuous labor, buckle down.
And then when I should weary grow
I'd lay my work in turn aside
And watch the crystal fountains flow
And in content and peace abide.

We are in receipt of a copy of Vol. 1. No. 1. of the Nims City News edited and published by Bert Fetz. The News contains more real news matter than many older papers and most of it well written. There is some room for improvement in the press work, but that will doubtless come when things get to running smoothly.