

FACTS AND FANCIES.

BY ALLAN D. MAY.

In a great many cases a man is his only personal devil.

What is a greater nuisance than a merry-go-round?

Man only wants but little here below, but he insists on having it.

It is hard to locate the dividing line between foolhardiness and aggressiveness.

Some people can only be adequately described by the adjective "loud-mouthed."

No carpenter every built a house that was satisfactory to the other carpenters.

The more some people talk, the less confidence others have in what they say.

Perdicaris sounds to us more like the name of a disease than the name of an American citizen.

Some people talk so much that they attract the attention of others from their real characters.

Until yesterday a Falls City man thought that Port Arthur referred to in the war dispatches was Port Arthur, Texas.

The more we think about it the more we believe that Sherman knew what he was talking about when he said that war is hell.

Certain things seem to have been created for one single purpose. Gooseberries make good stuffing for pies, but are good for nothing else.

There are undoubtedly people who not only object to paying taxes, but who secretly believe that the state ought to pay them a bounty for living here.

The newspapers are making lots of fun of Judge Parker because he keeps his mouth shut. Were we a democrat we would be for Parker for this reason.

Dowie is in Europe. We have not heard anything from him for some time. Lord, maybe the bandits have got him! It will take a lot of tithing to redeem him.

A man in a neighboring town is a great fellow for detail. When his wife died the funeral notices announced her age as "42 years, 15 days and 1 night."

Ever notice how many delivery wagons there are in town? We can remember when only one or two stores delivered goods. With the advent of the telephone the delivery wagon became necessary to almost every business. The small boy of today seldom has to stop playing and go down town after a bar of soap or a box of matches.

ONE OF LONDON'S BRIDGES.

When the Southwark Span Was Constructed There Was Something of a Turmoil.

At first sight there appears nothing romantic about the Southwark bridge, whose reconstruction is now being debated. But there is a wonderful little story behind it, after all, says St. James' Gazette. There was the inevitable fight over its construction. Street traffic and the necessities of pedestrianism might go hang so long as the traffic of the river was not interfered with; and it was to get over the opposition of the corporation and conservators that the Rennies had to make such enormous spans—the largest ever attempted in the history of engineering up to that period. This necessitated the use of blocks of granite greater in extent than had ever been quarried since the days of the ancients. It could not be done, masons declared. Sir John Rennie on his part swore that it could and should. He went to Aberdeen, and at Peterhead found a block of granite weighing 25 tons. That he would have whole, he said.

By excessive wages and unprecedented largesse of the native wine, men were got to cut and detach the mass from its moorings. But then it had to be taken four miles along the road to port. Such a thing had never been heard of. Sir John managed to fake up a carriage, and after a journey of a day and a half, part of which was spent in digging the monster out of collapsed roadways, 12 or 14 horses got it to the vessel which, after extraordinary difficulties, the engineer had succeeded in chartering. There were no cranes to lift such a weight. They had to build a scaffolding in the bed of the harbor to get the block aboard. Eventually the thing was accomplished, and although every mariner save the one who had undertaken the commission believed that the enterprise would send the vessel to the bottom, the granite was safely brought to London, and a new era in engineering inaugurated. One curious feature in the history of Southwark bridge is that it was opened at dead of night. As the clock of St. Paul's chimed midnight it was declared free to the public.

GUESTS MAY GO HUNGRY.

At "Novel" Luncheon You Are Expected to Do Some Guessing—Clever Ones Eat First.

As nine out of ten women are inveterate readers of fiction, the latest idea in luncheon parties is sure to attract every hostess who is in search of some novel entertainment that will please her guests, says the London Daily Mail.

Invitations to a luncheon party for 20 guests, who must perforce be well versed in modern fiction, are sent out by the up-to-date hostess. The invitation cards bear the picture of a closed book, and

the words simply intimate that Mrs. Blank desires the presence of Miss Dash to a "novel" luncheon. On the arrival of the guests in the dining room, it is seen that ten round tables are arranged round the room, and that each table has a different scheme of decoration. In fact, every table is designed to carry out the representation of a well known novel, and before the guests are allowed to be seated the names of the ten works of fiction must be guessed. Prizes are, of course, awarded to the quickest guesser, and the fortunate ones are allowed to partake of luncheon before their less astute friends.

The favorite novel, "The Four Feathers," is one that lends itself to a very effective arrangement in white feathers, and an incident in the book should be illustrated by a decoration in the center. When possible, some article of food mentioned in the book should be supplied by the menu for this table. Barrie's "Little White Bird" is a story that can be graphically carried out at a "novel" luncheon, and "Trilby" is still another celebrated work of fiction that suggests itself as easy to arrange and easy to guess. "Under Two Flags" makes quite an artistic table, with its setting of exotic flowers surmounted by the two flags, and "A Japanese Marriage" can also be pictorially represented. At a "novel" luncheon given the other day by a writer of fiction to other professionals, the hostess had provided a tablecloth made of white, blue and pink blotting paper pieced together, while the center ornament consisted of a bowl made from newspapers and filled with coxcombs. This flower, as was explained by the hostess, was the symbol of the critics who had unfavorably reviewed her works of fiction. The name cards were slips of paper familiar to all the guests, and were nothing less than the printed messages of regret returned with the manuscripts from unfeeling editors. This table was called the consolation table, and those who were unable to guess more than half the names of the "novel" tables were consigned to sit among the ranks of the rejected.

Clothes of the Ainus.

Among the hairy Ainus of northern Japan the garments of both sexes are made from the inner bark of the elm tree, which it put into water to soak and to soften, after which it is taken out and the fiber divided into thread and balls. It is then woven into narrow rolls of cloth on a primitive loom. The garments are quite rough and have a faded brown color. The women are somewhat expert in executing fancy needlework, and in their arrangement of patterns and designs the embroidery and decoration are done with Japanese colored thread upon the groundwork of their own elm bark fabric. In winter the women sew bear, deer and wolf skins over the elm fiber for greater warmth.—Chicago Daily News.

Staple and Fancy Groceries

FRUIT IN SEASON

We Sell WANK'S BREAD**Cash for BUTTER AND EGGS**

First Door North of Post Office . . .

PHONE 14**A. G. HOPPOCK****To Guide the Wayfarer.**

A curious old custom is kept up at the picturesque Wensleydale village of Bainbridge, England, where every winter's night, at nine o'clock, a large horn is blown on the village green to aid any wayfarer, who might chance to be on the surrounding fells, to find his way to the village. The fine horn now in use was presented to the village some years ago, and at one time adorned the head of a huge African bull. The ancient horn in previous use is a good deal the worse for wear, and is kept as an interesting relic.

Problem in Millinery.

"Why, oh, why," remarked the observer of events and things, "will a woman smile with delight when she sees a hat in a milliner's window and frown when she sees the same hat on her neighbor's head?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Merchants of the Curb.

Just as the Mexican cobbler works in the gutter, so the Panaman hatter makes the street his workshop. Here he weaves grass into a sombrero beneath the surface of the water in the barrel at his side.

**W. H. MADDOX
REAL ESTATE AGENCY**

**Lands bought and sold
Hartford Fire Insurance
Houses in city for sale
Money to loan
Telephone 178**

I Can Get You a**Widows' Pension****Quicker than anyone else**

secured a pension for MRS. ANNA BABB of Falls City. Allowed February 17, 1904. Mr. Babb died October 29, 1903.

Also pension for MRS. JENNIE WENTWORTH of Falls City. Allowed March 15, 1904. Mr. Wentworth died November 28, 1903.

John L. Cleaver
PENSION ATTORNEY
Falls City, Nebraska