

FALLSCITY, NEBRASKA

4TH OF JULY

SOMETHING DOING

JUST THE SORT OF DOIN'S THAT SUITS YOU

PROGRAM

Band Concert	9 a. m.	Band Concert	2 p. m.
Target Shooting at Frank's park	9 to 11	Base Ball at Poteet's park	2:30
Band Concert	11 to 12	Races on Stone Street	5 p. m.
Dinner		Supper	
		Band Concert	7 p. m.

After 8 o'clock High Carnival will reign supreme. All the imps of the Carnival Gang will be here. Loosen up, join the throng and have a good time. Tell your neighbors about it. Sterling band and base ball team will be here.

CELEBRATE IN - FALLS CITY -

SMALL HANDS WELL GLOVED

Points in Which, It Is Boasted, San Francisco Women Excel
All Others.

San Francisco is the greatest glove town on earth, say the glove dealers of the city in the Chronicle. "There are more gloves sold here in proportion to the number of inhabitants than in any other city on record. There are more expensive gloves sold here to the class of women who do their shopping in the retail houses in the city than there are elsewhere. There are more perishable light-colored and light-weight gloves worn on the streets in the daytime in San Francisco than there are in any other American cities. Finally, according to the glove dealers, the hands which these gloves cover are on the average noticeably smaller and more shapely than the hands of the average eastern woman."

The average sizes worn in San Francisco, and so ordered in large quantities from eastern sources, are the 5½, 5¾ and 6. The size of the average San Francisco woman are the 5½, 5¾ and 6. The size of between the two numbers last quoted.

The biggest sales of gloves in the east are in the sizes from 6 to 6½. The large lines of small sizes ordered by their San Francisco branches are a constant source of surprise to the eastern houses, who must be told again and again that big consignments of the larger sizes will not be sold.

Women of all degrees of wealth are equally particular about their hands. Shop girls of San Francisco earning \$6 or \$8 a week, spend \$1.50 or \$2 every month or so for a pair of gloves, concerning the quality and fit of which they are quite as particular as is the wife of the prosperous business or professional man. It is a tradition and a habit among San Francisco women of all classes to appear on the streets well gloved and well shod. They may have to rob Peter to pay Paul, but the fact remains that these two adjuncts of the toilet are consistently as correct as possible.

In addition to the evident care bestowed upon the hands there is

a most significant natural reason for their beauty. The climate of San Francisco is perfect for the development of this great charm, the pretty hand. It is soft and moist rather than dry and free from the harsh and cold winds which crack and chap the hands in spite of care. The weather conditions are most favorable to the preservation of a firm, soft, white skin. The persistent wearing of gloves in the open air has a marked effect in seconding the climate for the beauty of the hands. It protects them from the tan which thickens the skin; from the freckles which disfigure it, and from the dust and grit which force themselves into the pores and roughen the finger tips to the detriment of the nails.

Even among the children are gloves universally worn, for the pretty and well kept hand has become a tradition without women, and its development in the younger generation is a matter of course.

TIME OF A DREAM SHORT.
Persons Often Speak of All-Night Visions, But Hallucinations Are Not Lengthy.

It is not unusual to hear one say that he has been dreaming about something all night, when possibly his dream occupied only a very short time. Many attempts have been made to measure the time occupied in a dream, and records appear from time to time in the papers, showing that often elaborate ones occupy but a few seconds. The following incident is told by a gentleman who vouches for its accuracy:

He was engaged one afternoon with a clerk in verifying some long columns of figures that had been copied from one book to another. The numbers, representing amounts in dollars and cents, were composed of six or seven figures. The clerk would read, for instance: "Fourteen, one forty-two, twelve," making the amount of \$14,142.12, and the gentleman would answer: "Check." To indicate that the copy was correct. Page after page had to be read as rapidly as possible. The clerk uttered, "Ediller has our thanks for doing this office this week."

The people who manage to live without ever getting into hot water have little to do with the en-

drowsy, and it was with difficulty he could keep his eyes open.

Finally sleep overcame him, and he dreamed—dreamed of an old horse he had been accustomed to drive 25 or 30 years ago. He could not recall any special incident connected with the dream except the locality and the distinct sight of the horse, and of the buggy to which he had driven him. He awoke suddenly and as a number was ended called: "Check." He was conscious of having slept and of having dreamed, and said to the clerk: "Charlie, I have been asleep. How many of those numbers have I missed?" "None," he replied. "You have checked every one." Close questioning developed the fact that of the figures 14,142.12 he had heard the fourteen and the twelve, but had slept and dreamed during the time occupied in rapidly uttering the words "one forty-two." He tried, by reading other numbers, to measure the time, and thinks he could not have been more than half a second.

Another story is told of a man who sat before his fire in a drowsy condition. A draught, blowing across the room, set a large photograph on the mantel to swaying. A slender vase was in front of it, and the man remembers wondering, in a snood of whimsical indifference, whether the picture would blow forward and send the vase to the floor.

Finally a gust of wind did topple the picture, and it struck the vase. The man remembers having been curiously relieved in his state of drowsiness that at last the "old thing was going to fall and be done with it."

Presently he was in the midst of a complicated business transaction in a western city, miles away. All the details of a new and unheeded scheme were coming forth from his lips, and a board of directors was listening. The scheme prospered. He moved his family west. Fragments of the journey thither and glimpses of the fine house he bought came before his eyes.

The man awoke. The vase was on the floor. He had it with difficulty covering it with a cloth, and saying, "David—"

toppling before he fell asleep, to fall five feet and break.

Past the Lawless Age.

Police Justice—You say you are a college graduate and yet here I find you charged with drunkenness, disorderly conduct, assault, inciting riot and resisting an officer. A college graduate, indeed! What have you to say?

Prisoner—Nothing, your honor—except that I had forgotten that I wasn't still in college.—Cleveland Leader.

IN THE GARDENS OF ITALY

The Foliage of the Cedar, Cypress and Orange Are Freely Intermingled.

Perhaps nothing about Italian gardens strikes us so wonderful as the arbor walks or pergolas, where nature seems so absolutely docile to the hand of man. The desire is, says the Philadelphia Ledger, to make a dense shade—a retreat where one can shut out the hot sun, and to create this trees of a great many different sorts have been planted close together, and their branches so closely interwoven that they form a complete trellis on the two sides and above, so that cedar, cypress, orange and lemon trees mingle their foliage, all seeming to be lighted up by the pale golden globes of the fruit. With us the merest twigs of such trees would be supposed to have a stubborn individuality, rendering it impossible to train them to take the place of vines. In Italy for centuries everything has been done to create a grateful shade at noon where one can rest or sleep and leave the world outside to the ecadas that, when thousands of them take voice together at once, make a rather soothing sound.

Along the terraces of the Villa Carlotta, on the Lake of Como, these covered arbor walks lead into groves of ilexes, and there until past midsummer, out of the shade and coolness, the nightingales sing not only all night, but all day long.

In spite of the lavish beauty of the land, the impression that remains after summer travel in Italy is of the inhabitants living very close to nature, almost subordinating her operations to their own needs. Nature is so pruned, so tended, her least effort so pressed into the service of man.

The plumy cypresses, it is true, have nothing to do but stand sentinel by the belvedere terraces; so with the ilexes. But the poplars are trimmed to the flagpoles for the sake of maggots, and every leaf of the mulberry trees, across which the vines fling their festoons and garlands, is destined to feed the silkworms, and as soon as the maggots are ready to eat, the peasants with huge bags mount the trees and strip each branch of its foliage. The olive orchards that make a silver mist on the hill-sides are busy perfecting their useful harvest.

"The fish as caught are not packed away in the smack's hold indiscriminately, but they are sorted in sizes and weights, so that when the smack comes into port her skipper knows, for his own information, if he is going to dispose of her cargo, or for the information of his owner or consignee, exactly what he has got aboard, and so his cargo can be disposed of promptly and intelligently without overhauling and unnecessary handling.

"There are green bluefish in the market right now, as in fact there have been for some little time."

GREEN BLUEFISH, SAYS SIGN.

Which Means Not Bluefish Green in Color, But Freshly Caught—Are Now in Market at New York.

"Green bluefish," read a sign outside of a fishmarket, but that, the marketman said, did not mean a new species of bluefish, of a green color; it meant simply newly caught bluefish, not bluefish from cold storage, says the New York Sun.

"Formerly," the marketman continued, "we had bluefish in their season only—that is, their season hereabouts; but this season was gradually extended as the fishermen went further and further away for the fish, and then when cold storage came into general operation bluefish were put into the freezers, and with this help we came to have bluefish at all seasons, in fact the year around."

"Bluefish smacks now fit out with a month's provisions and go far south to get the bluefish, as they start on their annual migration from southern to northern waters in the spring, and they follow them south again in the fall, and so extend the season for green fish."

"Fine and splendid and able a fish as the bluefish it, it does not live long out of water, and so it cannot be brought here alive in wells in the smacks as is, for instance, the codfish. The bluefishermen that go out from here carry, along with ample provisions, tons of ice in their holds, with which to preserve the fish caught."

"When a bluefish smack is doing business, with its men out in dories all around the vessel, fishing business, with its men out in caught are dressed as soon as they are brought aboard and packed away in chopped ice. A vessel fishing from anywhere below Hatteras to as far north as the Cape of Delaware would take her casks into Norfolk, the most convenient and quickly accessible port, from where the fish, packed in ice in barrels, would be shipped to New York by rail. Bluefish caught north of the Delaware capes could be brought here in the vessel."

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CONSIDERATION DIDN'T GO

Bank Teller in Endeavoring to Be Polite Hits Snag and Lapses to Old-Time Gait.

Such a dainty and dignified little old lady was she, says the Philadelphia Press, and so different in every way from those who go to Chestnut street banks to have checks cashed, that the paying teller felt that he could not use the general phraseology of financial institutions when dealing with her. She approached the grated window almost timidly, and, taking the check from a very old-fashioned reticule which hung about her waist presented it to the teller.

It called for a large amount, and somehow he could not bring himself to utter the brusque "How'll you have it?" she was so much a picture of the olden days, of those times when phrases were greatly turned, when "lady" had a real significance.

In trying to be formal he became merely stilted, and murmured: "Denomination, please?"

The prim little old lady looked up in a puzzled fashion, smiled and then said: "Why, Presbyterian. I didn't know that made any difference in banks."

The teller had, after all, to drift into the language of the commonplace.

Fleeting Fame.

"Who is that gentleman left quite alone in the corner?"

"That's Spangle, the author. He is passe. He wrote the greatest book of the year, more than three months ago."—Town Topic.

MASAI TELL OF CREATION.

Close Resemblance to Old Testament Narrative—Story Handed Down for Ages.

Capt. Merker, a German officer, who has spent some ten years in German East Africa, has written a very interesting ethnographical monograph on the Masai natives, in which he describes not only the manners and customs of that race, but also their language and traditions. According to Capt. Merker, the Masai have had handed down to them a story of the first creation of the world and the human race which bears a remarkable resemblance to that contained in the Old Testament. The Masai relate that:

In the beginning the earth was a barren, dry desert, in which there lived a dragon. Then God came down from Heaven, fought against the dragon and vanquished it. There where God slew the beast and poured out its blood there arose a Paradise, luxuriant with the richest vegetation. (The native word for this paradise is "kerio.") Then God created by His word sun, moon, stars, plants and animals, and last of all he made the first human couple to arise.

Hereupon follows a description of how God commanded the couple in question to abstain from eating the fruit of a certain tree, and how on His one day paying a visit, as was his custom, to Paradise, He found them guiltily trying to hide from Him. It was the serpent here too, who was at fault, and the woman who had succumbed to its temptation to eat the fruit. The serpent, according to the Masai tradition, had three heads, and was punished by God by being commanded to live forever in the "holes of the earth."

The two human beings were then driven out of the Garden of Paradise by the "morning star," which was ordered to stand at the gate to keep it. Then the human race grew in number, and genealogies are recorded very similar to those in the Biblical account, until the first murder was committed, when a flood was caused to appear. Instead of Noah a good old man named Tumbanot was bid, when the flood was looking. At the conclusion of the flood a four-fold rainbow appeared as proof of the cessation of God's ire.

The Jacob's ladder also plays a part in the Masai tradition, but is used for a purpose very different from that in the Old Testament, being a means whereby God climbs down from Heaven to visit the human race on earth. Mention is also made of the native tradition of the deception of the first born, and of the law of circumcision, the latter being sent through Marumi, Moses of the Masai. Moreover, the Masai tell of the giving out from a mountain top of the Ten Commandments, among which are special commands not to have more gods than one, not to kill and not to commit adultery.

HEALTHY SLEEP NECESSARY

If You Desire Sound Slumber Leave That Window Open—Night Air Produces Vigor.

"Most people nowadays realize the importance of ventilation," remarked a sanitary authority. "Yet," he continued, "I have heard well educated people argue against the opening of bedroom windows at night, first, because of the unhealthiness of night air, and, secondly, because they slept better with their windows closed."

"Both arguments involve a fallacy. In the first place, the night air is not unhealthy; it may even be healthier than the air of the daytime, because of the absence of smoke and dust. As to their sleeping better, well, I will cheerfully admit that their sleep may have been more sound, for the simple reason that the excessive amount of carbonic acid would form a sort of poisonous sleeping draught. But sound sleep is not necessarily healthy, and close bedrooms make for consumption and poor vitality."