

**TRAINED TO FACE DEATH.**

Much Care Taken in the Drilling of Cavalry Horses.

Cavalry chargers vary from 15 to 16 hands in height, and sharp rules have been laid down about their shape, action and treatment. There are regular schools where the raw four-legged recruit is trained, and his education embraces the fearless swimming of deep and wide rivers, where possibly the enemy have destroyed the bridges. It is extremely interesting to see a thousand four-legged recruits drawn up in a vast ring around the instructor, who opens the proceedings with a sharp shot from an army revolver, writes William G. Fitzgerald, in the Circle. The animals are taught to gallop fearlessly up to a line or square of infantry who are blazing away with their rifles, of course loaded only with blank cartridges. Lastly comes a charge upon batteries of quick-firing cannon. It is worth noting that, when smokeless powder came into general use, it was found that thousands of horses which would face without flinching the smoke or guns using black powder balked and shied at the sinister flash and roar of cordite and mellinite. There appears to be as much individuality among horses as among men. Some take the flash and report very quietly, and are passed on to more severe trials, while others rear and try to bolt in abject terror.

**CHAOS IN A FERRY HOUSE.**

Young Man Got Even with Crowd Which Pushed Him Aside.

A big crowd was waiting in the St. George ferry house, Staten Island, for the New York boat, all more or less bored and listless, when a young man came in and wandered idly about the room, says the New York Press. He finally stopped in front of a penny-in-the-slot phonograph machine and dropped in a coin. A lively tune immediately started up. The crowd woke up and several loafers collected in front of the machine in order to enjoy the strains more thoroughly. More of the bored ones joined the collection till, to the surprise of the young man, he was elbowed out of the way and stood on the outside. He stared at the crowd in some resentment. Then a thought seemed to strike him. He fished up a bunch of change from his pockets and walking around the room, calmly proceeded to start every machine in the place going, including two banjo-picking machines. The bedlam that ensued was indescribable. With a grin of triumph the youth left the scene of his villainy and went outside to light a cigarette. He had his revenge.

**Better Than the Mule.**

At a dinner the other night little Algy offered a toast to women. Said Algernon: Here's to womankind, beautiful, fascinating woman. Made after man, and has been after him ever since. Ha! Ha! "And here's to man," responded the ingenuous debutante. "Man is the paragon of animals. On his own ground he surpasses the lion in magnanimity, the fox in acumen, the parrot in wit, the monkey in versatility, the ant in thrift, the spider in all that goes to make it a valued member of society. Briefly, man is more of a success than the mule." She vowed that, inspired by Algy, she made it up right off the wheel. At any rate, none of the other women present has as yet lauded it either in the ladies' home journals or "Heart to Heart Talks with Women," so maybe she did. She is clever enough about other things, dear knows.

**"Nothing Doing."**

"Nothing doing!" Is that slang? I thought it was until last night, when I came upon the words in Dickens' "Dombey & Son." In chapter IV, old Sol Gills is explaining to his nephew Walter why the shop must be closed and the business abandoned. "You see, Walter," said he, "in truth this business is merely a habit with me. I am so accustomed to the habit that I could hardly live if I relinquished it; but there's nothing doing, nothing doing." So, you see, the phrase had its pathetic fitness half a century ago, and is not slang at all.—Watson's Weekly Jeffersonian.

**Saved.**

M. Jacques Bonhomme et sa femme were entertaining a company of select friends. They had just got seated at table when Baptiste, the waiter, rushed into the room in a state of wild alarm, exclaiming: "Quick! a glass of wine." Everybody stared, but his wish was complied with, and Baptiste swallowed at one gulp a glass of wine poured out by the lady of the house, who inquired what was the matter with him. "Oh, madam, I am dreadfully upset. That glass of wine has done me good; it has brought me round. Only think! I have just had the misfortune to break your two large dessert dishes of Sevres porcelain."

**Cargoes Worth a Fortune.**

It might be supposed that the great ocean liners bring in the most valuable cargoes. They don't. The little steamers that ply between here and the mighty Amazon river bring the richest cargoes that reach the port. It is safe to say that \$500,000 is the value of an average ocean liner's cargo. The steamship Graengense recently brought 4,369 cases of rubber. In a basis of \$500 per case this alone was worth \$2,184,500. This is outside the value of the skins, nuts and cocoa on board. Sometimes the ships bring sret plumes that are worth a fortune.

**ONE OF WOMEN'S CHARMS.**

Sense of Reserve Said to Add Much to Attractiveness.

A woman, especially to be attractive, must preserve a sense of reserve; she must, so to speak, keep up a certain amount of mystery about herself. There is a folklore tale of a woman who, finding her married life unhappy, went to a white witch for a charm against the trouble. She received a flask filled with a colorless liquid, which she was directed to take and hold in her mouth whenever she was disposed to quarrel with her husband. She obeyed directions, and, delighted with the effect of the charm, went back to the witch for a fresh supply when that was exhausted. "The liquid was merely water," said the wise woman. "The virtue of the remedy consists simply in holding your tongue in keeping back angry answers." To adopt the rule, says Woman's Life, once given to a gushing girl by a friend who knew the world, "Never speak of yourself, and never say anything which is uncalled for," would at first seem likely to make Trappists of all the world; yet it is to be questioned whether, after all, the advice was not wise. There always are people who like to talk, whose favor is to be won by interested listening, and good listeners are rare.

**CHANCE FOR A HOME-RUN.**

Schoolboy's Comment on Absence of Attraction of Gravitation.

A clever teacher, who has the power of calling out originality in her pupils, says that she would have no use for text books if she took time to answer all the startling questions asked in the classroom. One day the attraction of gravitation was under discussion, when one of the boys said that he didn't see any need of it, anyway. "It seems to me," said he, "there's no particular use in having the earth attract things. Now, when the apple fell, and made Newton think out the reason for it, that apple might just as well have stayed where it was until somebody gathered it." "You play ball, don't you?" asked the teacher. "Well, suppose you knock the ball very high, what happens?" "It falls." "But if there were no attraction towards the earth, it wouldn't fall. Don't you think that might prove inconvenient?" "My!" cried the boy; "what a bully chance for a home-run!"

**Joined the Dead at Their Meal.**

In the medical press is a story of a man who believed that he was dead and who for that reason refused to take any nourishment. "How can the dead eat and drink?" he asked, when food was pressed upon him. It was obvious that unless something were done to bring him to his senses the delusion must soon become actuality; he would die of starvation. The strangest case was tried. Half a dozen attendants, draped in ghostly white, crept silently in single file into the room adjoining his, and, with the door open, sat down where he could see them to a hearty meal. "Here, who are these people?" inquired the patient. "Dead men," answered the doctor. "What!" said the other. "Do dead men eat?" "To be sure they do, as you see for yourself," was the answer. "Well," said the corpse, "if that is so, I'll join them, for I'm starving." The spell was broken, and he sat down and ate like 40 famished men.

**Eating Stew Through Straws.**

Doing as my Indian friends did, I seized in my turn a chunk of mutton from the kettle and proceeded to eat it. How I was to get my share of the stew, however, I could not conceive, as licking one's fingers is a slow process and inadequately nourishing. On the floor table, however, was a pile of what looked like dark blue lead pencils. The governor took one, stuck it into the kettle and peacefully sucked until he was satisfied. It was simply sucking—not lemonade—but mutton stew, through a straw. Then he carefully proceeded to eat the straw. Sucking the stew through it had softened and flavored it for eating. I mastered the game at the first trial, writes Frederick Mosen in the Craftsman, and from that time was a devoted adherent to piki bread, as well as to many other dishes and customs of my good friends, the Hopi.

**What More Could Be Asked?**

"On the way down here from up home I saw your advertisement in the paper," said "Ozy" Hitchcock, as he entered the office of the New Notion company in his Sunday suit, his boots creaking at every step. "I'm here in the city to get work." "I hardly think you're just the man we need now," and the clerk in charge surveyed his caller with an unflattering gaze. "You spoke of wanting a young man with a good address," said "Ozy," in his loud, clear, district-school voice. "I guess Laneville, N. H., is as good as any you could find, and father has the only store in the place."—Youths' Companion.

**Quality of Trustworthiness.**

People would try harder for trustworthiness if they knew how lovable a quality it is. When you know you can rely upon anyone, that whatever they undertake to do will be done, that you can really pass over a share of your load to them, you cannot help liking them. On the other hand, it does not matter how amiable men be, if they are forgetful, if they are unpunctual, if they habitually neglect, they become sources of such annoyance that one's liking is apt to die out.—W. B. Nicol.

**RIVER MADE HIM INSURE.**

Got Tired of Falling into Water and Bought Protection.

One of our men selling insurance tells of an instance where a special manifestation and a moving of the spirit and the flesh were necessary to make a New Madrid man take out a policy, says an insurance man in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He had a place on the river bank below the town. His little shack was perched on a bluff which jutted far out over the water. There had been a good many landslides down there, caused by the disintegration of the bank. The agent sighted the shack the first thing when he made the town and that afternoon he went up there to talk business. There was nothing doing. The old fellow was a fatalist and he didn't believe in insurance. "I go as the spirit moves me," he said, solemnly. The agent was persistent. "You might fall in the river some day," he said. "Well, I tell you all, honey, I ain't never fell in yet. When I've done fell in you can come around and see me." Five months later the agent made the town again. He sighted the shack, but it wasn't where it had been. It was a mile or so back from the bluff. But the man who lived there was waiting at the gang-plank. He grabbed the agent's hand and said: "I thought maybe you was on the boat and I came down to wait for you all." After an awkward pause he added: "I guess maybe I'll take that policy. I've done fell in three times. You'd better put a policy on the shack, too. I'm tired of fishin' it outen the river an' totin' it up the hill."

**HER SENSE OF COLOR.**

It Was a Happy Match and She Wanted Harmony Complete.

'Twas the first day of the honeymoon, which the happy young couple were spending at one of the quietest of seaside places, and the extent of their beatitude was immeasurable. He made it his duty that her every wish should be his; and, like a loyal little woman, she paid him back in his own coin, so that their life sped on as merrily as the proverbial marriage bell. "John, dear," said the sweet little woman to her husband one day, "do me a favor to-night?" "With the greatest pleasure, love," was his instant reply. "What is it?" "I wish, darling," went on his bride, "that you would put on your red necktie for dinner." For the first time John winced, for that particular necktie, the gift of his mother-in-law, was the one trial of his flesh. "Wh—why, dearest?" he queried. "O, do, John, dearest?" he queried. "O, do, John, you to wear it. You see, I have just found out from the menu that we are to have radishes, tomatoes, strawberries and claret!"—Stray Stories.

**High Class Reporting.**

English sporting reporters will have to look to their laurels, says the London Tatler. Rex Beach thus relates in Everybody's Magazine an episode in a prize fight at Tonopah in Nevada on New Year's day: "In a quiet interval between rounds I heard a reporter dictating high-class pugilistic literature; 'Herman's work in the fifth was classy and he fought all over the place. He stabbed the Dingo in the food-hopper three times and all but got his goat, then missed a right swing to the butler's pantry by an inch. If he had coupled it would have been the sunset glow for Dahomey, but Gans didn't fall for the gag, not hardly. He ripped an upper through the Yiddish lad and put him on the hop with a right cross!'"

**Anything to Please.**

Servant girl No. 26 was inquiring into his qualifications to become her employer. He had answered five questions with apparent satisfaction, and his hopes were running high. Then the fatal question: "How many children have you?" "Two," he answered, reddening with his sense of guilt. "Nothing doing," was the flippant response. "I never enter a family where there are children." His strained patience snapped. He seized her by the arm. "Say," he whispered, hoarsely, "come with me and I'll throw the children out of the window. Nay, more, I'll divorce my wife and marry you. Anything else that you want? Just mention it, and it shall be done."

**The World His Oyster.**

The novelist of to-day has one great advantage over his fellow of half a century ago. The telegraph, the newspaper and the illustrated weeklies and magazines have opened up the whole world to him and made it contributory to his talent. He can go to the uttermost points of the earth and the knowledge of the reader has preceded him. It acts as a fillip to the imagination; it certifies the correctness of the description; it adds always to the interest. The minute a place is mentioned, the mind of the reader gets at work and thus reinforces the novelist in a most vital point, that of atmosphere.

**Pure Carelessness.**

"There's no use your feeling so dreadfully depressed over the loss of your diamonds. Why do you carry on so?" "Because I'm so provoked when I think that if I had lost them five years ago their value wouldn't have been half what it is now."

**Social.**

"Are you getting acquainted in your new neighborhood?" "Well, some. The postman and the iceman seem to be quite cordial, but I haven't met the ushman yet."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Now and Then.**

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow"—Falls City has finally gotten together. We are going to do something and hearts that have grown sick because of hope deferred are rejoicing. We have voted for the bonds almost unanimously. The knocker has become the ticket of have men. This is the day of the booster.

Long live the King!

If the voting on the park bonds had been postponed till after chautauqua it would have been even more unanimous than it was.

What a great happy crowd listened to the sermon Sunday night and the band concert Monday night! How they visited and shook hands with each other during the intermissions, and how they went home and talked it over and shook hands with themselves, so glad were they that things are looking up and that a better feeling prevails. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

The citizens of this city must not permit the chautauqua to lapse. A plan will be devised during the week looking to its perpetuation. We are all in on it and we will all do our part. Our people, as all people, demand amusement and we must furnish it. A chautauqua is not a business creator, but it has its benefits in the way of wholesome amusement, instruction and recreation that far out-weighs all commercial considerations. The sermon of Rev. Hagerman last Sunday was one of the most helpful and instructive discourses the writer has heard in many years. He preached the gospel of man's humanity to man, a gospel we all can understand. The influence of such a sermon cannot be measured, the influence of ten days of such mental recreation is something this city can well afford to buy and pay therefor a liberal price.

The men who have made the park and chautauqua possible have labored unceasingly to make it a success. For a week they have each morning left their businesses, put on borrowed overalls and worked like Turks to put everything in proper condition. The last nail was driven late Saturday night and it was a crowd of tired, though happy men, that closed up the grounds and turned homeward. John Lichty, John Powell, W. A. Greenwald, Tom Gist, W. W. Jenne and the others have been and are real public benefactors. If you have not spoken a word of commendation and praise to them it is not yet too late.

A chautauqua is not the only thing the park will mean. Gus Neitzel and Mr. Van Winkle have picked out a good location for a ball ground. There are some splendid places for tennis courts. A good half mile track can be constructed. In fact the various tastes of our loving public can all be accommodated. More than this, the auditorium is such a substantial and permanent structure that Falls City should be the convention city from this time on. The park, taken all together is the best and wisest investment that can be made. It has already brought about a better feeling among our people and will continue to do so for many years.

**Don't Wabble.**

There is no place for in the universe, and that is the wabblers, the man on the fence, who never knows where he stands who is always slipping about, dreaming, apologizing never daring to take a firm stand on anything. Everybody despises him. He is a weakling. Better a thousand times have the reputation of being eccentric, peculiar and cranky even, than never to stand for anything.

**For Your Health's Sake!**

Put a good, solid pair of soles between your feet and Mother Earth. It's a preventative of sickness that is worth a ton of cure. There are no better soles on earth than are under our

**Diamond Special Shoes**

MEN'S, \$3.50  
WOMEN'S \$3.00

They're Goodyear welted, made like the old hand shoemaker used to make them, and they're snappy and up to the minute. Diamond Special Shoes won the GRAND PRIZE at the World's Fair.

**Free Free**

We have bought a large quantity of handsome Reed Rocking Chairs that we are going to distribute among our cash customers.

Please call at our store and inspect these beautiful Chairs and we will explain to you our plan of distribution.

**Geo. S. Cleveland**

'Phone No. 6

Falls City, Neb.

**'Twould Make for Comfort.**

If people would walk in a straight line on the pavement and remember that there are others before and behind them— If things were as easy to do as they seem—

If we did not always spoil the envelope on which we have stuck the last stamp—

If things were as they used to be in the good old days—

If everybody would be more reasonable—

If we did not find so much fun in treading on the corns of others—

If people would take advice instead of giving it—

If we were all as wise and good as we think we are—

If we didn't think we were so different from others.

**Kindness and the Brute.**

Animal tamers and trainers tell us that you can do almost anything with a brute if you can get his absolute confidence and will always treat him kindly.

We all know how the dog suffers and shivers under a harsh word or a cruel blow. It is well known that an oath or a cross word will raise the pulse of a horse ten or fifteen beats a minute. In fact, the horse feels the driver's thought instantly. If he is angry, even if he does not say a word or strike him, the animal is conscious of it and is visibly affected by it.

**Rich without Money.**

There are some characters who carry their wealth with them, who are rich without money. They do not need palatial homes or a large bank account. They do not need to buy admission to society,—everybody loves them. They are welcome everywhere because they have that which money can not buy—a genial, helpful, sunny, cheerful disposition.

Of course, everybody wants them, because it is a joy to be with them. Everybody loves the sunshine and hates the shadows and the gloom.

There is no bank account that can balance a sweet, gracious personality; no material wealth can match a sunny heart, an ability to radiate helpfulness and sweetness.

But such graces and charms never live with selfishness or self-seeking. It is the people who have something to give, not who are trying to get something, that are wanted everywhere.

**Should Support Home Paper.**

A newspaper of the right character does not accept support from anybody from the standpoint of charity, says an exchange, but when it exerts every effort to furnish its subscribers with as interesting and readable sheet as possible, it would seem that the people of the territory in which it circulates would endeavor to cooperate and stand by that paper.