

HAVE RIGHT OF WAY

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS ABOVE COMMON PEOPLE.

Elevators in Public Buildings Run Mainly for Their Convenience—Amusing Point in Contest for Senate Reading Clerk.

"There are many wrinkles in official life in Washington which afford those who are acquainted with them a certain amount of amusement," said a local newspaper correspondent.

"That the official whose duty it is to decide the question as to the fortunate man who would pull down the plum, after listening to the varying voices of the 80 contestants, was obliged to take a rest for a few days to recover his normal condition can be readily understood by all who are familiar with such things at the capitol.

"But that he should have found three members of the nation's highest law-making body who were requested to act as a committee to determine the merits of the respective contestants, who had not made a recommendation for the vacancy in question, is as astonishing as it is unusual in that not a single senator could be found who had not made a recommendation.

"As a rule, when a vacancy occurs at either end of the capitol, the difficulty senators and representatives have in deciding which one of the dozens of applicants shall be shown the preference of a recommendation. This selecting committee of three will go down in capitol history as unique.

"Official authority in the departments is thrust upon one at every angle of the corridors and rooms of these big buildings and forms barriers over which both the initiated and the unwary stumble, but it is seldom that it penetrates into the elevators.

"It happened in one of the elevators of one of the larger department buildings the other day. It was at an hour when the car was crowded with clerks going to work. After the door had been shut and the car had ascended almost to the first floor there came a violent ring at the bell and the conductor, reversing the lever, dropped back like a shot to the ground floor, took in another passenger and jumped the car to the fifth floor, where the late comer alighted. Then the car slowly descended, floor by floor, to permit the wrathful clerks to get out.

"The hurry-up passenger happened to be one of a half-dozen or so bureau officers, whose official authority gives them the right to make a runaway trip with any elevator they happen to strike, irrespective of the rest of the passengers, but the scene and sensations of being whisked past your floor, despite your calls to the elevator man, were more aggravating than amusing. Some bureau officers, however, show the other passengers in a car the courtesy of allowing it to stop from floor to floor; others don't."

Senate "Barkers."

Guides who pilot strangers through the capitol have discovered a neat strip in the senate which they feature with all the mellifluous eloquence of a midway or pike "barker."

"The first seat on the minority side," they declare with a flourish, "is that of Senator Jeff Davis, who broke all precedents by making a speech in the beginning of his term, saying he would not feed from the hands of a corporation. In the next seat you will observe 'fiddling Bob' Taylor, whose tuneless airs carried him to fame and high office. In the next seat will be found William James Bryan, the youngest member the senate has ever had; and next to him you will recognize the oldest senator, William Pinckney White of Maryland. Immediately in the next cage, as it were, you will observe Senator Bankhead of Alabama, who ran for the house, but, strangely enough, defeated for that office, found himself shunted into the senate by appointment as the result of the unexpected death of Senator Morgan. Immediately beyond him you will see Senator Gore of Oklahoma, the only blind senator the country has known, and last, but not least, you will note Senator Owen, who has Indian blood in his veins."

Turkish Minister's Daughter.

Miss Sherife Mehmed-Ali, daughter of the new Turkish minister to the United States, is interpreter for her father. Miss Sherife is nine years old and the only member of her family who speaks English fluently. The minister speaks the language only a little, but his bright little daughter is as proficient as a native born. She is pretty, with a round cherub face, black hair that hangs in a long braid, big eyes and a perfect complexion. She learned English in the high schools at Constantinople.

Presidential Son Mo!

A witicism was attributed the other day in Washington to the president. A young man, the story goes, during a call at the White House told the president that he had been married a year before and was already the father of a boy. "I congratulate you," said the president. "I am sure you find it pleasanter to be a loving sire than a sighing lover."

HAD NO TIME FOR SENTIMENT.

Secretary Morton Smashed Lifetime Dream of Old Sailor.

In an article on Paul Morton, late secretary of the navy, the New York Evening Post says:

"When, on one occasion, a navy department clerk brought him the great official parchment commission of a newly promoted rear admiral for his signature he signed it, after reading it, as he would any document before signing, and noting the clerk still present with the document, inquired what he wanted and was told:

"Admiral Blank would very much like to receive his new commission from the hands of the secretary of the navy personally."

"Where is he?" asked the secretary.

"Admiral Blank is upstairs, in his office, sir."

"Ask him to come here," was the command, and in a few moments the grizzled veteran presented himself to the secretary of the navy.

"Evidently, the officer was filled with sentimental emotion on this event—the climax of his naval career. From boyhood he had lived for the moment, his long terms of sea duty, the monotony of shore service, the anxieties of war, the arrogance of superior officers, the whole chapter of the rigors, the self-denial and self-discipline, was to be crowned with the evidence of honor which his country bestows upon faithful naval officers. He looked his expectation of words of praise, as if in lonely watches he had dreamed of the eloquent sentences which would become the psalm of his old age.

"The secretary of the navy stood up, handed the open parchment to the speechless rear admiral, and said only this:

"Admiral Blank, here's your commission."

"Then he sat down to his desk and went on with his work, unconscious of having smashed a lifetime's dream."

NOT GIVEN TO THE WORLD.

Senator's Mischief Making Confined to His Own Knowledge.

A senator who went to Washington recently was met by a friend, who cordially greeted him, and, knowing his predilection for quiet sport, said: "Well, I hope you have been keeping out of mischief."

"That reminds me of a story," was the response. "Out in my state there was a member of the legislature who never had been known to make a speech. He was a farmer and had been elected against his will. In company with me, he attended a cross-roads meeting and the crowd yelled that they wanted to hear from him. He shambled to the front of the platform, threw back his coat, and rested his hand on his hip.

"I want you people to know at the outset," he declared, "that I am a good man."

"There was a storm of laughter at what was believed to be a humorous sally. The old man, however, was in dead earnest in his protestation of purity. The laughter of the crowd angered him.

"And I want you to know, moreover," he shouted, "that I am a d—bad man, and I've got guns here to prove it. But, I know you are a bunch of coyotes and I'll keep my guns in my pocket."

"So," the senator concluded, "I am a good man and I am a bad man. But I'll keep my evil ways to myself."

Status of Marble or Bronze?

There is a division of opinion in the Indiana commission which has been named to make arrangement for the placing of a statue of Gen. Lew Wallace in the stately hall of the capitol in Washington. Some of the members want the memorial to be of bronze, while the others want it to be of marble. It is said that there is no agreement on the matter in sight.

There are only a few statues of bronze in Memorial hall, and those that are there, to some eyes at least, have not the beauty of the statues in marble. It may be that this is altogether a matter of workmanship rather than of material, but the marble memorials have a holding beauty that the others seem to lack.

An officer of Wallace's old command, Capt. McGrew, who is a member of the commission, declares that he never will consent to a bronze statue of the soldier-writer. It may be that the matter will have to be settled by the legislature of Indiana, but if the legislators were to go to Washington and look over the memorials already there the chances are whether they know anything of art or not they will decide in favor of marble.

Make Trouble for Reporters.

There is always great excitement among the official reporters of the house when Representative Littlefield begins a speech. The men who do the shorthand work of congress are regarded as the most exact reporters in the country, but it is with fear and trembling that they approach their task when the gentleman from Maine is recognized by the speaker. Littlefield talks like the proverbial blue streak. He seems never to stop or to pause for breath. If he did not enunciate well it would be almost impossible for the reporters to catch his utterances. As it is they manage, by a special effort, to keep pace with him, but they are always glad when he has finished. Senator Money of Mississippi gives the senate reporters much trouble. He is not only a fast talker, but has a wonderful vocabulary. His rapid fire of words, in a low tone of voice, drives the reporters almost to distraction.

Overcoming Her Despondency

By Elizabeth Robbins

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The shadow of the leaves of an apple tree branch quivered on the white muslin curtains of Miss Phoebe Percival's chamber window as they were stirred by the light morning breeze.

The sun just rising filled the room with a yellow glow. Ordinarily this was the signal for the rising of Phoebe, but this morning she lay and watched the shadows. She had awakened with a heavy feeling of despondency.

"I declare for it!" she exclaimed to herself. "I've a good mind not to get up at all. I ain't of any use in the world—an old maid, living here alone. Seems as if everybody else had somebody to do for—parents or husband or children or relations of some kind—at any rate, somebody they're necessary to and who'd miss 'em if they should die. But me—I don't suppose any living being would shed a tear if I should die this minute. I shouldn't be missed any more'n one of the rocks over in the pasture."

Phoebe stopped short in her monologue to listen. A faint "meow" came from somewhere below.

"Coming, kittie," called Phoebe, and was out of bed before the words were out of her mouth.

It took her but a few minutes to dress, and then she tripped downstairs, for Phoebe was quick-minded if she was 40.

She let the cat in, stooping to take him in her arms for a moment and pet and talk to him. "You've had to wait so long, Peterkin, I think I will give you an extra good breakfast," she said. The cat rubbed against her and showed his affection in all the ways possible to a cat, and when the saucer of food was set before him, purred loudly as he ate.

Phoebe had hardly cleared away her breakfast and made her three small



Tripped Downstairs.

rooms tidy, when there was the sound of children's voices and a knock on the front door.

"Oh, Miss Percival, will you please give us some flowers for the teacher?" spoke up one of the children eagerly when she appeared.

"Bless your hearts, yes!" was the hearty response. There was a snipping of Phoebe's scissors, and when the troop passed out of the yard with happy faces, each child had a fragrant little bouquet, and there was a chorus of "Thank you, Miss Percival."

"Precious few left," laughed Phoebe to herself. "But they'll blossom all the more for being picked, and what would be the use of having flowers if nobody wanted 'em?"

She was now ready for the day's work, which was to make a jacket and two pairs of knickerbockers for little Freddie Westall, from two old pairs of his papa's trousers, which his mamma had ripped and pressed.

"I think I'll make the seats and elbows double, seeing there's cloth enough," soliloquized Phoebe. "Freddie is so hard on his clothes and poor Mrs. Westall has so much to do, and then when they do come to holes the patches'll be right there all ready to hem down to."

The groceryman came as Phoebe finished cutting the jacket. He was a fresh, attractive-looking young man, and generally inclined to be sociable; but this morning he was very glum and said never a word as he wrote down Phoebe's order.

"Why, what have you done to your wrist?" she exclaimed suddenly.

"Cut it on Badger's old kerosene can, I guess. The dickens! I didn't know it was bleeding like that—on your clean floor, too!"

"Wait a minute and let me do it up for you. Never mind the floor."

"Oh, it's no matter. I can put my handkerchief about it."

But Phoebe hesitated, and after washing the wounded wrist, wound it with soft white cloth. The young man looked down at her in silence till she began to tinker the end of the bandage, when he spoke abruptly:

"Say, Miss Percival! Suppose you'd been some with a girl steady for most two years, and all at once she left you in the lurch some Sunday night and went home from evening meeting with another fellow? Shouldn't you think yourself justified in never having anything more to say to her?"

"Why, I don't know," said Phoebe. "She may have done it just to tease, not meaning anything. No; I don't think I'd break an engagement for a little thing like that."

"Oh, but there wasn't any engagement—at least, nothing had ever been said—"

"Well," said Phoebe, as she took several unnecessary stitches, "if I had been going with a girl two years and never mentioned anything about being engaged, I should expect her to think my attentions didn't mean anything and she was free to go home with anybody she liked. Shouldn't you?"

The young man blushed. "I guess I've been something of a fool, Miss Percival," he said, with an embarrassed laugh. "I've been expecting folks to be mind-readers. Thank you for doing up my wrist."

Phoebe watched him as he went down the path. "I knew Nellie was feeling bad about something the last time she was here," she mused; "but I had other company and so she didn't say anything. It's queer what trifes will come between two people who really think the world of each other," and Phoebe sighed as she recalled the one romance of her own life.

The cutting out of Freddie Westall's clothes was done, and Phoebe was at her stitching machine, when Mrs. Gaines, her next neighbor, burst in at the door and sank into a chair. "Do you know how to put in a stove lining?" she asked, breathlessly. "John took mine out and then was called away and won't be home till noon; and just before he went he remembered to give me a letter he took out of the post office a week ago—and it's from my sister, and she's coming here to-day on the half-past ten train, and going off in the afternoon on her way home from the mountains, and her son and his wife are with her—and I've been canning tomatoes all the week and let everything else go—and I've been working every minute since I got the letter cleaning things up, and forgot all about the stove—"

"I'll go right back with you," Phoebe said promptly, and the two left the house together.

Phoebe was possessed of "gumption," and the stove lining was put in as quickly and as well as John could have done it.

"Now, Laura," she commanded, "you just run and change your dress and get ready for your company—(it's 'most 11 o'clock—and leave the dinner to me. I'll have it all on the table by 12, and run over afterward and wash up the dishes."

"Oh, it is too much—"

"No, it isn't!" Phoebe interrupted her. "What are neighbors for if not to be neighborly?"

So with a deep breath of relief Mrs. Gaines obeyed, and Phoebe set to work on the dinner.

Everything went off well, and at half-past one the dishes were washed and put away, and Phoebe was back at her machine.

Her next caller was a deaf old man, who came limping in with a cane. He sat down with a sigh in the easy chair Phoebe pulled up for him, and seemed to be very low spirited. But Phoebe asked him about his rheumatism and talked politics at the top of her voice, and laughed at his feeble jokes, and brought out a big peach, the only one borne on her one little peach tree that year, and cut it up for him with a sprinkling of sugar, so that when he went away he was wonderfully cheerful and stepped quite briskly.

"I don't suppose his folks have much patience with him," thought Phoebe. "He must be kind o' wearin'; but he can't help it, poor soul."

Just before supper, Mrs. Gaines ran over for a minute to tell Phoebe how grateful she was. "My company had to go away at three o'clock," she said, "and if it hadn't been for you I should have had to stay in the kitchen most of the time and hardly seen my sister at all."

Phoebe hurried her sewing after supper, so that by half-past eight she was on her way down the road with Freddie Westall's completed garments over her arm.

Mrs. Westall gave a relieved sigh at sight of her. "I'm so glad they're finished," she exclaimed. "Some of the other children dared Freddie to go through a thicket of horse-briers and blackberry vines this afternoon down in the pasture, and his only pair of knickerbockers was torn to tatters. You couldn't stay and spend the evening, could you?" she asked wistfully as Phoebe rose to go. "I can't blame folks for not coming to see me, when I never get to see them; but I do get so lonesome—and my husband is away this evening, too."

"Why, I'll be glad to," asserted Phoebe, and the two sat and rocked and chatted till Mr. Westall came home at ten o'clock.

After Phoebe was home again and had locked up for the night, there came a quick knock at the door.

"Somebody must have been taken suddenly sick and sent for me," she thought as she drew the bolt and opened the door.

"Good evening, Miss Percival," said a voice which she instantly recognized as that of the groceryman.

"I was going by home," the young man said, "and saw your light was burning, so I thought I'd stop and tell you that I acted on the first you gave me this morning, and everything is all right. Nellie has said she'll marry me. We thought we'd like you to know about it first."

"Well, I am glad," thought Phoebe, as she fastened the door again and went upstairs. "He's a likely fellow and she's a good girl. They'll never be sorry, either o' 'em."

When Phoebe had put out her light she lay for awhile watching the leafy shadows on her curtains, cast this time by the newly-risen moon.

The despondency of the morning had given place to a quiet happiness that was soon merged in pleasant dreams.

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