

By the Greatest  
American Humorists  
MEDIUM-SIZED  
JOURNEYS  
By STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

Henry F. Cicero had Helvia for a mother and a Helliva father, according to Plutarch, who wrote me about it in answer to my request for some first-hand biographical data. He was called Cicero because there was a mark on the end of his nose that looked like a vetch, and a vetch is a cleer. I would tell you what vetch meant if I knew; then you would know what Cicero meant.

He was the peanut-brittle kid of his class at school but took to poetry. When they had cured him of that he went to school quite awhile in town, and studied elocution. When he would be at home, none of his mother's friends would come to their house for fear he would be asked to recite "Lasca," of "The Boy Stewed on the Burning Deck," for them.

He practiced in the squire's court awhile and got to be a right good pettifogger. Once he tried a case in which the main squeeze, William P. Sylla, was prosecuting, and won it. Cicero heard that Sylla was looking for him with a gun, and so he went away from there. Also Cicero's tummy gave him lots of trouble. He had eaten once at a lunch counter at a railway station when he was away at school and had never recovered from it. But he got some better, and returned when a postcard from home told him Sylla had quit looking for him.

Throughout his entire life, Cicero was noted for his keenly appreciative qualities. This wonderful faculty of appreciation was largely used on himself. No man stood better with Cicero than he did, and no man in the empire thought more of Cicero than he thought himself. Charity began at home, in cross-questioning he was a regular sass-box. Many an innocent man pleaded guilty and served a jail sentence rather than be cross-questioned by him. If the witness or the prisoner had gaiters or lame legs or a wart on his chin or if his father had not been honest, Cicero joyfully threw it up to the victim in public, and didn't seem to know but that he was being real smart in doing so. In many ways he reminded one of a skunk, though he had good qualities.

Cataline lived then, and didn't aim to overlook any opportunities for orneriness. Once some one got into Cat-



Cicero Heard That Sylla Was Looking for Him with a Gun.

line's desk and found a letter from Archibald plotting against the state. This was reported to Cicero, who got busy and made Cataline so uneasy that he gathered up a lot of discharged Brownsville soldiers and went away with them as a body-guard. The orations Cicero delivered on these occasions have made trouble for every boy and girl that has gone along a bit in Latin. Being offered the territorial governorship of Macedonia and of Gaul, he took Macedonia. He didn't need any Gaul. (Now see what something made me do!)

Cicero, while he was prosecuting attorney, was the Francis J. Heney of his day. When Cornelius Abe Ruef, Lentulus Schmidt & Co., of whom Plutarch jocosely says "he had a good family but a dissolute liver," raised a faction and piled excelsior soaked in oil in the ferry buildings and the city hall and the opera house and the flat-iron building and planned to set fire to all of them and whack up on the insurance, Cicero sent Burns around in disguise and found out the whole thing, so that afterward the senate accused him of abusing the secret service privileges. Cicero took part personally in killing Lentulus and his gang, who are still dead, as we go to press.

Afterward the opposition got into the saddle and Claudius had a warrant issued for Cicero, who immediately started out to rouse people's sympathy for him. This was a mighty cheap but mighty keen piece of work on Cicero's part, and got him a lot of Cockey's army camp-followers. So after he had skipped out awhile to avoid subpoena and had come back, he was stronger with the mob than ever, and was elected road supervisor with a good majority.

Throughout his life Cicero was cordially loved and despised by the politicians and common people. His health was always pretty poor, and sometimes he felt so badly that he had to be a vegetarian nearly all day. When he was through with politics he went to Africa to hunt lions, and things were much quieter in Rome.

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"NUMBER 321"

By LUCY BAKER JEROME

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)  
He had been sentenced for three years, and now they were ended. Three during those three years his wife had come to him. Once she had brought Barton. She was coming to-day, he remembered. He wondered if Barton would come as well.

The prison bell changed six. Precisely on the last stroke of the trembling monster the huge iron gates swung slowly inward, the figure of a man slouched through, keeping step to a soundless rhythm, and the gates clashed behind him, with a vibrating sweep that sent the blood racing through his veins.

The woman by the roadside waited, pressing one hand hard against her heart.

"Molly! Molly!" he exclaimed, wildly. "At last! All these years, and now—"

He drew back at the chill touch of her lips.

"What is it?" he instinctively asked. The man in the background held out his hand.

"Well, Fraser," he said heartily, "glad to see you, old chap. Not quite up to the mark, are you?" he added sympathetically; "but we'll soon make that right."

For an instant the old Fraser appeared through the prison mask. He involuntarily straightened himself, and his eyes sought his wife's.

"Thanks, Barton," he said quietly. Then, with a tender ring in his voice—"Aren't you glad, Molly?" he asked beseechingly.

"Of course, Jim," answered Molly quietly. "Why shouldn't I be glad when my husband is free from prison walls?"

"But, Molly," he stammered, "you— you speak so oddly!"

"Do I?" She laughed a little. "It's your imagination, Jim. Let's sit down



"Jim!"

on this rock a while. I'm so tired," she added drearly.

He looked at her with close attention. Barton's figure was visible rounding a headland a few feet away.

"You're a little pulled down, Molly, dear, but we'll have you right again in no time," he said cheerfully. "Now that I'm free to use my brains once more, you and Margie shan't want for anything. How is Margie?" he suddenly asked.

"She's well," his wife answered listlessly.

He took off his hat, baring his head to the twilight breeze.

His wife kept her eyes fixed on a tuft of yellow daisies at her feet. Her voice was very low.

"Where are you going, Jim?"

"Where am I going?" He stared at her in amazement. "Why, home, of course." Molly, what's the matter with you?"

She sprang to her feet and faced him fiercely, her loosened hair blowing in the wind.

"You're not coming to my home!" she cried, a bitter, concentrated ring of rage in her clear tones. "You're not coming to mine! Do you think, James Fraser, that I've tolled and slaved all these years that I might have a comfortable place in which to throw off your prison fetters at your leisure? Do you think that this shame and disgrace mean nothing to me—the knowledge that our name is blighted, and that, wherever we go, we are likely to be pointed at and scorned? Do you think I can brush this knowledge aside, as I would brush away a fly? Do you think I have enjoyed slaving ten hours a day, with this remembrance raging at my heart and brain! And what does your coming out mean to me," she cried shrilly, her eyes aflame and her bosom heaving. "It means ruin—ruin. Margie and I have moved. People where we are now don't know you. They don't even know that I have a husband! They respect us, and now our lives will be ruined for the second time, and—by your hand!"

At her first words Fraser had sprung up like a man shot through the heart. He swayed as he stood leaning heavily against the rock.

"Molly!" he gasped. "You never said—"

"No, I never said anything," she interrupted. "It's been eating my heart out, and you never even suspected it. I never can live with you again," she said coldly. Her eyes repelled him.

She extracted a shabby pocketbook from her dress, and with shaking fingers undid the fastenings. "I have brought you some money," she said shortly. "I do this, as I have done all the rest, because you were once my husband, and because I still bear your name, but now I have done my duty, and this is the end of it." She extended the money rigidly.

He tossed it contemptuously over the rock. The beautiful virgin sky had suddenly grown dark. With a fierce pang, he felt a wild rush of longing for the solitude of his prison cell. At this moment his wife seemed less a woman to him than a disturbing element in his long-cherished plans. He flushed darkly. To wait three years—for this!

He crossed over and laid one arm on her bowed shoulders.

"Molly," he said huskily. "Molly, you don't know what you're saying—you don't know what you're doing. There hasn't been an hour in the day or night that I haven't been planning for you and Margie. My God! You know I was innocent—you know I didn't take the money. What if all the others believed me guilty! You knew—you didn't doubt me!" He stooped entreatingly. His eyes besought her.

"Come, Molly," he said gently, "let us go home."

She looked at the blue vault above, where the stars were beginning to tremble. The croak of the crickets came shrilly to her ears.

"I can't," she said somberly—"I can't. Every stitch that I put into that hateful coarse sewing seemed to take me farther away from you. Oh!" she suddenly cried out, "let me go! Let me go!" She twisted her hands convulsively. "You don't know—you can't understand!"

The man was trembling like a wounded animal. With a miserable gesture he raised his torn hat as he stumbled blindly away.

Barton, approaching from the opposite direction, stared in blank bewilderment at the retreating figure.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated. "Where's he going?"

"He's going out of my existence," replied Molly simply.

Barton whirled round on her. "What do you mean?" he abruptly inquired.

Molly stood at bay. She knew Barton well enough to divine how her attitude would affect him, and she hesitated to reveal it. Already, in her mind, little clouds of doubt were forming. In these three years Barton had been her friend and stay, the sustaining, helpful figure in the foreground of her existence. At this juncture, half unconsciously, she looked to him. Her eyes were imploring, but Barton affected not to observe it. She answered him desperately:

"We—I don't think Jim and I are suited to each other any more," she said miserably.

Barton was honestly shocked. "He's your husband," said Barton sternly, hurt that his unacknowledged ideal of womanhood could be found wanting. "I don't know anything about a woman's love," he said bitterly, "but I know how a man would feel," he added, his pity for his friend carrying him away.

A look of acute pain swept over Molly's blanched face.

"You don't understand—you don't know," she said convulsively. "I don't love him any longer. I wish I did—I wish I did!" she repeated in agony.

"Poor Jim—poor old fellow!" said Barton regretfully, the sympathy in his voice goading her to despair. He seated himself on an adjacent rock and began thoughtfully punching holes in the turf with his stick. He did not meet her eyes.

"I remember," he said reflectively, "something Jim once said to me that you were so ill. He was pretty white, and his eyes had the same hurt look I saw in them to-day. Barton," he said, "if my wife dies, it's all up with me—and I could hear him saying that for a week afterwards; and when you were out of danger the whole office knew it, just by the glorified look on his face."

He cast a quick glance at the motionless figure by the rock, but her hands were clenched, and she did not answer.

"And when Margie was born," Barton went on, "there wasn't anything good enough for that little morsel. He used to stand worrying the fruit peddlers merely because they hadn't got an apple big enough and red enough and round enough to dangle before her eyes. 'I suppose,' he went on, interrogatively, 'you remember that big fire on Main street about six years ago, and well—the fireman whose life Jim saved by that day into a blazing hell thinks a good deal of Jim even yet. I don't know that you ever heard,' he resumed, softly, 'what were Jim's first words as soon as he could speak. 'Don't tell Molly,' he said, gently, and when you did come he tried to hide his burned hands so as not to frighten you.'"

His glance wandered down the lonely road. Silent and empty, it stretched away into the gloom of the gathering night. In the stillness they heard the solitary plashing of the waves. He rose and faced Molly doubtfully.

"Shall we go now, Mrs. Fraser?" he politely asked. "We can make the 8:15."

She broke down with a little cry. The next instant she was running swiftly down the road.

"Jim!" she called, eagerly. "Jim!" Her voice floated over the darkening reach of water. Barton, in the distance, saw her stumble, fall, recover herself, and press hurriedly forward.

On and on she sped, peering into every clump of bush searching behind great bowlders, straining her eyes over the dusty road which lay before her, white and bare. Molly felt that her heart was bursting. Oh, if God would only forgive her, and let her find Jim before (the thought was agony) it might be too late!

Then she turned the corner and saw him. He was coming quickly toward her, and the light of a great gladness in his bright eyes.

Like one stricken with unpeppable yearning, she held out her arms.

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Every Spring and Summer Suit MUST BE CLEARED AWAY DURING THIS MONTH

Any \$22.50 or \$20.00 Suit of Clothes in our store

Now \$12.50

Any \$16.50 or \$15.00 Suit of Clothes in our store

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4 Doors South Richardson Co. Bank

THE COMERS AND GOERS

HAPPENINGS OF INTEREST TO YOU AND ME.

What Your Friends and Their Friends Have Been Doing the Past Week.

Louis Zimmerman of Arago was in Falls City Saturday.

Wm. Zoeller and family were Falls City visitors Saturday.

See Clarence Heck for your goal this fall, Phone 101.

Miss Josie Gilroy left Saturday for a visit with relatives at Friend, Neb.

Mrs. C. C. Davis entertained Miss Genevieve Cross of Fairbury this week.

Henry Ebel and family from the country were chautauqua visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Elmer Nickles of St. Joseph, Mo., visited this week with relatives in this city.

Miss Stella Wilson of Columbus, O., visited this week with her sister, Mrs. R. Wilson.

E. B. Dore and wife of Salem were the guests of A. R. Scott and family Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Sammie Stewart of Reserve, Kas., spent Sunday with her parents, Jim DeWald and wife.

Mrs. Lloyd Morris of Bethany, visited with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Lowe over Sunday.

Dr. J. D. Houston of Nebraska City, a brother of Dr. I. M. Houston, spent Sunday with him in this city.

Joseph Nedrow of Stella, Neb., visited relatives in this city and attended the chautauqua Sunday.

Ray Zimmerman and Sam Boyer of Hiawatha were among those who attended the chautauqua here Sunday.

Among the Preston people on the chautauqua grounds Sunday were: Mrs. Ryan Shelly, John Mohler and wife.

Among the Morrill, Kas., people who attended the chautauqua Sunday were: Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Pence, Messrs. Wm. Bandk and Truman Howard, Mrs. Spurgens and daughters and Mr. and Mrs. Haines Meyers.

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W. C. Sloan of Verdon was a chautauqua visitor Sunday. He was accompanied home by his wife and two sons who spent several days at the home of John Hossack in this city.

Misses Marion and Naomi Towle returned to their home in Omaha this week after a visit to their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Towle.

Mrs. Renford of Barnston, Neb., spent several days in the city this week with her brother, Wm. Higgins and family.

Jean Cain took his father, mother and Julian and Mrs. McCoy and son, Robert, to Stella in the Cain auto Monday.

Miss Jessie Withee who spent the past week in this city with friends, returned to her home in Stella Monday.

Homer Howe, one of the Humboldt's energetic business men, was on the chautauqua grounds Saturday.

Rudolph Fisher and family and Miss Julia Frauenfelder of Verdon were Falls City visitors Saturday.

Miss Carrie Melvin of Iola, Kas., visited with her cousins, the Misses Heineman, in this city.

Misses Viola Draper and Cecil Youngman were among the Humboldt people here Sunday.

Miss Wanna Zimmerman of north of Humboldt was a chautauqua visitor part of the week.

Ewing Herbert brought a party of young ladies over to our chautauqua Saturday.

Miss Nina Snow attended the chautauqua here Sunday.

Salem will hold an assembly on Sunday, August 8, at the old chautauqua grounds. The program consists of band music, basket dinners, and a lecture by Rev. F. E. Day of the Christian church. The subject of the address will be, "The Religions of Yesterday, Compared With the Religion of To-day."

Roy Daggett received his new artificial limb Saturday and soon after was seen on the street walking with only a very slight limp. This was due to the newness of the limb and will no doubt soon wear off. Roy is to be congratulated on the fit and general appearance of his foot.—Salem Index.

Among the Verdon people at the chautauqua Sunday were: Mr. and Mrs. Jay Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Sig Fuller, Mrs. Iva Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ayers, Mr. and Mrs. George Knapp, Mrs. Joe Parsons, May Johnson, Wallace Arnold and Emmerson Lowers.

The electric light plant at Humboldt was out of commission one night last week on account of a broken shaft. By-the-way, Humboldt has the best electric service of any town in southeast Nebraska. They furnish day power too.

J. R. Cain, Jr., is the republican county chairman to manage the year's campaign. Everything points to a lively contest this fall and with such an able leader for the G. O. P. the democrats will have to look lively.—Rulo Register.

Mrs. Glen Campbell and little daughter of Kearney spent several days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Mead. They left this week for Omaha to visit her sister, Mrs. Gwyre Yates. Mrs. Mead accompanied them to Omaha.

Johnson, Nebraska, "sports" a real bloomer ball team. Five girls, the rest boys dressed in bloomers, comprise the team. They had a game with Brock the other day and beat them.

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—For the Best Ice Cream go to D. W. Sowles.

Herbert Hedges was an Auburn visitor Monday.

—For Sale—My horse, buggy and harness.—Harry Custer.

Cecil Lowe is visiting his sister, Mrs. Lloyd Morris at Bethany.

Mrs. Oliver Helkes of Hiawatha, is visiting old friends in this city.

The chautauqua grounds looked like Humboldt the latter part of the session.

Among the Salem visitors here on Thursday were Miss Grace Harland, Oliver Tilden and Ruby Stinola.

Mrs. Charles Hedges of Indianola, Neb., mother of Herbert Hedges, visited a few days with him this week.

Among those who attended the chautauqua from Barnston were C. F. Keke and family and Miss Bertha Weick.

Ray Gist and wife of Humboldt were the guests of Guy Greenwald and wife while attending the chautauqua here Sunday.

L. J. Sugar and wife and Dr. Litchfield and wife of Humboldt were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. M. L. Wilson Sunday.

Miss Yetta Ebel returned home from a few weeks' visit with relatives and friends at St. Joseph and Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. J. W. Cullen and daughter, Edith, and Miss Nellie Weaver were among the Verdon people on the chautauqua grounds Saturday.

Among the Hiawatha visitors to our city Sunday were John Miller and Misses Shepherd, Hansen, and Conover. They came in an automobile.

Mrs. William Messer and Solomon Beachey of Morrill, Kas., and Art Lifty and family of Sabetha, were in Falls City Saturday, the guests of relatives and friends.

P. H. Hart and wife of Reserve, Kas., and Perry Hart, Jr., and Miss Nellie Wittmer of Hiawatha, were guests at the H. D. Burchard home Sunday.

and Miss Alma Donchler.

The Chautauqua IS NOW OVER

and Prof. Gardner, of the Toronto Quartette, said that the Piano furnished by the Humboldt Piano Co., was the best furnished on their tour of the United States. Our Pianos are of the better makes and we cater to the best trade. Any person or persons interested in Pianos will do well to investigate our Pianos.

OUR PRICES AND TERMS ARE RIGHT

We have added the Kimball and Otto Wisner to our large list of good Pianos.

Call on us or write us and we will call on you.

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All snappy designs and of excellent quality. These are regular 35c and 50c boxes. We have them on sale for two weeks only at

25c a box

Better get one before they are gone, at

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