

DIDN'T EVEN LOSE ONE LIFE

Carried Off by Eagles, Cat Kills Both Birds and Gets Home Comparatively Unhurt.

Some days ago two large eagles descended upon the town of Milo and carried off Bill, the big Persian cat belonging to Mrs. L. H. Ryder at the Silver Lake hotel. No one ever expected to see her again, but Monday morning she reappeared outside of Mrs. Ryder's window apparently but little the worse for her experience.

Some of the long fur about her throat was missing and there were several scratches on her back, but she was purring contentedly and has taken her customary allowance of milk and sardines to-day without the slightest difficulty.

The final act in the drama was unfolded this afternoon when Dave Hutchinson arrived here from his Bee Pond camps with the bodies of two eagles which he found in the Ten Mile Shanty road about five miles from here. The head of one of them had been clawed terribly and the throat of the other had been torn open.

That they both met their death at the hand of the cat there can be no doubt. But how she managed to despatch them without herself sustaining serious injury, is a complete mystery which even Bill McBride, the Houston mountain bee fancier doesn't attempt to unravel.—Kennebec Journal.

READY WITH A WITTY REPLY

In Repartee, Prof. Woodrow Wilson Rather Had the Best of President Butler.

The story has been told of a fall Prof. Woodrow Wilson once took out of President Butler of Columbia at a certain educational gathering. The man from Manhattan had been discoursing at some length on the life and alertness of Columbia, which he characterized as a busy university in the midst of a busy city.

To draw a comparison he is reported to have referred to Princeton as a sleepy little town in New Jersey where there was no hurry or bustle. He thought that Columbia was located in a place where a man was kept alive and was in no danger of falling asleep.

President Wilson was the next speaker. In his opening remarks he declared that possibly the sentiment of Columbia's president could be understood more readily when one recalled that it had been said: "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

The "Garter" Snake.

The newest fad of Virginia girls has put a price upon the heads of vertebrates, for the brilliant skin of the garter snake is now to be utilized for its legitimate purpose of supporting the open work hosiery of Virginia beauties. Exactly where and when the fad originated appears not to be known, but jewelers have found it to be worth their while to prepare the skins of snakes to be used as bows and buckles on women's garters. The snakes are being killed as fast as they make their appearance. Many men are beating the woods as a summer business, slaying reptiles of the proper size and coloring to grace the pretty knees of Virginia women. Dealers in this necessary adjunct to apparel of women say that there is a growing demand for garter snake ornament.

Annual Kissing Carnival.

In the little Roumanian town of Helmsagen an annual fair is held on the feast of St. Theodore. On this occasion the place swarms with newly married brides from all the villages in the district; widows who have taken fresh husbands remain at home. The young women, in festive attire and generally attended by their mothers-in-law, carry jugs of wine, wreathed with flowers, in their hands. They kiss every man they meet and afterward present the jug to his lips for a "nip." As he takes it he bestows a small gift on the bride. Not to take of the proffered wine is regarded as an insult to her and her family. She is, therefore, reserved toward strangers and only kisses whom she thinks likely to taste of her wine. The kissing is carried on everywhere—in the street, in the taverns and in private houses.

Now the Turn of the Men.

Mr. R. A. Long of Kansas City says that women who are now leaders in the church and have performed that work in the past are not going to do it in the future. They have gone crazy over bridge parties and society events of that sort, he says, and it behooves the men to take up the reins of church work. "I believe there has been no time when it was more necessary for men to work in the church than to-day," he said. He thinks that with men interested in mission work the evangelization of the world will be easy.

A Good Provider.

"Have you ever noticed the kindly providence of nature?" "What's on your mind?" "I was thinking of the thoughtfulness of covering the trees with foliage so the cunning little caterpillars would have something to eat."

Raising Hedgehog on Bottle.

Fred Wiegand of West Hazleton, Pa., has an interesting pet in the shape of a baby groundhog that he captured alive in the woods. It is necessary to feed the youngster on milk, which it takes from a bottle like a child.

GOT START THROUGH "NERVE"

Reporter Who Bluffed John W. Gates Secured Fat Position from the Speculator.

When John W. Gates a few years ago had the Chicago pit excited by his blustering in corn, reporters camped in vain on his trail for a week. A green reporter on a Chicago daily volunteered to "get him." The city editor laughed, and told him to go ahead. The blissful optimist did not wait to deliver his card to the negro in livery at the door. Instead he walked straight into Mr. Gates' office. "What's the meaning of this?" asked Gates, rising angrily.

"I'm a reporter and I want an interview," said the intruder. "If you don't get out of here I'll have you thrown out," thundered John W. Gates.

"Well, you'll have to call your army in, for I'm not going to move," retorted the reporter.

Gates went around the end of his desk and approached threateningly. "I'll throw you out myself!" he shouted.

"Now, Mr. Gates, take it easy," said the reporter soothingly. "You don't want a scene here, do you?"

Gates stopped, looked at the brazen fellow in wonderment, then gave vent to his bellow of a laugh. "If I had half your nerve, young man, I'd be boss of creation before a twelve-month," he said. "Sit down," Gates gave the interview, and the following day he hired the reporter at \$150 a week.

SURE HE WAS A DESCENDANT

Old Colored Man's Unique Claim to a Share in Revolutionary Glory.

An amusing incident which those of the "descendants of the signers" who witnessed it on Sunday morning will not soon forget happened when an old negro attempted to gain admission to Independence hall, at Sixth and Chestnut streets, on that day.

The room containing the portraits of the signers and relics and souvenirs of the revolution was thrown open for the first time on Sunday, but only "descendants" were admitted by the guard at the door.

The negro, seeing the visitors filing in the building, endeavored to pass in also, but was halted by the uniformed guard, who said to him:

"Are you a descendant of a signer of the declaration?" "Yes, Sah; yes, Sah," replied the negro. "I should just think I was a scendant; I'm a scendant ob de man what wrote that declaration."

The custodian was amazed at the man's apparent belief in what he was saying, and asked him how he made that out.

"Why, Sah," explained the negro, "my name an Thomas Jefferson, an I must be scended from Mistah Thomas Jefferson, an' he done wrote that declaration, didn't he?"—Philadelphia Times.

The Fagan Twins.

Martin Fagan, a well-known personage in the neighborhood of Tenth and Clearfield streets, was arraigned before a magistrate recently at the Germantown police station charged with being a habitual drunkard.

"Judge," exclaimed Fagan, when he heard of the charge preferred against him, "there is an injustice being committed. I surely am a bit intoxicated now, but not all the time."

"I sent you to the house of correction several days ago," explained the magistrate, "and I really don't know how you got out."

"You are mistaken, judge, that was my twin brother John. We both look so much alike that I am often mistaken for him, so, you see, I have to stand for his wrongs."

The magistrate sent Martin up to keep John company.—Philadelphia Times.

Cement in Panama.

An idea of what the Panama canal construction means to one industry in this country may be gleaned from the fact that almost a million tons of cement will be used in the gigantic work. Shipments have already begun in steamers owned by the government, which will carry about 8,000 tons at a trip. It is estimated that it will take about four years to deliver the 4,800,000 barrels of cement contracted for at the present rate of shipment. The government will profit by using its own vessels instead of chartered ships, as there will be no charges for demurrage in case loading or unloading is delayed by storms.

As They Do it in the East.

The east is the east. Here is an "imperial decree" from the capital of China: "In view of the importance of the offices and appointments of Grand Secretary Na Tung, who is in mourning for his parent, his incumbency of such is ordered to be changed to an acting capacity. He is commanded to attend to his duties as usual, after the expiry of a hundred days' mourning, and is earnestly desired to atone his feeling of filial piety with his faithfulness to the state, so as to satisfy the throne's reliance upon him."

Big Head.

"At Yale university there is a skull of a prehistoric animal which measures nine feet long and six feet broad," said the man with the blue hat band. "Oh, well," replied the other, wearing a crimson hat band, "that's not the only thing in Yale with a big head."

Raising Funds.

"I've got a family of seven to send away for the summer." "How are you going to do it, old man?" "Derned if I know. I guess I'll have to issue bonds."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

LIVES IN PRINCELY FASHION

Dog Has Earned Much Money in His Time, and Grateful Owner Is Repaying Him.

To sport a collar with a \$200 diamond set in a heavy plate of gold, to occupy an apartment in an expensive hotel, to have perfumed baths, ride in automobiles and eat dishes cooked by a French chef is the fate one Detroit dog has had mapped out for him by propitious Fortune. Ben Goldberg is his name, and he lives with his owner, A. L. Goldberg at the Cadillac, where his room is adjacent to his owner's and where he has a beautiful silk pillow to sleep on all night.

Ben was born in Monte Carlo more than two years ago. Then, like the scion of many a rich and noble family, he was given over to the care of a tutor. For two years Ben, who is a beautiful, big, fluffy French poodle of a bigger variety than is commonly seen, made fame and money by acting on the stage.

Always he was the star of every production, because he could hop across the boards, balance himself on his hind or fore legs, smoke a pipe, play the piano, sing, waltz and sit at table like any social lion without making a single blunder. Now his working days are over and Ben lives like a prince. Every day he spins about in a big automobile before his six o'clock dinner, which is served him in his own room. He is very popular in spite of the fact that he is a terrible snob and has small use for those who do not dress fashionably or who have common manners.—Detroit Free Press.

WHERE FLY BEATS SWALLOW

If Not Able to Create Season, He Easily Makes a Period of Great Discomfort.

"One swallow may not make a summer but," said Mr. Kwillkumby, "I think we must all agree that one fly may make a winter, or at least a season of great discontent for us, and this at a time when naturally winter would be furthest from our thoughts; the single fly I refer to being the one that comes around and bothers us when we want to sleep on these early lighted summer mornings.

"We wake, say, at five o'clock and see the light of the sun already brightly marked around the borders of the window shades. We look at our watch and see that it is only five o'clock while thanks to our good fortune we are privileged to sleep until seven. So then we stretch out in comfort and in the peaceful stillness, adjusting our head in such a position that those light streaks don't strike our eyes and then with pleasurable thoughts of the two hours more of sleep to come we doze off—about three-quarters off. And then—

"That one, single, loud-voiced, molasses-footed, viciously-attacking, persistently-sticking, fiercely-buzzing fly that on such mornings is always sure to harry us comes in; and at its coming all our happy dreams and anticipations of that lovely added sleep fade away.

"I am willing to concede that one swallow may not make a summer. I think that you will concede that one fly can make it very hot for us."

Makes Division of Day.

A curious habit is indulged in by Mr. Frank A. Munsey, the well-known publisher. He divides his day in two, literally going to bed, sleeping, and then getting up, changing his clothes, and beginning the second half of his day at nightfall. Not once does he break through this rule of retiring at 5:30 or six every afternoon, and sleeping until seven, and no important business matter or social engagement is permitted to interrupt or interfere with this rule. He does not take a siesta or snatch 40 winks, but sleeps soundly until time to dress for dinner. And he can sleep just as soundly when he turns in again at midnight or later.

The Maine Dog and Maine Mutton.

If there was only a way to submit to a legislature a certified list containing the name of every farmer in Maine who had either been driven out of or was prevented from entering upon the sheep raising business because of his neighbors' dogs the legislature would need no further argument for the passage of a law which would keep dogs confined. Maine is a prosperous state already, but she would be doubly prosperous if the state was swept clean of every dog that chases sheep. Sheep raising is a great industry and a profitable one. Why not swap our dogs for sheep and pocket the difference?—Kennebec Journal.

What is Popular Education?

There is a great discussion on popular education going on just now. The question at issue seems to be whether education is a process to develop the growing mind or one to hammer in youthful brains a curriculum passing the sardine system of packing. To the lay mind the question is a simple one, but to the educational expert the lay attitude is a rank mixture of ignorance, Philistinism and heresy. To the expert mind the only simple thing in the question is the lay duty in the matter—to pay the freight.—Baltimore American.

Price of Life.

Young Lady—Give me a yard of—why, haven't I seen you before? Draper's Assistant—Oh, Maud, have you forgotten me? I saved your life at the seaside last summer. Young Lady (warmly)—Why, of course you did. Then you may give me two yards of the ribbon, please.—Illustrated Bits.

LOBSTERS THAT BORE WELLS

Are a Boon to Australian Colonists, According to Story Told by the Traveler.

"Lobsters dispel drought in Australia." The speaker extracted with his silver pick a delicate morsel from the huge scarlet claw.

"Australian colonists, at the height of a drought," he said, "often find their dried springs miraculously flowing again. Fresh-water lobsters work that miracle.

"In every creek and spring, you see, there are large lobster settlements. If these lobsters fail to find moisture, they perish. Hence, when their streams dry up, they follow the water down into the earth. They dig, dig, dig—just like our Panama canal workers—and in the end their strong claws pierce through the soft clay covering of some hidden spring, and a rill of sweet, fresh water bubbles up."

He lighted a cigarette and gazed through the open window at the moonlit sea.

"Some thousands of lobster artesian well borers, working away frantically like that, day and night," he said, "are bound to discover enough springs to break any reasonable drought."—Los Angeles Times.

WORN BY WIVES OF ARTISTS

Interesting is the Result When Men of Talent Devise Garments for Helpmeets.

When the Society of American Artists or the National Academy of Design holds a reception it is always interesting to a sartorial observer to pick out the women whose husbands have designed their costumes.

Some of the wives with artistic husbands plainly do not care for color or line and come out in the latest fashions. Then there are others whose gowns show evidences of planning in which the spouse has had a finger regarding the tint of the fabric or the way it is fashioned.

Some of the women one sees at these exhibitions trail about in artistic and soulful robes which look as though plucked from an unwilling Botticelli angel and become slightly stained in the fray. Very charming are other of these artistic draperies even though they lack that perfection of finish and trimness which in fashionable life is regarded as the height of sartorial perfection.—Brooklyn Life.

A New English Word.

Mr. Churchill added a new word to the English language in one of his speeches at Edinburg recently. "We had a period of bad trade last year, and the shortfall in our revenue was only a million and a half. In Germany there was a shortfall of eight millions, and in the United States the shortfall was not less than nineteen millions." "Shortfall" is not recognized by any existing dictionary, but the "New English Dictionary" has only got so far as "sauce," so there may yet be time to find room for it there. It is a much more expressive word than "deficit," because of the elements of the compound are native; the make-up of the word is understood and felt by everybody, as well as its secondary meaning.—Dundee Advertiser.

Important Item of "News."

It cannot be very hard to get plenty of news for an English newspaper, as the following from the St. James' Budget indicates: "The prince of Wales, in inspecting the coast guard at Newquay, was passing a petty officer, which he stopped and turned back. 'Aren't you Goddon?' he asked. 'I am, sir,' said the gratified petty officer. 'Were you not with me in Canada 20 years ago?' 'Yes, sir,' said the officer. Mr. Goddon had been leading hand in crosstrees when his royal highness was midshipman of the top. 'Give me your hand,' said the prince, with a smile. 'I hope you will have a long and enjoyable career in your present position.'"

Seamen Scarce in England.

Ten years ago it was estimated that while during the preceding half century the British merchant tonnage had almost trebled, the number of British seamen engaged in the mercantile marine had decreased by 25 per cent., and the boys and young men by 85 per cent. In 1857 there were 96,914 petty officers and sailors, not including lascars, employed in the mercantile marine of the United Kingdom; in 1875 it was estimated that there were 82,000; in 1899 the estimated number had fallen to 69,709, while in 1901 there were only 44,290.—Fortnightly Review.

Thought Astor Was Crazy.

People said John Astor was crazy because he paid \$1,000 an acre when he bought the estate of Aaron Burr a hundred years ago. It was a farm of 120 acres, located about where 21st street is now in Manhattan. In ten years he commenced to sell lots at \$5,000 an acre. But, fortunately, he did not sell much at that price. What it is worth to-day is hard to compute in millions.—C. per Cent.

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A. G. WANNER, Druggist, Falls City.

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The Big Horn Basin, the Yellowstone Valley and the large Dry Farming valleys in Wyoming along the Burlington, offer exceptional opportunities for farmers, merchants, mechanics and professional men to locate near and in the new towns now springing up along the All of these rich farming valleys are surrounded by valuable pasturelands containing timber for the settlers and in most cases, coal and valuable building stone.

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