

THE BOY APPETITE

WHY MEN OF MILLIONS ENVIED COMPANION.

All of Them Had Cash to Buy Any thing That the World Could Pro- duce, But Not That One Thing.

Simmons is private secretary to a well-known business man, and he had just explained to a couple of friends that the reason he had been unable to see them during the previous week was that his evenings had been occu- pied in taking down the minutes of a couple of important conferences in which his boss figured.

"And I'll bet," said Huntley, en- viously, "that they didn't do a thing but talk money, and that they threw around the millions the same as we would nickels."

"No," said Simmons slowly, "the money talk wasn't very enthusiastic. Of course the business was important, but it consisted mostly of considering and disposing of various matters. I had lots of time, was home in my bed before it was over. Probably they did, too, for the only time they grew at all animated was the last evening, when the discussion drifted into the matter of eating. That was after the business was concluded."

"And of course," said Huntley, "it was nothing but terrapin and truffles and champagne and french messes that cost a dollar a minute to look at. That's all those fellows eat. They don't enjoy it unless it cost a lot of money."

"You're away off," said Simmons. "The talk about eating wasn't confi- dential and wouldn't bring them into conflict with the interstate commerce act, so I can tell you what it was. The old man started it by saying: 'Boys, I was upstate recently and I had a feed that would knock your eye out.'"

"Don't give us that," said Huntley, contemptuously. "That old fellow wouldn't eat anywhere except in the Plaza or some such place."

"Well, he did this time, and when he spoke the others sat up and listened," he said. "Yes, I had a regu- lar old-fashioned feed. Hot boiled ham, hot corn, bread with lots of good butter, apple sauce and tea. I ate 'till I was ashamed of myself, and I don't know when anything tasted bet- ter, slipped down easier, or digested so soothingly. I'd like to have an ap- petite like that every day, and the same kind of good grub to satisfy it."

"And they gave him the laugh for being a vulgarian, I suppose?" said Huntley.

"They kind of didn't," said Sim- mons decidedly. "Old Cash the banker shook his head enviously and said: 'You lucky dog! I'd like to be up to you on this thing in a country house right now.'"

"That's where the boss got it, you know. He was a country boy and he was eating, probably, the very thing that appealed to him when he was a kid. The thing the others envied was that his boy's appetite came back to him and he had the very thing to sat- isfy it. But they knew, also, that the appetite and the food can't be had in combination in New York."

Greece Remembers Byron.

The centenary of Byron's arrival in Greece was celebrated in the most solemn and great occasion, the town being decorated for the occasion. All the local authorities, the archbishop and the clergy, the troops of the garrison, and a great crowd from all the neighboring districts, assembled in the public garden in the afternoon, where the students from the university and the children from all the schools marched in procession to the poet's statue, on which they deposited a wreath. Speeches were delivered, and a hymn to Byron by the Greek poet, Solomos, was sung. The mayor addressed a dispatch to the British minister in Athens, expressing the deep gratitude of the inhabitants for the immortal benefactor, whose remains repose in their keeping.

A Poser.

Arthur R. Collins, the vegetable writer of Sioux City, narrated in a recent address, a "poser" that his little son had put to him.

"My little boy," said Mr. Collins, "often turns away from his lentils, and expresses a longing for chops and roast beef."

"The other day," he explained, "he told me that by eating what we eat, that by eating vegetables, we become mild and placid, but by eating meat we become savage, and that's why I don't eat meat."

In Conflict With Critics.

Between the whole press of Copen- hagen and all the theatrical managers, a curious contest has started be- cause the managers want to compel the critics to write only favorable notices. The contest began when the board of theatrical managers forbade the admission of one critic represent- ing a special theatrical paper.

"All the symptoms," he said, "point to that kind of ailment, was born in a Jewish hovel, and is a presidential possibility to start with."

"Tractly so," as soon as he gets a little older I'm going to have him chop down a cherry tree and also split it into rails.

WATCH TAX, \$2.50 A YEAR

Everything Was Taxed in England

During Napoleon's Wars, In- come Tax Paid Ten Per Cent.

The Britisher is the most cheerful taxpayer in the world, so long as he believes he is getting good value for his money. All the same, he is not nearly so badly fleeced as were his fathers and forefathers before him.

In the days of the Napoleonic wars the income tax was ten per cent. on the pound. Moreover, small incomes as well as large were subject to the impost, this rate applying to all in- comes of £1,000 and upward.

At the same time nearly every article of general use or consumption was not spared, and sugar, was made to yield a larger return, per pound than its full cost to the consumer of today.

The fashion of wearing wigs was much in vogue in those days, and every man who indulged in the luxury of wearing his wig was subjected to the tax of \$5 per annum for doing so.

The powdering of the wigs was a universal practice among all but the lower classes, so the revenue from this source alone must have been handsome.

No man could wear a wig without a license, and the government exacted a license fee of one shilling, of course, cost money.

A tax was even squeezed out of that useful and inoffensive article, the household clock. Every one that ticked—or did not tick, for that mat- ter—was made to yield \$1.25 to the treasury.

Gold watches were taxed, and any- body who wished to wear a golden timepiece had to pay \$3.50 per an- num for the privilege.

In still earlier times the poll tax was the favorite method of revenue raising. Each individual paid accord- ing to his position in the world, the heaviest tax being paid by those of the most exalted stations.

Thus, the amount levied on dukes was about \$30 per head and earls \$20 per head, with a descending scale, which amounted to no more than a modest 80 cents when it touched the poorest of the nobility.

Two centuries ago, a decade ago that scheme gave place to another and in some respects more equitable one.

This compelled every able-bodied man to contribute two cents per week to the national exchequer. Clerics and butlers whose incomes were more than \$400 per annum were called upon for \$5 per quarter.

Origin of Common Phrase.

It is generally assumed that the ex- pression "to the bitter end" is of nautical origin. When there is no wind on board a ship the cable is fastened to pieces of wood called bits, so that when the whole of the rope is payed out the seaman has reached the bitter end, or in other words, he has done all that is possible. The phrase should be "to the better end," and arose from the fact that when the cable of a ship had been payed out to its fullest extent it had run out to the end which was little used, and therefore to the better end.

The latter is probably the correct term, as it is used by Deane in "Rob- inson Crusoe" when he describes the storm of Yarmouth. He says: "We rode with two anchors aboard and two anchors veered out to the better end."

While, on the other hand, Dr. Brewer calls attention to the proverb 5:4, "Her end is bitter as wormwood," and sug- gests that possibly the origin of the phrase lies therein.

Discovered the Reason.

Edward W. Chaffin, the famous prob- ingtonist, was congratulated, at a din- ner in Chicago, on his discovery in the Washington capitol of the fact that Jefferson's portrait was labeled Pat- rick Henry and vice versa.

"They made a ludicrous mistake there in Washington," said Mr. Chaffin. "It reminds me of a mistake a boy made in Waukesha."

"When I practiced law in Waukesha, I often went skating in brisk weather like this. Well, one afternoon a young swell in a Norfolk jacket skat- ed by me; he was towing a girl who held on by the jacket's belt."

"Young Waukesha," observing this performance, said to me: "Wall, by jinks! I've often won- dered what them belly bands was for, and now by jinks! I know."

Safe and Sound.

Mediocrity, because democracy makes it the fountain of accepted belief, may be what it will, and it elects to be all that is good and beautiful. In the opinion of four cylinders, six cylinders are inevitably madness, and that dispose of genius at once.

The world trusts genius to crack its jokes and sing its songs, but not to marry its daughters or go on the road to sell its goods.

Genius has all along put truth above consistency and now it is saying there's a category even higher than truth. Pragmatism, some call it. That shows where society would be landed, only for the saving sanity which is mediocrity.—Puck.

The Correct Effect.

"Whose picture is that?" inquired an artist in a far western cabin, discover- ing a well-executed portrait hanging on the wall in a dark corner.

"That's my husband," said the woman of the house, carelessly.

"But it is hung with fatal effect," urged the artist, who remembered the fate of his picture in the academy.

ITALIAN FEAST

IS THAT IN HONOR OF HOLY MARY OF THE CHAINS.

Had Its Origin in Years Long Past, Based on Miracle That Neapolitans Continue to Have Most De- voted Belief In.

One of the oldest and strangest feasts that take place in Naples is the one in honor of Santa Maria della Catena (Holy Mary of the Chains). It occurs the last Sunday in August in front of the church dedicated to her, facing the sea at Santa Lucia.

Along the bank of the sea, in a line the embankment opposite the church, dressed in strange, barbaric costumes, groups of sailors and crack- ers, some carrying umbrellas of the same material and with some adorn- ments, others large baskets with fruit decorated, likewise, with fireworks.

At the first stroke of the church bell, for early mass the fireworks are let off, the fruit baskets emptied on the ground, over the contents of which hundreds of children begin to fight undaunted by the pain of water, which are freely emptied over them.

A second bell in the signal for hun- dreds of the crowd to throw them- selves in various states of dress or undress from the embankment into the sea, women and children included.

Invalids, even, are brought to take a dip and those who are unable to swim are assisted by others. This practice originated in the faith that the sea water on the last Sunday in August is a sure remedy against infirmity, present and future.

The Madonna della Catena is be- lieved to work the miracle she did cen- turies ago, when the church was built in her honor, according to the fol- lowing legend:

At the time when the shores of the Mediterranean were infested with pi- rates some inhabitants of Santa Lucia were captured by the Turks and a heavy ransom was demanded for their release. Some fishermen, with the aid of the statue of the Madonna, which they had opportunely found near the seashore, succeeded in collecting the ransom asked for the release of their captured friends.

The pirates were asked to bring their prisoners and to receive their ransom on a certain day, which hap- pened to be the last Sunday in Au- gust. The pirates, however, fearing some treachery, but not wishing to re- turn the prisoners, took them to the seashore at some distance from Santa Lucia and having chained them hand and foot, threw them into the sea.

The people of Santa Lucia, notwith- standing the distance and the chains, succeeded in having them, and attrib- uted this to a miracle of the Madonna, in whose name the ransom had been collected, and in her honor a church was erected in the year 1576.

Origin of Blind Man's Buff.

Folklore experts are well nigh agreed in believing that this game can be traced back to very ancient rites connected with prehistoric wor- ship. "Disguising were common among our Gothic ancestors during the Yule- tide festival. The person hoodwinked or blinded—for the monks at one time used their hoods for that purpose—often assumed the appearance of some animal—a goat, a stag, or a cow. This is confirmed by the German Jul- hock, the goat of Yuletide, as well as by drawings in Strutt's "Manners and Customs," and fascinations of some old ones in the Bodleian manuscripts. In these, the covering for the head is complete, and represents an animal, and the game itself is played by adults; Prof. Child connects the game with the northern Odin, the blind deity. In Scotland it is often called "Blind Hane"—that is, hairy, from the shaggy animals represented. The game was not unknown to the Greeks and Romans; Rudbeck supposes it was handed down from Bacchus, and that blinding was a part of the Bac- chantic orgies.

Who Are the Murphys?

Concerning the name of Murphy, the following remarks by the earl of Courtown are interesting: "Murphy is the Anglicized form of MacMur- rough, the last acknowledged king of Leinster. On the death of Dermot MacMurrough, the last acknowledged king of Leinster, his right by English law passed to his only legitimate child, Eva, wife of Richard de Clare, earl of Pembroke, known as Strong- bow. The legitimate male line was continued in the descendants of Der- mot's brother, Morrogh, who contin- ued to hold lands in North Wexford. This name is by far the most numer- ous in Ireland, and is found in every part of it."

Almost a New One.

He was writing the libretto for a comic opera. Suddenly he smiled. He had stumbled on a brand-new joke. He was a student of jokes, a collector, a reviser, an adapter, a faddist. He subjected the joke to every known test. Finally he gave it the third de- gree. There was no longer any doubt of its originality. He read his man- uscript over carefully and, sighing heavily, started at the joke. He realized there was no place for it in the libretto. So he left it out and went on writing.—Exchange.

By a Referee.

There has been another battle." "So I see." "Are these South American revolu- tions very dreadful?" "Not so very. Most of the victories are awarded on points."

BUFFALOES IN FIERCE FIGHT

Belligerent Young Bull Met Match in Older Adversary in Contest He Had Provoked.

A young buffalo bull with too much of the fighting spirit in him stirred up trouble in the herd at Bronx park and gave hundreds of spectators an opportunity of seeing how even a buffalo, when looking for a fight, can get one, says the New York Tribune.

It was late in the afternoon when the herd, which was in the far corner of its inclosure, began to move to- ward the stables. There was some trisking and bucking, for the cool air was raising the temperature of buffalo blood.

It was not long before the young bull began to look for trouble by bring- ing up against another bull his own age in too brusque a manner. Immedi- ately there was a commotion, and two heads went together with a whack, and then the more peaceably inclined bull broke off.

When an older bull, which had been watching developments, he walked right over to the confident young bull, sized him up, and then challenged by lowering his head.

And then came a fight which looked as if it were to be a hot one. The young bull pulled back, switched his tail, and went headlong at the other bull. The big fellow never budged, but the blow seemed to have the younger one.

Then the younger one charged again, the impact being plain- ly heard by the much excited specta- tors.

The second charge was as ineffec- tive as the first, and as he again drew back to strike the older bull started the third round with a plunge for- ward that showed mature buffalo strength as well as judgment. At the third charge the young bull went on his knees, trembling in every muscle. It seemed to be a sure thing that the older bull would gore his adversary, which would have been according to buffalo ethics, but he did not.

After looking at the defeated young bull, he joined the herd and started for the stables.

This was the first fight in months. Four or five bulls have been gored to death in as many fights in the history of the herd in the park.

Diets.

The only trouble with the 20-cent-a-day fare, such as that laid out by the Boston expert as a solution of the cost of living problem, is that the human body is not a chemical test tube. If it were it might take its carbohydrates, proteins and the rest of the chemical material that science says it requires in the form of mush, oleomargarine, smoked herring and cocoa shells and milk, or of chopped hay and silage for that matter, with- out any variation from day to day.

But although it is common to speak of food as the fuel of the body, the body will not accept a certain chemi- cally sufficient diet, unvaried from day to day as a furnace will accept coal day in and day out.

A human being defies chemical analysis. The chemists have never been able to put together the various chemi- cal elements that enter into a living organism in one of their retorts and combine them so as to produce that organism or any other living thing. The synthesis is beyond them. In a similar way there is more to nutrition than the mere just proportion of chemical elements.

His Last Request.

Charles Dickens used to relate an anecdote of the last moments of Fauntleroy, the great banker, hanged for forgery in 1824. His elegant dinner had always been followed by some re- markable and matchless cocoa, the source of which he kept a deep secret. Three of his boon companions had an interview with him in the condemned cell the day before his exe- cution. They were about to retire, when the most impressive of the three stopped back and said: "Faun- tieroy, you stand on the verge of the grave; remember the text, my dear man, that we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out. Have you any objec- tion, therefore, to tell me now, as a friend, where you got that cocoa?"

Portuguese Conspiracy.

The murder at Cascaes of a man engaged in stealing cartridges from the Lisbon custom house has led to the discovery of a vast conspiracy to overthrow existing institutions in Portugal. A number of secret clubs are said to be implicated, and quanti- ties of masks, long cloaks, and dis- guises, as well as explosives, daggers, and other arms, have been seized. Several arrests have been made, and some of the prisoners have made sig- nificant confessions. In the course of their investigations the police learned that the murdered man and others be- longed to the Republican clubs, which are divided into secret societies for the purpose of overthrowing existing institutions.

Old Maids' Beds.

"This is our special old maid's bed," said the salesman. "We are selling it like hot cakes. I don't be- lieve there's an old maid in the town- ship sleeps on any other pattern."

"What's its peculiar advantage to old maids?" "Why, of course, its low- ness. Don't you see how low it is? It goes right down to the ground. No man on earth could crawl under it."

"So this is the bed that old maids buy? No man could hide under it. So it doesn't have to be looked under un- easily the last thing before turning off the light?"

TRUTH NOT ALWAYS SOUGHT

One is Too Frequently Ant to Be Swayed by His Friendship and His Enmities.

A person should always make up his mind more carefully upon a matter in which an enemy is interested than where the personal element is no part of it. Unless he does this he will be apt to think his enemy is wrong. His prejudice, then, rather than his judgment, will rule.

And the case is the same if a friend is interested. That one fact may control one's judgment. It is ordinary experience for a man to take sides with his friend, and it is often done without considering whether he is right or not, in which case a man regards friendship as stronger than truth.

Friendship is the most beautiful thing in human experience, and to say "he is my friend" is saying a great deal. But it is a saying, and it stands for more to say "he is right," and stand for him, for that, than solely for friendship's sake. This does not make friendship cold-hearted. As Cassius said to Brutus: "A friend will bear a friend's infirmities," and even those infirmities out of which faults grow; but not the faults.

Our urgent concern should be in dealing with those whom we do not like, lest our opinion is swayed by prejudice or malice. Truth should be the arbiter in all cases. There is nothing so fine in a man's character as frankness to a friend or enemy. Such a trait always proves its high worth by the scale of pleasure it gives one when it is exercised. One of the best things to make a man like is to be frank with him; if he is right, to say so; if he is wrong, to say so, whether he is a friend or enemy. And this, not in any con- ventional spirit, but simply as the expression of one's good will, which is always in order.—Ohio State Jour- nalist.

Pearls from New York State.

Several years ago Henry Bailey of Bridgeport gave to the Oneida Coun- ty Historical society a collection of shells which he had secured from his pond. At the same time he gave to his daughter, Mrs. Charles Kerlief of Oneida, one of the shells which seemed a pretty one. And two weeks ago she perceived what was taken to be a pearl in this shell, and to make sure of its nature the find was shown to a jeweler in Utica. It was pronounced a pink pearl, and it is said that if detached from the shell it would be worth from \$75 to \$100.

It is by no means a rare thing to find pearls in the shells taken from local waters. Many shells have been brought down from Adirondack waters with fairly good pearls in them, and a few years ago some were discovered in the Adirondack region.

The worth of a pearl depends not alone on its size, but more particu- larly upon its shape and color. A good pearl, must be either round, pearl- shaped or a perfect oval. It is be- cause most of the pearls found in local waters fail to fill some of these requirements that they are not rated as especially valuable jewels.—Utica Press.

His Perfect English.

"Did you ever notice anything pecu- liar in Prof. W.'s speech?" in- quired a friend of the professor's.

"Why, no, I don't think I did."

"Well, he would never be guilty of saying what you said just now."

"He wouldn't? What did I say?"

"You said, 'I don't think I did.'"

"Is there anything out of the way about that?"

"Yes, you didn't say what you meant at all. You didn't mean that you didn't think, but that you thought you didn't. Prof. W. is so careful that he says exactly what he means, and nothing else. You do not mean the you do not think when you say that, but that you do think that such and such is not. Nearly everybody makes those little words when people speak as the professor does, and say, 'I think I don't,' instead of 'I don't think I do,' as the average in- dividual would say. Another of the professor's idiosyncrasies is to say, 'I won't,' where you or I would say, 'I won't.' All those little ways sound queer, but they're absolutely correct and irreproachable. The professor uses more perfect English than any one else I know."

Marriage in a Snowdrift.

The unique experience of being mar- ried in a snowdrift belongs to Thomas Stickley, a young farmer, and Miss Florence Merkley of Newmarket.

Mr. Stickley and his bride to be started to drive to a minister's house in Mount Jackson. Snowdrift after snowdrift was encountered. The horses became exhausted and the vehicle finally came to a stop in a five-foot drift. Leaving Miss Merkley, Stickley made his way on foot to the home of the Rev. Henry Ditzler, who re- turned and married the couple in the drift on the road.—Winchester cor- respondence Baltimore Sun.

Large Assistance.

Post-Office Clerk—You've put two penny stamps on your letter. The postage is only one penny.

Old Irishwoman—Sure, nivir mind. My son's in the post office, so it'll all help toward his wages.—The Irish.

An Old Story.

Sister's Young Man (at the celebra- tion of the engagement)—Now, Karl, wouldn't you like to taste some cham- pagne?

Karl—Oh, I know what it's like. This isn't the first time she's got engaged.

Something new, Favorite Pruning Saw.

Trim your trees from the ground. Six reasons why it is the best in the market. Write J. A. Schorer & Co. Fruit Packers and dealers for circulars and prices, St. Joseph, Mo. 10 St.

Let the light shine through the columns of this paper.

Notice!

We will receive bids for the excavation of the basement for the new Christian church to Monday, March 28. Any one desiring to bid can get the plans from Rev. Day at his office in the Jenne opera house. They will also explain conditions to govern in sending in bids.

For Sale!

Christian church has for sale good lumber and windows from old church building, also several hundred loads of dirt. Inquire at office of Rev. Day in the Jenne opera house or call phone 426.

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