

IN THE NIGHT.

I heard the footfall of the hall;
The armies of the sky
Were coming down amid the gale,
And rank on rank marched by.

BILLY BRAG

His name was Phineas Ellsworth,
but we boys at the "HX" ranch called
him Billy Brag for reasons which ten
minutes' conversation with him would
make obvious even to a total stranger.

Those were humdrum, monotonous
days at the "HX," and there was scant
opportunity for Billy to exhibit the
courage, prowess, skill, ability and so
forth which—we had his own oft re-
peated statements for it—he possessed
to a remarkable degree.

One day Cale Snelling, who was out
looking up some stags, fell in with a
maverick steer feeding in a coulee and,
thinking at first that it was an "HX"
critter, rode toward it. But the beast
was what is known as a "bad un,"

and horns down and bellowing with
rage, he turned and charged on the
startled cowboy. Cale tried to turn his
pony and run, but the animal was
green and only reared and snorted.

After many happy weeks spent in
the States I am not in the least sur-
prised that Englishmen should marry
American women. They show their
good taste—I should do the same were
I a man. Nor am I surprised that
American women should prefer Eng-
lishmen, for the same remark applies.

A quick witted and daring western
lawyer once saved a guilty client from
sure conviction on a charge of poison-
ing. It was proved that the poisoning
had been done by means of certain
cakes, a portion of which was pro-
duced in court. When the counsel for
the prisoner had finished his speech,

When Bob Hall, a cowboy from the
"3 Bar," the next ranch—one of the
meanest, ugliest, most quarrelsome bul-
lies who ever flourished a gun—got
killed at the hotel in town by an unoffend-
ing tenderfoot whom he had tried to
compel to take a drink, Billy, as usual,

But Billy's opportunity came one day.
He had been laid up a week and was
still lame as the result of being on the
side next the ground when his pony
stumbled and fell one day and was sit-
ting at the door one morning about
11:30 when the stage came along.

thing was up," for Dyer, the driver,
looked excited.

"Mornin', gentlemen," he said. And
then to Boss Fleming: "Fleming, I ex-
pect to be hel' up over by Five Mile
creek. Kin one o' the boys go with me?
I'll get another man at Parker's, an' I
rackon three'll be 'nough."

Dyer explained. The night before he
had noticed three suspicious looking
characters in town and observed that
they eyed him considerably. This morn-
ing he had started early, hoping to pass
all the places favorable to a "hold up"

"Hello, man!" ejaculated Fleming.
"Didn't you hear me say I was going?"
"Don't care of ye did," answered Bil-
ly curtly. "Thar's plenty work ter do,
an' my laigs is too stiff ter straddle any
blame broncho." And he climbed pain-
fully up to the driver's seat, and the
stage rolled away, leaving us staring
at each other, unable to believe our
eyes.

"Good gracious, Henry!" ejaculated
Mrs. Blank, hurrying to the scene of
disaster. "What is the matter?
Where are you? Why don't you light
the gas?"

"I shan't do anything of the kind,"
replied Mrs. Blank. "It looks very
much nicer where it is. Why don't
you feel where you are going when you
get into a dark room?"

"The reason is a simple one. The flor-
ist lives at once in the torrid and the
frigid zone. From a greenhouse atmos-
phere of nearly 100 degrees in the win-
ter months he must step out into one
that is nearly always below freezing
point and often below zero.

"This is a remarkably healthy el-
imate, they say," said the easterner.
"You're right thar," said Arizona Al.
"Fr instance, not long ago a tenderfoot
with a weak chest an' a pale face drop-
ped into the Miners' Delight, called me
a liar an' o' course I had to clean up."

"Too Small to Share.
Barnes—Yes, I guess it is true that it
is the little things that count.

"I have just one thing to ask you,
Mrs. Blank. Was I right?"
"No, you were not!" retorted Mrs.
Blank savagely. "Serious accident?
What's serious about this, I should like
to know? For goodness' sake, Henry,
don't stand there trying to look like a
martyr! If you must have the furni-
ture moved back, I'll move it!"

Why do you speak so slightly
of that eminent scientist?"
"I didn't mean to speak slightly
of him," answered the young man with
the striped shirt front. "But it does
seem peculiar to me that a man who
knows just when the next comet will
arrive and just how far it is to the
moon should be so utterly ignorant
when it comes to a question of when
it's time for dinner or what train to
take to get to the nearest town."

Lewis Carroll, the mathematician
and author of "Alice in Wonderland,"
once said: "Once realize what the true
object is in life—that it is not pleasure,
not knowledge, not even fame itself,
but that last infirmity of noble minds,
but that it is the development of character,
the rising to a higher, nobler, purer
standard, the building up of the per-
fect man—and then so long as this is
going on and it will, we trust, go on
forevermore, death has for us no ter-
ror; it is not a shadow, but a light; not
an end, but a beginning."

A DOMESTIC COMEDY.

THE VARIED RESULTS OF REARRANG-
ING THE FURNITURE.

Mrs. Blank's Mania For Changing
the Appearance of the Rooms
Brought Trouble to the Male Con-
tingent and Sorrow to Herself.

"Do you change the position of the
furniture when you clean a room?"
Inquired housewife No. 1 of a friend in
the course of a heart to heart talk.

"Well, I usually change the orna-
ments around and so forth, but in the
spring and fall I like to change every-
thing in a room—completely after the
whole appearance of it. Then I fancy
the things are all new, and they seem
to look prettier somehow. But, do you
know, my husband doesn't like it at
all!"

"Neither does mine! Isn't that singu-
lar? Men are so peculiar!"
"Yes, indeed they are!"

So many housekeepers share the
views of these two that a story with
a moral will not be out of place.

"Good gracious, Henry!" ejaculated
Mrs. Blank, hurrying to the scene of
disaster. "What is the matter?
Where are you? Why don't you light
the gas?"

"I shan't do anything of the kind,"
replied Mrs. Blank. "It looks very
much nicer where it is. Why don't
you feel where you are going when you
get into a dark room?"

"The reason is a simple one. The flor-
ist lives at once in the torrid and the
frigid zone. From a greenhouse atmos-
phere of nearly 100 degrees in the win-
ter months he must step out into one
that is nearly always below freezing
point and often below zero.

"This is a remarkably healthy el-
imate, they say," said the easterner.
"You're right thar," said Arizona Al.
"Fr instance, not long ago a tenderfoot
with a weak chest an' a pale face drop-
ped into the Miners' Delight, called me
a liar an' o' course I had to clean up."

"Too Small to Share.
Barnes—Yes, I guess it is true that it
is the little things that count.

"I have just one thing to ask you,
Mrs. Blank. Was I right?"
"No, you were not!" retorted Mrs.
Blank savagely. "Serious accident?
What's serious about this, I should like
to know? For goodness' sake, Henry,
don't stand there trying to look like a
martyr! If you must have the furni-
ture moved back, I'll move it!"

Why do you speak so slightly
of that eminent scientist?"
"I didn't mean to speak slightly
of him," answered the young man with
the striped shirt front. "But it does
seem peculiar to me that a man who
knows just when the next comet will
arrive and just how far it is to the
moon should be so utterly ignorant
when it comes to a question of when
it's time for dinner or what train to
take to get to the nearest town."

Lewis Carroll, the mathematician
and author of "Alice in Wonderland,"
once said: "Once realize what the true
object is in life—that it is not pleasure,
not knowledge, not even fame itself,
but that last infirmity of noble minds,
but that it is the development of character,
the rising to a higher, nobler, purer
standard, the building up of the per-
fect man—and then so long as this is
going on and it will, we trust, go on
forevermore, death has for us no ter-
ror; it is not a shadow, but a light; not
an end, but a beginning."

The Mistake of the Polar Bear.

Nordenskjold found that the white
bears generally went through a long
performance of stalking his sailors,
clearly on the mistaken conclusion that
they were seals. As the men were
clothed partly in sealskin, it was a very
natural mistake. But the interest of
the story lies in the generalization
made by the bear. The bear said:

"There are two or three seals, one
standing up on its flippers in a very
unusual way. I will therefore stalk
them unseen as long as I can and
when they see me pretend to be doing
something else."

So the men, with their guns and
lances, who wanted to shoot the bear
had the pleasure of seeing him care-
fully crawling behind rocks and ice
lumps, making long detours this way
and that and every now and then
clambering up a rock and peeping cau-
tiously over to see if the seals had
gone. On the open snow the bear
would saunter off in another direction
and then, falling flat, push himself
along on his belly, with his great front
paws covering his black muzzle, the
only thing not matching the snow
about him. Just as the bear thought
he had got his "seal" the latter fired
and shot him, a victim of false analogy.
—Spectator.

Norwegian Hotel Fire Escapes.

Nor do Norwegian hotels themselves
console you. Built of wood, their chief
merit lies in the fire escape, which is to
be found in the chief room upon every
landing. At Visnes I spent a happy
night answering the questions of nerv-
ous travelers who came from hour to
hour to see if the fire escape in my
room was working properly. Angry
assurances were powerless to convince
them if ancient ladies. Did I really
think the rope would work? Was there
any danger? Had I tried the contriv-
ance myself? Excellent souls! As if
the printed notice were not enough!

Ah, that printed notice! I have a
copy of it by me as I write. It is the
complete instruction in English to the
traveler threatened by fire in a wooden
hotel in Norway. Let me give it you as
I found it:

"Fire escape to throw out the win-
dow.
"The plaited snorter shall be found
in every room.
"To increase the hurry let down the
body one by one until all shall be left.
"N. B.—The cord shall put out the
ground from the shoulder thereunder."
—London Mail.

Florists' Lives Are Short.

It is commonly supposed that the
men who work in the mines or those
whose occupations necessitate the
breathing of poisonous fumes and gases
are the shortest lived," said a promi-
nent physician. "This is a mistake,
and it will surprise many to learn that
the highest death rate is found among
a class who breathe in the sweetest
odors—florists.
"The reason is a simple one. The flor-
ist lives at once in the torrid and the
frigid zone. From a greenhouse atmos-
phere of nearly 100 degrees in the win-
ter months he must step out into one
that is nearly always below freezing
point and often below zero. In sum-
mer he has change to encounter, too, as
in the spring and fall. By force of hab-
it he grows careless and often works
without his coat in the hot, artificial at-
mosphere, and this increases the dan-
gers to which he is exposed. Lungs
and throat and stomach diseases, as
well as rheumatism, find in the florist
the least resistance."—Galveston News.

The Change in the Tenderfoot.

"This is a remarkably healthy el-
imate, they say," said the easterner.
"You're right thar," said Arizona Al.
"Fr instance, not long ago a tenderfoot
with a weak chest an' a pale face drop-
ped into the Miners' Delight, called me
a liar an' o' course I had to clean up."

Too Small to Share.

Barnes—Yes, I guess it is true that it
is the little things that count.
Howes—So you have come to that
conclusion, have you?
Barnes—Yes. You see, I was walk-
ing with Tedworth, and he said if he
should find a million dollars he'd give
me half. Presently he picked up a
dime, and when I asked him to share
it with me he abused me like a pick-
pocket.—Boston Transcript.

Cleaning Light Fur.

One who says she has tried it recom-
mends naphtha for cleaning light fur.
She says: Pour naphtha over the fur,
then fluff and pat the article until the
soil has been worked out, and when
this is done press the naphtha out by
drawing the hand firmly over the fur.
Then shake and hang in the air to dry.
Be careful of fire.

Wily Costigan.

Casey—Costigan got his life insured
for tin cints.
Conroy—How was that?
Casey—He borrowed tin cints at th'
foreman, and the foreman won't put
him on a dangerous job as long as he
owes him tin cints!—Puck.

His Embarrassment.

Brackett—They say you are financial-
ly embarrassed. Do you owe a very
large amount?
Crackett—I don't owe anything, but
there are several people who owe me,
and I haven't the courage to ask for it.
—Boston Transcript.

In 1658 Captain Thomas Clarke, in
company with John Winthrop and oth-
ers, put in operation an "iron works" at
New Haven, Conn. This enterprise em-
braced a blast furnace and a refinery
forge.

YOU MUST NOT FORGET

That we are constantly growing in the art of
making Fine Photos, and our products will al-
ways be found to embrace the

Most Artistic Ideas

and Newest Styles in Cards and Finish. We also
carry a fine line of Moldings suitable for all
kinds of framing.

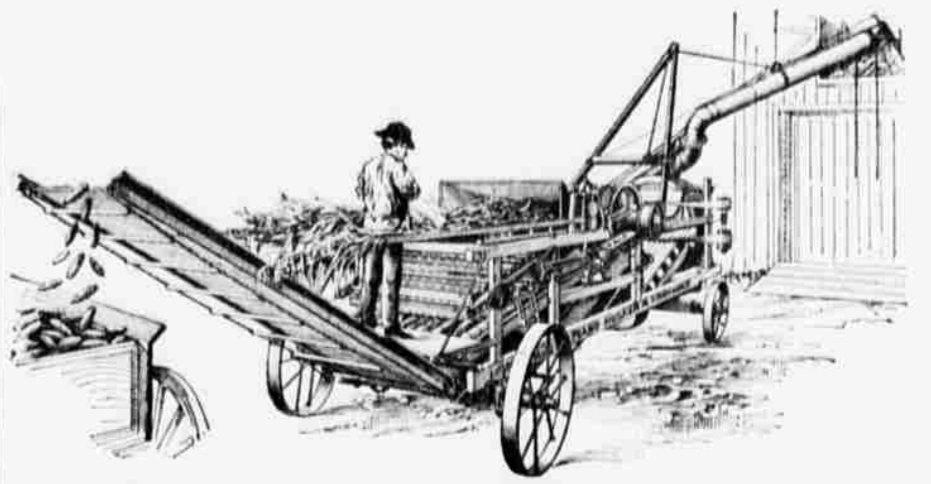
I. M. MACY.

PLANO MANUFACTURING CO.

Makers of Harvesting Machinery.

- The Plano Husker and Shredder. The Jones Hay Rake.
The Jones Lever Binder. The Jones Mower.
The Jones Steel Header. The Jones Reaper.

THE PLANO SICKLE GRINDER.



THE PLANO HUSKER AND SHREDDER.

This machine has unlimited capacity, weighing 6,300 pounds; will handle all
the corn that can be delivered to it. It shreds the fodder perfectly, leaving the
ear uninjured. It has 252 knives on the shredder-head which pass the shredding
space 2,000 times each minute. This machine will be on exhibition at the Plano
headquarters west of the Creighton depot in Norfolk, Nebr., on and after Sep-
tember 30th.

W. H. BLAKEMAN, General Agent,
Plano Manufacturing Company.

Advertisement for Diamond C Soap. Includes text: 'IT SAVES CLOTHES, SAVES TIME, SAVES HANDS, YOU SAVE WRAPPERS, PREMIUMS GIVEN.' and 'A complete catalogue showing over 300 premiums that may be secured by saving the wrappers...'.

Advertisement for Patents. Includes text: '50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.' and 'MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York'.

Advertisement for Revivo. Includes text: 'THE NEWS FOR CARDS REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY Made a Well Man of Me. FRENCH REMEDY produces the above results in 30 days...'.

Advertisement for Missouri Pacific Railway. Includes text: 'MONEY Refunded. We guarantee Dr. Kay's Restorative to cure dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidneys...'.

Advertisement for Famous Hot Springs of Arkansas. Includes text: 'The Direct Route FROM OMAHA TO Kansas City, St. Louis AND THE FAMOUS HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS and all Points South and Southeast.'.