

A WISH.

Let me hence as one whose part in the world has been dreamed out and done— One that hath fairly earned and spent, In pride of heart and jubilation of blood, Such wages, be they counted bad or good, As Time, the old taskmaster, was moved to pass, And having warred and suffered and passed on, These gifts the arbiters preferred and gave, Fare, grateful and content, Down the dim way, Whereby races innumerable have gone Into the silent universe of the grave.

THE OLD BLUE JAR

Before Clementine went down to Milltown for the summer she made up her mind that she would bend all her energies to wheedle Aunt Phoebe out of the old blue ginger jar that Uncle Julius had brought home from China, little thinking that the old slant eyed, fat sided mandarin would take such a jocular interest in her joys and sorrows.

The old blue jar had perched for many years on the corner of the high mantelpiece in the old fashioned country parlor, and Aunt Phoebe knew that if she gave it to Clementine she would have a dreadfully lonesome feeling every time she stood on a chair to dust the old clock, the shells, the peddler vases, the leather fans and other companions of its lofty abode. But Clementine was an accomplished wheedler, and the fond old aunt finally said she might have her wish.

When Aunt Phoebe gave over to Clementine her right and title to the old blue jar, Randall was leaning in the window and idly sifting rose leaves from the old climbing vine through the meshes of his tennis racket. He sympathized with her lively admiration for the antique and unique in china and was glad that she had attained her heart's desire, but a more absorbing interest possessed his manly breast.

Clementine was going home in the morning, and he had been trying in vain for several days to get the feeble courage of his ardent convictions up to the declarative point. She was such a lively, fun loving girl, and love, you know, is such intensely serious business. Several times Randall fancied he had found her in a sober and properly receptive frame of mind, when with a trifling jest she would defeat his intention and put the little girl to flight.

Now, however, when the slant eyed mandarin on the blue jar winked at him through the vines, Randall said to himself enthusiastically: "Well, old boy, that's the very thing! Thank you for the bright idea! Are they all as clever as you are over in China?"

That night, in his room under the eaves, he constructed an eloquent letter to Clementine and in the early morning sneaked into the parlor and deposited it in the robust bosom of the old blue mandarin.

"If she finds it before she goes home, it is all right," said the timorous, adoring fellow, "and if she doesn't find it until afterward it will be all right too." But the mandarin felt a little funny that day, so when Clementine packed her trunk he inspired her to stuff the ginger jar full of her silken hose, that the precious article might take no risks of breakage in its voyage. So when Randall parted from her at the station she made no sign of knowing anything in particular, and his hopeful heart decided that she would surely find the letter when she reached home, and he would then hear from her.

Now, Clementine was a girl who always had a great many things on her mind, and when she had unpacked the treasured jar and placed it on a dainty table in her pretty parlor—with a self congratulatory thought that it was so respectable to have things that one's relative had brought from China—she wholly forgot the curious load that the mandarin had on his breast. She missed her silken hose, of course, and pestered Aunt Phoebe with messages about them.

In Milltown, as you may imagine, Randall waited for the answer to his letter. Awhile he waited patiently, then impatiently awhile, and then dived into his law books with that "composure of settled distress" which lovers have known in every age and clime. He did not dream that the slant eyed mandarin would be guilty of the ungentlemanly trick of intercepting a love letter.

But the fun loving mandarin knew what he was about. He was not without experience in these matters, and he wanted to punish Clementine a trifle and bring her to the proper condition of seriousness.

And Clementine was feeling the situation with all the sobriety that was desirable. She had suspected all summer that Randall had a tender feeling for her which she felt qualified to reciprocate, but she was a proud girl and could not by a feather's weight influence the balance of his attentions. Therefore behind her smiles she had been not a little wounded that he had allowed her to come home without having given expression to his sentiments.

So she, too, now took on a sober countenance and banished thought and regret by joining several new clubs and taking membership in two or three more charitable organizations. Just before Christmas Randall one day experienced in his breast a sort of

imperative intimation—perhaps direct from the slant eyed mandarin, who knows?—that he might hear of something to his advantage if he should go down to the city and call upon Clementine; so after some futile resistance to the message he betook himself thither.

He was graciously received by Clementine—that is, graciously enough for a young man who had played the trifter with her invisible affections—and he seated himself in a cozy chair near the pretty table which held his old friend—the blue jar.

As he talked with Clementine, a little constraint being apparent on both sides, he toyed with the lid of the jar, and the slant eyed mandarin appeared to wink at him three times very knowingly.

Under some occult but imperative pressure Randall removed the lid and touched with his finger the silken texture of some mysterious contents.

Curiosity further constrained him, and he pulled from the bosom of the now jubilant mandarin a pale blue article of singular description for a parlor ornament, and, following it, he extricated a pale pink strip of similar shape and structure.

Turning to Clementine for explanation of these unforeseen apparitions, he found her speechless with wild eyed astonishment, and without a word or gesture she seized the old blue jar and hurried from the room.

Randall smiled the first real, soul felt, refreshing smile that he had indulged in for several months and vowed by the pigtails of the old slant eyed that he would stay rooted to the spot until Clementine returned.

What she said to the genius of the jar as she flew up stairs with it only the mandarin can reveal.

As Randall paced the parlor, pulling his mustache and wondering if Clementine's keen sense of humor would carry her safely through the trying hour, she came shamefacedly into the room, bearing in one hand the blinking old mandarin and in the other the pleading letter he had borne so long hid in his clever old bosom.

Randall met the dear girl more than half way, and as she whimpered gently on his shoulder he promised never, never, never to tell.

And when they were married, if you believe me, that ridiculous old ginger jar accompanied them on their wedding trip, and Randall packed the bosom of the grotesque mandarin full of Clementine's bridal roses, there to fade and there forever to remain.

Now, as Randall never told and Clementine never told, the entire responsibility of this revelation lies between you and me and the ginger jar.

The Big Ships of the Past.

Gigantic as are the sea monsters devised by the modern shipwright, we have not reached the dimensions of the Mannigafal of Frisian legend, whose masts were so high that a boy sent aloft to "bear a hand" came down a gray headed man, whose deck was so spacious that the captain had to gallop about on horseback to give his orders and whose length was so great that when swinging in the channel her stern scraped the cliffs of Albion white, while her bowsprit swept the forts at Calais. But we have exceeded in some respects the dimensions of Ptolemy's great ship, which was 420 feet long, 57 feet broad and 72 feet in depth of hold and which carried 4,000 rowers and 3,000 mariners, besides unnumbered soldiers and passengers. Of the great ship of Hiero, king of Syracuse, the dimensions have not been recorded, but she was at least as large as Ptolemy's, considering that her freightage was "60,000 measures of corn, 10,000 jars of salt fish, 20,000 talents' weight of wool and of other cargo 20,000 talents, in addition to the provisions required by the crew," and that she was so large no harbor in Sicily could contain her.

This problem of harbor accommodation is one that is already troubling the owners of modern steam monsters and is placing a limit on their growth. —Monthly Review.

About Sneezing.

We frequently hear the expression, "God bless you!" uttered after some one has sneezed. The expression, if we can believe Clodd in his "Childhood of the World," dates back to the time of Jacob. We are told in Jewish literature that previous to his time men sneezed but once in a lifetime and that was the end of them, for the shock slew them. Jacob prevailed in prayer and had the fatality set aside on the condition that among all the nations a sneeze should be hallowed by the words, "God bless you!" In the "Jataka," one of the books of the Buddhist Scriptures, we read that the expression was, "May the blessed Lord allow you to live!"

Buddha on one occasion while preaching to his disciples happened to sneeze. The priests gave vent to the exclamation, and Buddha lectured them for interrupting his discourse.

"If when a person sneezes," he asked, "and you say, 'May he live!' will he live the longer?"

"Certainly not!" cried the priests.

"And if you do not say it will he die any the sooner?"

"Certainly not!" was the reply.

"Then," said Buddha, "from this time forth if any one sneeze and a priest says, 'May you live!' he shall be guilty of a transgression."

If Men Only Would.

If the young men who are measuring tape and laces would surrender their work to the young girls who are seeking employment and turn their attention to the pursuits of agriculture, there would be less misery and more contentment in the land; there would be more independence and less servility; more men and fewer creatures; more happy wives with comfortable homes, healthy children and cheerful tempers. —Southern Farm Magazine.

IN THE CAR KITCHEN

SNUG MANNER IN WHICH EATABLES ARE STOWED AWAY.

Methods by Which Stores Are Replenished Which Give Out En Route—The Room For the Waiters, The Cooks and Their Work.

The actual standing room in the car kitchen consists of an aisle only wide enough for two men to pass each other and about fifteen feet long. On one side is an unbroken row of ranges, the very best sort invented, for when men do women's work they are not content with makeshift tools. On the other side is a steam table for keeping things hot, other tables and some of the refrigerators, for there are many. Hot water and cold is held in cylinders which lie along the ceiling and look like the projectiles used on torpedo boats.

One refrigerator is devoted exclusively to fish, which lie shining on blocks of clear ice as tempting as in any fish market. Until I had actually seen this refrigerator it had been my practice to refuse fish in traveling, feeling there was some mystery about its preservation, but now—indeed, no such thing. I had fancied the whole menu cooked at once in enormous quantities, like a soldiers' mess at camp, and my fastidious car appetite had revolted and faded away during the first course, but now I eat with relish, knowing the condition of the source of supply.

Another refrigerator is entirely for meats and game, another for fruit, and even bread and cake are kept in a refrigerator that they retain their moisture. Outside the kitchen there is a sacred icebox under lock and key, and no man may put his hand therein except the steward or housekeeper of the dining car. There twenty-five kinds of wine are kept, and there will be shown to you, with a manner awed but proud, the royal family of champagne with cool, gold crowned heads sitting on an icy throne.

But, to go back to the kitchen, that apartment is occupied by three men all in white, with perhaps a blue cord for tradition's sake, who serve deftly and capably the hivel of waiters that swarm at the open square at the inner end of the room. It is a wise provision that prevents close contacts, for cooks are apt to be "redhot" at the crucial hour of dinner serving, and, besides, the car kitchen can contain no more men than the three cooks, who broil, roast, stew and fry the numberless fancies of the patrons' palates. These men work hard. The head cook, whose salary is about \$70 per month, stands farthest from the window where the waiters clamor and is a bit more serious. The middle cook, on \$45 salary, is lively or submissive according to the man he addresses, and the end cook finds time to chaff the owners of the dark faces who call orders, and sometimes he sings as happily as a conceited boy who fancies his future on the operative stage.

These three men make up the white capped trio we see peering out of the windows of the dining car as it slips into the station. All the other employees of the train come into contact with passengers and have interesting experiences, but these are confined in the galley and are eager for scant glimpses at the station. Sometimes the car has a little balcony at the end, where they can escape the heat of their quarters, a needed relief in summer time.

The waiters have a pantry adjoining the kitchen and opening into it only by the little square window with a counter on either side. When your order is given and the waiter disappears, this is where he has gone. Here are kept supplies of dishes and silver, and here it is the waiter makes up the dishes of cakes, fruit and cheese you call for with which to tie up the ends of your appetite.

Before the dining car is drawn away from the caryards the special housekeeper who has it in charge must see that every sort of supply is on hand and in sufficient, but not too lavish, quantity. Sometimes there are ninety persons to feed, sometimes one-third that number, but the probable number on the various runs is known. In long journeys there are commissary stations along the way where the car may be restocked, but this is seldom necessary except with such perishables as cream and milk. Have you ever heard a porter agitating that subject with station employees at Buffalo or elsewhere? That means the emergency has arisen in the dining car. Such things might easily happen in a larder where demands are irregular and markets scores of miles away. It is a wonder they do not happen oftener when we reflect that economy in perishable things is exacted from the steward housekeeper.

Just before he sends his black commissary to announce dinner to the hungry passengers every man slips on jacket and apron of whitest linen and by this little act of costuming is converted at once from the nondescript man of the streets into the most spruce of servitors. Then, with everything ready in the kitchen and with his flock of assistants about him, the housekeeper of the dining car awaits the coming of his guests. And in they come, thoughtless blessing takers, with never a reflection on the hours of preparation by the army of men that it has taken to give them the degree of comfort which is purchasable for a dollar bill. —Ainslee's Magazine.

The river flows quietly along toward the sea, yet it always gets there. It might be well to remember this when you are trying to rush things. —Chicago News.

An Ant For a Pet.

One of the queerest little pets ever seen is the tame ant belonging to a well known scientist. This man keeps tribes of ants in nests which he has made himself and feeds them with honey or sugar through a tube that connects with the nests. One day he saw that one of the ants kept coming into the tube to eat up the honey in the glass bulb at the end. When he took out the cork that closed the bulb, the insect came to look for the food, and he offered it some honey on the point of a needle, says the New York Tribune.

The ant shrank back at first, then drew nearer, feeling about with its antennae, until it reached the needle. Soon it learned to take the honey off its keeper's finger, although ants are among the most timid of living things, and a new odor or the least movement outside their nests usually drives these little insects away.

This ant is now so tame that it quits the bulb as soon as the cork is removed and goes to find the honey on the scientist's finger. When its meal is over, it does not try to hurry away, but waits till its master lifts it on a bristle and carries it back to its nest.

A Rattlesnake Story.

In "Life and Sport on the Pacific Coast," Horace A. Vachell relates one of his narrow escapes from a friend's bullet: "My cousin and I had been camping and hunting for several days in a sort of paradise valley. One day, during a long ride on horseback, we had seen a great many rattlesnakes and killed a few, an exceptional experience. That night my cousin woke up and saw, by the light of the moon, a big rattler crawling across my chest. He lay for a moment fascinated, horror struck, watching the sinuous curves of the reptile.

"Then he quietly reached for his six shooter, but he could not see the reptile's head, and he moved nearer, noiselessly, yet quickly, dreading some movement on my part that should precipitate the very thing he dreaded, and then he saw that it was not a snake at all—only the black and yellow stripe of my blanket, which gently rose and fell as I breathed. Had he fired—well, it might have been bad for me, for he confessed that his hand shook."

Negro Superstition.

Many of the negro superstitions in Kentucky are quite interesting. An old philosopher told me with great gravity: "If you want peppals to grow, you must get mad. My old 'oman an me had a spat, an I went right out an planted my peppals, an they come right up." Still another saying is that peppals to prosper must be planted by a redheaded or by a high tempered person.

The negro also says that one never sees a Jaybird on Friday, for the bird visits his satanic majesty to "pack kindling" on that day. The three signs in which negroes place implicit trust are the well known ones of the ground hog's appearing above ground on the 2d of February, that a hoe must not be carried through a house or a death will follow and that potatoes must be planted in the dark of the moon as well as all vegetables that ripen in the ground and that corn must be planted in the light of the moon.

Lord Southey's Guillotine.

The most eccentric action of an eccentric man was Lord Southey's cool arrangement for suicide by means of a guillotine. He had a magnificent one erected in the drawing room of his house in the Rue du Luxembourg at Paris. The machine was of ebony inlaid with gold and silver, the framework carved with artistic skill, the knife, sharp as a razor, was of polished and ornamented steel. Preparing for death, his lordship had his hair cut close, and, clothed in a robe of white silk, he knelt upon the platform under the knife before a mirror and pressed the spring which should release the knife. But the spring failed to work, and the would be suicide decided to give the guillotine to a museum instead of making a second attempt to end his life. It is said that he made an annual pilgrimage to see the guillotine until the end of his life.

Laughter Saved the Ship.

Humor has been credited with the saving of many things, but perhaps never before has a ship been saved by its judicious application. In a great storm many years ago a ship's crew were all at prayers, when a boy burst into a fit of violent laughter. Being reproved for his ill timed mirth and asked the reason for it, he said, "Why, I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's red nose will make when it comes in contact with the water." This ludicrous remark set the crew laughing, inspired them with new spirits, and by a great exertion they brought the vessel safely into port.—Liverpool Post.

A Professor on Rowing.

A story is told about a well known Oxford don who knew more about the travels of Ulysses than about the boat he sailed in. He went down to the river one day to watch the eight practicing. He gazed for awhile in silence. "Yes," he said at last, "they look very nice—very nice indeed, I may say—but how extremely awkward it must be for them to learn to row backward."

Crying and Groaning.

According to a French physician, crying and groaning in pain are nature's own methods of subduing the keenness of physical suffering. He thinks that men should freely relieve their sufferings in this way and that crying in children should not be repressed, as in doing so serious consequences may be engendered.

Lycurgus being asked why, in his laws, he had set down no punishment for ingratitude, answered, "I have left it to the gods to punish."

YOU MUST NOT FORGET

That we are constantly growing in the art of making Fine Photos, and our products will always 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.

SEE THIS CUT

—OF A— Fine 6-Hole Cast Range

Beautifully Nicked, warranted to be a perfect baker and at a price that will surprise you.

Call in and see it.

G. E. MOORE.



ARE YOU DEAF? ANY HEAD NOISES? ALL CASES OF DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE

by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable. HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY. F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS: Baltimore, Md., March 30, 1901. Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion. About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely. I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever. I then saw your advertisement accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and today, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain Very truly yours, F. A. WERMAN, 730 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation. Examination and YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME. INTERNATIONAL AURAL CLINIC, 107 N. LAVER GATE, CHICAGO, ILL.

..TRY THE..

Daily News Job Department



50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

You cannot drive purchasers to any particular store. You can win them by convincing arguments. A convincing argument attractively displayed in the advertising columns of this paper will reach the eyes of hundreds of buyers in this community.



HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.

On November 5th, and 19th, and December 3rd, and 17th, the Missouri Pacific Railway will sell tickets to certain points in the South, Southeast, and Southwest, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00. Final return limit 21 days from date of sale.

Fast Time and Superior Through Service. Reclining Chair Cars (seats free). Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars.

For further information or land pamphlets, address, W. C. BARNES, T. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

H. C. TOWNSEND, C. E. STYLES. G. P. A. T. A. A. G. P. A. T. A. St. Louis, Mo. Kansas City, Mo.



REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY Made a Well Man of Me. THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emission, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indigestion, which unite one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off insanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a post free written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Book and advice free. Address ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 10-20 Plymouth Pl., CHICAGO, ILL. For sale in Norfolk, Nebraska, by Geo. B. Christoph, druggist.