

Real estate listings including 'Des. Lot Blk. Amt.', 'Thompson's Addition', 'BURNETT VILLAGE', 'MEADOW GROVE', 'BATTLE CREEK VILLAGE', and 'Pioneer Town Site Co.' with various lot numbers and amounts.

LAST MAN ON EARTH. WHAT IS THE DREAD FATE THAT AWAITS THIS MORTAL? Many Theories as to the Manner of Life and Death That Will Be the Portion of the Last Belle of Humanity as It Now Exists. Astronomers tell us that the day must come when the earth will, like the moon, whirl through the heavens a dead and barren ball of matter—airless, waterless, lifeless. But long before that time man will be extinct, will have disappeared so utterly that not so much as the bleached skeleton of a human being will be visible on all the millions of square miles of the surface of this planet.

STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR. Its Overwhelming Effect Upon an American Tourist. "There is no doubt that Gibraltar is, from the nature of its location, the strongest fortified spot on earth," said a recently returned tourist, "but the English officers who are on duty there seem impressed with the idea that there is some weak spot about the place and that some American may discover it. They have very nonsensical rules and regulations governing the fortification, and one of them is that no American can be admitted to the fortified places, though they are allowed to wander all around the outside as long as they care to."

JABE WON THE BELLE. YET HIS FACE WAS HOMELY ENOUGH TO SCARE CHILDREN. He Had Given Up All Hope of Ever Getting a Wife Until He Accidentally Learned His Power, and Then He Got Mighty Particular. "I reckon Jabe Hawkins was about the ugliest man the Lord ever let live," said Uncle Ben as he meditatively whetted his knife upon his boot leg. "I've knowed strangers to feller that man around for a half hour jest to get another look at his face an' then go right off an' take a drink o' hicker. Seemed to kind o' give 'em a relish for it. I've knowed feller women to scare their children into spasms by threatenin' to give 'em to Jabe, an' they do say he's been the cause o' more than one runaway. He was jest pizen ugly, an' that's all they was to it. It was a darn pity, too, because he was a mighty nice man if you happened to meet him in the dark, an' he had money in the bank at Maple Run an' 80 acres o' as fine bottom land as ever felt a plow."

A POPULAR MISTAKE. The Idea That Professional Men Have an Easy Time. "People who work with their hands, especially farmers, are apt to think that professional men have an easy time of it," said a lawyer of this city. "It's an amusing mistake. The farmer stops at sundown, and the laborer works ten hours at the outside. The average professional man works from 12 to 14 hours a day, and that out, all the year around. Often, at a pinch, he will work from 16 to 20 hours for several days in succession, and he will work when he is sick or suffering severe physical pain, something the manual toiler wouldn't dream of, of course. He takes short intervals of rest, like everybody else. The human engine isn't capable of absolutely sustained endeavor for over an hour at a stretch. "Watch a day laborer, who seems to be plodding along like a machine, and you'll find that he really rests more than half the time. He looks at some well-dressed doctor, lawyer, broker or man of affairs and says to himself: 'Oh, you degenerated lazy rascal! If you only had to work like me!' The truth is that the chap he envies is putting an amount of concentration and continued energy into his daily toil that would kill the man who works with his hands alone in less than a week. "I don't mean this as any reflection on the laborer, who is also no doubt doing his level best. I simply mean that the demands on brain production are a third again as severe as the demands on muscle production. For sheer staying qualities there is nothing in the world that equals the nervous, high-strung, trail-looking modern professional man."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

JESS AND THE BEAR.

Bears Saved the Man, but Lost His Life in the Bargain. There is a story connected with the last bear killed about here which fond grandpas often told the children seated on their knees. It appears that the celebrated "Uncle Jess" had spent all his life as a trapper and hunter, and never a mishap had befallen him. But one night, in his anxiety to shake a coon, he climbed the shell of an old tree. As he began shaking the neighboring limb the stump to which he was clinging gave way, and he sank feet first into the hollow center. All efforts to escape were impossible, and the pious hunter had resolved to pass the remainder of his life in prayer, when toward night his supplications were interrupted. Looking up, he beheld the eye of a bear looking straight down at him. Then the animal turned about and backed down the inside of the stump. Hardly knowing what to do, Uncle Jess put up his hands in protection and grasped the bear. Now it was the bear's turn to be frightened. He scrambled up again, while the hunter hung on for his life and was carried with safety to the top. Here the bear's real trouble began, for with so heavy a weight it was impossible for him to turn about and back down, so he tried it head first, but that was no easy matter to the bear, and he fell with a heavy thud to the ground below and was killed, while Uncle Jess went home and told the truthful tale, to be handed down to his children.—Springfield Republican.

SIAM'S MILLION PRIESTS.

According to a lecture on Siam delivered recently in London by John Bartlett, that country has more than its share of priests. The population of Siam, he said, amounted to about 6,000,000, and a curious feature was the large preponderance of Chinese, more especially in Bangkok. The Chinese practically controlled all the trade and commerce of the place. There were hardly any Siamese merchants. One million of the people were in the priesthood. He had traveled up river through the main territory of Siam for a distance of 350 miles, and during the journey it had been absolutely impossible to get out of sight of a temple. In each temple there were from 10 to 300 priests, supported entirely by the people. Of the 1,000,000 priests only 300,000 were actively engaged. The remaining 700,000 were passing through the priesthood. Paper and String. Franklin's time honored and cumulative adage, "For want of the nail the shoe was lost, for want of the shoe the horse was lost, for want of the horse the man was lost," should have the addendum of twine and paper bags put to it to make it complete. Few things are more aggravating than to be ready to tie up a package and find no string, or to carry a few apples, oranges, eggs or bulbs a short distance and find no bag to hold them. Strings should always be wound in a ball and kept ready for immediate use where the family may find them, and paper bags, as soon as emptied, should be folded neatly and laid in a drawer for use as needed. Boys of the Olden Time. Boys have always been boys. There is no doubt that Shem and Ham pitched coppers or played jackstraws on the shady side of the ark, while Noah, who couldn't find them, had to feed the stock himself, or that David held up two fingers to Jonathan when he saw him across the block and that they therewith went in swimming in the Jordan against the express prohibition of their mothers.—Minneapolis Journal.

GREASY BATHS MAY BE MADE PERFECTLY CLEAN BY LIGHTLY SCOURING WITH A WET FLANNEL DIPPED IN COMMON SALT.

The farmer gets along all right if things don't go against the grain.—Philadelphia Bulletin.