Got Another Copy.

A well dressed man was standing outside a bookseller's shop in Charing Cross road closely examining one of Balzac's works illustrated by Gustave Dore. "How much is this Balzac?" he asked an assistant outside.

"Twenty-five shillings," was the reply.

"Oh, that's far too much. I must see the manager about a reduction," continued the prospective customer, and, suiting the action to the word, he took up the book and went into the shop.

Approaching the bookseller, he took the book from under his arm and asked what he would give for it. "Seven shillings highest offer," he was told.

The offer was accepted, the man took his money and left.

"Well," queried the assistant later, after the man had gone, "were you able to hit it off with the gentleman, sir?"

"Oh, yes. I managed to get another copy of that edition of Balzac for 7 shillings."

Then the bookseller went out to lodge a complaint with the police.—London Telegraph.

A Victim of Leprosy.

"On my travels in Venezuela," said a New York man, "I stayed in a hotel with a young man in whose family there was the taint of leprosy, though he apparently did not have it. One night sitting at dinner he became angry at a waiter and brought his hand down on the table with full force. He instantly realized that he did not feel the blow and sat looking at his hand, his face whitening with horror. 'Give me your knife, Bob,' he said to his chum. He grabbed the pocketknife in a frenzy and stabbed the side of his hand with vicious cuts from finger tip to wrist. You may not know that leprosy appears in the side of the hand, numbness being a sign. The man did not feel the cuts. He arose from the table, knocking over his chair, rushed out into the courtyard of the hotel, and we heard the quick tang of a revolver shot, telling us how he had conquered the leper's curse by ending his life."—New York Times.

He Could Wield an Ax.

The skill of the old Maine shipbuilders in the use of the adz and broadax was wonderful. One old time yarn is of a carpenter who applied very drunk at a shipyard for employment. In order to have a little fun with him the foreman set him to give a proof of his skill by hewing out a wooden bolt with no chopping block but a stone. The carpenter accomplished his difficult task without marring the keen edge of the broadax and showed the foreman a neatly made bolt. Then he brought the ax down with a terrific blow that shattered its edge upon the stone. "I can hew fust rate on your chopping block," he hiccoughed, "but I'll be blamed if I can make the ax stick in it when I git through." The story runs that the foreman lost no time in employing such a workman.

Judges' Wigs.

The wig is only worn by English barristers to give them a stern, judicial appearance, and no one can say that it fails in this respect. The custom was originated by a French judge in the seventeenth century when, happening to don a marquis' wig one day, he found it gave him such a stern and dignified appearance that he decided to get one for himself and wear it at all times in court. This he did, and the result was so satisfactory from a legal point of view that not only judges, but barristers also, took up the custom throughout Europe.—London Graphic.

Acquitted.

"Sir!" said the young woman, with what seemed to be indignation.

The young man looked embarrassed.

"Yes, I did kiss you," he admitted, "but I was impulsively insane."

"That means that a man would be a lunatic to kiss me?"

"Well, any man of discretion would be just crazy to kiss you."

This seemed to end the strain, and, no jury being present to muddle affairs, a satisfactory verdict was reached.

Suspicious Routine.

Good Man—Ah, my poor fellow, I feel sorry for you! Why don't you work? When I was young, for ten years I was never in bed after 5—an hour's work before breakfast, then five hours' work, then dinner, then four hours' more work, then supper, then bed, then up again at 5 the next morning—

Loafer—I say, guv'nor, where did ye serve yer time, San Quentin or Folsom?—San Francisco Star.

Conceited.

"Is he conceited?"

"Conceited? I should say he is. He even imagines that he cut some figure at his own wedding."—Detroit Free Press.

Our friends must be more and not less to us in the other world than they are here. This world only begins friendships.—Phillips Brooks.

14 MME. RENO
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CHAUTAUQUA

Chautauqua Music Hath Charms

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Mrs. Brown and Choir Boys.

Cleveland Ladies' Orchestra.

Seven musical companies—a change each day—fourteen musical preludes. No assembly management has offered a better balanced program. Get ready by buying season tickets—for sale by all business houses and others.

CHAUTAUQUA

A Judicial Favor.

A verdant local reporter whose propensities incline to daring rather than to judgment and whose ardency in the quest of news is one of his marked characteristics approached a judge of the United States district court and solicited a little advance information on a case in progress in the judge's court.

"You see, judge," said the youngster to the astonished jurist, "we go to press in a few moments, and we all know your inclination to do a newspaper man a favor."

The venerable man eyed the youth sternly and said slowly and emphatically:

"Yes, young man, I'll do you a favor this time, and you will see that you don't ask me again."

"That's fine, your honor. Thanks, very much. Just a few lines will do."

"I will do you this favor. I shall not send you to jail this time, but if you ever approach me again with such a question your friends will not see you for some time."

The discomfited reporter retired ruminating on the mysteries of the law and the dignities pertaining to the judiciary.—Philadelpha Ledger.

The Exclusiveness of Caste.

An English officer who some years ago was wounded in a battle in India and left lying all night among the native dead and wounded tells this story: "Next morning we spied a man and an old woman, who came to us with a basket and a pot of water, and to every wounded man she gave a piece of joaree bread from the basket and a drink from her water pot. To us she gave the same, and I thanked heaven and her. But the Soobahdar was a high caste Rajput, and, as this woman was a Chumar, or of the lowest caste, he would receive neither water nor bread from her. I tried to persuade him to take it that he might live, but he said that in our state, with but a few hours more to linger, what was a little more or less suffering to us—why should he give up his fate for such an object? No; he preferred to die unpolluted."

The Scotsman's English.

A true specimen of the highland man's difficulties with the English language:

Farmer (who had instructed his Gaelic shepherd to look for a number of sheep that had wandered from the fold)—Well, Donald, have you found them?

"Aye, mister."

"Where did you get them?"

"Well, got two by itself, one together and three among one of McPhearson's."—London News.

Growing Bananas.

Bananas are, as a rule, planted out systematically in rows, the "suckers" being placed at an average of ten feet apart. The banana plant bears only one bunch at a time, but it is a quick grower, yielding its fruit in twelve to fourteen months. When the plant is about six months old a second "sucker" or shoot is allowed to spring from the root, a third after the ninth month, and so on, so that after the first year there is a continuous crop being reaped.

Books.

For the greater part of its life a book is an article of furniture and stands upon the shelf to decorate the library with its patch of color and glow of kindly associations, but from time to time there occur those crises of its existence when it is taken down and read.—London Athenaeum.

Only Wanted His Consent.

He was well dressed and breezy, and when he entered the private office of the great tea merchant he looked capable of doing anything from selling books to writing up insurance.

"I have come, sir," he announced without hesitation, "to get your consent"—

"Consent for what?" demanded the old man without looking up.

"Well—er—you see, your daughter"—

"Oh, I understand now. So you like my daughter, eh?"

"I think she is the finest young woman I have met in many moons. As I was saying, if you'll give your consent she will have the handsomest"—

"Come, come! Don't get vain and say she'll have the finest husband if she accepts you."

"I'm married, sir. I'm trying to tell you that if you give your consent she'll have the handsomest auto runabout in town. She's dead stuck on it, and if you'll consent and put up $1,000 cash we will"—

But the great tea merchant had collapsed.—Chicago News.

A Selfish Proposition.

A gentleman, resident at Harrow, made frequent complaints to the masters of the great school there of his garden being stripped of its fruit, even before it became ripe, but to no purpose.

Tired of applying to the masters for redress, he at length appealed to the boys, and, sending for one to his house, he said: "Now, my good fellow, I'll make this agreement with you and your companions. Let the fruit remain on the trees till it becomes ripe, and I promise to give you half."

The boy coolly replied, "I can say nothing to the proposition, sir, myself, but will make it known to the rest of the boys and inform you of their decision tomorrow."

Next day came and brought with it this reply: "The gentlemen of Harrow cannot agree to receive so unequal a share, since Mr. —— is an individual and we are many."—London Sketch.

Our Elastic Globe.

Nothing seems more rigid than the crust of the earth, but scientific men tell us that it bends and buckles appreciably under the pull of the heavenly bodies. Careful observation has also shown that the shores on opposite sides of a tidal basin approach each other at high tide. The weight of water in the Irish sea, for instance, is so much greater at that time that the bed sinks a trifle and consequently pulls the Irish and English coasts nearer together. The buildings of Liverpool and Dublin may be fancied as bowing to each other across the channel, the deflection from perpendicular being about one inch for every sixteen miles. It has been shown, too, that ordinary valleys widen under the heat of the sun and contract again at night. We live not on a rigid but an elastic globe.

The Origin of Oxygen.

That eminent scientist Lord Kelvin maintained that all the oxygen in the atmosphere probably originated from the action of sunlight upon plants. When our earth was a globe of hot liquid it contained no vegetable fuel and probably no free oxygen. But as it cooled off plants appeared on its surface, and these began to evolve oxygen through the medium of the sunbeams. Upon the oxygen thus derived we depend for the maintenance of life by breathing. When we burn coal or other vegetable fuel we use up oxygen, and it is to plants again that we owe the restoration of the oxygen thus lost to the air. If they failed to keep up a sufficient supply the atmosphere would gradually part with its oxygen, and the inhabitants of the earth would disappear in consequence of asphyxiation.

In Westminster Abbey.

Fox's tomb is perhaps the most ridiculous in the abbey, but others run it hard—the naked figure of General Wolfe supported by one of his staff in full regimentals and receiving a crown from Victory; William Wilberforce apparently listening to Sheridan telling a comic tale and contorting his features in the endeavor not to laugh; the Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in periwig and Roman toga, which excited the mirth even of contemporaries, and all the monuments erected by the East India company, with palm trees and other tropical exuberances, to the memory of great soldiers, like Sir Eyre Coote. From the point of view of good taste a dictator would be justified in dismissing these and many more to the stonemason's yard.—Cornhill Magazine.

How Pausanius Died.

Pausanius, the Greek general, died by self administered poison. When hotly pursued by those sent to apprehend him on a charge of treason and sacrilege he took refuge in the sanctuary of a temple. Unable to remove him by force and also unwilling to violate the sanctuary, the officers walled up the entrance and began to unroof the building. When he could be seen they noticed that he was chewing something which proved to be a quill filled with poison. By the time the work had sufficiently advanced to admit of their entrance he was in a dying condition.

Secret For Secret.

In the days of Louis XIV. even warriors bandied epigrams with one another.

The Marechal de Grammont had taken a fortress by siege.

"I will tell you a secret," said its military governor after surrendering. "The reason of my capitulation was that I had no more powder."

"And, secret for secret," returned the marechal suavely, "the reason of my accepting it on such easy terms was that I had no more balls."

The Sharks.

"Did you see sharks when you crossed the ocean, Mr. Spiffkins?" asked Miss Purling.

"Yes," replied Spiffkins sadly. "I played cards with a couple."

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"Yes," replied Spiffkins sadly. "I played cards with a couple."

College Chap CLOTHES
Benjamin Kuppenheimer & Co.

It is just simply out of the question for a young fellow to find such clothes as those known as "College Chap" unless he comes to us.

The shoulders, the graceful waist, the delightful lapels, all proclaim them the clothes "de luxe" for men who know cleverness when they see it. Are you one of these men? We want to know you.

GREISEN BROS.
Columbus, Neb.

In a Maori Wooing House.

Among the Maoris sometimes in the whare matoro (the wooing house), a building in which the young of both sexes assembled for play, songs, dances, etc., there would be at stated times a meeting. When the fires burned low a girl would stand up in the dark and say: "I love So-and-so. I want him for my husband." If he coughed (sign of assent) or said "Yes" it was well; if only dead silence, she covered her head with her robe and was ashamed. This was not often, as she generally had managed to ascertain either by her own inquiry or by sending a girl friend if the proposal was acceptable. On the other hand, sometimes a mother would attend and say, "I want So-and-so for my son." If not acceptable there was generally mocking, and she was told to let the young people have their house (the wooing house) to themselves.

Pepys and the Comet.

On Dec. 21, 1664, Pepys, the diarist, records, "My Lord Sandwich this day writes me word that he hath seen at Portsmouth the comet and says it is the most extraordinary thing he ever saw." Again, three days later, he writes, "Having sat up all night till past 2 o'clock this morning, our porter, being appointed, comes and tells us that the bellman tells him that the star is seen upon Tower hill, so I and my boy to Tower hill, it being a most fine bright moonshine night and a great frost, but no comet to be seen." Later the same day, however, Pepys did see the comet, "which now, whether worn away or no, I know not, appears not with a tail, but only is larger and duller than any other star."—Westminster Gazette.

Education.

What sculpture is to a block of marble education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint and the hero, the wise, the good and the great man very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light. —Addison.

Shakespeare's Handicap.

Mrs. Montmorency Smythe — And what were you reading when I came in, my dear? Shakespeare! Ah! What a wonderful man! And to think that he wasn't exactly what one would call a gentleman!—London Punch.

Conceited.

"Is he conceited?"

"Conceited? I should say he is. He even imagines that he cut some figure at his own wedding."—Detroit Free Press.

Our friends must be more and not less to us in the other world than they are here. This world only begins friendships.—Phillips Brooks.

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DONNA BELL ELDER

Seton Indian School

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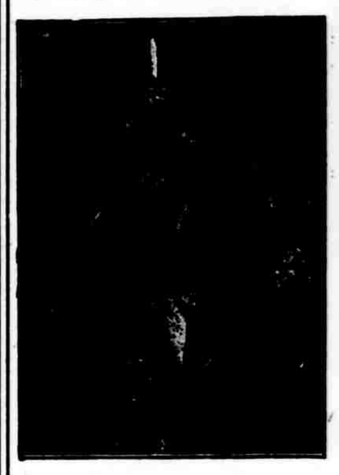
Every boy and girl between the ages of 6 and 14 years may join the savage band—provided he or she has a child's season ticket.

A kind and sweet voiced teacher will be in charge.

Read what Manager Horner says to the children in the catalogs. 41



The walls of Jerico fell at the blast of the ram's horn. Elijah P. Brown founded a paper called "Ram's Horn." Mr. Brown is a popular and interesting lecturer and is to be with us at

CHAUTAUQUA

His Athletic Neighbor.

A young man inmate of a boarding house had been disturbed night after night by the boarder in the next room doing things with a punching bag he'd rigged up in the room some way. At breakfast each morning the young man would look over the crowd and wonder who the bag puncher might be, but there was no one in sight but a bunch of women and eight or ten men with narrow chests and retreating chins. One night he made up his mind to knock on the bag punching roomer's door and ask him to put over his exercise until daylight when all the world's awake. The man might be small enough to bulldoze even with all his athletics. The door opened and there, clad in a tight fitting red jersey, was a robust, buxom woman of perhaps thirty summers.

"And what did you say to her?" the young man was asked.

"I was so startled," replied he, "that I asked what afterward seemed to me the most natural request I could have made. I asked her if she'd lend me a couple of matches."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Persistency of Colds.

Why is it that we are so heavily subject to colds? Other epidemic diseases—measles, typhoid, scarlet fever, diphtheria—may get hold on us once and there is an end; it is not usual to have any of them twice. We brew in our blood immunity. The poison of the disease evokes in us its proper antidote. Our blood cells make a sort of natural antitoxin and keep it in stock, so that we are henceforth protected against the disease. A well vaccinated nurse, for example, works with safety in a smallpox hospital, where the very air is infective, but her blood is so changed by vaccination that the smallpox cannot affect her. By scarlet fever, again, we are, as it were, vaccinated against scarlet fever. The reaction of our blood against the disease immunizes us. No such result follows influenza or a common cold. We brew nothing that is permanent. We are just as susceptible to a later invasion as we were to the invasion that is just over.—London Spectator.

The Festive Codfish.

A correspondent of the New York Post says that the codfish frequents "the tablelands of the sea." The codfish no doubt does this to secure as nearly as possible a dry, bracing atmosphere. This pure air of the submarine tablelands gives to the codfish that breadth of chest and depth of lungs that we have so often noticed. The glad, free smile of the codfish is largely attributed to the exhilaration of this oceanic altitoodleum. The correspondent further says that the "codfish subsists largely on the sea cherry." Those who have not had the pleasure of seeing the codfish climb the cherry tree in search of food or clubbing the fruit from the heavily laden branches with chunks of coral have missed a very fine sight. The codfish when at home rambling through the submarine forests does not wear his vest unbuttoned as he does while loafing around the grocery stores of the United States. —Bill Nye.

Fame.

"Why are statues erected to famous men, father?" said a child.

"So that they may become known, dear," was the answer.—Exchange.

Who by aspersions throw a stone at the head of others hit their own.—Herbert.

Pioneer Crude Oil Burner Company

Incorporated under the laws of Oklahoma Capital Stock $30,000.00

We have purchased the Platte county right for the Pioneer Crude Oil Burner and opened a permanent agency. For the present we will be located east of the Thurston hotel, and Mr. Burns will be with us a short time to install burners. Our storage tank will be completed soon and we will be in a position to furnish oil to all who purchase burners.

M. VOGEL

There Should.

Fritz, the gardener, was a stolid German who was rarely moved to extraordinary language. Even the most provocative occasions only caused him to remark mildly on his ill luck. Not long ago he came back from the city in the late evening after a hard day in the market place. He was sleepy, and, the train being crowded, the baggageman gave him a chair in his roomy car.

Finally the train reached Bloomfield. Fritz still slept as it pulled in, and his friend had to shake him and tell him where he was.

"I tanks you," said Fritz as he rose slowly to his feet. The open door of the car was directly in front of him. He walked straight out of it.

The baggageman sprang to look after him. Fritz slowly picked himself up from the sand by the side of the track, looked up at the door and said, with no wrath in his voice:

"There should here be some steps." —Youth's Companion.

A Wonderful Feat.

In its review of Pierre de Vassiere's book "Le Mort du Roi" the Neueste Nachrichten dwells upon the account of the last seven minutes of Louis XVI. as described in the book. These were between 10:15, when the king arrived at the foot of the guillotine, and 10:22, "when a shot fired at the end of the Champs Elysees, no one knows by whom, gave notice that the head had fallen." The review calls attention to the statement by the author that the king's hands had been pinioned behind him by the executioner while Louis was putting on the coat which he was to wear at the end and that when he reached the platform of the instrument of death he rushed unassisted to the upright farthest from the stairway, "slapping the face of one of the assistant executioners who tried to stop him." With hands fastened at his back, the reviewer asks, "How did the doomed monarch manage to perform the operation?"

Etiquette by Precedent.

For example of how men may live and act according to precedent there can be no better reference than to the lord chamberlain's office in London. There in quiet rooms day after day men learned in state etiquette, court dress and royal functions reach down heavy volumes to see what was done on such and such an occasion. Beautiful pictures showing with minute exactness the details of the court costume under various circumstances are ready to their hands. Is the shah of Persia coming? Is the kaiser soon to arrive? Is the king going to receive the monarch of Siam? Is one of the royal princesses to be married? When any of these events happens the officials at the lord chamberlain's office know exactly what to do. And if some point should crop up which has not been raised for a century or more they have the faithful official records as to what was done on the last like occasion.

Squaring the Circle.

The origin of the problem squaring the circle is almost lost in the mists of antiquity, but there is a record of an attempted quadrature in Egypt 500 years before the exodus of the Jews. There is also a claim, according to Hone, that the problem was solved by a discovery of Hipprocates, the geometrician of Chios—not the physician—500 B. C. Now, the efforts of Hippocrates were devoted toward converting a circle into a crescent, because he had found that the area of a figure produced by drawing two perpendicular radii in a circle is exactly equal to the triangle formed by the line of junction. This is the famous theorem of the "lunes of Hippocrates" and is, like glauber's salts out of the philosopher's stone, an example of the useful results which sometimes follow a search for the unattainable.

The Change of a Letter.

At the period when British Columbia was threatening to withdraw from the Dominion of Canada because the Carnarvon settlement had been ignored by the Mackenzie administration the late Lord Dufferin took part in a public function in Quebec. While the procession was moving through the principal streets a gentleman, breathless with excitement, hurried up to his excellency's carriage to say a "rebel" arch had been placed across the road so as to identify the viceroy with the approval of the disloyal inscription thereon. "Can you tell me what words there are on the arch?" quietly asked Dufferin. "Oh, yes," replied his informant; "they are 'Carnarvon Terms or Separation.'" "Send the committee to me," commanded his excellency. "Now, gentlemen," said he, with a smile, to the committee, "I'll go under your beautiful arch on one condition. I won't ask you to do much, and I beg but a trifling favor. I merely ask that you alter one letter in your motto. Turn the S into an R—make it 'Carnarvon Terms or Reparation'—and I will gladly pass under it." The committee yielded, and eventually Dufferin contrived to smooth over the difficulties and to reconcile the malcontents.

Runciman and Henley.

It is related that shortly after Runciman, the well known writer on seafarers and smugglers and poachers, had bitterly fallen out with W. E. Henley he lay dying in London. To Henley in Edinburgh, lame and ill, came an indirect message that Runciman believed that if Henley would come and look on him he would get well. It was a dying man's whimsy, but Henley took the train from Edinburgh and arrived in London to find his friend dead.

Under the Spell.

Dashaway—A few short hours ago I was sitting with a girl, telling her she was the only one in all the world I ever loved, and so forth.

Cleverton—And she believed you, didn't she?

"How could she help it? Why, I believed it myself."—Life

Without Trimmings.

Payne, an examiner at Cambridge university, whose questions were always of a peculiarly exasperating nature, once asked a student at a special examination to "give a definition of happiness."

"An exemption from Payne," was the reply.

Setting Her Right.

Mistress—So you want to leave, Mary? With what motive are you leaving? Cook—It ain't a motive, mum; it's a policeman.—Boston Courier.

BURTON THATCHER

18

is almost phenomenal as a musical genius. He has sung in grand opera and in the most celebrated oratorios of the land. With his clever pianist, Miss Mary Wilson Cook, he will deliver a lecture-recital at

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Better Plumbing

MANY homes should have better bath rooms than they now have. We have always tried not only to do better plumbing than we ever did before, but better than anybody else can do. The volume of work we are now doing shows how we are succeeding.

We use only genuine "Standard" plumbing fixtures and employ only experienced workmen. Our repairing service is prompt and reliable.

A. DUSSELL & SON,
Columbus, Nebraska