

The Barber's Idea.
Bentley had been out late the night before, or, rather, he had stayed in late in a little affair, and about all he had left to show for it in the morning was an old fashioned away-from-home-made headache. In hope of relief he had sought his old friend, the barber, and the latter had been busy on Bentley's head and face for the past hour.

"By Jove, Karl," said Bentley as the barber rubbed the top of his head, "that feels mighty good, I can tell you. The man who invented massage was not only a genius, but a benefactor to the whole human race. They ought to put up a statue to him. There's nothing like it when a fellow feels feebly. There's only one trouble about it."

"Vot is it?" asked Karl, hoping that perhaps he might overcome the difficulty.

"Why, it's all on the outside," said Bentley. "If there were only some apparatus that would enable you to get inside a fellow's head and clear out the pains of the morning after, what a blessing it would be."

"Well," said Karl, "I think that maybe some day dose vacuum cleaner fellows will do dot already. Vot?"—Harper's Weekly.

The Practical Goat.
M. Jules Renard was the mayor of Corbigny, in the Nièvre. Every Sunday he contributed to the Journal de Clamecy, and this is the sort of things he used to give the peasants. Writing of the Journal Officiel, posted up on the wall of the marie and which no one ever reads, he said:

"I had forgotten the goats. One of them never misses a number. Standing on its hind legs, with its front legs resting on the poster, it moves its horns and beard from right to left, like an old woman reading. When it has finished reading, as the official sheet has an appetizing smell of fresh paste, the goat eats it. After nourishing the mind one must feed the body. Thus nothing is lost in the commune. What a pity that all novel readers have not the stomach of this practical goat! They might then eat the books they had read, buy more, and so the man of letters would in the end be able to eat in his turn."—Paris Letter to London Globe.

The ff in ffarington.
The spelling of the ancient name ffarington with the small "ff" found in old manuscripts is merely the retention of the old form of capital "F." Deeds of conveyance in the time of George II. and III. recite "George of Great Britain ffrance and Ireland king," etc. The form could not therefore be due to ignorance, as has been said, for in days when gentlemen of estate were gentlemen of quality such a spelling in deeds could hardly arise from lack of a knowledge of spelling. The ffarington of Warden Hall, Lancashire, prefer, like several other well known families, including the ffolkes and ffrenches, to retain the archaic capital "ff." The family trace their descent from Hugo de Meols, who came to England with the Conqueror, and they have been associated for generations with the court, army and church and with public life.—London Court Journal.

A Queer Fish.
A male fish which hatches the young of its mate is the Chromis paterfamilias. It is found in the Lake of Tiberias, Palestine. Strange to say, this industrious fish hatches its young in its mouth. When the female has spawned in the sand, the male approaches and draws the eggs into his gills, where they remain until hatched, when they struggle out of their confinement into the parent's mouth. As many as 200 perfect young are sometimes found in the mouth of an adult male. How the fish manages to feed itself without swallowing the young is a mystery. The grown fish is about seven inches long and one and three-quarters wide. Its back is olive green, shot with blue, and the belly is silver white, marked with green and blue. Near ancient Capernaum some hot springs form a small stream which runs into the lake, and it is in these warm waters that the chromis abounds.

No Common Dog.
Gentlemen to dog dealers—I gave you a high price for this dog last week because you warranted it to be a good house dog. My house was broken into last night, and the dog never even barked.

Dog Dealer.—No, sir; I quite believe you. He was too busy looking for the burglar, so as to be able to identify 'em, to even think of barking. If you was out with this terrier dog and was to meet 'em burglars he'd know 'em in a minute. He ain't no common barking dog; he's a reg'lar 'tective an' worth 'is weight in gold, he is.—London Answers.

Plant That Feigns Death.
In South America there is a plant, a species of mimosa, which resorts to death feigning, evidently for the purpose of preventing grass eating animals from eating it. In its natural state this plant has a vivid green hue, but directly it is touched by a human finger or by any living animal it collapses into a tangle of apparently dead and withered stems. Among British wild plants the most sensitive to touch is the insectivorous sundew of English bogs.—London Globe.

Kind Critics.
"How did Jones get such a reputation both as a singer and an artist?"

"He sang before the Painters' club and painted pictures for the Musicians' union."—Cleveland Leader.

Reason Enough.
"Why does she think he has such a splendid future?"

"Because she has promised to marry him, I guess."—Houston Post.

Not Her Fault.
Mrs. Lapsling was expressing her regret that she had been unable on account of illness to be present at the funeral of a neighbor.

"I always feel," she said, "that I ought to attend the obsequies of a friend, but I just couldn't go."—Chicago Tribune.

A fool's heart is in his tongue, but a wise man's tongue is in his heart.—Quarles.

Captain Bartlett's Three Cheers.
A series of Revolutionary scenes were given in a London theater some months after the close of that memorable war. On the one side was the English army in full red coated uniform, with every button in its exact place. Opposite them was the American army, composed, as the theater bill stated, of "artisans, cobblers and tinkers," arrayed in their working dress, with buttons of every size and hue. When the curtain dropped, Captain Bartlett of Plymouth, Mass., the captain of a ship then in port, stood up in his seat in the pit and, in a voice as if given from a quarterdeck in a squall, called, "Three cheers for the artisans, cobblers and tinkers who were too much for King George and his red-coats," and, with a wave of his hat, he gave these with a will. For a short time there was silence in the theater, followed by an enthusiastic John Bull appreciative cheer for the pluck and assurance of the Yankee captain, who became the lion of the city, receiving invitations to clubs and free tickets to theatrical and other entertainments while he remained in port.

Just a Little Too Smart.
A scrubwoman in a Paris theater found a magnificent diamond stonemason in a box in sweeping up. The honest old soul determined to restore the stonemason to its owner, and the owner, of course, wasn't long in turning up, a young woman splendidly dressed and on the verge of hysteria. "Oh, have you found my stonemason?" she cried. "It is a chef d'oeuvre of Lalique of the Place Vendome." "Calm yourself, madame," said the scrubwoman. "Here is your stonemason." And she produced it from her pocket. The other took out a fifty dollar bill, pressed it on the honest scrubwoman and departed with her stonemason hurriedly. But an hour later another lady called. "Have you found my stonemason?" she asked, smiling. "I think I left it in my box." "Why, yes, madame, but it was your stonemason," said the scrubwoman, "a thief has got it. She got it this morning. She gave me \$50 reward." The lady said, "It only cost \$5. Your thief is \$45 out."

Mr. Gladstone's Catch.
"How many members of this house," asked Mr. Gladstone once in the course of a debate on electoral qualifications, "can divide £1,320 17s. 6d. by £2 13s. 8d.?"

"Six hundred and fifty-eight," shouted one member.

"The thing cannot be done," exclaimed another.

A roar of laughter greeted this last remark. But it was true nevertheless. You cannot multiply or divide money by money. You may repeat a smaller sum of money as many times as it is contained in a larger sum of money, but that is a very different thing. If you repeat 5 shillings as often as there are hairs in a horse's tail you do not multiply 5 shillings by a horse's tail. Perhaps you did not know this before. Never mind; you need not be ashamed of your ignorance, for it was shared, as has been demonstrated, by the entire house of commons (bar one member), including the then chancellor of the exchequer.

Hunter and Hunted.
A neolithic sportsman strolled into a little hotel on the shores of Loch Carron and complainingly said, "Just seen a boar, shot at it three times and missed it each time."

"At dinner an hour later he sat next to a tourist who had a bandage round his head.

"Had an accident?" asked the sportsman.

"Accident?" growled the other. "Attempted murder, you mean. I was having a bath about an hour ago when some lunatic with a gun fired at me three times from the shore and shot part of my ear off. I don't know why such animals are allowed out without a license."

Then silence reigned supreme.—London Telegraph.

Lavishness.
"In days of old luxurious people had cloth of gold placed beneath their feet."

"Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins. "But those times were comparatively economical. Now we want nothing less expensive than rubber tires between us and the earth."—Washington Star.

There Was No Music.
"What is the greatest fib that ever impressed itself on your experience, Snapper?"

"Well, by all odds, the worst one I ever heard was that your quartet perpetrated last night when they came round to the house and sang 'There's Music in the Air.'"

The Terms of Exchange.
"We wish to arrange for an exchange of prisoners," announced the South American dictator.

"On what basis?" inquired the leader of the other side.

"The usual basis—eight generals for a good, husky private."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Quick Sprint.
Sandy Pikes—Dat rich guy in de bungalow took quite a fancy to me. He took me around to de stable, showed me de \$5,000 bulldog he had just bought and asked me if I could beat it. Gritty George—And what did you say? Sandy Pikes—Nuttin'. I just beat it.—Chicago News.

Difference Defined.
Mrs. Muchwed (reading paper)—Can you tell me the difference between a visit and a visitation? Mr. Muchwed (dryly)—A visitation, my dear, if one may judge by the spelling, is something longer than a visit. For instance, when your mother comes to see us it would be correct to call it a visitation.

Character.
Character is not cut in marble—it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing and may become diseased as our bodies do.—George Elliot.

Was Willing.
Smith—You and Jones don't seem to be as friendly as you were. Does he owe you money? Brown—No, not exactly, but he wanted to.

Mark Twain's Profanity.
When Mark Twain began to write for the Atlantic Monthly he came willingly under its rules, for with all his willfulness there never was a more biddable man in things you could show him a reason for. He never made the least of that trouble which so abounds for the hapless editor from narrower minded contributors. If you wanted a thing changed, very good, he changed it; if you suggested that a word or a sentence or a paragraph had better be struck out, very good, he struck it out. His proof sheets came back each a veritable "mush of concession," as Emerson says. Now and then he would try a little stronger language than the Atlantic had stomach for, and once when I sent him a proof I made him observe that I had left out the profanity. He wrote back: "Mrs. Clemens opened that proof and hit into the room with danger in her eye. What profanity? You see, when I read the manuscript to her I skipped that." It was part of his joke to pretend a violence in that gentlest creature which all the more amusingly realized the situation to their friends.—W. D. Howells in Harper's Magazine.

Odd Shaving Habits.
It is said that of men who have themselves not one in fifty can use the razor with both hands, and to this may be added other curious facts about the shaving habits of the average man.

There is the president of a trust company in New York who, he tells his friends, always shaves himself standing in a corner of the room and facing the wall. He was a poor country boy and, like most boys, bought a razor on the sly. There was no mirror in his bedroom and rather than let his people know what he was about he faced the wall and scraped away by sense of feeling. Once accustomed to this method he never needed a glass.

There is a United States senator, formerly a farmer, who for many years shaved himself sitting on a milk-stool and looking at his reflection in a bucket of water. That was what he did as a boy and man on the farm, and he says that he couldn't shave standing up.—New York Tribune.

"Tolerance" in Coins.
The mint allows a certain degree of "tolerance" in coins. For example, the gold double eagle's standard weight is 516 grains, and the "tolerance" allowed is half a grain. A coin of this denomination may weigh as little as 515½ grains or as much as 516½ grains, but never less than the first nor more than the second figure. The standard weight of the silver half dollar is 122.9 grains, and the tolerance allowed is 1.5 grains. This coin may weigh as little as 121.4 grains and as much as 124.4 grains, but never less than the first nor more than the second figure. The standard fineness of all gold and silver coins is 900. In the gold coins a deviation of only one one-thousandth from this is allowed and in the silver coins of only three one-thousandths. The so called five cent nickel coin is really only 25 per cent nickel, the rest being copper. One cent pieces are 95 per cent copper and 5 per cent tin and zinc.—Philadelphia Record.

Sir Walter Scott's Debts.
The Ballantyne failure threw upon Sir Walter Scott the responsibility for £130,000, or \$650,000, and the grand old man immediately set about the mighty task of paying it; but, notwithstanding the most heroic efforts on his part, he never succeeded in paying it all. He did the best he could, but he had to depend solely upon his writings, and the task was more than mortal man could accomplish. As his powers failed he became possessed of the idea that all his debts were paid and that he was a free man, and in this belief he happily remained till his death.—New York American.

Better Dream On.
"Isn't that a perfect dream of a hat?" she demanded of the man by her side.

"I said," she repeated after some seconds of silence, "isn't that a dream of a hat?"

Still silence from the man. Then she ventured reproachfully:

"Why don't you say something?"

"My dear, you seemed to enjoy your dream so that I was afraid of waking you up," the man then replied.

The Psalms.
Many years ago a new clergyman was taking Sunday duty in a remote hamlet among the Yorkshire wolds. After morning service the old clerk came up to him and observed: "So ye calls them 'Sannauns' do ye? Now, we never know what to make o' that 'ere P. We allus calls 'em 'Spasms.'"—London Scraps.

In the Stilly Night.
"What is it?" the druggist sleepily inquired from his bedroom window.

"This ish drug store, ain't it?" asked the man who had rung the night bell.

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Want to look in your city directory minute an' see where I live."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Expanding.
The Old Friend—I understand that your practice is getting bigger. The Young Doctor—That's true. My patient has gained nearly two pounds in the last month.

Grit.
Grit is the grain of character. It may generally be described as berolism materialized—spirit and will thrust into heart, brain and backbone, so as to form part of the physical substance of the man.—Whipple.

Same Effect.
Innis—Do I love her? Why, man, I can't sleep nights for thinking about her. Owens—That's not good positive. I get the same effect from my tailor's bills.—Boston Transcript.

Discouraging.
Jester—Poor old Skinfint has his troubles. Jimson—What? Why, he's making barrels and barrels of money. Jester—I know, but the price of barrels has gone up.

Happiness is not found in self contemplation; it is perceived only when it is reflected from another.—Johnson.



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.

"Black Bart" Road Agent.
Charles E. Bolles, known to fame as "Black Bart," was incomparably the most conspicuous character in the history of western stage robbery. From 1875 to 1888 "Black Bart" is known to have committed twenty-seven stage robberies single handed. Northern California stage drivers stood in constant fear of this unique desperado. On various occasions the drivers were able to give a good description of his figure, hair, feet and hands, yet no clew to his actual identity was gained during the eight years of his stage robbing career. He was finally betrayed by a laundry mark on a cuff which had dropped from his wrist when opening a treasure box which he had taken from a Wells Fargo stage in San Joaquin valley. When he was finally captured in San Francisco the detectives were amazed to find the famous "Black Bart" a slight, quiet mannered man of fifty-five, familiar in face to all the San Francisco detectives. He had for years frequented a little restaurant near police headquarters where many of the detectives dined.—W. C. Jenkins in National Magazine.

Got It at Last.
It is told of a distinguished professor of history that, in an address before a woman's club on "Obscure Heroes of the French Revolution," he had reached the point where one of them, nobly resolved to essay the rescue of a friend doomed to the guillotine, sought a parting interview with his sweetheart before making the almost hopeless attempt. The professor had a moving voice and was eloquent. The assembly of women, many of them already near tears, hung breathless upon his words.

"Biddy, biddy," said he pathetically, then coughed slightly and went back.

"Biddy biddy"—Something was evidently amiss. He tried again.

"Biddy biddy diddy doo."

By this time the ladies looked puzzled and the orator desperate. Drawing a long breath and speaking with painful deliberation, he at length conquered the elusive syllables and said: "Did he bid adieu"—Youth's Companion.

Unconscious Humor.
Mark Twain, as an example of unconscious humor, used to quote a Hartford woman who said one day in the late spring:

"My husband is the dearest fellow. 'Jim,' I said to him this morning, 'are you very hard up just now?'"

"'Certainly an hard up,' he replied soberly. 'This high cost of living is terrible. I don't know what I'm going to do.'"

"Then, Jim," said I, 'I'll give up all thought of going to the country for July and August this year.'"

"But the dear fellow's face changed, and he said:

"'Indeed, then, you won't, darling. I thought you wanted to buy a hat with an egret or some such foolishness. No, no, my darling! Jim can always find the money to let his dear little wife go to the country.'"—Washington Star.

A Persian Hotel.
Some years ago an effort was made to establish a European hotel at the junction of the two most traveled roads of Persia. Each room of this hotel contained some articles which I at least have never found in any hotel in either Europe or America. Among them were a nightcap, a hairbrush and a toothbrush. Perhaps it was on account of this extravagance that the scheme failed. An American missionary as he was leaving this hotel one morning was asked by a servant what he had done with the toilet hairbrush. This dignified man in clerical attire, with his wife and children was prevented from leaving the hotel until it was ascertained that he had spoken the truth when he said that he threw the brush under the bed to scare away a cat.—Mrs. Colquhoun in Los Angeles Times.

GIGANTIC TREE STUMPS.
Big Enough to Be Hollowed Out and Used For Houses.
The fine firs of the Pacific northwest are so colossal that after the trees are sawed down the stumps are used for children's playgrounds, houses for families to live in or for dancing platforms.

To make a stump house the material from the interior is removed, leaving only enough to form walls of suitable thickness. A roof of boards or shingles is put over the top of the stump, holes are cut for windows and doors, and a family of five can and often does make it their dwelling. The stump houses are sometimes used by settlers until they can build larger and more convenient homes.

After the stump house has been vacated it is turned into a stable for the horses or sometimes into an inclosure for chickens or hogs.

Next to the big tree of California the fir or sequoia of Washington and Oregon has the largest diameter. As they decay rapidly, the hollowing out is easy. Sometimes they are used for dance platforms, some of them accommodating as many as four couples.

Another custom is to turn the big stumps into playgrounds for the children. The children reach the top by pieces of wood nailed against the sides or by ladders. A beautiful use of the large stumps is making them into flower beds and covering them with trailing vines.—Chicago Tribune.

THE WAISTCOAT.
It Became Popular by the Patronage of Charles II.
Few men realize how much they are being influenced in their dress by King Charles II. and yet it is to that monarch we owe the adoption of the waistcoat as a regular article of gentleman's dress, says London M. A. P. At least that is so if we are to accept the statement of Peppy, who in his diary under date of Oct. 16, 1660, states: "The king has declared his resolution to set a fashion which he would never alter," and "This day King Charles II. began to put on his vest. It is a very fine and handsome garment."

Prior to this date they were exceptional garments, and there is even some doubt whether they were originally worn by ladies or gentlemen, though there is good reason to believe they superseded the doublet, such as was worn by Raleigh, Essex and other notables of the Elizabethan age.

A neat waistcoat "wrought in silk and gold" is mentioned in "Patient Griswell," 1602, and there is a painting in distemper of a vest on the walls of Winchester cathedral, dated 1489, so that what Charles II. took was merely an existing garment, which he re-modeled, and by his patronage so popularized it that it became a standard article of gentleman's dress.

Clever Reasoning.
Rather an original lesson in political economy was that once taught by the Japanese nobleman Awo to and thus translated by Sir Edwin Arnold in "Sons and Lands":

One evening as he was going to the palace to take his turn in keeping the night watch he let ten cash drop out of his tinder case into the stream and then bought fifty cash worth of torches to search for the lost coin. His friends laughed at him for spending so much in order to recover so little, and he replied, with a frown:

"Sir, you are foolish and ignorant of economics. Had I not sought for these ten cash they would have been lost forever—sunk in the bottom of the Namerigawa. The fifty cash which I have expended on torches will remain in the hands of the tradesman. Whether he has them or I is no matter, but not a single one of the sixty has been lost, and that is a clear gain to the country."

Wedding Ring Mottoes.
When posters or mottoes inscribed inside wedding rings were first introduced does not seem to be known, but from the sixteenth century until the middle of the eighteenth it was customary to have them engraved on rings. These mottoes seldom consisted of more than two lines of a verse, often of only one, but there are a few instances known where three lines were used. Some of these mottoes are very quaint and curious, and a few reach a high standard of poetic beauty. The South Kensington museum has a good collection of prey rings, and among them are the following inscriptions: "United hearts death only parts;" "Let us share in joy and care;" "Love and live happily."—London Standard.

The Sun.
It is computed that the temperature of the sun would be expressed by 18,000 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, or about ninety times the temperature of boiling water. This is about five times the temperature that man is able to produce by artificial means. The light given off from the surface of the sun is reckoned as being 5,300 times more intense than that of the molten metal in a Bessemer converter, though that is of an almost blinding brilliancy, or, if we compare it with the oxyhydrogen flame, the sun sheds a light equal in brilliancy to 146 times the intensity of the limelight.

The Cause.
"Did you hear the awful shriek that engine gave as it flew by?" asked the first man as they approached a railroad crossing.

"Yes. What caused it?" rejoined his companion.

"I presume the engineer had it by the throttle."—Smart Set.

A Mean Retort.
"There goes a man I could have married," she said softly.

"Yes," he chuckled, "and I notice that he keeps on going as though he were afraid you might try it again."—Detroit Free Press.

Way It Goes.
"Could you give a starving woman work?"

"Yes; I need a girl to scrub."

"Too bad; this girl's a parlor maid."—Washington Herald.

The small courtesan sweetens life; the great ennobles it.

Pioneer Crude Oil Burner Company
Incorporated under the laws of Oklahoma Capital Stock \$20,000.00

On account of our being delayed about securing oil, we have not been placing any additional Crude Oil Burner, but now that we have our storage completed and plenty of oil on hand, we will begin the work of installing burners at once. Every burner is sold under a positive guarantee that they will give satisfaction, or they need not be accepted. Ask those who are using them and also come to the tent west of the Thurston and see them demonstrated.

M. VOGEL

Yorkshire Man's Fingers.
A Yorkshire man and a Lancashire man were conversing together the other day. The Lancashire man said to the Yorkshire man, "Well, Bill, do you know the best way to find a Yorkshire man's lost fingers?"

"No," says Bill.

"Well, I will tell you what happened at our place the other day. Yorkshire Dan had two of his fingers cut off with a steam saw, and they got lost among the sawdust, and two of my mates were down on their hands and knees looking for them when the foreman came up and asked what they were doing. One of them said:

"—We are looking for Dan's fingers."

"—Oh, come out of the road," said the foreman. "That's not the way to find a Yorkshire man's fingers," at the same time taking a shilling out of his pocket and throwing it among the sawdust, when the two fingers at once popped up after it.

"—Tig!" said the foreman. "That's the way to find a Yorkshire man's lost fingers."—Pearson's.

Providing For His Guests.
Two men stopped at the store of a haberdasher who displayed in his showcase a job lot of collars at 5 cents apiece. One of them bought two dozen, in sizes ranging from 15 to 17½. His friend politely controlled his surprise at discovering that the broker wore five cent collars and inquired only about the elastic neck. The purchaser said:

"We live in the suburbs. Friends who visit us and remain overnight unexpectedly want clean collars the next morning. It depletes my own stock too far to keep furnishing them. I can't always supply a comfortable size either. Of course the collars never come back. Since I discovered the scheme of five cent collars I can pick up anybody, take him home with me and inform him that he need not bring any luggage, because one of my wife's benefices includes five cent toothbrushes for the wayfarer."—New York Sun.

A Martyr to Art.
"Which tooth?" inquired the man of forceps grimly.

"Any one you like," responded the victim calmly, "so long as it's a front one."

"But"—began the astounded dentist.

"Hurry up," thundered the visitor. "With bleeding heart the operator hitched his forceps on to a bit of absolutely sound ivory, dragged his patient three times around the room and—"

"—Hey, presto!" smiled the dentist. "It's out! But will you be so good as to tell me why on earth you wanted a sound tooth extracted?"

"By all means," responded the patient. "You see, I'm an actor, and I have to take a part where the thespian is lipped. At first I couldn't mangle it, but now I'm there I'll be a thimply threemaking thueeth!"

Looking For "The Crazy Ones."
A woman got off a Darby car at Thirty-fourth street and Woodland avenue the other day, entered the university campus and started toward College hall, walking with brisk determination, yet looking wonderingly about her the while.

In front of the library a university youth met her, and she accosted him quickly.

"Young man," she said, "will you please tell me where they keep the crazy ones?"

"Wh-what?" stammered the college man.

She repeated her question in somewhat different form.

"I want the insane department," she said. "I have a friend who is a nurse there. I thought I'd make her a little visit. Isn't this the Philadelphia hospital?"—Philadelphia Times.

Not Mere Talk.
"I cannot live but a week longer viz out you."

"Foolish talk, duke. How can you fix on a specific length of time?"

"Ze landlord fix on it, miss, not I."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Easily Convinced.
Would Be Contributor (at editor's desk)—Here's a joke, Mr. Editor, that I'll guarantee was never in print before. Editor (after reading it)—Don't doubt your word in the least, sir.—London Tit-Bits.

The Outlet.
Physiology Teacher—Clarence, you may explain how we hear things. Clarence—Pa tells 'em to us as a secret, and ma gives 'em away at the bridge club.—Cleveland Leader.

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 "Bead" plumbing fixtures and employ only experienced workmen. Our repairing service is prompt and reliable.

A. DUSSELL & SON,
Columbus, Nebraska