

A GENIAL SMILE.

Who can tell the value of a genial smile? It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns hatred into love and paves the darkest paths with sunlight.

The Ancient Mayas.

It is urged by an archaeologist that the Mayas, who once inhabited America, had a civilization as far advanced as that of any early people except the Greeks. The dwellers in the jungles of Yucatan, Guatemala and Honduras are believed to be their descendants.

Making Toast.

When making toast you will improve it both in taste and digestibility by laying the slices of bread in the oven for a little while before putting them over the coals or in the toaster. They will toast better and more evenly for this advance treatment.

Marking Linen.

When using marking ink to put initials, etc., on linen do your work first with an ordinary lead pencil and then use the marking ink over this work. The pencil will prevent the ink from spreading and giving the linen a blotched appearance.

Marengo.

In the battle of Marengo 58,000 men participated, and of that number 33,000 were killed or wounded, about 22 per cent. Napoleon thought Marengo his greatest victory. He always kept throughout life the uniform he wore on that day.

Insulting.

"Is it true," said one lady to another, "that at your dance last night you were the only sober person present?" "No; of course not," was the indignant reply. "Who was, then?" said the first lady blandly.

The Twins.

We have heard of several cases wherein twins have borne a remarkable likeness to each other. But the most curious was the case of twin sisters who had to be told everything together because it was impossible to tell them apart.

Good Sign For It.

Willie—Here's a place I got from the postoffice. Mrs. Slimson—Why, Willie, what do you mean? It's the sign "For Transients." You just take it right back. "I thought you might like to hang it up in your kitchen."—Life.

Wanted Him to Specify.

"Will you always be true?" asked the broker's suspicious daughter when young Sportleigh had thrown himself at her feet and begged for her hand. "As true as steel!" he cried. "Common or preferred?" she inquired, still suspicious.—Judge.

Money to Burn.

"Hear about old man Foddershucks? He went ter th' city an' come back with money to burn." "Ye don't say?" "Yep. Bought a thousand dollars' worth for a ten dollar bill."—Cleveland Leader.

Speaking of Color.

She—Girls seem to have the color sense better developed than boys, according to experiments recently conducted in the schools of Cologne, Germany. He—But when it comes to hair boys stick to one color longer.—Yonkers Statesman.

Sarcastic.

De Boozer—It's warmer today, my dear. I don't think I shall need my overcoat. Mrs. De B.—You had better take it. You'll find it cold enough to-morrow morning when you are hanging on to the pallings, as usual, waiting for the keyhole to pass by.

Star Fixing.

"Do the stars have to be repaired, pa?" "I never heard that they did. Where did you get that idea?" "I have been reading about fixed stars, and I supposed that somebody had to fix them."—New York Press.

Vegetable Solitude.

"What's the title of your new book, Riler?" "I'm calling it 'Salad For the Solitary.'" "Isn't that a bit stale? Why not call it 'Lettuce Alone?'"—Boston Transcript.

A River in Brazil.

The state of Sao Paulo, in the republic of Brazil, has a river that carries one of the longest names of any stream in the world. The name is of Indian origin and is "Tamanandacety" and is also called without saving anything in length "river of the Great Tanager."

Transparent.

The teacher was giving the juvenile class an object lesson on the word "transparent." She told them water and glass were transparent, because one can see through them, then asked them to name something else that was transparent. One little fellow promptly raised his hand.

Two of a Kind.

A person begging alms of Lord George Gordon said: "God bless you, my lord! You and I have been in all the prisons in London." "What do you mean?" cried Lord George. "I never was in any prison but the Tower." "That is true, my lord," said the other, "and I have been in all the rest."—London Tit-Bits.

To Say and to Do.

"Do you wish to go to church this evening? Father is going to preach, you know," the minister's fair daughter asked. The young man considered. "Um! The last time I went he rather fell on some of my small fallings. Do you know what his text will be to-night?" "Yes; 'Love one another.'" He regarded the round pink cheek approvingly.

Suppose.

"Suppose," he suggested softly, "that we let the old gentleman go to preach, while we sit here and practice?"—Lippincott's.

AN UNREAD REPORT.

The Methods of Barney Barnato in His Mining Ventures.

Barney Barnato before the tragic termination of his career was widely known because of his large fortune won in mining ventures. His rapid accumulation of wealth was popularly attributed to luck, but luck of the persistent variety usually rests upon a more solid basis than mere chance. An insight to Barnato's methods is afforded by an incident recently related by A. A. Blow, an American engineer once in Barnato's employ. After an exhaustive examination of a mine whose purchase was under consideration Blow prepared an elaborate and voluminous report. It was accompanied by maps and sections and was a piece of work which the engineer felt that he could be justly proud of when it was handed to Barnato to read, however, the latter laid it aside unopened.

"Tell me about it," he said. Blow proceeded to make an oral report. Barnato dozed. Finally he exclaimed: "I employed you because I think you know something about this business, and I do not. Now, I do not want to hear all of this scientific rot about this mine. All I want you to tell me is whether it is good business?"

"Then that settles it," said Barnato. "You are willing to accept the responsibility of turning down this property at the price offered?" "Yes," was Blow's reply, "but I want you to examine the reports, maps, assays, plans, etc., and see the reasons I have for my conclusions."

"Why should I do this?" Barnato inquired. "You tell me that it is not good business. And as I cannot understand your report why should I waste my time on anything that is not good business?"—Moody's Magazine.

A WHITE HOUSE JEST.

General Harrison's Objections to Memorials to "Vest."

As a general thing, one of the first duties of the wife of an incoming president and one of the things she usually enjoys heartily is to attend to such rearrangements and refurbishings of the White House as may be necessary or advisable according to her personal taste, the size and customs of her family, and so on.

I remember one occasion, writes Colonel William H. Crook in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, when Mrs. Harrison had finally decided upon some slight architectural changes and had brought her architect's plans to the president and asked his opinion of them. General Harrison studied the drawings with care and noticed that several niches were left, each plainly marked. At last he said:

"Well, my dear, here is a place for Lincoln, and here is a place for Grant's bust. And you have left three places for Vest." Then he added, with well assumed indignation, "I am decidedly opposed to so many monuments to Vest—in the White House!"

Mrs. Harrison hastened to explain what her husband, of course, knew all the time—that the word "Vest" was the architect's contraction for vestibule, of which there were three on the plans, whereupon the president said he was satisfied and handed the drawings back to her, with a twinkle in his keen blue eyes.

A FIERCE ANATHEMA.

The Pious Wish a Woman Flung at Jean Paul Richter.

Jean Paul Richter once observed that if a lady offered to give the word "halt!" she would do it in the following strain: "You soldiers, all of you, now mind what I say. I order you as soon as I have done speaking to stand still, every one of you, on the spot where you happen to be. Don't you hear me? Halt, I say, all of you!"

Upon this a strong minded woman made the following comment: "Now, M. Jean, it was an unlucky day on which you wrote that sentence. May you never hear anything but that little, concise word 'No' from every rosy pair of lips you meet. May you halt witless through life. May your buttons be snapping, your strings knotty and your stockings full of holes. May your bootjack be missing, your feet corny and your shaving water cold, your razor dull, your hair stand up, your collar lie down. May your beard be porcupine, your whiskers thinly settled and your mustache curl the wrong way. May your coffee be muddy, your toast smoky and your tea water bewitched, and, with a never dying desire for affection, may you crawl through creation a meek, miserable, nasty, forlorn, sly, fussy, ridiculous, raved, dejected old bachelor."

High Sounding Names.

Writing in his Paris paper on the growing custom on the part of parents to give their children "high sounding" names, Clement Vautel says: "When the boy is old enough to understand he rebels at being compelled to carry the name of a name like Anacreon or Hipparchus. But he has company. I know a deputy whose parents named him Franklin. The name in itself is not so bad, but he has two brothers, Voltaire and Socrates respectively. Fancy this scene in the nursery: Franklin howling because Voltaire has broken his toy, while Socrates laughs at both. The mother as peacemaker shouts, 'Stop, Socrates, or you'll be punished.' In a narrow street in Versailles one broiling hot day I saw a woman spanking a child, shouting in anger, 'You naughty Epaminondas; I'll teach you, Epaminondas!' I could never think of the Theban general after that without laughing."

Her Blunder.

"What makes you think she's uneducated?" "She thinks Ibsen's plays are stupid." "Well, a lot of people think so." "Yes, but she says so."—Cleveland Leader.

Repertoires.

"We need brains in this business, young man." "You needn't tell me that, sir. Your business shows it."—Baltimore American.

HER HOMEMADE HAT.

It Brought a Proposal That She Promptly Turned Down.

The bobemians were making merry in the dim lit studio discussing the latest novel that one of their number was trying to write, the brutal editor who had refused the best article ever written—a masterpiece of the best—becoming the nominal mistress of the art critic, executing the mercenary the artical manager and utterly repudiating the general public—the vast horde of the Philistines. By way of diversion the painter of pastel portraits said to the bachelor maid:

"That's a charming hat you have on. Who else would know enough to combine turquoise and old rose? You have a genius for color. What a pity you only write!"

"Glad you like my hat, anyway. I made it myself. I trust it will only enhance its merit in your eyes to know that it cost me but 50 cents."

"Impossible!" screamed all the bobemians with one breath, ceasing their arguments in order to take notice of the vastly becoming creation which capped the bachelor maid's brown hair. "Fifty cents, did you say?" asked the man who once wrote a poem—aye, and had it published. Then rising, placing his hand above his heart, bowing low and solemnly, he said: "Fair one, will you be my wife? All my life I have been looking for a woman who could trim her own hats for nothing. Pray be mine."

"Nixie!" scoffed the bachelor maid cruelly. "All my life I have been looking for a man who would be willing and able to pay \$50 for my hats."—New York Press.

FIGHTING LIFE'S BATTLE.

Of Things That Must Be Done Tackle the Hardest First.

I know a very successful man who early in life resolved that no matter how hard anything might be or how seemingly impossible for him to do he would do it if the doing would prove of value to him, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. He made this the test and would never allow his moods or feelings to stand in the way of his judgment. He forced himself in the habit of promptly doing everything, no matter how disagreeable, if it would further his advancement.

People who consult their moods, their preferences or their ease never make a great success in life. It is the man who gets a firm grip on himself and forces himself to do the thing that will ultimately be best for him who succeeds. The man who goes through life picking out the flowers and avoiding the thorns in his occupation, always doing the easy thing first and delaying or putting off altogether if possible the hard thing, does not develop the strength that would enable him to do hard things when necessity forces them upon him.

It is pliable to see young men and women remaining far below the place where their ability ought to have carried them just because they dislike to do disagreeable things until compelled to. The best way always is to tackle the hardest things first.

Too Public For Him.

He was a mild mannered little man, short, with gray hair and spectacles. It was noon on Washington street, and, as usual, the crowds were shoving and pushing to get somewhere. The little man was trying to worm his way through the crowds.

A well dressed woman, accompanied by a small boy, was mixed up in the crowd. She wanted to cross the street. The boy stopped to look in a window. The lady reached down and grasped a hand, saying, "Take my hand, dear." "Not right here on the public street," she was startled to hear some one reply.

Looking down, she saw that she was clasping the hand of the very inoffensive little man, who seemed to be much confused and embarrassed. "Sir," she said haughtily, "I don't want you. I want my son."—Boston Traveler.

The New and Old Geology.

In its early history geology presented two schools—one insisting on a doctrine of "catastrophes," the other on a doctrine of "uniformity." The former regarded the changes which have manifested taken place in our planet as having occurred at epochs abruptly, while the other school, repovising the great principle of the invariability of the laws of nature, insisted that affairs had always gone on in the same way as they do now. It is hardly necessary to say that the latter theory has driven the old theory of catastrophe completely from the field.—New York American.

All Fixed.

"I think I'll propose at the party to-night." "No, you won't." "Why won't I?" "My sister knows the young lady in question, and it has been arranged for you to propose at the ball next week."—Kansas City Journal.

Restaurant Reparto.

"Tea or coffee?" demanded the bustling waitress. He smiled benignly. "Don't tell me; let me guess," he whispered.—Brooklyn Life.

Where the Shoe Pinched.

Crawford—Does your conscience trouble you for losing that money? Crabshaw—No, but my wife does. You see, it was her money.—Judge.

The fewer desires the more peace.—Wilson.

Not That Kind of Woman. "Do you believe in making a gun-faction before you enter your pew?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "Mercy, no!" replied her hostess as she flected a bit of dust from the \$2,000 grand piano. "If I have gun-factions to make about people I always do it outside of church."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Book Farmer.

Knicker-Jones is what they call a book farmer. Becker—Yes; I have used up two check books already.—New York Sun.

BALANCE.

Error and evil are located in deficiency or excess. Even excess in virtue is evil, an excess of humility being abjectness; of courage, rashness; of prudence, cowardice; of patience, indifference; of economy, parsimony; of generosity, waste; and so also an excess of learning is pedantry; of ease, indolence; of comfort, self-indulgence; of zeal, fanaticism. Right and justice are found in moderation, in the golden mean, in the true balance between overdoing and underdoing.—Orlando J. Smith.

An Unexpected Invitation.

A clergyman once heard an address, or what promised to be, turn unexpectedly into a challenge to a pie eating contest. A young man, it seems, believed he could air his views upon certain subjects in a convincing manner if allowed to go before the multitude. He was given the chance and took the floor.

"Brethren," he began, his face flushing and his knees beginning to quake, "br-br-brethren (pause), br-br-brethren (in despair), will you? If any of you want to eat humble pie just step up!"—Newark Star.

Taken Down a Peg.

While one thing essential to a cultured lawyer is a thorough knowledge of Latin, it is not necessary, said a judge, that he should parade his classical knowledge, for he might be "taken down a peg," as was the young lawyer who displayed his learning before an Arkansas jury. His opponent replied: "Gentlemen of the jury, the young lawyer who just addressed you has roomed with Romulus, dined with Cincinnatus, rippled with Euripides, soaked with Socrates, but what does he know about the laws of Arkansas?"—Case and Comment.

The Inns of Chancery.

Most of the old inns of Chancery are no more. Clement's inn, where Falstaff and Shallow "heard the chimes at midnight," New Inn, of which Sir Thomas More was a member, Lyon's inn, where Cobe once taught the students; Furnival's inn, where Charles Dickens lived; Thavies inn, which was one of the earliest of all the legal settlements in London; Barnard's inn, where Lord Chief Justice Holt was among the "principals"—all these historic places have "in the change and chance of time" disappeared from view. Staple inn remains in its ancient state by the good will of the insurance company that purchased it some twenty years ago.—London Law Journal.

Earnings of Writers.

There are at least fifty writers in England who are making £1,000 a year each by their books. In this number it is possible that there are a dozen who make incomes of £2,000 to £5,000 a year. Marion Crawford is said to have received £2,000 down for each of his novels, and he often turned out three a year. Sir Walter Scott made £200,000 during his writing career. Alphonse Daudet received £40,000 for a single novel. Lew Wallace got in royalties on "Ben-Hur" and "The Prince of India" almost £50,000. For any of his stories Rudyard Kipling is reputed to charge 2 shillings a word. "Les Miserables" brought Victor Hugo close on £16,000.—T. P.'s London Magazine.

An Eye to His Epitaph.

Edmond de Goncourt, the French novelist, admitted that he worked with an eye to his epitaph, and he wanted the epitaph to endure for a long time. He records in his journal that "the thought that the world may perish, may not last forever, is one which occasionally fills my mind with gloom. I should be defrauded by the destruction of this planet, for I have written only in the hope of eternal fame. A reputation lasting 10,000, 20,000, even 100,000 years, would be a poor return for the pains I have taken, the privations I have suffered. Under these conditions it would have been better to lounge aimlessly through life dreaming and smoking my time away."—Chicago News.

Life Insurance.

Primarily life insurance is a co-operative plan to meet the default involved in the premature death of productive lives. A nonproductive life is not properly insurable. A life stamped with immortality is not insurable. A life somewhat impaired through defective family history or by individual weakness or disease, if that life at the same time is a productive life, is insurable at a price. All of which brings us back to the same conclusion—i. e., life insurance is a great social plan which merges the individual into the mass and puts behind the frailty of man standing alone the immeasurable strength of men standing together.—Darwin F. Kingsley in Leslie's.

An Altruistic Backslider.

Because he was too soft hearted to ask his poverty stricken landlady to buy new rugs for his room the altruistic young man bought several small rugs and spread them over the floor. Immediately after the next sweeping day she presented a bill for the week's expenditures. Items: Room rent, breakfasts, laundry and beating rugs, 25 cents.

"Hello," said the altruistic young man, "what does this mean?" "Just what it says," she returned. "If folks must cover their floor with extra rugs they'll have to pay for beating 'em, that's all. I can't afford to do it for nothing." And from that moment altruism lost a disciple.—Exchange.

A Reassuring Community.

"We didn't know what to do about Flute Pete," said the Crimson Gulch citizen. "He was a real good feller, but he would be careless about shootin' up the populace." "Did you straighten out the matter?" "To some extent. We elected him sheriff, thereby makin' it look a little more legal."—Washington Star.

Breaking It Gently.

Young Wife—Tomorrow will be my twenty-fifth birthday. Hubby—Why, a year ago, just before our wedding, you told me you were twenty. Young Wife—Yes, but we women age rapidly after marriage.—Boston Transcript.

MEDICAL RESEARCH.

Romanos of the Discovery of the Cause of Malaria.

In the history of research are many romances. Of the discovery that malaria was caused by mosquitoes, it is related how Dr. Low and Dr. Sambon lived in the malarious Roman Campagna without quinine. They retired at sunset to a mosquito proof hut, with double doors and windows of wire net, and they did not leave until sunrise. The fact that they remained immune, while the attendants, sleeping outside, contracted malaria, confirmed the belief that the mosquitoes were responsible.

But how did they carry the disease? At first it was thought to be by water. To settle the question live mosquitoes which had bitten infected peasants were sent home and two members of the school submitted to be bitten by them. They both went down with malaria. How did the mosquitoes transmit the germ?

By cutting sections of the proboscis the malarious parasite was found. It breaks through the skin of the proboscis and is transmitted at the time of the sting. From the first conjecture to the final proof was a series of careful experiments, ending with the slicing of the mosquito's proboscis. Now, this is finer than fine hair. It is necessary to stop to think. For it is easier to imagine the triumph of the proof than the delicate operation that produced it.—London Standard.

LIGHTING BY GAS.

It Was a Costly Process When It Was First Established.

The first incorporated gas company was the National Light and Heat Company of England, established in 1809. In America the first gas company was incorporated in Baltimore in 1816, the second one in Boston in 1822, and the next one was the New York Gaslight company, incorporated in 1823.

Prior to 1830 the gas business of this country was nominal, but the price probably was responsible for its slow development. From 1824 to 1828, says Moody's Magazine, the New York Gaslight company sold gas to consumers at the rate of \$10 a thousand cubic feet.

The first artificial illuminating gas was produced in England about 1723 by one Dr. Hales, but not until 1780 was a practical test made. In that year the Earl of Dundonald of Scotland arranged an apparatus by which he lighted his castle with gas. The same year William Murdoch of Birmingham, England, introduced gas as a light in his workshops at Redruth and Cornwall.

As Mr. Murdoch was the first man to reap any commercial benefit from the discovery of the use of illuminating gas, he may properly be accredited as the father of modern public utilities. In 1813 London bridge was illuminated by gas, and five years later gas was in general use throughout the main part of London.

Red Letter Days.

The origin of a "red letter day" has been traced back to the third century. Gregory, bishop of Caesarea, zealous for the conversion of pagans, found them unwilling to give up their customary recreations at the festivals of their gods, so taking a leaf out of their book, he instituted festivals in honor of saints and martyrs. This example soon led to the institution of holy days, now corrupted into holidays. In old almanacs all such holy days were set forth in red ink, the "red letter day" for any notable occasion. Others say that the origin of the expression is much more recent and is due to the fact that Saints' day, the 5th of November, the king's birthday and accession and King Charles' day were similarly marked off in red as holidays for the Bank of England, evidently in the times of the later Stuarts.—London Telegraph.

Political Antipathies.

Political antipathies today are seldom carried into private life. In the past just the opposite was the rule. "Coke of Norfolk" once stated that when he was a child his grandfather took him on his knee and said, "Now, remember, Tom, as long as you live never trust a Tory," and he used to add, "I never have, and, by George, I never will." G. W. E. Russell, too, tells of an eccentric maiden lady whom he knew in his youth who, having spent her life in the innermost circles of aristocratic Whiggery, always refused to enter a cab until she had extorted from the driver an assurance that he had never carried cases of infectious disease, that he was not a Fusedite and that he was a Whig.—London Graphic.

When the Press Was Restricted.

Many of the restrictions that hampered the influence of the press remained in force until the close of the eighteenth century in England. It was not till that period that newspapers obtained the right to criticize the policy of ministers and of the king. Mr. Walter, the first editor of the London Times, was prosecuted for censuring the Duke of York. He was sentenced to pay a fine of £250, stand in the pillory for an hour, be imprisoned for a year and give security for his good behavior for seven years. The order with regard to the pillory was canceled, but he had to serve his term in jail.

Same Thing.

Mr. Simpson was reading the newspaper. "Here's a Chicago man got into a drunken brawl and was stabbed to death," he said aloud. His wife glanced up from her knitting and commented, "In some low saloon, I suppose." "No. The paper says he got stabbed in the thoracic cavity."

"Same thing. You'd think the police would close such a place up."—National Monthly.

The Age of Competition.

"How high is his temperature, doctor?" "Well, he's closely crowding the record." "Fine!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Unfit. Cadger—Old Higbroiler has just been telling us about a time when he was shipwrecked and all the survivors but he were eaten by cannibals. Badger—Why didn't they eat him? Cadger—I don't know exactly, but I suspect there was a pure food commission on the island.—Lippincott's.

Shop Talk. "If we didn't have to give back any change think of the money we merchants would make." "We all have our troubles," said the magazine publisher. "Sometimes it frets me to have to print any reading matter, but I suppose it must be done."—Kansas City Journal.

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