

# An Assortment For the Lenten Season

- Holland Herring  
Salt Herring Roal and Spiced Herring  
Salt Herring Mackrel  
Canned Fish Imported and Domestic  
CHEESE  
American Brick Swiss  
Limburger Roquefort,  
Sap Sogs and Vezet

Our prices are right and in addition we give you a special discount on all cash purchases.

## Brunken & Haney

### OUTWITTED THE ORIENTALS.

An Experience With the Customs Official at Kermanshah.

In eastern lands the collecting of customs dues is attended with perhaps more than ordinary fraud. In his book, "From Batum to Baghdad," Mr. W. D. Harris has told his experience with the customs officers of Kermanshah. The incident had its peculiar feature as well as its serious lesson.

Two hours later than I had intended we made a start, proceeding through the long tunnel-like lazars, emerged from the town. Here fate had arranged in store for me. At the local custom house the guards wanted to search us and make us pay duty on our scanty baggage.

I had hired a mule to carry our sad belongings as far as Baghdad, using the owner of the mule, a witty old Arab who accompanied us, as a guide. These two, mule and man, the guards absolutely refused to let pass without my bestowing a perfectly illegal and illogical bribe. This I stoutly refused to do, and, knowing that in the east a show of temper is of no avail, I swallowed my wrath and argued coolly and collectively with the soldiers.

Soon they confessed that they had no right to touch either me or any animal of mine, but they maintained that the mule and the rider were both Arabs and that therefore I could not interfere.

This was just what I wanted, and solved the matter in a minute. I put the Arab on my horse and I rode his mule. There was no question about it then. The guards on their own confession could stop neither me nor my horse, and we rode quietly on amid the laughter of the men to change our mounts again fifty yards past the custom house.

In the Wrong Church.

A Cleveland man recently told this story of the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, famous New York divine of a generation ago:

A wealthy man came to him and said he wanted to read one of the most expensive pewes in the church. "But," he added, "I'll only take it on one condition—you mustn't expect me to do any church work."

The courteous pastor smiled. "My friend," he replied, "you have come to the wrong church. You had my four blocks down the street, in the church of the Heavenly Rest."—Cleveland Leader.

A Remarkable Gallery.

"You know Mrs. Van Gilder's family portrait gallery that she started last year?"

"Yes."

"Well, that great criminal detective who searched the wedding presents when Freddie Van Gilder married the oldest Dr. Graft boy told me that he recognized seven of the portraits and they had all done things, whatever that means."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Wanted the Job.

To the colored man who made application for work he listened and awaited the finish of the tale of the applicant's qualifications for the job, then stilled in this manner: "Well, I'd like to give you the place, but I'm afraid I can't for you tell me you are married. I have special reasons for wanting to give this position to a single man." "Why, boss," exclaimed the willing worker, "if dat's de only trouble, Ah kin git a divorce between now an' when you all's ready for me to start in."—Atlanta.

Real Accommodating.

Olga, Swedish maid of all work, had curiously defined ideas regarding property rights, although she had no intention of being at all dishonest. On one occasion when it was Olga's afternoon off her mistress said to her when she was about to depart from the house:

"Olga, I can't find those handsome silk stockings of mine. Have you seen them?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have them on. I know you stay home today and do not need them. You can save a pair of mine to wear yest around home if you haf none."—Minneapolis Journal.

## Special Value Sale of ENAMELWARE

At the New 5c and 10c Store, Saturday, March 4, 10 a. m.

To those of you who attended our Opening Sale, the values you got spoke for themselves. We absolutely guarantee that you will get far more than your money's worth at this sale. 25c for choice of articles. Examine our window display. There will be covered Roasting Pans, Double Boilers, Dish Pans, Water Pails, Preserving Kettles, Stew Pans, Coffee Pots, Tea Pots and Stew Kettles.

Be on Hand Promptly and Get First Choice  
New 5c and 10c Store  
Located in Old Fitzpatrick Store 13th Street

## HIS GIRL FRIENDS.

Mark Twain Dearly Loved Children as Playmates.

### THE ANGEL FISH SOCIETY.

A Delightful and Touching Story About Little Margaret, One of Its Members, and the Genial Humorist—A Pretty Compact and a Quaint Letter.

Like many another great man, Mark Twain was fond of children. He never outgrew childhood, and he always chose young playmates where they were to be found. He formed curious societies of these girl friends. Back in the nineties, when he was living in Europe, he created a club which was to consist of one (only one) girl in each country of the globe, the duty of said member being to write occasionally to the chief officer, who faithfully replied to these random and far-faring messages. Of course these little girls were swept into womanhood presently, but even to the last years of his life the member who signed herself "France" remained faithful to the law.

Another club of girls, little girls, became one of the chief interests during his final years. It had its beginning in Bermuda during one of his frequent visits to those happy islands. It was called the Angel Fish Club, after a gorgeous swimmer of those waters, and he gave to each member an angel fish pin as a society badge. It was a successful club, and on his return to America he elected other members, enough to make twelve in all.

His home at Redding, Conn., Stormfield, had been originally named Innocence at Home, and as Angel Fish headquarters Innocence at Home it always remained. Members with their parents resided here, and the billiard room, where the "fishes" were likely to spend most of their time knocking the balls about, under the chief member's instruction, was called the Aquarium, and gay prints of many Bermuda fishes were hung along the walls to carry out the idea. Each member had the privilege of selecting one of these as her patron fish and of identifying it with her name.

It was in Bermuda one day when he was walking along the beach with one of his angel fish members that he picked up a small iridescent double shell, delicately binged together. He separated it and handed his companion half.

"You will be going away from me pretty soon, Margaret," he said, "and growing up, and I won't know you any more. I shall see a great many Margarets, and now and then one of them will say she is my Margaret, but I will say, 'No; you resemble my Margaret, but you are bigger than my Margaret, and I can't be sure.' Then I will take out this shell and I will say, 'If you are really my Margaret you will have the other half of this shell, and it will fit exactly.' Then if she has the shell and it fits, I shall know that it is really my Margaret, no matter how many years have gone by or how much older she has grown."

All this he said very gravely and earnestly, and the little girl took the shell thoughtfully and promised to keep it always. Next morning when she came running up to meet him on the hotel veranda he looked at her questioningly.

"You look like Margaret," he said. "But I can't be sure. If you are really my Margaret you will have a shell I gave her once—the mate to this one—"

He got no farther. The girl was promptly produced and it fitted exactly. He returned to America, and somewhat later Margaret received a letter—one of the pretty letters he was always writing to children. In it he said:

I am always making mistakes. When I was in New York six weeks ago I was on a corner of Fifth avenue and saw a small girl—not a child, but a girl, from the opposite corner, and I exclaimed to myself joyfully, "That is certainly my Margaret," and I rushed to her. But as she came nearer I began to doubt and said to myself, "It's a Margaret, that is plain enough, but I'm half afraid it is somebody else's." So when I passed her I held my shell so she couldn't help but see it. Dear, she only glanced at it and passed on. I wondered if she could have recognized it. It seemed best to find out, so I turned and followed and caught up with her and said deferentially, "Dear Miss, I already know your first name, she the look of you, but would you mind telling me your other one?" She was vexed and said, pretty sharply, "It's Douglas, if you're so anxious to know, I know your name by your looks, and I'd advise you to shut yourself up with pen and ink and write some more rubbish. I am surprised that they allow you to run at large. You are likely to get run over by a baby carriage any time. Run along now and don't let the crows bite you."

"What an idea! There aren't any crows on Fifth avenue. But I didn't smile. I didn't let on to perceive how uncutthroat she was. She was flushed with anger, of course, and didn't know what a comical blunder she was making.

Margaret, with her mother, called when they returned to America. When the cards were brought to him he looked at hers and said:

"Well, the young lady, her name sounds familiar, but I can't be sure it's my Margaret without a certain token which she is supposed to carry as a proof." The shell came up without delay. He took the two halves now to a jeweler and had them set in gold as charms. One of these Margaret wore on a ribbon about her neck, and the other he linked to his watch chain, where it remained till he died. What a sweet fancy it all was!

He spent the last months of his life in Bermuda in the home of one of his angel fish, Helen Allen, daughter of the American vice-consul there, who was his daily companion, and it will be her lifelong happy memory that she brightened and comforted his final days.—Albert Bigelow Paine in Ladies' World.

A Changed Man.

Admiral Capps, addressing a temperance society, told a story of one of the best men he had ever known, who quickly went from bad to worse because of excessive drinking until he became a total wreck.

"One evening," said the admiral, "this prematurely old, thin, worn out man with red rimmed eyes, said, 'You are a good, true, noble woman Jenny, and should have married a better man than I am.'"

"Looking at him and thinking of what he once had been she quickly answered, 'I did, James.'"—New York Tribune.

# H. F. GREINER

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Now is the time to buy your SUGAR; PER SACK.....\$5.00

Flour has never been as cheap as this for years; per sack.....\$1.25

5 pounds of good Rio Coffee.....\$1.00  
A No. 1 extra fine Santos Coffee, a good value at 30c per lb., 4 lbs. for.....\$1.00

Island Herring, the best of its kind, about 3-4 lb. each, 1 dozen for.....50c

Extra fine Smoked Herring, 6 for.....25c

Bob White Soap, the best white soap made, 6 bars for.....25c

7 boxes of Rex Lye.....50c

Lenox Soap is where you get full value for your money, 7 bars for.....25c

A Full Line of Dried Fruit Always on Hand

### THE HENPECKED CLUB.

Queer Methods of a Queer Society in Lancashire, England.

Of all the queer clubs that exist in the world you will find some of the queerest in Lancashire, England. One of these is called the Henpecked Club. As the title indicates, its members are all males, and they can come across a club in almost every Lancashire town of any size.

The meetings are held, as a rule, in some bar parlor, and the discussions are about members and often non-members who have the reputation of being henpecked. When evidence has been brought to show that a particular man has allowed himself to come under his wife's thumb they tax him with it in the place of meeting. The president delivers a lecture on the danger of a husband permitting his wife to usurp his position as master, and when the others have indorsed his remarks the person to whom the speeches are addressed is warned that if he continues to stand the henpecking he will be made the subject of a demonstration.

The announcement that a "henpecked" club demonstration is to take place is received in the district with mixed feelings. The men applaud it, and the local police, recalling similar displays that led to trouble, become a little anxious. On the evening appointed the members of the club meet at a public house, where they arm themselves with all kinds of household utensils; then, led by concertina players or a tin whistle band, they start out and march along the crowded streets of the district.

One man carries a broom, another a swab, a third a shovel or a coal scuttle, or a fender or a poker. Fire tongs, blacklead brushes, washtubs, buckets—everything used in the home, in fact—is carried shoulder high. As they march along to the music in front and the discordant clanging of their baggage they sing stanzas of songs in which the name of the victim occurs often.

The mission of the verses, which have been specially composed for the occasion by a local poet, is to hold up the henpecked one to ridicule, the reason being that the demonstrators bearing the household goods being, of course, to remind him that, having fallen under pettifog government, he will quickly become the slavey.

When they reach the cottage where their victim resides they form a circle in front of the door and sing and clang their fenders and coal scuttles more loudly than ever.

The man inside is invoked by the president during a lull in the program to "be a man" and join his brethren. Sometimes if he looks upon the affair as more of a joke than anything else he does their bidding, and they reform and march to headquarters with him at their head. Usually, however, his wife appears instead with a bucket of soapy water, which she promptly throws over the demonstrators, or she quickly causes a clearance with a hose pipe.

To the onlooker it is just an exhibition for laughter and nothing more, but behind the scenes there is generally a lot of trouble and heartaching. A good number of these "henpecked" demonstrations have sequels in police courts. Sometimes it is an enraged victim being charged with assaulting a demonstrator, but more often than not the sequel shows a wife appealing to the magistrate for a separation order.—London Tit-Bits.

A Well Done Job.

"Is she well married?"

"I should say so. She's been trying for years to get a divorce and can't."—Exchange.

Persistent people begin their success where others end in failure.—Edward Eggleston.

### WHISTLER IN A RAGE.

Lady Meux Made Him Fairly Splutter With Anger.

Whistler painted three portraits of Lady Meux, one of which, the "Sable Picture of Lady Meux," is missing. That one was the third for which Lady Meux sat to the eccentric artist. The other two are described in the Pennell's life of the artist as among his most distinguished portraits. Lady Meux "was handsome, of a more luxuriant type than the women who usually sat to him," and he "found for her harmonies appropriate to her beauty. The first was an 'Arrangement in White and Black,' which few people have seen. There is a sumptuousness in the black of the shadowy background and the velvet gown, in the white of the fur of the long cloak, that Whistler never surpassed. Whistler was pleased with it and spoke of it as his 'Beautiful Black Lady.' Lady Meux was so well satisfied that she at once sat for a second portrait. This time the 'harmony' was in 'Flesh Color and Pink,' afterward changed to 'Pink and Gray.'

The missing portrait was smaller. So far as the artist's biographers could find out, it was never finished. The explanation is probably to be found in this story, quoted in the "Life" from Mr. Harper Pennington: "The only time I saw Jimmy stamped for a reply was at a sitting of Lady Meux (for the portrait in sables). For some reason Jimmy became nervous—exasperated—and impatient. Touched by something he had said, her ladyship turned softly toward him and remarked quite gently, 'See here, Jimmy Whistler, you keep a civil tongue in that head of yours or I will have in some one to finish those portraits you have made of me' with the faintest emphasis on 'finish.' Jimmy fairly danced with rage. He came up to Lady Meux, his long brush tightly grasped and actually quivering in his hand, held tight against his side. He stammered, spluttered and finally gasped out: 'How dare you? How dare you? But that, after all, was not an answer, was it? Lady Meux did not sit again. Jimmy never spoke of the incident afterward, and I was sorry to have witnessed it.'

### BLITZ WAS MODEST.

Yet Webster Wouldn't Give the Magician a Treasury Job.

During the presidency of Mr. Tyler I had occasion to call on Daniel Webster, then secretary of state.

Glancing at my card, he turned and readily extended his hand with, "Welcome, signor! No horse pocus among my papers," covering them with his arms.

After explaining to him my object I received the required information. We laughed and chatted a few minutes, and I was about to retire when I mentioned that I was an applicant for office and hoped I could rely upon his influence in the matter.

"You, a magician, an office seeker, signor?"

"There is only one, sir, I aspire to; all others I should refuse without regard to their emoluments."

"Well, what one is that?" questioned the great statesman in his deep and powerful voice.

"Counting the treasury notes, Mr. Webster."

"The treasury notes, signor?"

"Yes, sir. You might give me 100,000 to count and watch me closely, but you would find only 75,000 when I returned them."

"Signor," he exclaimed, with lively animation, "there is no chance for you; there are better magicians here than you. For there would not be 50,000 left after their counting."—From "Life and Adventures of Signor Binz."

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"Is she well married?"

"I should say so. She's been trying for years to get a divorce and can't."—Exchange.

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### LIGHTNING VERSUS STEAM.

Testing the Telegraph in the Early Days of its Invention.

Years ago, when the electric telegraph was a new idea and a mystery to the masses, there came trouble one Saturday night in the Bank of England. The business of the day had closed and the balance was not right. There was a deficit of just £100. It was not the money, but the error, that must be found. For the officers and the clerks there could be no sleep until the mystery had been cleared up. All that night and all Sunday a force of men were busy; money was surely gone from the vaults, but no one could discover whence.

On the following morning a clerk suggested that the mistake might have occurred in packing for the West Indies some boxes of specie that had been sent to Southampton for shipment. His chief acted on the suggestion. Here was an opportunity to test the powers of the telegraph—lightning against steam, and steam with forty-eight hours the start. Very soon the telegraph asked a man in Southampton, "Has the ship Mercator sailed?"

The answer came back, "Just weighing anchor."

"Stop her in the queen's name," flashed back the telegraph. "She is stopped," was returned.

"Have on deck certain boxes (marks given), weigh them carefully and let me know the result," telegraphed the chief.

This order was obeyed, and one box was found to be somewhere about one pound and ten ounces heavier than its mates—just the weight of the missing sovereigns. "All right. Let the ship go," was the next order.

The West India house was delisted with the £100 and the Bank of England was at peace again.—Harper's Weekly.

Hallucinations of Henbane.

Henbane bears a remarkable reputation for creating the most extraordinary hallucinations. Dr. Houlton relates that some monks who ate the roots by mistake for parsnips transformed their monastery into a lunatic asylum. One monk rang the bell for matins at midnight, and of those of the community who attended some could not read, others "fancied the letters were running about like ants," and some read what was not in their books. Even the exhalations from these pretty but very poisonous flowers produce these weird effects.—Westminster Gazette.

Self Confidence.

"Do you believe in all the views you advocate?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, after some hesitation, "I do, but I doubt whether a less skillful reasoner than myself would be able to convince me of the correctness of some of them."—Washington Star.

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