

Shark Postoffice.

"One afternoon, when we were in the Indian ocean," said the captain, "I noticed a shark swimming round the ship, and I didn't like it a bit. You know the superstition to the effect that a following shark presages the death of one of the ship's company. He sailed round us all the next day and the next day after that, and I determined to catch him and quell my uneasiness. We baited a hook, and after a short time captured and killed him. Then we cut him up. Do you know what we found in that shark's inside? No? Well, a newspaper unopened, and it will surprise you, as it did me, when I tell you that it was addressed to me."

A shout of great laughter went up from the captain's audience, who winked at each other unblushingly. He, however, took all the bantering in good part, and when the jeers were ended he said:

"Now, gentlemen, I'll tell you how it happened. I found that my children had been skylarking the day before in the cabin. They found among the mass of reading that had been brought aboard some unopened newspapers addressed to me. They had been throwing the newspapers at each other and one of them went out of the port hole. The shark saw it, of course, and gobbled it down, and that was how it happened. Now, gentlemen, judge for yourselves the truth of my story."—*London Answers.*

A Disappointed Youngster.

Paderewski's son, when a little boy, asked his father, who was playing in Paris at the time, whether he might go to the Cirque, where Paderewski was to perform. The distinguished pianist consented. When the lad came home, his father asked him how he had enjoyed himself. "Oh, not at all!" was the youngster's reply. "It was the dullest circus I have ever been to. I expected to see you go through hoops, but you only played at the piano, just as you do at home."—*Lippincott's.*

She Dazed the Doctor.

The *Washington Star* says that a lady recently called at the office of a prominent Washington physician who is small and boyish in appearance. "Boy," she said, addressing him, "is the doctor in? But I see he is not." "He is in," began the physician, but the visitor interrupted him. "Oh, he's in, is he? Then he's engaged. I'll wait. Does he allow you to sit at his desk that way?" "Madam!" "Oh, of course you would say he does, but I'll warrant you'll catch it if he sees you there. You look sort of pale. I should think the doctor would give you something to make you stronger. Your ma ought to send you into the country. That would make you grow. How soon do you think the doctor will be disengaged?" "Madam, I tried to tell you before—I do not think you can see the doctor today." "Well, I'll come next time I'm in town. But you ought to quit staying in this office and go into the country. Not that it is any of my business, but I do hate to see boys look so pale and puny." She disappeared, and the doctor is wondering what she will say next time she comes into the city.

The Revised Version.

"I think," said the stage manager, thoughtfully, "that, in view of the prevailing craze, you'd better add 'nit' to it in order to prevent the gallery from gushing you. 'It's just as well to have it understood that we're up to the times and can readily see where Shakespeare fell down.'"

He was the same manager who insisted upon putting Ophelia in bloomers.—*Chicago Post.*

"How Shall We Escape."

The scriptures may be a dangerous weapon to put into the hands of those who pervert their meaning, either intentionally or through want of understanding. Every one has heard how Lorenzo Dow, having resolved to preach a sermon against women's tall bonnets, took for his text the words "Topknot, come down," which he had ingeniously perverted from the passage, "Let him which is on the house-top not come down."

Less artful than this, but quite as amusing, was the unconscious error made by a young student of theology at Wilbraham Seminary, whose case was recently related by an old divine. The student went out one Saturday to preach his trial sermon. When he returned Monday the venerable Dr. V. said to him:

"Well, how did you get along?"

"Oh, very well, I thought."

"Glad to hear it. What was your text?"

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

"Very good text,—very good text. How did you handle it?"

"Well, first I showed them how great this salvation was—"

"That's right. And then—?"

"And then I told them how they might escape if they neglected it."—*Youth's Companion.*

Milkmaids in Pictures.

There are few known instances of a milkmaid being depicted on the proper side of a cow in pictures. The milker ought to sit with her right hand toward the cow's head, but in pictures she is invariably shown (as far as my observation goes) on the other,—that is to say, on the wrong side.—*Notes and Queries.*

A Royal Barn.

One of the most elaborate newspaper hoaxes ever printed appeared in Paris, and the peculiar thing about it was the large share of credence with which it was received not only by the Parisians themselves, but by the people of France generally. The story in brief says the *London Mail*, was that the Queen of England had been dead for eighteen years, but that her death had been kept a profound secret and was known only to a few persons in the British Empire. The story related with circumstantial detail that Queen Victoria passed away quite suddenly in the fall of 1878, but that for state reasons it was deemed best to keep her demise a profound secret. Accordingly, a woman in humble circumstances, of about the same age as the queen, to whom she bore a striking resemblance, was discovered and installed in the place of the dead sovereign whose body was secretly buried in a vault beneath one of the royal residences.

The woman who was to impersonate the dead queen was carefully coached in the part she was to play, and in order to lessen the risk of detection it was publicly given out that the sovereign would pass the winter abroad, as she had determined to live in retirement for a number of months. In the seclusion of a little foreign town the impersonator of royalty was most assiduously trained in her part, and, being a woman of wonderful cleverness and discretion, she has been able to continue the deception to this day.

The story was naturally not long in traveling across the English Channel to London, where those who heard it regarded the matter as one of the best

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jokes of the season.—*St Louis Post Dispatch.*

William's Spree.

The proprietor looked up with a startled air when the noisy crowd precipitated itself into the middle of his little shop. But his face reflected the general mirth when Fiske announced, with a faintly perceptible imitation of William's drawl,—

"Mr. Plumber, sir, has made up his mind to treat us. He's goin' to treat to all."

"Yes, Ebenezer," William affirmed, genially. He stepped to the front, and indicated with an awkward wave of his hand how large was the contingent upon his liberality.

"Now, boys, choose what you'll have," said he.

To his excited vision the number seemed to double and treble. "It may take a five dollar note," he reflected recklessly, "or even more. But it's worth it."

The choosing began.

A few people who had been leisurely drinking soda water set down their glasses and stepped back to watch the fun. Ebenezer looked on with a broad grin. To William it seemed only natural that the matter of selection should be a serious thing.

Charley Ludlow changed his mind at least five times. Fiske was torn between the rival seductions of strawberry cream and orange phosphate. At last he ap-

pealed to William.

"Lord bless you," said William, beaming, "I don't know anything about those things. But take your time, take your time. I want you should be suited."

He rubbed his hands with almost jovial satisfaction. It seemed very luxurious and extravagant, all this talk of fruit syrups, ice cream, and so on. He had tasted ice cream only once or twice in his life, and of fruit syrups he heard now for the first time. "But I'll do it," he still maintained within himself, "if I have to mortgage the farm."—*Louise Boynton, in July Lippincott's.*

Every advertising rule depends for its success upon the fitness and common sense with which it is applied. General principles are like one of Captain Cuttle's observations, "the bearing of which lays in the application on it."

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