

**A FEW GOOD STORIES.**

**HE SPUN THE BARE INVENTION.**  
From whatever section of country Americans come on occasions like this they will indulge in dinners and speeches. Well, dinners and speeches naturally go together. They are very much alike in one respect—each is apt to give so much more gratification to the performer than to the lookers on. There is one consolation which a speaker always has when given so comprehensive a toast as the one allotted to me. He feels reasonably sure that if he does not exhaust the subject he will please the audience. Living in the middle states, I have had occasion to observe how vigorously a man on either side of Mason and Dixon's



line recently being mistaken for a man living on the other side. Particularly in the Kentuckian shaken to his nervous centers when taken for an Indian. I remember the case of a Kentuckian, with a mildewed countenance and a funeral look on his face, who was sitting in a railroad train which was running south across the Ohio river. Another Kentuckian edged up to him and attempted to open conversation by saying: "You're from Indiana, I believe, sir." The stranger glared at him with a look of disreputable on his countenance and said: "No, sah, I've been sick. That's what makes me look so bad!"

**THE HORSE ENOUGH FOR HIM.**  
From the solidity of this audience I should judge that the southern states are fully represented. I may say here what a man in a Vermont regiment said one night on the picket line during the late struggle. He was posted well in advance with orders to give prompt information of any advance on the part of our friends, the enemy. About midnight a quartermaster's horse in their army broke loose from a wagon and started straight for our lines. Half a dozen men shouted at him and tried to head him off, but on he came with hoofs clattering, trace chains rattling and the remains of a demoralized whiffree snuffing over the stumps of trees. Our men came in and said with all the coolness of a Vermont winter, "They're coming!" "How many of them?" "Well, I didn't stop to count 'em, but from the solidity of the movement I shud judge it's the hull sartin Confederacy!"

**BETTER THAN GRANT'S.**  
I can speak as a competent witness of a great many pointed rejoinders that came from southern people, and particularly from the sex which is alone privileged to say severe things to men. There was a staff officer with the Army of the Potomac whose sad was novel reading. He saturated himself with the contents of every new novel, and took it for granted that everybody he met had read it also, and was prepared to go into a critical discussion of its merits with him. The last novel he had devoured was Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," but he could never wrestle successfully with the intricacies of French pronunciation. One day while on the march he rode up to a country girl who was sitting on the front porch of a house, and after making a few remarks not altogether original about the state of the weather, he said: "Have you seen 'Les Misérables'?" She turned on him, snapped her eyes, and cried: "That's a good deal mo' respectable than Grant's Misérables!"

**PROHIBITION IN THE SOUTH.**  
We can all remember those halcyon days on the Mississippi river when men got up early and partook of something moist on an empty stomach so as to get the maximum amount of excitement with the minimum of liquid, and when a man invited another to take something and he refused, the inviter usually drew a derring on the invitee and proceeded to construct an aperture through his system. Nowadays the deadly insult is tamely swallowed with the liquor. There was a time in Georgia when, if you wanted to wet your whistle, you could step into the house of the nearest friend, and he would set out a bottle and a tumbler, and not only about his eyes, but turn his back on you when you poured out, but last year when a man in Georgia wanted to brace up, before he could satisfy the cravings of a suffering stomach he had to go up a dark alley, burglar his way into the back room of an apothecary shop, and make an affidavit that he was seized with an acute attack of Asiatic cholera and was rapidly approaching a state of collapse. Why, a Kentuckian, when you visit his state, instead of inviting you to go to the races and lending you a six shooter and telling you to use it just as freely as if it were your own, now asks you whether you are going to remain over the Sabbath, as he would be pleased to have you occupy a seat in his pew. I do not want to pose as an alarmist, but I tell you the state of society is becoming threatening and the reputation of the south for hospitality is in imminent danger of shipwreck.—From Gen. Horace Porter's speech at the Southerners' banquet in New York.

**The Wrong Time.**  
Collector for the Heathen—Is Mr. Jones at home?  
Mrs. Jones—He is down in the cellar trying to fix the furnace. It won't draw. Shall I call him up?  
C. (hurriedly)—Oh, no. I'll call some other time.—Boston Courier.

**Nothing Like a Good Start.**  
"Hallo, conductor! What are all those derricks and hoisting tackles at this station for?" "Oh, this is the home of an eminent New York electrician. He has invented a flying machine, and they are trying to hoist it up for a trial trip today."—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

**His Greatest Effort.**  
Enthusiastic Artist (showing painting to friend)—This is the greatest effort of my life.  
Encouraging Caller—Oh, no, your greatest effort will be to find a purchaser.—Home Journal.

**One Advantage.**  
We are again told that California cucumbers are a foot long. If this is a fact it shows us one of the advantages of living in a colder climate.—New Haven News.

**Lost and Found.**  
Inquisitive Passenger (to stranger)—Er—I perceive that you have lost an arm.  
Stranger—Yes, have you seen anything of it?—New York Sun.

**Wire Scenery for Theatres.**

Wire theatrical scenery is the latest invention in theatrical furniture, and to all appearances seems likely to come into practical application very soon. A painter, Ernst Tepper, set himself to discover a non-combustible material for scenery, and in the end achieved such good results that his invention has met with the approval of those parties who are technically conversant with theatrical requirements of this description, and shortly a sample of the invention will be ready to put into practical application. The only fabric available appeared to him to be the fine woven wire gauze, such as is common for blinds to the lower panes of glass windows and also used for kitchen and pantry safes. This fabric, which is fireproof, can be woven so fine that scenes can be painted on it and still be as flexible as linen.

A first difficulty, however, presented itself, for when painted upon it was porous and could be seen through, and all the painting in the world would not improve this, as the paint passed through the meshes and only adhered fast to the wire in patches. Tepper set to work, and has now succeeded in making a paste or composition which adheres quite tenaciously to the wires, stops up the pores, and which neither cracks nor peels off, and forms a flexible grouting upon which the painting can be carried out. After this paste was invented it became possible to employ this wire gauze for stage scenery, and in a very few weeks the first practical trials of it on a large scale will be made at the Court theatre, Munich. Scene painters at Berlin are already in treaty with Tepper, and if the Munich trial turns out satisfactorily all the German theatres will soon be supplied with the new material for their scenes, as it is only slightly heavier and a little denser than that now in use.

**"Winter Storage" for Children.**  
Charles D. Kellogg, the secretary of the Charity Organization society, was speaking the other day about certain peculiar phases of charity work among the poor of this city. "There are many families in New York," he said, "who put away their children in winter because they cannot care for them at home—store them, you might say, as a richer person stores his furniture or his clothing."

The children, Mr. Kellogg said, are put into institutions where they are fed, clothed and kept warm. In spring they are taken out and are allowed to run the streets until the approach of winter, when they are gathered up and put back into the institutions again. Many families send their children temporarily to an institution and leave them there until they are old enough to work. Then they are taken out and others put in, but this is somewhat different from what might be called the "winter storage" of children. There are many public institutions which provide a temporary home in this way.

During the winter nearly all of these institutions are full to overflowing. In a few instances the parents pay a nominal price for board, but in most cases the board, clothing and care of the children are entirely free. These institutions are entirely distinct from the day nurseries and poor schools, which care for children during the day only. These latter are used principally by poor widows who are compelled to go out to work, but who cannot bring themselves to give up their children at first.—New York World.

**The Army of Smelters.**  
Tons of smelts are being sent daily from Bath, Me., to the New York and Boston markets. The fishermen have erected a village of shanties on the ice in Back river, Arrowstic. The ice serves as flooring for the shanties, which are large enough to contain two men and a stove. A small hole is cut through the ice, and the fisherman plies his vocation indoors. Some of the smelters who fish in the open air are protected from the chilling blasts by screens of cotton cloth stretched between two posts. When the weather is cold they build bonfires on the ice to keep them warm. Most any afternoon from seventy-five to 300 men and boys make up the army of smelters, and they are a jovial set. They get from four to five cents a pound for what they catch, and they earn from \$1 to \$4 a day each during the winter months.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**A Curious Superstition.**  
It seems that the superstition that no marriage can be a happy one unless the bride has one hair of every member of her family sewn into the lining of her wedding gown is no longer a monopoly of the French. A young lady was married at San Jude's, Kensington, a few days ago, who had a general collection of hair, even including one from the favorite pet dog—made, and attached as much importance to it as to the fifty yards of material, exclusive of lace, which her French maid brought from Paris for the wedding dress.—London Life.

**Where Nelson Was Shot.**  
That grand old ship the Victory, Nelson's flagship off Cape Trafalgar, when he encountered and beat the combined French and Spanish fleet, Oct. 21, 1805, was recently found to be in a sinking condition, but, happily, has been saved, and now, after weathering the storms of a century, rides at anchor in Portsmouth harbor. A plate fastened to her quarter deck marks the spot where the great admiral, shot through the body by a musket ball, survived only long enough to see the enemy strike his colors.—Scientific American.

**Night School for Convicts.**  
The night school for convicts, lately started in the New Jersey state prison, is producing good results. One of the scholars has started a dictionary in his cell. When he hears a new word he writes it down on a slip of paper. He then asks a deputy keeper what it means. He writes down the meaning opposite the word and files the slip on a book in his cell. In the evening he studies these slips for an hour or two. His unique dictionary now consists of about 800 words.—Frank Leslie's.

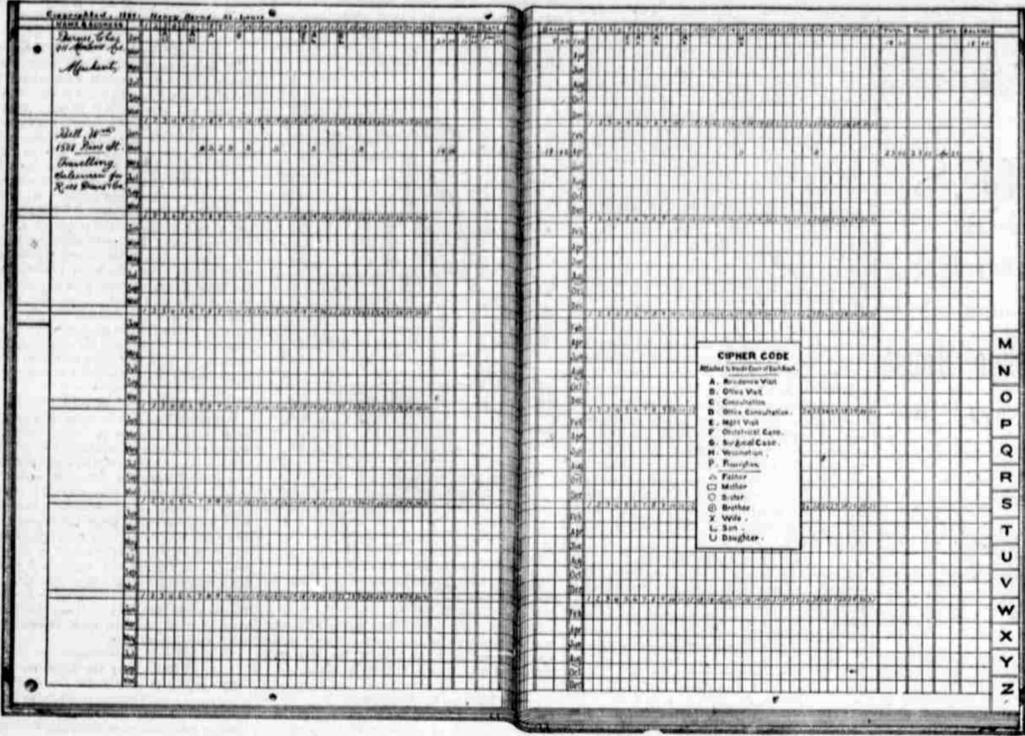
**What is Needed Next.**  
Medicine can now be chucked into a man by electricity, whether he wants to take it or not. The electrodes of a battery are saturated with the medicine and applied locally to the skin, and the medicine is absorbed. What is needed next is the discovery of a way of utilizing electricity to compel a man to be honest and pay his debts.—Chicago Herald.

**California's Silk Culture.**  
Silk culture progresses slowly in California. The Silk Culture association possesses seven acres suitable for cultivation and 4,000 trees. It is proposed to establish a regular experimental system in order to determine the best varieties of mulberry trees for cultivation on the Pacific coast, and in connection with this a typical orchard of all varieties.—Chicago Times.

**A Curious Kind of Clay.**  
A peculiar deposit which resembles clay in pliability, but which when exposed to the air becomes as hard as granite, has been discovered at the base of Bear mountain, near Taylorville, N. C. Blocks of it have been dug out and used for all the purposes of stone with success, and it is proposed to build houses of it.—New York Evening World.

**A BOON TO PHYSICIANS.**

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**Extracts from a Few of the Many Letters Received,**

- I am gratified to say that for the first time in long years of practice, I am able to keep my accounts without having to suffer the drudgery of cumbersome book keeping.—Dr. H. Tuholke, St. Louis.
- It is just the thing I want.—Dr. G. Swan, Hartford, Connecticut.
- The book is a treasure to any busy Doctor, it saves an amount of tedious work at the end of the month which is particularly agreeable.—Dr. E. A. Chapoton, Detroit, Michigan.
- I have lost enough this A. M. to pay for the book, having to make out an account in haste.—Dr. Jno. Boardman, Buffalo, N.Y.
- It is by far the most complete work of its kind I have ever met with—shall take pleasure in recommending it to my friends in the profession.—Dr. S. H. Chester, Kansas City, Missouri.
- I regard it as the only Register in use adapted to the Physician's requirements.—Dr. J. T. Kent, St. Louis, Missouri.
- For the past fifteen years I have used several kinds of Registers, all very good, but none beginning to compare with that purchased from you.—Dr. W. C. Barker, Hummelstown, Pennsylvania.
- I have found it useful and exceedingly convenient.—Dr. Benj. T. Shilmwell, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
- I must congratulate you on the introduction of such a perfect method—every member of the profession should extend to you their appreciation by adopting the same.—Dr. Wm. Bird, Chester, Pennsylvania.
- I would not do without it for fifty dollars a year.—L. W. Clark, Rushville, Illinois.

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