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GUSSENHOVEN

Africans and the Locomotive.
The children of the desert were filled with awe when first the silence of the primeval solitude was broken by the puffing of the steam engine. Down at the other end of the Cape to Cairo line the simple Matabele, when first confronted by a locomotive, were certain that the strange machine was worked by the labor of an indefinite number of oxen, which they assumed were shut up inside; hence, when the engine stopped, they gathered in curious crowds, waiting to see the door open and the oxen come out, nor could they for many days be persuaded that the power of the locomotive could come from other than the strength of the ox.

The Arabs of the Sudan, more imaginative than the Matabele, saw in the fire horses of the railway one of the Djinn of the "Arabian Nights" harnessed by the magic of the infidel to the long train of cars. The steam engine was to them a living, sentient being, of which belief there is curious evidence in the fact that on one occasion a sheik made an impassioned remonstrance against the cruelty of making so small an engine draw so huge a train.

Composite Names.
"One of the differences between the east and the northwest," said a Puget sounder, "is the names of places, and the Skkomishes, the Snohomishes, the Snoqualmies, the Wahklakums and the lot of them give a man funny feelings, and when he runs across Bucoda, on the Northern Pacific railroad in Pierce county, Wash., he doesn't know whether it is Chinook or Siwash or what. But it is none of them—like Kenova, in West Virginia, which is near the junction of Kentucky, Ohio and Virginia, or Delmar, where Delaware and Maryland come together. Bucoda is a composite name, and its story is simple enough. When the Northern Pacific came in a town sprang up, and it must have a name. There were Indian names in plenty, but something more novel was wanted, so Messrs. Buckley, Coulter and Davis, all Northern Pacific officials, put their heads together first and their names later, and the name Bu-co-da was evolved, with an etymology very apparent to any one who is at all informed in terminology. Bucoda it has remained, and it is not half bad as names go in the Puget sound country."

Beggars on Horseback.
"Whoa, thar," he says, pullin' up his boss, and then he whines:
"For the love o' charity, kind gent, would ye be so good as to gimme a crust o' bread for meself and a handful o' oats for the old mare?"
The sailor smiled thoughtfully and stirred his ice cream soda with a long spoon.
"Yes, Hal," he resumed, "there's actual beggars on horseback in Roosla. They travels from town to town in

Caravans. "They beg grub for themselves and fodder for their nags, just as I been tellin' ye.
"O' course, in the Argentine, where a boss don't cost a song, it's only natural ye should see beggars on horseback, and I ain't sayin' nothin' about that. But in China they ride, too, while there's a Maltese beggar down Malta way what even drives a spring wagon an' takes his gal along. Interrupts his canoodlin' to ask you for a copper to stave off starvation, then starts right in again where he left off."
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Unaccountable Failing.
It was a severe trial to Mr. Harding that his only son's memory was not all that could be desired. "Where in the world he got such a forgetful streak from is beyond me," said the exasperated father to his wife on one occasion.
"What has he forgotten now?" asked Mrs. Harding, with eyes downcast and a demure expression.
"The figures of the last return from the election on the bulletin board." And Mr. Harding inserted a finger in his collar as if to loosen it and shook his head vehemently. "Looked at 'em as he came past not half an hour ago, and now can't tell me."
"As I said to him, 'If you're so stupid you can't keep a few simple figures in your head, why don't you write 'em down on a piece of paper, as I do, and have done all my life, long before I was your age?'"

A Candle Trick.
Let a candle burn until it has a good long snuff, then blow it out with a sudden puff. A bright wreath of white smoke will curl up from the hot wick. Now, if a flame be applied to this smoke, even at a distance of two or three inches from the candle, the flame will run down the smoke and rekindle the wick in a very fantastic manner. To perform this ceremony nicely there must be no draft or "hanging" doors while the mystic spell is rising.

His Fate.
The race of consequential vergers is not yet extinct. Dean Pigoo has a story about one of them, who, when a bishop asked him at what point he was to make his appearance, replied:
"First I take the choir people to their places, and then, after they are seated, I return for you, my lord, and conduct you to the halter."
—London Telegraph.

Flower Bedecked Windows.
Here is an idea which could be adapted to the beautifying of towns with great advantage. The municipality of Paris offers prizes for the most attractive window decorations by using blooming plants, there being several classes in which competitors may strive—that is, single windows, whole house fronts and the fronts of mercantile establishments.



THE GERMAN EMPRESS ON HORSEBACK.

Empress Augusta Victoria of Germany is one of the most ardent horse-women in the world. Despite the many serious mishaps she has had while riding, she rarely misses a day when the weather is fine without riding in the grounds around the castle at Potsdam. Her majesty was recently thrown from her horse in Sans Souci park and sustained a painful injury to her right hand. It was her fourth fall from the same horse.

Value and Protection of Street Trees.
Municipalities have of late much awakened to the value of street trees and the advisability of protecting them, more especially since several eastern courts have placed a value of several hundred dollars on fine old specimens damaged by public service companies through their wire stringing vandals. These latter look upon all street trees as so many obstructions and place no value upon them. This is evident through the ruthless and unnecessary butchering indulged in by all linemen. That neither the public nor the abutting property owner has any rights or privileges in the matter seems to be taken for granted.

Expected Reduction.
Grandpa Macpherson—How many do two and two make, Donald? Donald—Six, Grandpa—What are you talking about? Two and two make four, Donald—Yes, I know, but I thought you'd "beat me down" a bit!—London Punch.

Bismarck's Appetite.
Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, had an enormous capacity for eating and drinking. He once told a friend that the largest number of oysters he ever ate was 175. He first ordered twenty-five; then, as they were very good, fifty more, and, consuming these, determined to eat nothing else and ordered another hundred to the great amusement of those present. Bismarck was then twenty-six and had just returned from England.

Shameless.
Persons belonging to the higher walks of life are to be seen promenading in short jackets and chimneypot hats without the slightest symptom of awkwardness or shame.—London Tailor and Cutter.

Half of our diseases are in our minds, and the other half are in our houses.—Ernest Seton Thompson.

FINED A FRANC.

What That Meant to an American Who Was Living in Paris.

When you are fined a franc in Paris it means that you pay 12 francs 73 centimes, or just over half a sovereign. This is the only conclusion to which one can come after reading the curious experience of an American citizen who is staying in Paris to complete the education of his sons. He lives in an apartment near the Arc de Triomphe, and the other morning one of his servants committed the imprudence of shaking a carpet out of the window after 9 o'clock. A lynx-eyed constable saw her and immediately climbed the stairs, rang the bell, entered the apartment and drew up a summons against the tenant. The American was called and gave his name.

"I did not know it was a breach of the law," he said. "But as I have broken it I must pay. How much is it?"

"You will be fined 1 franc," replied the policeman.

"There you are," answered the American, and he held out the coin.

But the "agent" refused to take it. "Later on," he remarked as he withdrew, "you will be summoned before the justice of the peace."

Some days later the delinquent was invited to appear before the "juge de paix" and obeyed the summons. He was obliged to wait three hours in an antechamber. Then he was admitted. "Do you admit," asked the magistrate, "having broken the law?"

"I do," was the reply.

"Good. You are fined 1 franc."

"There you are, then." And the American again held out the franc.

But the magistrate would have none of it.

"You will pay the sum later. You will be advised when. You may withdraw."

The American took his departure, considerably surprised at so many formalities in connection with a franc fine. A few days later he received a stamped paper inviting him to pay, first of all, 1 franc, the amount of his fine, plus 25 centimes, the amount of the decimes, plus 11 francs 48 centimes, the amount of the costs, making in all a total of 12 francs 73 centimes. The American paid, but as he left the police court he remarked:

"In America a law which forced a citizen to pay \$12 when he had only been fined \$1 would be considered a hypocritical and dishonest law. And we would not tolerate it long, you bet!"—London Globe.

One Fish Didn't Grow.

A number of men were telling of remarkable catches off Atlantic City, and one of them said that one day he caught a very small cod, and, not caring to take home such a little fellow, he took a piece of copper wire, ran it through the tail of the fish, and on one end of the wire he attached a copper tag with his name scratched upon it. "The next year when I was off there," continued the man, "I got a heavy pull on the line, and after five minutes' fighting landed a twelve pound cod, and there on its tail was my tag."

"That reminds me of a similar experience off there," said another man. "I wanted to hang some sort of identification on it, but I couldn't find anything in the copper tag line from one end of the boat to the other. I did find, however, a little tin whistle in one of my pockets, and, running a wire through the tail of the fish, I hung on the whistle and threw the cod back into the water."

"The following year I got a most peculiar bite on my hook, and after pulling in the line I got the surprise of my life. There was the same little cod. He hadn't grown an inch, but hanging on his tail was a long fog horn."—Philadelphia Press.

Put Through His Paces.

The wealthy Briton is confessedly the most fastidious man living as to the quality of his personal domestic service. The concentrated energy with which an Englishman will rebuke his servant for an offense so slight that the average American fails to observe it bears out the above statement. "Those who propose changing servants are not content with references and a perfunctory interview with the man or maid under consideration, but insist upon a full dress rehearsal of both manners and appearance. The servant in livery is put through all his paces, must display the size of his calves, the laughtiness of his pose as well as breeding in handling a card, announcing a guest or serving at the table. Nothing is taken for granted. The master and the mistress sit by and discuss the points of groom or butler as they would those of a high priced horse or valuable dog. Domesticity are taken with great seriousness by the upper class Englishmen, and for that reason nothing is left to luck in peopling the servants' hall."

Court and Witness Agree.

An amusing incident occurred in one of the New York courts the other day. The lawyer for the defense was making a very lengthy cross examination of an old lady when he was interrupted by the judge with the remark, "I think you have exhausted this witness."

"Yes, judge," she exclaimed, "I do feel very much exhausted."

No Accent.

French Professor—Ah, yes, mademoiselle, you spick ze French wizout ze least accent. Miss Breezy—Do I, really? French Professor—Oh, yes—xat ees, wizout ze least French accent.