

ANECDOTES ABOUT SAGE

An Instance of the Veteran Financier's Thrift.

BLUEBOTTLE FLY HIS HOODOO

How the Pest Caused Millionaire's Hostess to Change Plans For a Luncheon—Joke on a Lost Coin. Novel Experience in a Church—Effect of Pet Cat's Disappearance on His Placid Nature.

This incident from the Saturday Evening Post illustrates the thrift which has always been present in all transactions made by the late Russell Sage, New York's veteran financier:

A prominent New York financier says that some time ago, while on a tour of inspection over the Missouri Pacific system, President Gould took great pride in pointing out to Russell Sage the late improvements in equipment and various new and ingenious devices and attachments. Among the latter Mr. Gould was especially pleased to show to Mr. Sage a certain device by which there is registered the speed of a train. The device in question resembled a steam gauge and was connected with an axle, so that the pointer registered the number of revolutions every minute.

Mr. Sage examined the device with great interest. Then, after a moment's pause, he looked up at Mr. Gould and asked with the greatest solemnity: "Does it earn anything?" "No, I think not," answered the president of the system smilingly. "Does it save anything?" "No."

"Then," concluded Mr. Sage decidedly, "I would not have it on my car!"

Russell Sage's hoodoo was a blue bottle fly. So he affirmed himself, says the Kansas City Times. Some years ago, in company with the late Alexander Mitchell, the late S. S. Merrill and other prominent railroad magnates, Mr. Sage was touring the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad system. Learning that this distinguished party was to pass through Faribault, Minn., Major Dike, an old acquaintance of every member of the party, since dead, planned to have them stop over and take luncheon with him. An invitation was telegraphed down the line and the party halted for a visit with the major. The guests were seated on the porch, whence luncheon was announced, and all arose to enter the house.

Just as Russell Sage was about to pass through the door a large blue bottle fly buzzed around the open door. Mr. Sage backed out.

"Mrs. Dike," said Mr. Sage to his host's wife, "I can't go in there now. I will lunch out here, if you have no objections."

"Why, what in the world is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Dike, fearing he had taken a dislike to some of her arrangements.

"Didn't you see that fly?" said the Wall street magnate. "If I should follow that fly into the dining room I would be hoodooed the balance of my life."

Mr. Sage was served on the porch, where his hostess joined him.

A few years ago George W. Perkins, J. Pierpont Morgan's partner, noticed the aged Russell Sage poking his cane about in the gutter at the corner of Broad and Wall streets in New York. He hurried over to Mr. Sage and asked him what he was looking for, says the New York Times.

The past master of finance replied, "While buying a newspaper I dropped a cent in the gutter, and it has actually reduced me to poverty."

"How can that be?" queried Mr. Perkins, with surprise.

"Why, don't you see, it makes me a penniless man," chuckled the dean of the street as he strolled away, apparently as happy as if he had made a lucky turn for a few thousands.

Sage appeared at the morning service of the Dutch Reformed church, Fifth avenue and Forty-seventh street, New York, some time ago in a new suit of clothes. Every one who sat behind him discovered it was new and also that it was a ready made suit by the large tag giving the waist measure fastened to the coat so that it was in evidence just above the back of the pew. Mrs. Sage early discovered it and communicated the fact to her husband. First he angled for it over his shoulder; then he tried to reach it from below. The members of the congregation were becoming quite interested in his quest when, during the singing of a hymn, he gave a sweep up with his arm, captured it and put it in his pocket.

Proof against emotion when his fortunes hung in the balance and calm even when he engineered a great coup, the placid nature of Russell Sage was once severely ruffled by a cat—a big Maltese cat named Malta—that had been in the Sage home twelve years and affected not the back fences and nocturnal meanderings, says the New York American. Malta disappeared in August, 1905, and Uncle Russell grieved deeply. He advertised for the pet, offering \$10 for its return to 632 Fifth avenue. After a few days tabby wandered to the back door. A maid saw the errant one and ran wildly to Mrs. Sage with it. When the financier heard that the prodigal had returned an air of peace settled down upon his offices again.

Boon For Russian Women.

St. Petersburg is to have a free university for women next autumn.

West Side

J. C. Kaschube met with the loss of his sorrel mare last Thursday evening, just as he returned from Arcadia where he had been to attend a ball game during the afternoon. Mr. Kaschube, Earnest Rickter and Willie Greves were driving into town and in turning the corner at Main and First Street the buggy tipped and went over and in so doing threw the mare which struck on her head, and lived only a short time afterward. The occupants of the buggy were not seriously injured but received slight bruises.

Mrs. W. H. Vickers of Omaha has been visiting at the home of her brother W. L. Spottswood the past week.

F. J. Gary Jr. returned from a trip to Chicago Monday evening.

Mrs. Elida M. Jewett and daughter Francis of Wheaton, Ill., arrived Thursday for a visit at the home of the Misses Anderson.

The Ice Cream social given by the ladies Industrial on the church lawn last Tuesday evening was largely attended and a decided success.

Mrs. H. J. Moeller was a Carroll visitor last Tuesday.

Mrs. Flora Porter returned from a two weeks visit at Omaha last Tuesday.

Mrs. L. B. Hoyer was a Denison caller Tuesday.

F. J. Gary, F. F. Brown and Geo. B. Spottswood attended the state convention at Des Moines this week.

Miss Schoessler went to Halbur on Thursday.

S. B. McGarvey and family of Schleswig are visiting friends and relatives in West Side.

Miss Laura Kracht who has been attending school in Cedar Falls returned home last Saturday.

Mrs. R. D. Barr was on the sick list the first of the week, but is now much improved.

We understand that Miss Mariette Gary has resigned her position at Central office, Miss Marie Mumm is now working days and F. J. Gray is night operator.

Ernest Siegner returned from a trip to Wyoming Thursday morning.

Recalling a Mailed Letter.

Many times people would like to recall a letter after it has been mailed. This can be done even if the letter has reached the postoffice of its destination. At every postoffice there are what are called "withdrawal blanks." On application they will be furnished, and when a deposit is made to cover the expense the postmaster will telegraph to the postmaster at the letter's destination asking that it be promptly returned. The applicant first signs this agreement: "It is hereby agreed that, if the letter is returned to me, I will protect you from any and all claims made against you for such return and will fully indemnify you for any loss you may sustain by reason of such action. And I herewith deposit \$— to cover all expenses incurred and will deliver to you the envelope of the letter returned." In many cases persons have made remittances to fraudulent parties or irresponsible firms, not learning their true character until after the letter had gone, and have succeeded in recalling them.—Boston Transcript.

English Settles.

The "genuine English settles" often offered in shops are viewed with disreputation by travelers who have seen such belongings in old English farmhouses. On their native heath they are of solid oak, fully five feet high and running quite across the great kitchens. They are black with time and are apt to be well seasoned with ham fat. The duty of the settle is fourfold. It is the family seat, and, as the bench part can be raised, in the drawers beneath are kept the family rags for weaving. Above the seat is the family hat rack. The upright is double, and in the recess thus formed the family bacon is hung, doors opening from behind into this cupboard. The dainty affairs we know as English settles are toys compared to the actual thing.—New York Post.

"Where the Treasure Is," Etc.

"Harold," said the heiress, "I have been thinking."

"Thinking of me, precious?" asked Harold.

"Indirectly, yes. I have been thinking that were you to marry me everybody would say you only did so in order to get my money."

"What care I for the unthinking world?"

"But, oh, Harold, I will marry you!"

"My own dar'—"

"And I will not have people say unkind things about you, so I have arranged to give all my fortune to the missionaries. Why, Harold, where are you going?"

Harold paused long enough on his way to the door to look back and mutter, "I'm going to be a missionary!"—Judge.

American Tourists and Their Ways.

English people, as a rule, try to enter a hotel drawing room or any other public place as quietly as possible and endeavor not to interfere with the other occupants of the room more than they can help. A party of French or Germans will never dream of stopping to consider whether their piercing voices are deafening their neighbors, while Americans have a particularly maddening habit of reading their correspondence aloud in public without the slightest regard to other people who are reading or conversing in the same room. It is no doubt part of the same lack of breeding which leads them to hold conversations at the top of their very penetrating voices not only in public picture galleries, but also in continental churches, without paying any attention to the fact that a solemn service may be going on within a few yards of them.—London Modern Society.

A Curious Coincidence.

The story of a queer coincidence is told by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. While traveling upon the continent he visited a certain mountain inn, which was in winter, he learned, occupied only by two men. These men, imprisoned in a waste of snow and ice, had for all that period no communication with the world below. Here was a situation for a novelist! And the novelist accordingly began to let his imagination play about the possibilities of tragedy surrounding the two men on their mountain height. But the story was never written, for, happening to come upon a volume of Guy de Maupassant, which was new to him, he found therein, under the title of "L'Auberge," the very story he had meant to write.

Sixty Thousand Seeds to the Plant.

The common purslane is one of the wonders of botany as far as seeds are concerned. A single seed of this plant will produce about twenty seed pods in a season. The average number of seeds in each of these, by actual count, is 6,000, making 60,000 in all. As far as we have been able to learn there is no instance of similar fruitfulness in any plant found growing in this country. A single plant of either the Jamestown weed ("Jimson"), the butterweed, the ragweed and some of the vorvines produce an enormous number of seeds, but it is doubtful if any one of them produces one-fourth as many in a year as the purslane does.—St. Louis Republic.

A Human Nose Two Feet In Length.

Elephantiasis is a peculiar form of leprosy in which the limbs and features swell to horrible proportions and out of all semblance to the legs, arms and faces of human beings. Cases are known where the legs have become so swollen that they measured 4½ feet in circumference. The ears of the same victim, Walter Brisbane, an English sailor, were eighteen inches in length, and his nose elongated to upward of two feet when in the last stages of the horrible malady.—London Telegraph.

Feminine Logic.

"The female sex," said M. Callmo lately, "is the most illogical in the world."

"What new proof have you of the want of devotion of women to the canons of logic?" he was asked.

"Why, take my wife," answered M. Callmo. "I had all the trouble in the world to get her to enter her thirties, and now, a dozen years later, I can't get her out of them."

False Pretense.

"No, madam," said Bridget, "I'll not have widout two weeks' notice. That was the contract an' I'll howld yez to it."

"But," replied Mrs. Hiram Offen, "you broke the contract in the first place by representing yourself as a cook."—Philadelphia Press.

Put Her Foot Down.

Naggin—But why don't you argue the matter out with your wife? Meekton—Hush! My wife has very positive ideas on that subject. The moment I opened my mouth my wife would put her foot down, and—Naggin—The idea! I should think you'd choke to death.

He Knew.

Teacher—Now, Robert, do you know what an isosceles triangle is? Boy—Yes'm. Teacher—Well, what is it? Boy—It's one uv dem 'tings I gits licked fer not knowin' wot it is.—Judge.

There are some minds like either convex or concave mirrors, which represent objects such as they receive them, but they never receive them as they are.—Joubert.

Commerce and Literature.

"Do you think that a commercial career is to be compared to a literary career?" asked the high browed and melancholy youth.

"My boy," said Mr. Cumrox, "in business you can write your name on a piece of paper no bigger than a postal card and make it worth thousands of dollars. In literature you can write up reams of paper without making it worth 50 cents."—Washington Star.

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Manilla

The busy harvest days are here. Many of the farmers have finished cutting grain and threshing has begun.

Anna Peterson one of the children hurt in the runaway west of town a couple of weeks ago died yesterday afternoon. It was at first thought that they were doing nicely and would all recover. Another one of the girls is reported very low and not any of them are out of danger. We hope for the better. The funeral took place at the German Lutheran church, Rev. Engleke officiating.

Chris. Kehr and Attorney Moore left last night for Des Moines.

Manilla and Manning played the second game of ball at Manning Friday, the result being 6 to 9 in favor of Manilla. They play the third game next Saturday at Manning to decide who gets the \$200.00 purse which is to be given to the winning side. They played the Ute team Sunday, the result was 3 to 0 in favor of Manilla. Quite a number went from here.

Last Monday while Mr. Jacob Fielweber was stacking hay he met with quite a serious accident, being knocked off the stack by a large fork full of hay. The result was a broken ankle and a broken arm. The patient, however, is doing nicely and is in a fair way to recovery.

Mrs. Jennie Farver who has been spending a few weeks with relatives in Sioux City is expected home Friday.

Mrs. O. C. Russell is suffering from a second severe attack of appendicitis and is in a critical condition. Her many friends are very anxious for her recovery.

J. C. Ruby and family are entertaining Mrs. Cunningham of Sioux City better known in these parts as Josie Albers.

A Quick Start.
O. W. Nickerson and J. S. Baker were residents of Harwick. Captain Nickerson, as he was called, was a man of means and very shrewd. Joe was less fortunate. One day the captain met Joe and said, "Come over tonight." Joe did so, and as soon as he entered the captain's home the captain took him into a distant room, closed all the windows and doors securely and said: "Now, Joe, I will tell you the secret of getting rich and you can pay me \$25. Be saving, of course, and when you do make a bargain with any one be sure that no one hears you, and then if you get the worst of it or want to back out you can. Now hand me the \$25."

Joe thought a second and then said, "Did any one hear us make this bargain, captain?"

"Not a soul," replied the captain.

"Well, then," Joe said, "I guess I'll begin on you."—Boston Herald.

Vail

Miss Carrie Pound has been elected as teacher of the grammar room in our public schools.

Vail is to have a carnival the third week in September.

The Vail Fire company will attend the tournament at Carroll on August 21st They expect new uniforms for the occasion.

Mr. Jas Harkins and family left on Tuesday for their home in Oklahoma.

Mrs. Clinton Paine is enjoying a visit from her half-brother, W. C. Cable of Dayton, Pa.

A son came to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Molony on July 31st.

The Yeomen gave a farewell banquet to Dr. and Mrs. Wier on Friday evening at their hall. They were presented with a set of silver tea spoons. They will be greatly missed by the members of their lodge.

Will Rollins of Denison was a business caller in Vail Saturday.

Nellie Harrington went to Denison Monday where she is attending college.

Anna Servoss and little sister Joyce were visiting in Denison Tuesday.

Maude Cranny and her cousin Kittie McBride of Amstein, Ill. were passengers to Denison Wednesday.

Mae Keane and brother Adrian spent Wednesday in Denison.

Mrs. M. F. Maguire returned Sunday from a visit with her brother at Herring.

Misses Nellie Harrington and Lulu Maguire spent Sunday with friends at Wall Lake.

Mrs. T. F. Ratchford, Marjorie and Wilhelmina were home from the lake over Sunday.

Saturday morning at her home occurred the death of Mrs. Caroline Pound after a lingering illness at the age of 71 years, 7 months, and 26 days. The deceased was born December 2, 1824 in Basel, Switzerland and in 1841 she was married to Joseph Pound at Pffinggen, Switz., where they resided until 1864 when they came to America, settling at Burlington. Afterwards they came to Crawford county in 1877 where she has resided ever since. Thirteen children survive to mourn her loss. Mrs. Emma Conro, Theodore, Elgin, Ill.; Adolph, Burlington, Ill.; Joseph, John and Edward Chicago, Ill.; Arnold, Clinton, Ia., and Mrs. Lizzie Campbell, Colorado Springs, Col.; Mrs. Roselle Euenbush, Primgar, Ia.; Mrs. Tillie Dieter, Carrie, Otto and Albert of this place. The funeral took place Monday morning at 9 a. m. from St. Ann' church with a Requiem mass. Rev. Father Murphy spoke highly of her in his beautiful sermon as she was a kind and loving Christian mother. The pall bearers

were six of her grandsons, sons of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dieter. The interment was made at St. Ann's cemetery where a large number of friends followed the remains to their last resting place.

Goodrich

Carl Winey has been plastering and finishing the new part built on their house last fall.

L. F. Morris marketed hogs in Deloit Wednesday.

B. Boysen has the carpenters out straightening up his barn wrecked by the wind.

Art Winey was in Denison Thursday on business.

Fred Bumann and wife enjoyed a visit from Julius Jacobsen and wife Sunday evening.

David Winey has gone for a visit with a sister at Spirit Lake.

Emma Anderson and sister Mrs. Arthur Winey were in Deloit Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Anderson, also Mr. and Mrs. Art Winey visited with Mrs. Belle Nixon Sunday.

Albert Winey marketed hogs in Deloit Monday.

West Jackson

Lou White who is attending college at Denison Sundayed at home.

Mrs. John L. Riggleman of Deloit spent Friday and Saturday at the home of her father R. J. Riley.

Wm. Meyer and wife were Vail visitors Saturday.

Chris Simon and wife of Vail, Geo. Novotne and wife of West Side township and Hans Ahrenkiel spent Sunday with the ladies' and the latter's mother Mrs. Marie Ahrenkiel.

Mrs. John Costello and children of Milford township spent Sunday with her sister Mrs. Frank Aylward.

Jos. Dozark spent Sunday with friends in Milford township.

Philip Aylward returned Sunday from South Dakota.

Will Piper and Miss Kate Slechta of Milford township spent Sunday with his sister Mrs. Andrew Dozark. Harry and Fred Riley and J. C. Coleman left Saturday for South Dakota to work during the busy season.

Mrs. Thos. Abbott and sister Miss Kate Fremel spent Friday with Mrs. Wm. Abbott of Stockholm township.

FOR SALE

3 male and one female Tamworth pigs, were farrowed May 16th, also some Duroc male pigs at farmers' prices. The above Tamworths are eligible to registry. Theo. S. Bundt, Breda, Ia Rte. 1.

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