

HE IS AN OLD ONE.

Braddock News: Tom Kelly—"the oldest Killy of all the old, old Killies"—was over from Hazelton during the first of the week procuring seed grain. As to his age—he taught Top Lee to "skin mules" on the old Bismarck-Deadwood trail, "back yonder in '76." Today, in spite of his 60 odd years, he is as straight as a Sioux warrior and his feet tread the prairie trails as lightly as they did forty years ago. And Tom has made good with the passing years; "gathered the moss," so to speak. He owns one of the finest farms on the Missouri Slope, surrounded by all the conveniences the ingenious Yankee mind has invented—and he ought to be happy. Taken all in all, and making due allowance for his contrary political cussedness, Tom is a land mark of which Emmons county and the Slope are justly proud.

Brave Reply.

The Sunday School Teacher—And now, children, can you tell me, when Balaam and his ass conversed, what language they spoke in? Little Harry Green—Please, sir, Assyrian.—Bellman.

Interested.

"Wot ye readin' about, Chimmy?" "About a guy named Hannibal. He was de greatest general of his time." "Football or ring?"—Kansas City Journal.

Talent knows what to do; tact knows what not to do.

Winning a Violin.

The way M. Ysaye, the great violinist, became the owner of a Guarnerius violin dated 1742 was thus quaintly told by himself:

"The Guarnerius was bought in Paris by a pupil of mine, a charming young woman. I envied her the violin, and fate gave it to me. I teach this pupil, and by and by I meet her sister, a most lovely young woman, with whom I fall in love straightway and marry. Soon I go to my sister-in-law, who was my pupil, and say to her:

"It is time you stop fooling with violin. You will never learn how to play it. I take the liberty of a big brother, but she do not like it for long time. At last she succumb to my experience and wisdom, and she stops playing. Then I say grandiloquently: "I will take the Guarnerius, 1742." I take it, and that is how the violin came into the possession of Ysaye."

His Mean Comment.

Wife (reading)—Here's the advertisement of a matrimonial agency offering to supply any man with a wife for a guinea.

Husband—Oh, of course; it costs less to get into trouble than it does to get out again.—London Scraps.

Cheered Him Up.

The prisoner was downcast. "Cheer up," said his lawyer. "I've got a jury of twelve men too stupid to find out that you're guilty." Naturally the client took a more hopeful view.—Philadelphia Ledger.

There is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.—Goulburn.

They Meant Business.

A Chicago stage manager was telling of amusing incidents of blunders and errors caused by stage fright. In a romantic play recently revived one of the minor characters, a dairymaid, comes forward at the end of the recital of a love romance and comments as follows:

"Hope filled their youth and whetted their love; they plighted their troth!"

But at one of the performances the girl who played the dairymaid was absent without notice. At the last moment the manager gave the lines to a shepherdess, who had never had lines to speak before and who was excessively nervous when her cue came. This is what the astonished audience heard: "Hope filled their trough and blighted their love; they whetted their tooth!"

The Hourglass.

Instead of being obsolete and simply an interesting relic, the hourglass in various forms is a twentieth century necessity. A machinist authority points out that for such purposes as timing hardening and tempering heats in twist drill manufacture, where seconds or minutes must be gauged accurately, nothing serves like the hourglass with the right amount of sand. Accuracy to fractions of a second can be had much more easily than by watching the hands of a watch.

Not Worth It.

A young man, after his banns had been twice announced, called upon the busy vicar early one morning. He wanted to have a private word with him about the banns.

"Well," said the vicar, "what is wrong?"

"Oh, it's the girl's name."

"Hasn't it been given correctly?"

"Oh, yes, it's correct enough, but I want you to put another girl's name for the third calling. I've changed my mind and would rather marry Mary 'Arris instead of Sarah Jenkins."

The vicar lectured the youth upon his fickleness and told him if he wanted any alteration it would be necessary to make a fresh start and have the banns published afresh.

"What, and pay another shilling?" gasped the lover.

"Certainly," replied the vicar.

"Well, in that case you had better let it be as it is, and I'll marry my first love."—Pearson's Weekly.

Paid Her Back.

Mae—So you are engaged to George? I refused him three times. Ethel—That must have been what he meant when he told me that he had had several narrow escapes.—New York Journal.

The Flame.

Clara—That man who just passed was an old flame of mine. Kate—Indeed! What happened between you? Clara—Oh, he flared up one day and went out.—Boston Transcript.

OBEDIENT SOLDIERS.

An Illustration of Military Discipline in Germany.

A JOKE TAKEN IN EARNEST.

The Story an Englishman Tells of an Amusing Incident in Which He Participated During a Visit to the Battlefield of Worth.

The docility and blind obedience of the German soldier have long been an object of comment. The Germans themselves recognize that it sometimes goes so far as to be absurd. An Englishman, writing in the London Times, describes an amusing incident which occurred after he had spent a day tramping about the battlefield of Worth. He was dressed, it should be noted, in regular civilian clothes and carried an umbrella:

Emerging from a wood, I came upon a plot of grass where about a dozen German soldiers were resting. The spirit moved me to stop and speak to these men—emphasizing my meaning by signs when my scant German vocabulary failed me.

I asked, "Are you Prussians?" The indignant answer, in chorus, was: "No! Saxons!"

"Oh," said I, wishing to conciliate, "I am Anglo-Saxon."

Much to my astonishment, one of them got up and shook me warmly by the hand. Pointing to my dusty boots and fannel shirt, unbuttoned at the neck, I then, in vile German, explained to my friends of five minutes' standing that I had made the grand tour of the battlefield on foot and had been walking since 9 o'clock in the morning, it then being 5 in the afternoon.

Quite casually I remarked that although "not a military, but a naval officer," the study of battlefields interested me.

At the mention of the word "officer" all the men sat up, buttoned their tunics and buckled on their swords or bayonets—I forget which.

"Are you going to Niederbronn?" was my next question.

"Yes," they replied; "we are going to walk to Niederbronn and there take the train to Bitsch."

What evil genius prompted me to make the next remark I cannot tell, but although uttered in joke its consequences were perfectly astounding.

"I, too, am going to Niederbronn. You are my regiment. I am your colonel!"

Up they sprang to their feet, fell in two deep and kept quite silent as if on parade. "Right turn!" and off we marched, I carrying my umbrella as if it were a sword.

Breasting a grassy slope, we marched up to the top at a swinging pace, still observing perfect silence and in step. A short distance off was a solitary soldier of the same regiment lying at full length on a bench near the entrance to a wood—tunic unbuttoned, sword unbuckled, and so forth.

On catching sight of the approaching squad up he jumped, buttoned his tunic, buckled on his weapon, stood rigidly at attention and when the "regiment" came by "talled on" as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do.

Please note that not a word passed between the main body and the reinforcement. On entering the wood the leading file began to sing a marching song, the others joining in chorus.

By this time we were nearing Niederbronn and passed a man and his wife, who were evidently much astonished to see a disciplined body of men marching in strict military fashion under the command of a foreigner armed with an umbrella—not even a silk one!

A disconcerting thought arose. "What will happen if we chance across a German officer, and how, in my broken German, can I ever hope to explain this extraordinary assumption of command of the forces of the Kaiser?" So without a moment's further delay I said to the men, "I must go to my hotel, which is over there," and bade them goodbye.

These docile and amiable Saxons with one accord, taking time by the leading file, saluted, and I, having returned their salute, got out of sight as rapidly as possible. On peeping round the corner of a house there was my late "regiment" still marching with the regularity of clockwork.

Lincoln on Proof.

I suggest to him (Judge Douglas) that it will not avail him at all that he swells himself up, takes on dignity and calls people liars. * * * If you have ever studied geometry you remember that by a course of reasoning Euclid proves that all the angles in a triangle are equal to two right angles. Euclid has shown you how to work it out. Now, if you undertake to disprove that proposition and to show that it is erroneous would you prove it to be false by calling Euclid a liar?

He Understood.

"Now, Johnny, do you understand thoroughly why I am going to whip you?"

"Yes'm. You're in a bad humor this morning, and you've got to lick some one before you feel satisfied."—London Tit-Bits.

It Depended.

Chappy—Would you marry a woman who had sued another man for breach of promise? Sappy—it would depend largely on how much the jury had awarded her.—Club Fellow.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light, adorns and cheers the way.—Goldsmith.

KING COAL.

While He Lives His Throne Is Fixed In the United States.

The part played by coal in the world's affairs can well be illustrated by assuming the available supply to be suddenly cut off. The huge railroad systems of America would stop at once. So also would the electric power and lighting in all cities and suburbs. Steamship service would cease everywhere. Transit facilities would be dead. Factories, manufacturing and shops would close down. Vast industries like steel, iron, copper, etc., would cease. Armies of laborers would be thrown out of work. Mails, schools, the navy, newspapers, foreign and internal trade—all would cease to exist. The trilogy governing commercial advance, heat, light and power, except a negligible amount of water, oil, etc., would be annihilated—all this until some other form of power could be developed. The possibility of such a cataclysm is not imminent, for coal will reign for some time yet and is destined to become a power whose capabilities have as yet been comparatively felt only more faintly than would a feather on the hide of an elephant.

The world needs coal. The United States has that coal to deliver. It will be wholly natural that so potent a necessity will make for continued peace and understanding among the powers of the world.

The coal mines of Europe are sunk about 3,000 feet deep. Coal is still being quarried on the banks of the Ohio, and the mines of Europe are nearing the limit of commercial possibility. The manufacturing supremacy of the old world is passing to the new. Coal is king, and while he lives his throne is fixed forever in the United States.—Metropolitan Magazine.

EARLY CARICATURES.

Quaint Art and Humor of the Ancient Egyptians.

The fables of Aesop prove that the ancients were not without a liking for fun, and the remains of ancient art tell the same story. Examples of artistic humor are more common than is generally supposed.

A drawing on a tile in the New York museum represents a cat dressed as an Egyptian woman of fashion. She is seated languidly on a chair, sipping wine out of a small bowl and being fanned and offered dainties by an abject looking tomcat with his tail between his legs.

The cat figures largely in the ancient comic groups of animal life. In a papyrus in the British museum a flock of geese are being driven by a cat and a herd of goats by two wolves with crooks and wallets. One of the wolves is playing a double pipe.

There is in Turin a papyrus roll that displays a whole series of such comical scenes. In the first place, a lion, a crocodile and an ape are giving a vocal and instrumental concert. Next comes an ass dressed, armed and scuppered like a pharaoh. With majestic swagger he receives the gifts presented to him by a cat of high degree, to which a bull acts as proud conductor.

A lion and a gazelle are playing at draughts, a hippopotamus is perched in a tree, and a hawk has climbed into the tree and is trying to dislodge him.

Another picture shows a pharaoh in the shape of a rat drawn in a carriage by prancing greyhounds. He is proceeding to storm a fort garrisoned by cats having no arms, but teeth and claws, whereas the rats have battle-axes, shields and bows and arrows.—St. Louis Republic.

An Elixir of Life.

"An annuity is the best elixir of life I know of," said the examining physician of an insurance company. "It sometimes seems as if annuitants never die. We have lots on our books who top eighty, ninety and even ninety-five years. I have passed many a sickly and decrepit old fellow as a good annuity risk—the sicker they are, you know, the better risk they make—and the next year he has turned up to collect his annuity rejuvenated, rosy, spry as a boy. The secret? The secret is that financial worry, fear of the poorhouse, ages and kills off more people than all the deadly diseases combined. Release an old man by means of an annuity from all this worry, and he throws off his years and walks erect and happy and fearlessly young."

Hatmaking in the East Indies.

The making of bamboo hats is one of the chief industries of the natives of the East Indies, and quite often the children are more expert than their mothers in weaving the strips together and forming the designs, their fingers being younger and more supple. In transporting the long stalks of bamboo to the factory the natives tie the ends of two stalks together, spread them apart a short distance forward of the center, tie a crosspiece between and carry them on their shoulders.—Popular Mechanics.

Soused.

Wife—My husband came home from the club last night with such a swelled head that I haven't been able to arouse him today. Neighbor—Why don't you try pouring a pitcher of water over his head? Wife—I did that very thing, but the only thing he did was to call out for an umbrella.—Fliegende Blätter.

Love Taps.

Mrs. Jawback—I suppose you consider your judgment far superior to mine. Mr. Jawback—No, my dear. We proved the contrary when we chose to marry each other.—Cleveland Leader.

No one who cannot master himself is worthy to rule.—Goethe.

HE OBEYED ORDERS.

A Young Recruit's Rapid Rise to Title and Power.

One day a young recruit was standing guard before the door of the entrance to Peter the Great's private chambers in the palace of St. Petersburg. He had received orders to admit no one.

As he was passing slowly up and down before the door Prince Menschikoff, the favorite minister of the czar, approached and attempted to enter. He was stopped by the recruit.

The prince, who had the fullest liberty of calling upon his master at any time, sought to push the guard and pass him. Yet the young man would not move, but ordered his highness to stand back.

"You flout!" shouted the prince. "Don't you know me? You'll be punished for this!"

The recruit smiled and said: "Very well, your highness, but my orders are peremptory to let nobody pass."

The prince, exasperated at the fellow's impudence, struck him a blow in the face with his riding whip.

"Strike away, your highness," said the soldier, "but I cannot let you go in."

Peter, in the room, hearing the noise outside, opened the door and inquired what it meant, and the prince told him.

The czar appeared amused, but said nothing at the time.

In the evening, however, he sent for the prince and the soldier. As they both appeared Peter gave his own came to the soldier, saying:

"That man struck you in the morning. Now you must return the blow to that fellow with my stick."

The prince was amazed. "Your majesty," he said, "this common soldier is to strike me?"

"But I'm an officer of your majesty's household," objected the prince.

"I make him a colonel of my life guards and an officer of the household," said Peter again.

"My rank, your majesty knows, is that of general," again protested Menschikoff.

"Then I make him a general, so that the beating you get may come from a man of your rank."

The prince got a sound thrashing in the presence of the czar, and the recruit, who was next day commissioned a general with a title, was the founder of a powerful family whose descendants are still high in the imperial service of Russia.

SIMPSON'S PLUCK.

An Inventor's Wary but Successful Fight Against Great Odds.

Charles Goodyear is not the only inventor who might turn his face to the wall to die saying of the tardy recognition of his efforts, "I die happy—others can get rich."

Goodyear's efforts to introduce the use of vulcanized rubber were no more tragic than the stories of a dozen other inventors. There was a man named Simpson in Missouri who discovered that gutta serena was a nonconductor of electricity. He borrowed money of one Amos Kendall to make his application for a patent. It was rejected over and over, rich companies fighting his claim. But he had "sand," he never weakened. It was just after the civil war that he made his last fight. He had no money—not a dollar—but he started from St. Louis for Washington afoot.

He would not beg, but made his way half across the continent by sawing wood, hoeing corn or doing any work that came to hand. In one place he robbed a scarecrow of a pair of pants and a hat, leaving his own more ragged garments in their place. In Pittsburg he had to work as a truck driver till he could earn enough to repair his shoes and take him on his way. And all the time he believed stubbornly in himself and in his invention. His own words were:

"When I came over the tops of the Alleghenies I saw the sun rising, and I knelt down and thanked God for my life and asked him to let me get my patent. He promised me on the spot, and I never had a moment's doubt after that."

Arriving in Washington, he got a living as a day laborer on the stone foundation of the patent office, and from that vantage ground he fought his claim through the office and the courts and got his patent. The Western Union Telegraph company gave him \$100,000 down for the privilege of using it.—Exchange.

Odd Cures For Rheumatism.

Cures for rheumatism are almost as old as the complaint itself. In the midland counties of England it was formerly considered that the right forefoot of a hare, worn constantly in the pocket, was an amulet against rheumatism, while the Dutch peasantry still cherish a belief in the preservative virtues of a borrowed or stolen potato. Stranger than these, however, was the remedy discovered by a servant girl at the village of Stanton, in the Cotswolds, who contrived to be confirmed three times, in the belief that confirmation was an unfailing cure for rheumatism.

The Cowcatcher.

While the visitor told how he had ridden thirty thrilling miles on the cowcatcher of a locomotive five-year-old Lorella listened attentively. As he concluded she asked, "Did you catch the cow, Mr. Blank?"—Chicago News.

Where there is much pretension much has been borrowed. Nature never pretends.—Lavater.



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