

The following poem was read by Mrs. Peattie at the banquet given to the Federation by the Fremont women:

There was a small woman called "new,"  
Who didn't know what to do.

When asked how she fared,  
She said she was scared,  
But determined to play her role through.

In the still of the night, all alone,  
When the rain and the wind make their moan,

She communed with her soul,  
And made audible dole,  
O'er the greatness to which she had grown.

"I don't like these civic affairs,  
I don't want political cares;"

She wept in the night,  
As she turned up the light,  
And munched at some chocolate eclaires.

"The house cleaning ought to be done,  
But I can't do that if I run  
On the ticket this fall,  
And answer the call  
Of every club under the sun.

"I have to make campaigning speeches,  
When I ought to be putting up peaches,  
Or letting down frocks,  
Or darning the socks,  
Or re-seating Oliver's breeches.

"I really want to go calling,  
My social debts grow so appalling,  
But I have to get 'views,'  
And keep up with the news,  
And learn whether silver keeps falling.

"I'd like to put up marmalade.  
But the truth is, I'm really afraid  
Our marching flambeaus  
The scheme might oppose,  
For tomorrow's our party parade.

"Alack and alas, well-a-day!  
I've got to keep on with the play,  
The curtain is raised,  
The role has been praised,  
And the audience won't go away."

So she nibbled her chocolate eclaire,  
Then rolled up the front of her hair  
In free silver tracts,  
Crammed full of facts,  
And her politics thus did declare.

Daisy—Why are there always so  
many proposals on the beach?

Charley—I don't know, unless it's be-  
cause even the most timid young man  
has plenty of sand there.

Mrs. Brown—And such excessively  
long waits between the acts!

Mrs. Jones—Yes, my husband con-  
sidered them the only redeeming feature  
of the play.

The complete novel in the November  
issue of Lippincott's is "An Interrupted  
Current," by Howard M. Yost, a new  
writer with a happy knack of story-tell-  
ing. The scene is in Eastern Pennsyl-  
vania, and the action turns on tracing  
the perpetrators of a bank robbery and  
their plunder.

"The Land of Five Tribes," i. e., In-  
dian Territory, is instructively de-  
scribed in brief space by Allan Hen-  
dricks. Alvan F. Sanborn casts some  
light on "English Traits," and R. G.  
Robinson on "Florida Snakes."

"Modern Ancestors and Armorial  
Bearings," are lightly handled by  
Adrian Schade van Westrum. The  
"Two Sides" of a long standing contro-  
versy between editors and those who  
seek to be contributors—are considered  
by Frederic M. Bird.

Dr. James Weir, jr., a promising nat-  
uralist of Kentucky, finds in some of  
the animals what he calls "The Sixth  
Sense" or homing instinct, which enables  
them to return promptly to their quar-  
ters after an outing. "Bread, condi-  
ments and Fruits" are discussed in order  
by Calvin Dill Wilson. "The Wind" is  
imaginatively treated by William Potts.

She—Don't you think Mr. Jones is a

very bashful young man?  
He—Well, I know when he plays poker  
he's often shy.

Friend—Ever have any trouble with  
your mail?

Mr. Scribble—No, my manuscript  
get back all right.—The Sigher.

Recent revelations in regard to New  
York churchyards constitute a new ar-  
gument in favor of cremation. Some-  
body tried to break open a tomb in St.  
Paul's yard, and then the fact was de-  
veloped that nobody knows whose tomb  
it is, as the church records do not give  
the location of the different graves. Sim-  
ultaneously, a corporation notice is  
issued to the effect that old St. John's  
graveyard, on Hudson street, is to be  
turned into a public park, and it is sig-  
nificantly added that "the remains will  
not be disturbed, but the tombstones  
will be buried," thus making an identi-  
fication of the separate graves impos-  
sible. Washington square is on the site  
of an ancient burial place, long since  
forgotten. Former generations of New  
York went to much expense and trouble  
to provide their dead vaults and tombs,  
according to their station in life, each  
inscribed with names and dates, but  
these few years have blotted out the  
records and reduced the buried thous-  
ands to an indistinguishable mass of  
refuse. Cremation is more decent, more  
reverent, and more individual. When  
you have in an urn the ashes of a dead  
relative or friend, you may be reasonably  
certain whose ashes are in the urn and  
may preserve the precious receptacle  
among the family treasures, with little  
risk that it will become mixed up with  
urns of total strangers. All of the con-  
comitants of old churchyard burials are  
horrible. I have seen things in a fam-  
ily vault that sicken me to recall, but so  
long as people insist upon burials, there  
is no security that the new, picturesque  
cemetery of the present time may not  
be the old, neglected, desecrated grave-  
yard of the next generation. Cremation  
is not only more healthful for the sur-  
vivors; it is a better means of assuring  
the identity of the dead.

INDIAN SUMMER.

The buds have left their leafy bough,  
Blythe minstrels they,  
Too melancholy, thou,  
For such a lay.

Their thrills and rhapsodies for June;  
In mystic choir  
For thy sad cadence, winds attune  
A wild, weird lyre.

M. D. H.

"That man and his wife run the  
church."

"How's that?"

"He's the rector and she's the direc-  
tor."—The Usher.

It will not do, however, to forget that  
as in him the soldier is doubled with  
the connoisseur, so in him the connois-  
seur is trebled with the patriot, the  
orator and the statesman. He is one of  
the few men whose versatile talents  
have been rewarded at one and the  
same time by two salaries, one for his  
services as a member of congress, the  
other for his services as a major-general  
on the retired list. He never ceases to  
serve his country. He is now engaged  
in saving it by means of making  
speeches against Mr. Bryan. I need  
not say that to a man of General Sic-  
les' retiring habits the necessity of ap-  
pearing in public as a speech maker  
must be most unpleasant. He has a  
positive love for self-effacement. He  
delights to screen himself from the ad-  
miration which his character and  
achievements long ago won for him.  
But when duty calls him, he obeys  
without a murmur.

Wyld—Why did you call your new  
book a collection?

Scribbler—I was in hopes church  
members would take it up.

**The Cough** because of a  
run down con-  
dition of the  
system, and is  
not affected by ordinary cough  
medicines, will yield readily to  
**Scott's Emulsion**  
because it gives strength to the  
weakened body and enables it to  
throw off the disease.  
50c. and \$1.00. All Druggists.

—NEBRASKANS FOR NEBRASKA—  
**FURS - - FURS**  
F. E. VOELKER.  
Cor. 12th and N sts. Cor. 12th and N sts.  
SEALSKIN CAPES, CAPS, MUFFS, CARRIAGE RUGS,  
FURS RE DYED, LENGTHENED, RE-  
SHAPED, LATEST LONDON  
STYLES—NEBRASKA  
FURS, PRICES, FURS.

**THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL**  
Makes a Specialty of  
**Hair Dressing,  
Shampooing,  
Manicuring**  
And all kinds of Massage.  
A Full Line of Hair Goods and Cosmetics.  
131 NO. 13TH. 131 NO. 13TH

**T. J Thorpe & Co.,**  
GENERAL BICYCLE REPAIRERS  
in a branches.  
Repairing done as Neat and Complete as from the Factories at hard time price  
All kinds of Bicycle Sundries. 320 S. 11TH ST  
Machinist and General Repair Work. LINCOLN.

**NERVE SEEDS FOR WEAK MEN**  
This Famous Remedy cures quickly, permanently all  
nervous diseases, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power,  
Headache, Wakefulness, Loss of Vision, Nightly Emis-  
sions, evil dreams, impotency and wasting diseases caused by  
poth/ulcers or excesses. Contains no opiates. Is a nerve tonic  
and blood builder. Makes the pale and puny strong and plump.  
Easily carried in vest pocket. \$1 per box; \$3 for 3 boxes. By mail, pre-  
paid, with a written guarantee or money refunded. Write us, free  
medical book, sealed post wrapper, with testimonials and  
financial standing. No charges for consultations. Boxes of 3 only  
sold by our agents, or direct from LEWIS & CLARK, Omaha, Neb.  
We ask in Lincoln, Neb., by H. W. BROWN, Druggist.