

Wagner
635 So. 14th

the first time the full consciousness of what sat there came upon him. A thrill of natural pity tempered his repulsions. He had known that she suffered from a disease of the heart.

"Poor Martha! Who knows—who knows if you have not died for me, after all?" was his murmur, egotistical even in that moment of recognition.

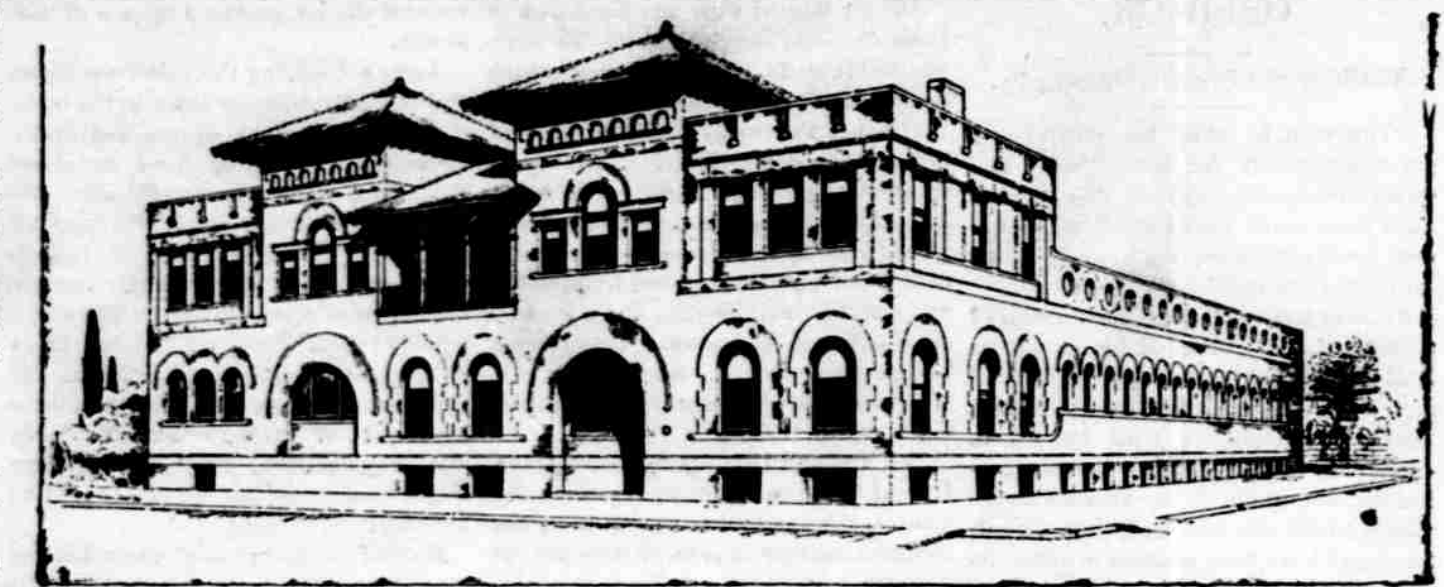
He wished to kiss her, but he could not. He backed out of the door, shut it softly, and hurled himself toward the house to call the servants.

Randon Notes.

When Mr. Bryan in the recent campaign was making the untruthful statement that his nomination for the presidency was the first instance where this recognition had been bestowed on any one in the Trans-Missouri country, and was promising so much for the west in case he was elected, he succeeded in arousing considerable interest and enthusiasm among the people of the west. Visions of government salaries floated before the gaze of western free silverites and hopes were entertained that in the event of Mr. Bryan's election the west would at last get a president who would give that great section its just due. But Major McKinley, who made no promises, has undoubtedly gone farther in the recognition of the west than Mr. Bryan would have done. Thus far he has exhibited an unprecedented consideration for this ambitious section of the country. It is a singular fact that at this writing every office that has been promised, from secretary of state to door keeper of the White House, has been allotted to the west. The east is just beginning to realize that it has thus far got nothing, and is likely to receive but little, and as might be expected, under the circumstances, something of a protest is going up.

There was a hope, at first, that Tom Reed of Maine might be appointed secretary of state. When that was seen to be impossible the anti Platt republicans in New York brought out Whitelaw Reid. There was such a lusty howl from the machine that the candidacy of the New York editor was not pushed, and then the east gave up all hope of getting the secretary of state. This portfolio out of reach the east began to look out for the treasury appointment. Cornelius N. Bliss of New York, was the only man who could be found who was acceptable to both factions in that state, and Mr. Bliss was offered the place. To the surprise of everybody, he declined. Then Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island was talked of for the treasury. He would not listen to it and so all hope of keeping this office in the east was given up. The east had candidates for secretary of war and secretary of agriculture, but it was compelled to take a back seat for Michigan and Iowa. The east had not brought out a candidate for comptroller of the currency, because it was not thought that that appointment would be made for some time. But along comes C. G. Dawes and takes that in. So it looks, just now, as if the west were getting not only its share, but everything. Surely the west will be in it with the coming administration.

Since Mr. Bryan entered national politics he has suddenly manifested a sporting tendency. The symptoms are the same as were observable in the early stages of Mr. Cleveland's greater career that commenced after he was governor of New York. Whether the case will develop into anything like the chronic Cleveland complaint it is difficult to say; but it may. Mr. Cleveland has found his sporting mania a handy thing to have about the house. When a "high born colored lady" yclept a queen, came to Washington with awkward proposals it was a fine thing to slip into a ducking coat and slide out of the back door of the White House, and on many other occasions when something or



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somebody was to be avoided, that duck shooting subterfuge was convenient to a degree. Mr. Bryan goes out to shoot ducks after the second collapse of his lecture tour, and having once acquired the habit it will be a very easy matter hereafter to slide out of embarrassing situations by chasing ducks. It is said that no man of destiny ever shot ducks. Napoleon did not know duck from a michete, and the other men who have played the destiny role were better at shooting their fellow men than they were at bringing down ducks. So Mr. Bryan in his chosen part of a man of destiny, is taking dangerous liberties with precedent. Somehow this pastime does not seem in accord with Mr. Bryan's character. So far as I know it is the only really trivial thing he has ever done. Heretofore the job of holding up the nation has been about as much as his atlas shoulders could stand, and he has not been inclined to give heed to the playthings of life. May be Mr. Bryan has become convinced that the world and society will go on even if he does relax a little. If this is so, he has made great progress.

The Trans-Mississippi exposition is beginning to attract attention in the east. Every man who comes from Nebraska, or Omaha particularly, has a story to tell of the wonderful glories of the big show that is to be, and these stories find their way into print, and the show is advertised. It is not noticeable that people who come to New York from Lincoln are wildly enthusiastic over the exposition. Why is this? Is it because of the lack of representatives in the management? Surely Lincoln has received this sort of treatment from Omaha for so long that she ought to be used to it by this time. It cannot be that anybody in Lincoln hoped to have a voice in the direction of the exposition. It is the province of the people of Lincoln to stand up for Nebraska while the people of Omaha occupy all the cushioned chairs.

W. MORTON SMITH.

"Now that," said the American visitor as he was being shown about the fine old English mansion, "is I presume, a very valuable painting. An old master, is it not?"

"No sir, begging your pardon, sir," replied the butler, "it's the old missis."

Millie—Charlie Lovelace is a lovely skater. He cut the words "One Dollar" on the ice this afternoon.

Willie—He must have skated for all he was worth.

Mrs. Litewate—I wish you would not drink so, dear. You do such strange things when you are full.

Litewate—What would be the use of getting full if you only did the same things you do when you are sober.

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