

they tell the truth with a terrible and unbecoming veracity, which is what history wants. Stephen Crane has a story which the present reviewer has not the patience to read. His egotism is so painful that the ordinary person shrinks from assisting him to exploit it by reading his compositions. "An Elephant Round-up in Siam" is worthy the first pages of McClure's. The illustrations are photographs showing the driving and the noosing of the wise big beasts, that are nearer human reasoning than anything that goes on four legs.

STORIES IN PASSING.

By some turn of luck Vauders was nominated for office on the republican ticket. Vauders was tall and slender, with his clothes hanging loosely from his body. A pair of large rimmed glasses straddled his sharp, thin nose. And the palms of his hands were always turned inward—that is, as far as their use for handling money was concerned. But though economical and almost penurious as he was, the desire for office had taken a grasp upon him and he knew that some money must be expended in the popular way of "standing treat." So treat he did, and, in his own mind, quite royally, but nevertheless his treating lost him one good republican vote, and in a way to him incomprehensible.

Shortly after the nomination Vauders met his friend, Henry Hart. Now Hart, who was a prosperous farmer, quick, intelligent and full of the most open-hearted cordiality and generosity, had voted the republican ticket from the day he was twenty one. He needed no electioneering, but Vauders, inexperienced and new to the business, thought it necessary to make an impression upon his friend.

"Henry, come in and have a cigar."

"No, thank you," answered Hart. "I seldom smoke, you know."

"Oh, just this time. Come in and have a good cigar with me."

Hart still hesitated, but Vauders went on:

"Oh, come on. I want you to have a real good smoke—a first rate cigar on me."

And Hart, thus urged, yielded and went into the drug store, where a little knot of men were discussing politics. Vauders paid no attention to them.

"Fre!" he said to the proprietor, "give Henry here a first-class cigar; the best you've got."

The group of men paused to see how the new candidate was handling his political work.

"I want Henry to have a good clean smoke with me," Vauders continued. "I don't see him very often, but I know you keep good cigars."

The proprietor had opened the case and his hand was travelling towards the end where he kept his Santa Rosas and Chancellors.

"Yes," went on Vauders, "give Henry a good cigar. Give him the best nickel cigar you've got!"

The hand changed its course and came back rapidly to the other corner of the case. Hart took one from the box, and as he lit it glanced across to the group. A twinkle shone in every eye—a twinkle that rankled the former a little and caused a man of fifty, who had never scratched a republican ticket in his life, at the next election draw a long double line through the name of one candidate.

Chattel mortgages are not always desirable things to hold. Sometimes they are like dogs—the more a man has the poorer he is. There are times when such a mortgage causes the holder more trouble than the man who gives it. Such was the case with Williams, who, in the course of business, came into possession of a chattel mortgage for forty dollars

on a team of black ponies.

Williams did not want this mortgage but coming to him in a trade he took it, and when due, tried to induce the owner of the team to make a payment. For a year and a half he attempted to get some sort of a settlement, but the owner was as indifferent as the average railway official, and refused to pay a cent or to give up the team without process of law.

Williams took steps to foreclose. The constable took possession and the team was boarded for nearly a month awaiting the day of sale. When the sale took place no one seemed anxious to pay much for the horses, so Williams bid them in. He had no use for them, and not knowing what else to do, sent them out to pasture. When he had settled their board, the constable's fees and the publication notices he found that about twelve dollars had been swallowed up in the transaction.

It was the dry year of 1893 and after the team had been in pasture a month or two a friend told Williams he would do well to go out and look after his team a little. He did so and was held up for seven dollars by the pasture owner for feeding the ponies. Then he brought them home.

The ponies were as thin and shadowy as split rails, and it was necessary to get them in some shape again. So Williams purchased a load of hay and some oats at a cost of eight dollars. One of the team was sick and four dollars more was contributed to the veterinary surgeon. Williams also gave a good deal of his own time and labor to the ponies' care—the only thing not rated on a cash basis.

By the last of October the team was getting in fair appearance again. But one night the better pony caught the halter rope under its fetlock and in its struggling fell upon its head. It was necessary to give a teamster a dollar to haul the dead body away.

One pony remained, somewhat the worse for the heaves, but Williams, disgusted, angry and weary of the whole affair, was determined to rid himself of that horse at any price. He heard of a public sale seven miles out in the country, and calling over a neighbor's boy, gave him a dollar.

"Take that pony out to the sale," he said, "and have him sold. Don't you bring him back to me. Tell the auctioneer that the thing's got to go. Stay there until the brute's sold. I never want to see it again!"

That night the auctioneer reported the results of the sale of the horse. As he turned over the money to Williams, less his commission, he said:

"Yes, I finally got two dollars and forty cents for him, but I never worked so hard in my life. The first bid was seventy-five cents and the second a dollar and a quarter. There it stuck and it took twenty minutes to work that pony up to two forty."

Up at the State University military drill has begun again and every other night the campus is filled with the "awkwards" going through the "setting-up exercises." Five hundred young gentlemen with hats and coats off are bending and twisting, flopping their arms about, kicking up to the air, ducking to the ground and marching and wheeling and running across the lawn. Twenty or thirty officers are strutting about with all the pomp of their newly appointed position, calling out commands and reprimanding the raw recruits. And, from a distance, the whole scene with the mazing and the marching and the quick, sharp commands reminds one of nothing so much as a huge flock of bewildered and excited geese turned loose upon the campus.

Down in one corner of the campus a young corporal with haughty bearing and cap tipped far over his right eye, was giving his squad of eight men the



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marchings. They were running back and forth in the narrow space at double time.

"Quick time!" shouted the corporal.

The squad ran faster.

"Quick time, there! Don't you hear me!" the corporal yelled at the top of his voice. Now, "quick time" means to slow down to a walk, but the eight men took extra breath and a fresh sprint toward the gate.

Then it dawned upon the drill master that he had forgotten to explain to them the very simple command of "quick time," and he started in pursuit of the fleeing squad.

"Gosh all hemlock!" exclaimed a perspiring cadet between puffs for breath. after the corporal, captain the company and the commandant of cadets had finally rounded up the squad down near the Grand Hotel.

"Gosh all hemlock! Did he want us to go slow? Why, I thought he meant to go faster, and I went like a scared deer. And you chaps seem to have done the same."

"But what if we'd outrun 'em?" queried the little fellow at the end. "We were told to do one command until told another, you know. Where in thunder would we have come up—Kansas or China?"

"Neither," answered the awkward, over-grown student with flying hair and glasses setting away across his nose, "The way I feel now, you'd never pulled me past one place down the street here, command or no command—my boarding place."
H. G. SHEDD.

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