

Greene in her days of athletic supremacy would not blush to own. The game today between the Nebraska State university team and the Missouri team should be well attended as they are both in good training and the contest will be worth watching.

The appointment of S. M. Melick as city detective by the excise board may prove helpful in suppressing gambling. The ex-chief knows where the gamblers congregate, their method of eluding the law and their arrangements with the administration. With the authority pertaining to the office of city detective he can make the aforesaid administration very uneasy if he cannot dislodge the gamblers, who seem to be inaccessible.

If the state should decide to construct its own lighting plant to supply light for all the state institutions in this vicinity the experiment would be watched with much interest by the city. Many citizens are in favor of the city doing its own lighting after the expiration of the present contract. The developments of the last few months have shown the cheapness of electricity. The present universal disaffection with the ring that has been in control for so long offers a chance for rebuke which may not be disregarded. If the results of the election show that the republicans of this city and county are opposed to a domination by men who have brought the city to the edge of bankruptcy, the next few years will be brighter for the republican party than any which has dawned since the stealing began. If some of the republican candidates are not elected, it will be because republicans, and not democrats or populists, are opposed to them. Their defeat will mean the triumph of the respectable element in the party, and clears the way for the nomination of honest republican candidates with a clear record who are capable of administering public affairs with integrity and ability. With such men in charge, city lighting and the city water department might be conducted satisfactorily and we would not be compelled to hand over the management of our own affairs to a man that has shown that there is more than one way of making and saving money.

### STORIES IN PASSING.

The rim of the summer sun just topped the eastern hill, throwing its dazzling rays far across the sleeping valley below into the hazy, shadowy west. The town beneath lay silent, and still asleep. The winding stream was dull and gleamless. The trees as yet were shadowless. Only the highest steeples caught the sun, and were as burnished points of gold. From the earth, damp mist arose and floated off among the trees, or melted into the hedges. Here and there a shutter banged open, a dog ran unevenly across the pavement, an early workman crossed the street. But that was all to herald the coming of morning.

Crossing the bridge—the red iron bridge just below the dam, and the old ford of the California trail—I left the town behind and with the sun in my face, started up the long, steep hill to Jardine's place. The bright, round orb of the sun was clear of the hill now, and here nature was awake. The morning breezes rustled through the trees and over the yellowing fields. Plover whistled from the stubble and raised their little heads erect, motionless, spectral-like—"prairie-ghosts," the farmer-boys call them. Turtle-doves rocked and cooed from the fence posts. Kill-deers darted and whirled through the air, seemed to fall but caught themselves

again. High in the air a hawk poised almost motionlessly. On the hill-top, a man driving a team and followed by a dog, went to the field.

Full morning now. Life and light everywhere. The valley below was bathed in the brilliant flood of brightness. Far to the north, the bare, brown hills of Sarpy—to the west and south, groves of trees broken by intervening patches of ripening grain, all green and yellow. Through the valley, winding in and out among the farms, and circling the town, cut the river. At the foot of the hill, nestled the village, half hidden, but now alive with the bustle and business of the day.

Leaving the hill-top, I plunged into a little ravine leading down into the lowland. Mossy banks with ferns and flowers were on every side. A little brook leaped over stones and fallen branches. Here and there, a yellow leaf fluttered down and told of the dying summer. At the foot of this little ravine, the brook ran under the railroad culvert into the winding stream in the valley. Through this, half bending, I went, and came out upon "The Narrows," the road which runs along for half a mile between the railroad track and the creek, leading around the foot of the hill, across the bridge this time above the dam and ford, and then into the village.

The large, red room was in darkness save for the path of light reflected from the open fire-place straight across to the heavy draperies which marked the entrance to the hall.

A great tiger's skin of black and yellow had been thrown before the fire-place, and upon it sat a girl of eighteen, the flickering light falling upon her dark brown hair and flushed cheeks. With one hand she restlessly toyed with the tiger's head. Across the fire-place from her a man in evening dress sat upon a low divan. He was bending eagerly forward with one hand outstretched toward the girl.

Half hidden in the draperies at the end of the room, a man listened silently. The fire-light played fitfully upon his dress, threw dark shadows upon his face, and occasionally caught the gleam of his eyes.

She had come at last and brought the children with her. They had met as only sisters meet—falling into each other's arms, where they cried and laughed hysterically, and then drawing back to take a good look at one another. Both had changed much since the last visit nine years before. Middle life was leaving its stamp, shrivelling up the one and plumping out the other. Yet to the sisters' eyes, each was the same. And they rattled away in the attempt to make up for the years that had separated them. How they talked! The husband and the boys of the family shrank into the background entirely. The sisters took up the little family doings, former friends and neighbors, and the old home back in Indiana. And the children—each mother was full of Johnny and Clarie and Tom and Tot! Never had such children lived before—regular angels, to hear their mothers talk, which they did until it all began to have its effect upon the children themselves. All day and far into the night the sisters talked and the month of happiness was actually talked away before either had told a tenth of what she had planned to tell.

H. G. SHEDD.

Every body appears to know that Miss Highfly has blondined her hair.

Van Clove—That's funny. I thought she wanted to keep it dark.

"Teala says he does not need wires to telegraph with."

"No, all he wants is the earth."

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