

TROOPER JACKSON.

"Don't you hear the bugle soundin', Trooper Jackson?
 Come; shake yourself! There's trouble down ahead!
 With a lot o' Texas rum they're a-makin' matters hum!
 She's a-tootin' 'boots an' saddles!' Out o' bed!
 They're a-yellin' like the devil down the canon!
 A han'some lot of able-bodied Utes—
 An' the orders is, to rip 'em,
 An' to slash 'em, an' to nip 'em,
 So jump along an' tumble in your boots!"

Oh! the ride was wild an' daring' down the bottom!
 Just sixty men, where ten troops should have been.
 Not a tremble, not a quiver, as they dashed along the river
 At the howlin' horde of undiluted sin!
 Like a teamster's whip the guidons were a-swingin'!
 My God! the Indians numbered ten to one.
 Through the blindin' rifle flame
 They kept ridin' just the same,
 With "Old Glory" in the van a-leadia' on.

Like a catapult they hit 'em in the middle!
 While the "trader's" powder tore its dirty way,
 An' the f'amin' sheets o'hell scorched their tunics as they fell,
 An' their yellow plumes were crimson from the fray.
 But the orders was to give 'em a "chastisin'"
 With sixty men, where ten troops should 'ave been.
 But they done it just the same!
 An' they never thought to blame,
 With the forty dead and dyin' carried in.

"Here's to you, cussin', fightin', Trooper Jackson!
 Here's to you for the glory that you won!
 'Twas a slashin', dashin' ride when you crossed the Great Divide,
 But you done it as I like to see it done.
 Your photograph's a-hangin' in the barrack,
 An' your sabre ornaments the Colonel's hall.
 When your bugle sounded 'taps,'
 Then you won your shoulder-straps,
 An' you'll wear 'em at the final grand 'recall.'" —Harper's Magazine.

NOT AFTER JINNY.

This Settled, the Traveler Was Made Welcome.

I was riding along a country road in the vicinity of Memphis when I came to a newly painted frame house which gave such shining evidence of prosperity that it was an attraction to the barren landscape about it. A long, lean man, stoop-shouldered and ungainly, sat on a post in front of the spick-and-span doorstep and held an old rifle across his knees, at the same time that he peered from under his shaggy brows in all directions, as if he were in ambush and expected to be surprised.

I wanted several favors at this man's hands if possible, one of them being supper, another an invigorating draught of moonshine whisky, and finally, and the only demand I was certain of a route to Memphis by that particular road.

"Evening," I said in as jocular a tone as I could assume. "Guarding the new paint?"

"Evenin', stranger," he answered, as short as pie crust.

"Could you tell me how to reach Memphis tonight?" I asked.

"Foller yer nose!"

"Then I am on the right road?"

"Git!"

He leveled the rifle at me, and my horse shied at the sudden movement. At the same time I heard a cackling laugh through the half-open door.

I was disconcerted, but hardly alarmed, as it was evident that the man was nothing worse than a crank, so I assumed an air of injured innocence and asked:

"Do you take me for a sheriff or a revenue officer, because I am neither one nor the other?"

"No, young feller, I take you for one of them silly gentry as want ter come courtin' my gal Jinny, since they heard tell that her mother's step-uncle, Job Morrill, left her a hundred dollars in his will!"

At this moment the door opened wide and the homeliest girl I ever saw in my life filled the space with her ample circumference. She smiled at me so sweetly that I felt it imperative to hasten on my journey, or let the old man shoot me on the spot.

"Pop, you needn't be afeard of that un; he's sassy enough ter look out fer hisself," she chirped.

"So be, mister, ef Jinny favors yer, and et ain't her money you be arter, come rite in and take suthin'."

Again my intelligent horse shied, and, before I could control him I was half way to Memphis, and out of reach of the old man's rifle and the inhospitable imputation of wanting "Jinny's" money.

WHY EDITORS DUN.

Suppose that a farmer raises 1,000 bushels of wheat a year, and also sells this to 1,000 persons in all parts of the country, a great portion of them saying, "I will hand you a dollar in a short time." The farmer does not want to be small, and says, "all right!" Soon the 1,000 bushels are gone, and he has nothing to show for it, and he then realizes that he has fooled away his whole crop and its value is due in a thousand little dribbles, consequently he is seriously embarrassed in business because his debtors each owing him one dollar, treat it as a small matter, and think it would not help much. Continue this kind of a business year in and year out, as the publisher does, how long will he stand it? A moment's thought will convince anyone that an editor has cause for persistent dunning.—From "The Newspaper Maker," New York, May 4th 1899.

Better Than Diamonds.

In Germany crystals of silicon-carbide, called carborundum, which are practically as hard as the diamond, are employed instead of small diamonds for ruling fine lines on graduated scales. It is said that they produce lines more evenly drawn than those made by diamonds.



TO MOUNTAIN VIEW, OKLAHOMA

And return, one fare, plus \$2.00. Tickets will be sold June 6, 1899, good to return until June 27. Mountain View situated on the beautiful Washita River, is the new town in Washita county, just made accessible by the new extension of the C. R. I. & P. Ry. Now is the opportunity of getting lands cheap in Oklahoma. Washita county is noted for its many streams, rainfall and wheat production.

E. W. THOMPSON,
 A. G. P. & T. A., Topeka.

JNO. SEBASTIAN,
 G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

I thought you were going to break up housekeeping?

We did intend to, but the cook refused to leave?

I see the Cubans have refused to take the money the United States government sent over to them.

Yes, —, you can't civilize those people.

—The Bazar.

First Publication June 17 4.

NOTICE.

Quaker City National Bank,
 vs.
 Small. 24-210.

To Jane Clark, Margaret H. Heade, Wilson S. Heade, her husband and Baxter Stove Co. William G. Small and Carlton Clark Young an infant under fourteen years of age, non resident defendants:

You and each of you are hereby notified that on February 11th, 1899, Quaker City National Bank, of Quaker City, Ohio, a corporation organized under the laws of the United States, as plaintiff, began an action against you and other defendants in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, the object of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage on the following land in said county, to-wit: the south half of the northwest quarter of section number 18, in town number 12, north of range number 6, east of the 6th Principal Meridian, made by William G. Small to the Clark and Leonard Investment Co., dated December 30th, 1887, to secure the payment of a promissory note of said William G. Small to said Clark & Leonard Investment Co., for \$800.00 on which there is now due \$912, with interest from January 1st, 1897, at ten per cent per annum pursuant to coupons.

Plaintiff prays for decree of foreclosure and sale of said land to satisfy said liens as aforesaid, for deficiency judgment and general relief.

You are required to answer plaintiff's petition on or before the 24th day of July, 1899.

QUAKER CITY NATIONAL BANK, of Quaker City, Ohio, a corporation, Plaintiff,
 By S. L. GEISTHARDT, Attorney.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION MEETING.

For the meeting of the National Educational Association at Los Angeles, Cal., July 11-14 1899, the Union Pacific will make the greatly reduced rate of one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip.

The excellent service given by the Union Pacific was commented on by all who had the pleasure of using it to the convention at Washington in 1898. This year our educational friends meet in Los Angeles, and members of the Association and others from points East should by all means take the Union Pacific.

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E. B. SLOSSON,
 Gen. Agt.

First Publication June 17-4.

NOTICE.

Hare vs. Wampler. 22-140.

To Warren W. Walsh in his own right, and as administrator of the estate of Homan J. Walsh, deceased, Mrs. — Walsh, his wife, first real name unknown, William E. Walsh, Mrs. — Walsh, his wife, first real name unknown, Mary A. Hamlin, and — Hamlin, her husband, first real name unknown, non-resident defendants:

You and each of you are hereby notified that on December 28th, 1897, the plaintiff began this action against one Homan J. Walsh and others, the object whereof is to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by said Homan J. Walsh to one the Clark & Leonard Investment Company and assigned to the plaintiff, conveying lot number 10, in block number 123 in the city of Lincoln, in Lancaster county, Nebraska, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note for the sum of \$2,000, with interest, on which there is now due the sum of \$2,060, with interest from June 1st, 1896, at the rate of ten per cent per annum; that after the death of said Homan J. Walsh, a supplemental petition has been filed by the plaintiff in this cause against each of you as defendants, praying for a sale of said land, and that you and each of you be barred and foreclosed of all interest and equity of redemption therein.

You are required to answer the plaintiff's petition and the supplemental petition, on or before the 24th day of July, 1899.
 S. L. GEISTHARDT,
 Attorney for Plaintiff.

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He Had the Ozone in His Pocket.
 "A misunderstanding as to the meaning of a word sometimes leads to peculiar situations," said the Rev. A. L. Smith of Chicago at the Arlington. "In company with several other ministers I was riding in a stage or hack, which served the purpose of a stage, en route to a camp meeting. The road wound among the mountains and the air was delightful, while the scenery was almost sublime. I was invigorated as though by a powerful tonic and several times remarked upon the ozone in the air. After one of these observations the driver stopped the horses, and, beckoning to me slyly, climbed from the seat. Wondering what he could want I followed him and soon we were behind a large tree, out of view of the wagon. "Parson," said the driver, "I couldn't bear to see you suffer. The ozone you smelled was in my pocket." With these words he drew forth a large bottle of whisky which he offered to me. It took several minutes to convince him that it was not whisky I had referred to as ozone."—Washington Star.

Until the reign of Henry VIII. Engraving was done with their fingers. Strong and Heavy.