uln, Aln.

The Guzzled Imita quor on the Stage.

UINED HIM.

the other evening I me or. Of course it was not the any means, but it was the whose pathway from munifito misery had been along so ge a course.

ce had a fine barytone voice," he d, when I had consented to lisa to him. "I sang Devilshoof in 'Boemian Girl,' and had to drink about quart of colored water in the count's partments night after night. And he Venetian red or madder or whater it was they used to stain the der sapped the wells of my vocalism surville does now.

"Then I went to the comedy stage. drank at fetes and fairs, and felt art slipping from me with each pon. But it was down in the books what could I do? I tried melana, and swallowed half a gallon of in 'The Stowaway,' and that ie to the concert-rooms, where I upplied with cinnamon brown in common tumblers, and xpected to swallow the whole of even then act drunk, when the as enough to sober three blocks Bowery. After that I went from worse, always being cast in at where there was mock 'booze' to ionk, and now I can't sing, I can't you insist, I can drink; though

ster ecan't dance, and what the-well, HE Veidom enough I get the chance. the / to you! And may you never put alf mamy into your mouth that comes the lat he property man." So saying, the ed actor, true to his training, swal-THE gd the genuine draught, and sime Flored intoxication-so baleful are the sterinences of the stage.-N. Y. Herald.

T UP IN THE COFFIN.

Corpse Stopped the Funeral at Sauk City, Wis. eral service which was being

Sauk City, Wis., over the body ry, was suddenly stopped when osed corpse arose in the casket. 'ry had been taken suddenly ill ramps of the stomach. Medical summoned, but soon the woman e unconscious and apparently The body was kept several days. the time for the funeral came the friends assembled. Some of the attendants near the casket thought they saw the woman's arm move, and insisted on another examination being made. It was finally decided to post-pone the funeral. Again the people assembled at the house, and during the preparations in the service the body began to show signs of life, and soon erect in the casket. Mrs. Fry has since explained that she was conscious all the time of what was going on about her, but was unable to make her condition known, and it was only by the greatest efforts that she had moved her arm a trifle in the morning, thus giving notice that she was not dead.

Sometime ago I was troubled with an attack of rheumatism. I used Chamberlain's Pan Balm and was completely cured I have since advised many of my friends and customers to try the remedy and all speak highly of it. Simon Goldbaum San Luis Rey, Cal. For sale by Deyo & Grice druggisst.

#### Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for

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## Every Man Who Is Dissatisfied

with his surroundings—who wants to better his condition in life-who knows that he can do so if given half a chance, should write to J. Francis, Omaha, Neb., for a copy of a little book recently issued by the Passenger Department of the Burlington Route.

It is entitled "A New Empire" and contains 32 pages of information about Sheridan County and the Big Horn Basin, Wyoming, a veritable

Land of Promise.

towards which the eyes of thous ar are now hopefully turned.

### NYE IS PROFOUND.

HIS HUMOR TAKES ON A SERIOUS AND SUBTLE VEIN.

He Once Interviewed a Defunct Æsthete and Now Recalls the Past In Reminiscent Mood Tinged With Deadly Irony. At Work With a New Bull.

[Copyright, 1895, by Edgar W. Nye.] Two sad deaths took place between my own farm and that of Mr. G, W. Vanderbilt, and some fear was at the time, early last month, apprehended both by Mr. V. and self that this feud would grow up on this side of the French Broad river, rivaling the well known and historical babies' food so fully illustrated in the magazines of

It was dusk along the mighty river, and as night settled upon the April beauty of this great picture of valley and glen and fern and blockade whisky a little band of peewees were trying to cross the Lowtide boulevard. Two lonely horsemen riding the same beast were also noticed. I do not write this be-



cause of its freshness as news, but to show how cheap assassination and other industries have become-25 turkey shot No. 2, with a few grains of powder wadded with a half column of The Gleaner, on which could afterward be

Oh, what a life we have led (Using the word in an editorial capacity) While seeking to uphold our circulation,

Yet toiling to take our wad of mendacity. And a little further on, speaking of the new girl of Buncombe, with Trilby hair and a new garden hose, he adds: "The editor's character about as near as can be seen in American life. It seems many things occur to his mind which people have no idea about." This we find in the March Gleaner, and it goes to show how cheaply a feud can now be carried on as times are now. The Gleaner costs but 25 cents per year, and half a column is good for two men. The wadding was picked up on the ground. It is a horrible death to die, but it is sure when it gets into the cir-

Some years ago there swooped across the wide sky an opaque fluccid invertebrate bearing a cow's breakfast of sunflower and calla lily, while murmuring soft nothings into the gars of those Peter Funk Americanassa who were grubs not so long ago that to be noticed even by the armless man or the wild man of Fort Dodge, Iowa, was glory enough for a lifetime. They paid to see him. This creature was named Oscar Wilde. 1 saw him, met him while he was on his California mission for means, etc., while teaching the upper classes of Red Dog how to combine beet hash to look like Turner's slaveship, which an able Boston reporter described as looking like a tortoise shell cat having an apoplectic fit in a bowl of tomato soup.

Oscar passed on to Yuba Dam, showing the plum butter people how to stand up to a bar like a willow wand, how to avoid grim visaged war by squirting fine cut tobacco into a violet colored jardiniere.

Casually he wrote us up in that jaunty Rollo Book style such as is used by the Englishman who while here strives to make the whole Waldorf hotel think that he is taking his tub all the time, whereas he is slumming where beer is low and emigrant girls play Trilby for board and clothes.

"But it is in the decay of manners," he said as he kissed a yellow cigarette finger in farewell to the still good natured populace, "that the thoughtful and well bred have cause for regret. I have repeatedly said this, especially in places where I have been entertained, but the reply has been always, 'We are still a young country, and you must not be too severe upon us, Mr. Wilde.' Yes, but I must say in reply, 'Your manners were better 100 years ago than now. They have been never equal to the days since the time of Washington and Pocahontas. Look at Pocahontas as you see her today on the currency, which I just borrowed of a coarse Californian, a man who used the telegraph pole for a kerchief and the boundless universe for a cuspider.

"'I would rather have seen Pocahontas climbing out of the slippery Chickahominy or Minnehaha after taking her tub than to have dined with your yeoman president, who leaves you, after four years, in a tram car, by Jove, to the station, with a six bob alarm clock on his knees, for his bleak little bungalow down south.'

"I believe that a most serious problem for the American people to solve is cultivation among its people. It is the most noticeable, the most painful effect in American civilization.

"Yes," I said to him in an interview, for I was a poor but proud reporter and he of Tnion Pacific with a merry of coast gold as big as a

uners are a litd so will be you on

Oscar Wilde passed me by coldly in after years. He became more and more erotic and gross under the guise of mstheticism, and now the grizzly nobility swear that should be escape a life of imprisonment they will shoot out of him the immoral growth that like mighty stalagmites and stalactites have filled the darkened intellect of this moral tox-

About ten years ago I greeted Oo with these lines, and though my neighbors enjoyed it I was by Oc turned down:

APOSTROPHE ADDRESSED TO O. WILDE. Soft eyed, scraphic kuss, With limber legs and lily on the side, We greet you from the raw And uncouth west,

The cowboy yearns to yank thee To his brawny breast and squeeze Thy palpitating gizzard

Come to the mountain fastness, Oscar, with thy low neck shirt And high neck pants. Fly to the coyote's home, Thou son of Albion.

James Crow bard and champion esthete

We greet thee
With our free, untutored ways and wild,
Peculiar style of deadly beverage.
Come to the broad, free west and mingle
With our high toned mob.

Come to the glorious occident And daily with the pack mule's whisk broom Study his odd yet soft demeanor

And peculiar mien. Tickle his gambrel with a sunflower bud And scoot across the blue horizon To the too-ness of the sweet and succulent b

We'll gladly Gather up thy shattered remnants With a broom and ship thee to thy beaucheous

King of poesy and song.
Ride the flerce broncho o'er the dusty plain
And let the zephyr sigh among thy buttery

Welcome, thou genius of dyspeptic song, Thou bilious lunatic from faroff lands. Come to the home of genius, By the snowy hills,
And wrestle with the alcoholic inspiration

To put the bloom upon thy alabaster nose And plant the junjams In thy clustering hair.

Thou bilious pelican from o'er the sea.

Thon blue nosed clam With pimply, bulging brow, oh, Come, and we will welcome thee With ancient omelet and fragrant sausage Of forgotten years.

After I criticised Oscar in paternal words I told him to cease writing poems and buy a costermonger's donkey that would match his own pelt and go into business on Piccadilly, but he was stiff necked and sought society. It has taken society just about nine years to see what Josh Titus knew as soon as he in seven minutes, and yet it took the drawn butter thing with which society cephalizes most ten years to discover that Wilde was a highly caparisoned ass, a glutton who had eaten up the institute to which he was sent for a cure, a drunkard who took everything damp from stump water to camphene and nitric acid, besides being more immoral generally than the Prince of Wales, yet having all these little knickknacks paid out of the fund set aside for keeping

I have no more to say, though he was cold and cruel to me when in this coun-When a man gets to the end of his rope, I let him go. Now that Oc has reached the Old Bailey, with a long vista of striped panties running down the galley toward his den, not even al-



AT WORK WITH THE NEW BULL.

lowed his cigarette, cursing not his humility even yet, but chafing over the loss of his salad oil or his coarse slop jar and ill matched jardiniere, he forgets wife and boys to beg of the jailer for the butt of a stale and well mouthed cigarette.

Let us think more of our neighbors and what buds on our own soil. All that is imported is not great.

When I returned a year ago from England, I brought a full blood Jersey bull 3 years old, just as foreign as he could be, but when' I tried to put our new engagement ring in his nose he let off a deafening roar and mussed me up so in the chest that the doctor on board our ship worked on me all the afternoon, and even then there were eight feet more intestines than he could use. It was like putting back the mainspring of an old Waterbury watch, he said.

So no more at this time. Your friend,

His Affliction

"You seem ill," she said solicitously. "I am not feeling well," the youth replied. "The fact is, I'm troubled with heart failure."

"Oh, how terrible!" "Yes. I started four times to ask s consent to our marriage,

Did as He Pleased.

When the conductor had looked at the ticket and punched it, he stooped over and stuck it in the hatband of the dignified fat man, at which the fat man became enraged.

"How dare you take such liberties with me!" he shouted. "Who told you to stick that ticket in my hat? Don't ide of wickedness, this self indulging you see that I'm a man of importance and child of sin. be fresh with the jays, but you haven't any right to insult me."

He took off his hat, removed the ticket and continued: "You think because you're a conductor on this road that you can get as gay as you like, but I'll teach you that you've got me to deal with, and I'm a taxpayer at that. You can't stick tickets in my hatband, even if we are strangers and you aren't aware of my social position."

He fumed about for about an hour. Then the train passed Albany, and the conductor came around again. He took the ticket from the hand of the dignified fat man, punched it again and once more put it in his hatband absentmind-

"See here," the fat man roared, "didn't I tell you before not to stick that ticket there? That's a piece of gayness I wouldn't stand from my own father, and he's been dead five years. I'll report you to the boss of the whole road, and if he doesn't help me I'll gamble in the stock of the company and hammer it down so that they'll beg for mercy. "

After they passed Utica the conductor repeated the performance with the ticket and the hatband. This was more than the dignified fat man could put up with. He jumped to his feet, grabbed the conductor by the collar and said he'd be blamed if he'd stand it any longer.

"That's all right," replied the conductor, "but it's a rule of the company. You've either got to keep it in your hatband or in your mouth. There is no alternative. If you prefer it, you can put it in your mouth, leaving the end in full view, so that I can see it as I pass

"Well," said the fat man stoutlythere is nothing strange in a fat man speaking stoutly, is there?-"well, then, I prefer to keep the ticket in my mouth. Being a free American citizen, I am determined to do as I blamed please!" and he kept it in his mouth and preserved his Americanism. - New York Her-

#### Disappointed.

Mrs. Wickwire threw down the paper in a way that betokened some irritation. "What's the matter, dear?" asked Mr. Wickwire. "Oh, nothing."

"Oh, yes, there was something. What was it?

"Well, if you must know, I saw a line in the paper about 'Chinese worstlooked in his mouth-Oc's mouth, I ed,' and it turned out to be something mean. Bill Root sized up Oscar Wilde about that tiresome war. I thought it was some new kind of dress goods."-Indianapolis Journal.

The Boston Budget tells of a genial Harvard instructor who, with his family, has been spending the winter in Rome. The other day a Boston friend received from him the following letter:

"My DEAR --: You will be glad to hear that I am well and enjoying myself. Mrs. X. and the children have all been sick—taking advantage of that there is a doctor here who charges only \$1 a visit."

She Drew the Line.

Mrs. Gray-Have you named the ba-

Mrs. White-No, we haven't settled on a name yet, but one thing is certain -I never will consent to any of the names that Mr. White called it the other night when it cried so for two hours. -Boston Transcript.

Her Fear.

Nell-Do you know, I was all alone in the conservatory for ten minutes with that fascinating Charlie Fullerton last evening, and I was so afraid.

Belle-So afraid of what? Afraid he was going to propose to you? Nell—No, afraid he wasn't,—Somerville Journal.

A Surprise.

"My mother-in-law never understands a joke," says a correspondent, 'so I was surprised to receive a letter from her a few weeks after my little boy had swallowed a farthing in which the last words were, 'Has Ernest got over his financial difficulties yet?' "-Tit-Bits.

No Help For It.

"Seems to me you have put an un-usual amount of smoke in this fire cene," mildly complained the editor.
"Had to do it," said the artist. "I

hadn't any idea how high the building was, so I had to hide it. See?"-Cincinnati Tribune.

Not Competent to Judge. Miss Chatter-What fool killers cigarettes are! Don't you think so, Mr. Noodleby?

Mr. Noodleby-Weally, I couldn't say, Miss Chatter. I never smoked one in me life, dontcherknow. -Life.

Not So.

Dick-What! Out of a job again? I

thought you had a permanent place?
Tom—So I did. They said the building was fireproof; but, confound it, I was fired in less than a fortnight. -Boston Transcript.

Didn't Believe It.

She-I know I'm cross at times, John, but if I had my life to live over again I should marry you just the same. He—I have my doubts about that, my dear. -Philadelphia Times.

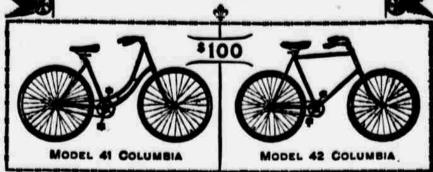
Trouble In the House, "Katrine, you do somet'ing wrong mit de furnace."

"Vot de matter is, Hans?" "Cold heat coming up."-Chicago Tribune.

## Bicycling for Women ====

Physicians recommend bicycling. Dame Fashion says it is "good form." Two new models for women's use in-

Columbia Bicycles



Model 42 COLUMBIA has been especially designed for the many ladies who prefer to wear knickerbockers rather than cumbersome skirts.

Ladies' wheels also in HARTFORD Bicycles at lower prices-\$80, \$60, \$50.

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Porcelain inlay, and all kinds of gold fillings.
Makes gold and rubber plates and combination All work guaranteed to be first-class.

Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of sale, issued from the office of C. B. Crone, clerk of the district court of the tenth judicial district, within and for Webster county, Nebraska, upon a decree in an action pending therein, wherein James McKie is plaintiff, and against Charles H. Rarber, Annie C. Barber, Hannah Renkei, Wiliam F. Renkel and Smith Brothers Loan and Trust Company, defendants, I shall offer for sale at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, at the east door of the courthouse, at Red Cloud, in said Webster county, Nebraska, that being the building whirein the last term of said court was holden) on the 12th day of July, A. D., 1895, at one o'clock p. m., of said day, the following described property, to-wit: The north half of the northwest quarter and the north half of the northwest quarter and the north half of the northwest quarter of section twenty-six (26), in toweship two (2), north of range twelve (12), west of the 5th P. M., in Webster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 6th day of June, A. D. 1895.

Griggs Rinaker & Bibbs.

J. W. RENCHEY, Sheriff. Griggs Rinaker & Bibbs. Flaintiff's Attorneys,