

STATE NEWS.

Interesting Items Regarding Nebraska and Nebraska People. Aurora has voted to put in an electric lighting plant. Five thousand people celebrated the Fourth at Randolph. Wilcox claims to have the finest kite-shaped track in the state. Chinch bugs are fattening on some fields of corn near Superior. For stealing a twenty dollar watch George Hill of O'Neill was fined \$100. It is currently reported that Omaha will have a union depot in a few years. South Omaha paving bonds to the amount of \$27,000 were recently floated at par. The ninth annual Boone county fair will be held September 20, 21 and 22 at Albion. North Platte did not let hard times stand in the way of voting \$10,000 for electric lights. On account of the money stringency Harvard has been unable to dispose of her school bonds. Charles Snyder of Colon is out a span of mules and fixtures. They were stolen in the dead of night. The Wallace Herald reports a large crop of prairie chickens in Lincoln county, almost ripe enough to pick. Several localities are planning to celebrate the birthday of the independent party in Nebraska on the 29th inst. The financial embarrassment of the Canal company at Gothenburg is a serious blow to that young and thriving city. Joseph Murdock, an old and honored citizen of South Auburn, died from dropsy. He was a soldier in the union army. If the York Times speaks truly, Colonel Duncan Smith celebrated the marriage of the Duke of York by getting shaved. They are holding "grave yard picnics" at Minnatare, the proceeds to be used in purchasing grounds for cemetery purposes. Since spring opened the boys of Buffalo county have presented 29,097 gopher scalps to the clerk and received \$72.91 therefor. Since May 1st the police judge of South Omaha has dealt out even-handed equity, according to the law and the evidence, in 343 cases. Dennis McCarty of Plattsmouth has a broken arm caused by falling out of a rig. The front wheel ran off, the axle dropped, and Dennis did the rest. Chauncey B. Wall of York died last week at the ripe age of seventy-eight years. He was a native of New York where the best years of his life were passed. "Two weeks ago," says a western exchange, "we sent statements to over fifty delinquent subscribers, and up to date have received nothing. Blessed be nothing!" The nine-year-old son of Oscar Bennett, a ranchman near North Platte, was thrown from his pony while herding cattle, his foot caught in the stirrup and he was dragged to death. Beaver Crossing has a real, live prize-fighter, who recently entertained a muscular stranger for thirty-two rounds, when the mill was declared a draw. Neither contestant was hurt. Johnny Stills of Gering lit the fuse of a cannon cracker and held to the cracker three seconds too long. The result may be guessed at, as the doctor himself is in doubt as to how much remaining of his hand can be saved. A seven-year-old boy of Shubert had a bunch of fire crackers in his pocket, and a fiendish playmate thought it would be a great joke to touch them off. He did so and the little fellow was badly injured for his amusement. The Gothenburg broom factory has been in operation about a week, during which time fifty dozen of brooms have been finished. The brooms turned out are equal to those made at any other factory in the west and there is no reason why they will not find a ready market. Two brothers attended the reunion at Randolph. One brought a girl, the other came alone. The first went broke and bought No. 2 to pay his livery bill. Only upon promise to allow the girl to go home with him would the heartless wretch consent. The man who came alone returned with company. The other fellow had to foot it home. "I can take sixty dollars," said a North Platte gentleman who has recently returned from the world's fair, "buy a round-trip ticket to Chicago, spend seven days at the fair, live on three good meals a day, get fair lodging accommodations, take in the theatre several times during my stay in Chicago and return home with some of the sixty dollars in my pocket." A Plattsmouth citizen, under the influence of wine when it giveth its color to the cup, went to the store of an undertaker and bargained for an expensive casket. When the suave dealer was informed, after much parleying, that the man wanted the coffin for himself, he drove him out of the shop and set the dog on him. It was then the maudlin idiot began to appreciate the solemnity of the joke. "The fakir got in his work on circus day with the usual success," says the Blair Pilot. "It is a most remarkable thing that men of supposed ordinary capacity will expect to buy five or ten dollar bills at two dollars each. Numerous smart men saw the fakirs do up the larger bills in a roll and watching it so close that they could not be mistaken, purchased at two dollars a flip and got—nothing. A man who is ever ready to get something for nothing, rarely learns by experience, but instead keeps right on getting bit." A strange accident happened to a man up near Florence. While going in town on the river read he was attacked by an infuriated Holstein bull. To save his life the stranger had to jump into the river and across a log which was lying partly above water in the stream. The Holstein was intent on gore and followed the man closely. The animal in crossing the log, got its feet over all right, but it could go no further, and there it struggled until it fell over exhausted in the water and was drowned. The man who escaped the animal's fury, probably enjoyed the tragic demise of the vicious bovine, though the loss must have been of considerable moment to the owner.

LAUGH ALWAY.

Away, away with all tears, my lads— Hurrah for the boy that smiles, Give me the heart that's all sunshine Even in the darkest whiltes. Give me the dear little maid that laughs White tears fill her poor, soft heart, For she is the maid that in after years Will wear woman's noisiest part. So away and away with all tears, my lads— Hurrah for the boy that smiles, Give me the heart that's all sunshine Even in the darkest whiltes.

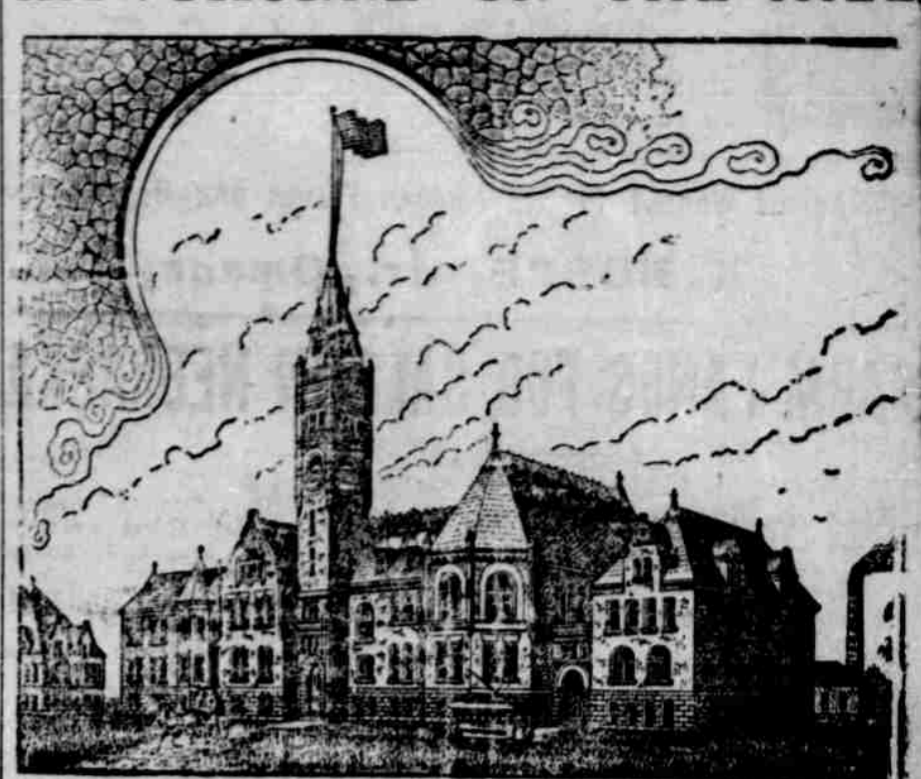
A GIRL'S RANSOM.

No renowned star about to dash in splendor upon the boards of a theater in a large metropolis could have been waited for with more breathless impatience than was Edith Wayne by the congregation assembled in the old village church that bright September morning. Her black cloth saque fitted her trim little form to a nicety, and the jaunty hat curved up behind, with the tall ribbon loops and feather sprays, with bits of jet dancing on their tips, surmounted a head of lighthearted, fluffy brown hair, and a fresh face of only twenty summers and winters. Pagetown had received a shock; and few things short of an earthquake could have so shaken up the little community as the sudden determination of Squire Page, for whose ancestor the town had been named, to make a change in the choir of the Congregational church. Matilda Prescott had been the head soprano in the church for the past fifteen years, with a salary of \$75 a year, which Squire Page paid out of his own pocket, as he did all of the expenses connected with the singing. Something in the nature of an electric shock passed through her, therefore, when he called one morning in the summer, and asking to speak with her alone, tried to explain in as few words as possible his reasons for wishing to make a change in the choir arrangements. It was awkward business and he made an awkward job of it. "The fact is, Matilda, the world moves, you know, and we've all got to move along with it. This young lady has a big voice, I can tell you." "Who is she?" asked Matilda, faintly. "She's a Miss Wayne—her folks live somewhere out West; she's studying at the conservatory. Her teacher says her voice is phenomenal, and I believe he's right. It goes along up the scale, you know, without any perceptible break, from low A to E in alt, two octaves and a half, don't you see?" "Why don't they give her a position in the city if she can do so much?" "Well, they will, by and by, but she's young yet and hasn't had experience in church music. I've made up my mind to engage her for a year, and I suppose at the end of that time they'll want her where they can pay her more than we can." He did not say that he had promised to give her \$400. That was a secret between the young singer and himself. Having delivered his message the squire left the house as soon as he could. His departure was not delayed, as poor Matilda was so taken aback by the news she had heard that she had no words at hand with which to make any fitting reply. She lost no time, however, in going into the kitchen, where her sister was at the wash tub giving vigorous rubs to the week's washing. Jane Prescott was 20 years the senior of the two, and they had long kept house together, in a snug, thrifty way. Jane was the manager and the master spirit, and at 63 years of age retained the vigor of body and mind she had possessed at 30. She had assumed the entire charge of her sister after the death of their parents, just thirty-one years ago this summer; and Matilda seemed to her now almost as much a child as when she used to harness up the old white mare, and take her to the little red brick schoolhouse, two miles from their home. "Sister," said Matilda, in a voice broken by convulsive sobs, "I'm turned out of the singing seats." "What?" snapped out Jane, in a tone that went stinging through the room like a rifle shot. "Yes; that's what Squire Page came for just now. He says the folks want young voices in churches, and he's got a girl about 20, who's coming in a month or so." Two fierce, red spots appeared on Jane Prescott's thin cheeks on hearing this concise statement, and her pale, gray eyes looked out with a menacing glare, as she took off her glasses and stood staring at her sister. "Don't look like that, Jane, for goodness' sake; it isn't worth it. Of course I feel badly and shall for some time; but I suppose it's all right, after all. You know I am getting old, comparatively speaking." "Getting old, Matilda Prescott! You're a young woman yet." "No, forty-three can't be called young. My voice isn't as strong as it was before the fever. I fairly tremble when we have a tune with a high G in it. I can't be steady. You know my voice never was cultivated, and they say that makes all the difference in the ability to manage it." "Well, you can stand there and run yourself down if you want to, but I say it's a wicked shame—the whole thing. That girl won't stay long in the choir, let me tell you, if she comes—I'll fix it." "Why, Jane, what do you mean?" "Just let me alone now, and don't you say a word to anybody. I've got to think it all over. I shall have something to say about this thing." Edith Wayne, as I have said, had no conception of the feeling against her. She knew nothing of the choir's history and regarded the matter of her engagement in the light only of a business transaction. It had been arranged that she should come to

Pagetown each Saturday—remaining at the house of Squire Page until the Monday following. She was in splendid voice on this first Sunday of her appearance in the choir—her full, round tones had a charmingly sympathetic quality,—and those even who could not say a word on the subject of music felt that such a voice had never before been heard in Pagetown. The following Wednesday was the day for the monthly meeting of the sewing circle, which was to meet on this occasion at the house of Deacon Perkins. There was a much larger attendance than usual, for all felt that it would be an opportunity to get together, and talk over the affair which was in the mind of everyone in the parish. There was considerable curiosity as to whether the Prescott sisters would be present. It was soon satisfied Jane entered alone. She took a piece of work and seated herself, saying but little to any one for awhile. When asked why her sister did not come, she replied that she had gone away for a few weeks to pay a visit to a friend. "He has pretty well lost her interest in the church work, and reason enough, too." "Now," said Mrs. Fairchild, plunging at once in medias res, "I don't think Matilda ought to feel just so. Jane, I don't like changes, myself, and I thought we were getting along well enough with the old choir,—but we can't all view things alike, you know." "If they'd only a good, respectable girl, I wouldn't have said a word." "Why, you don't know anything against Miss Wayne, do you? I thought she seemed a sweet, innocent little thing as ever was, myself." "Well, if you call a shoplifter an innocent little thing, I've no more to say." "A what?" shuddered Mrs. Fairchild, in a stifled, husky whisper, her very amazement deadening her power to articulate audibly. "That's what she is," said Jane, nipping her lips together. "I saw her in a store in Boston, one day last spring, as plain as I see you now. She was standing right by me, at the ribbon counter, and she deliberately took up a roll of pink ribbon and put it under her cape. But the floor walker happened to be close by, and saw what she had done, and he took her by the arm and marched her off." "Where to?" faltered Mrs. Fairchild, in another frightened whisper. "I can't tell you that—I never saw her afterwards, until she walked into church last Sunday. But I wouldn't have her in my house, that's all." Can it be as George Eliot asserts, with her terrible psychological analysis, that "there are moments when our passions speak and decide for us, and we seem to stand by and wonder?" Certain it was that to Jane Prescott had come an "inspiration of crime." She had not premeditated this, but she had given the demon within her the heartiest welcome, and had bidden him crush this young interloper by any means in his power, and now she was hurried along to this definite charge in spite of herself. She was not cognizant of much that passed around her the rest of that afternoon. She was one of the first to leave, and reached her home dizzy and sick, and in a complete palsy of terror. The poisoned arrow did its work. Before the evening of the next day the charge against Edith Wayne was known all over the village. Squire Page himself, enthusiastic as he had been in favor of the young singer began to feel that perhaps he had been too hasty in selecting a person of whom he knew absolutely nothing. The girl was charmingly modest in manner, it was true, and seemed honest and sincere—but it was so easy for impostors to assume such ways. He had known Jane Prescott all his life—so had many others of the townpeople—and the one thing that never once occurred to any of them was to doubt this woman's word. Friday had come, the girl must be notified; it would never do to have her come again among them. It was a cloudy day and nearing dusk. Jane had been informed that the squire intended going up to town in the early evening, and for what purpose. He must pass her house on the way to the station. Already had Jane Prescott returned to her normal condition. Already was she repenting what she had done with a bitterness of misery and remorse she had never dreamed could exist in the soul of mortal. Squire Page was hurrying to the station; for, as usual with him, he had given himself barely time to reach it before the train would arrive. So he did not see the white face at the parlor window of Jane Prescott's house, and that the front door stood wide open, and he did not know that a wild-looking figure had darted out of the door and was calling to him, but with a voice that could not raise itself enough to be heard, as we try in a dream to shout and are controlled by a power, arbitrary and unaccountable. Her limbs had not failed her, however, and she sped on after him, reaching the station as the train slowed up. As he was about to step upon the forward car she sprang and seized him tightly by the arm. He turned to see the moving lips, but no sound issuing, and the fulness of despair in the withered face, and at once the story was told. Jane Prescott had received a paralytic shock, which deprived her of the power of articulate speech—but her written confession satisfied the little community so fully that the scandal died out at once, and the young singer never felt on her brow the faintest breath of the whirlwind that had well nigh swept her away. —American Cultivator.

"Tobacco Destroyed His Nerves and Stomach and Injured His Health." VALPARAISO, Ind., Nov. 26, 1892. Sterling Remedy Company, No. 45 Randolph St., Chicago. GENTLEMEN:—I used three boxes of NO-TO-BAC, and it destroyed my taste for tobacco. Before I began its use I had very poor health, heart trouble, and my nerves were all gone; in fact, my health was so bad that I sold my store and spent a year out of doors to improve my health; I was too nervous to work. NO-TO-BAC cured me, and my health is better than it has been for many and many a day, and I am only too glad to give you the liberty to use this statement, in order that many others, who are being destroyed by the use of tobacco, may see it and be saved. (Signed) T. B. HART. NO-TO-BAC is absolutely guaranteed to cure any form of the tobacco habit; you can buy it at H. T. Clark Drug Co., Lincoln, Neb., our agents. Call and get a copy of our little book, entitled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away." Half Rate Summer Excursions to the Black Hills. July 15 to August 15 the B. & M. will sell round trip tickets to Hot Springs and Deadwood, S. D., at one fare, good returning for 30 days. This affords an excellent opportunity of making a cheap and enjoyable trip to these cool resorts and should be taken advantage of by everyone contemplating a summer trip. Tickets and full information at depot or city office, corner O and Tenth streets. A. C. ZIEMER, G. P. and T. A. \$15.00—To the World's Fair—\$15.00. Special excursions via the "Burlington Route" to Chicago, will leave Lincoln July 17, 24, 31, and August 7. Round trip fare only \$15.00. One way, \$9.65. Tickets and full information at B & M depot, or city office, corner O and Tenth streets. Am going east. Professor Ong of the Omaha College of Shorthand and Typewriting is instructed to sell my \$60.00 life scholarship for \$19.00. Send him \$19.00 and he will issue a life scholarship in your name. Show this to your friend. Write at once. GEO. S. CURRIE, "Gen. Del.," Omaha, Neb. The World's Fair. The seven Wonders of the world were playthings—and dull ones at that—when compared with the Columbian Exposition of 1893. All the leaning towers and ruined pyramids and gigantic bridges and other so-called marvels of the old world, together wouldn't form such a spectacle as there is now to be seen, not a thousand miles away. Words cannot describe it. But if you take the Burlington route to Chicago you can see it for yourself. Bonnell at the depot or Ziemer at 10th and O Sts. will give you information about trains and help make your journey pleasant and profitable. Excursion every day. Use Northwestern line to Chicago. Low rates. Fast trains. Office 1133 O St. Missouri Pacific Railway. Ticket Office at Depot and corner Twelfth and O Streets. Leaves. Arrives. Auburn and Neb City Exp. 7:45 p.m. 11:30 p.m. St. Louis day Express 12:25 p.m. 6:20 p.m. Auburn and Neb. City Exp. 9:50 p.m. 6:45 a.m. St. Louis night Express 9:30 p.m. 6:45 a.m. Accommodation 8:30 p.m. 8:15 a.m. Union Pacific Railway. DEPOT, CORNER OF 6 AND FOURTH STREETS. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 1041 O STREET. Leave. Arrive. Omaha, Council Bluffs, Chicago, Valley, east and west 7:02 a.m. 7:59 p.m. Beatrice, Blue Springs, Manhattan east and west, Topeka, Kansas City, east and south. 7:45 a.m. 1:45 p.m. David City, Stormburg, Sioux City, David City, Colma bus, Denver, Salt Lake, Helena, San Francisco and Portland 6:30 p.m. 3:30 p.m. Beatrice and Cortland 7:59 p.m. 9:02 a.m.

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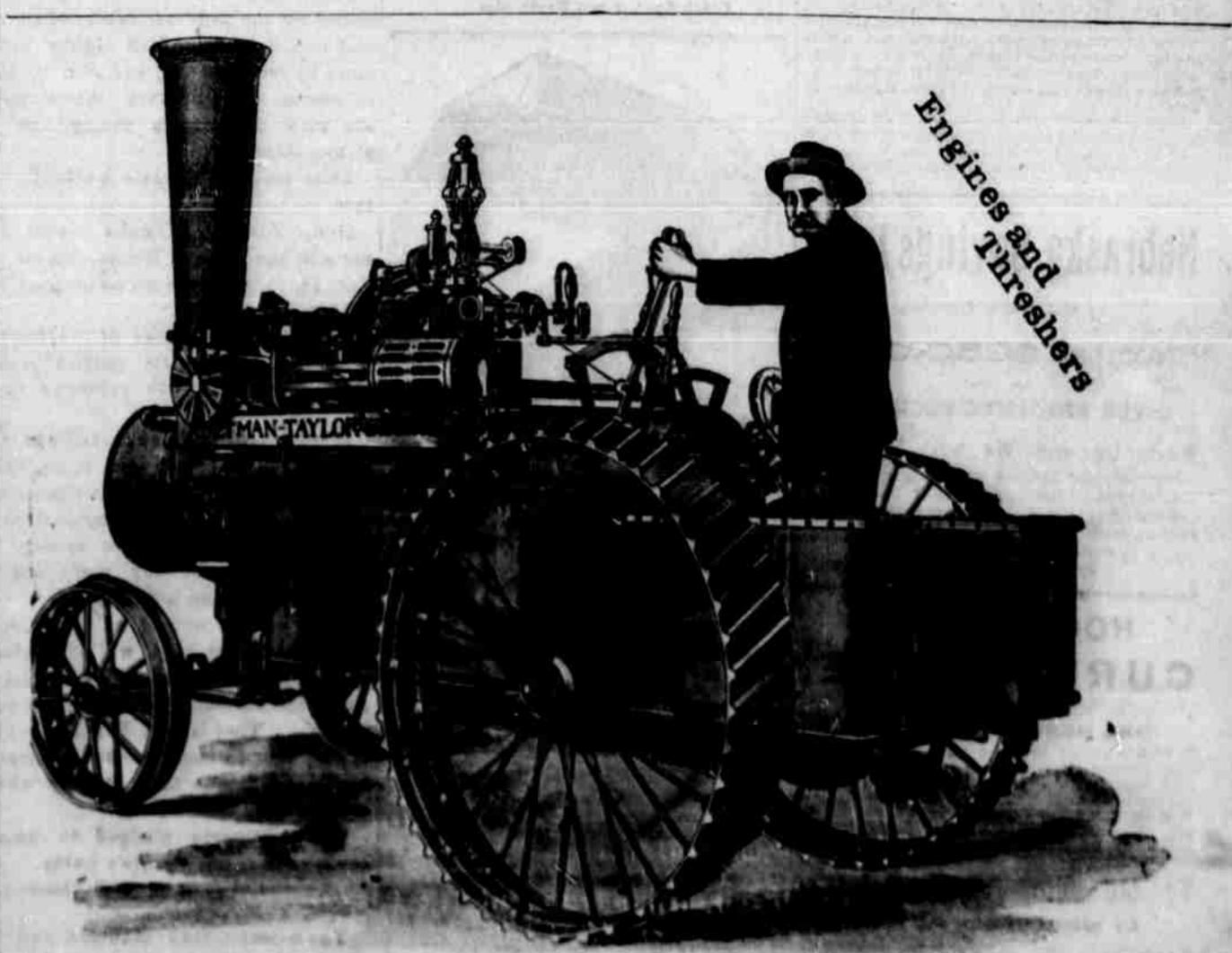
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