ROME, Feb. 21.—The pealing of church bells Sunday announced the celebration of the pope's episcopal jubilee. By 4 o'clock the thousands of pilgrims, tourists and citizens were crowded before the doors of St. Peter's. At 5 o'clock two battalions of infantry in uniform were drawn up before the en hedral so as to be ready to help the 20 ir more gendarmes in preserving order. The crowds swelled suddenly but remained quite despite the tremendons pessure caused by about 5,000 ticket holders in their hopeless struggle to get near the doors.

At 6 o'clock the cathedral doors were opened and the foremost of the crowd swept in. Within half an hour the great building was packed to the steps. Three thousand pilgrims and 25,000 or 30,000 Catholics from this city gained admission. Not fewer than 40,000 persons, many of them ticket holders, were turned away by the military, who cleared the spaces around the building so as to prevent disorder when the services closed,

CHEERED THE POPE. The pape entered the cathedral at 9.45 pale but smiling and apparently in somewhat better health than usual. The cathedral rang with tumultuous cheering as the pope was borne toward the altar. His holiness officiated at the special jubilee mass, intoning the opening words of the Te Deum and giving his blessing in a clear, penetrating voice. The mass lasted until 10:45, but apparently did not fatigue his holiness. He remained in the cathedral forty-five minutes after the celebration and then proceeded to his apartments.

The crowds dispersed slowly. At noon most of them had gone and a quarter of an hour later the military withdrew. Sunday afternoon the Irish pilgrims attended service in the church of St. Sylvester and were blessed by Cardinal Logue, The English pilgrims at St. Georges received the blessing from Cardinal Vaughan.

The weather has been magnificent all day. The air has been mild and lry the sun has shone uninterrupteuty Sunday evening St. Peters and all the others churches, all the convents and private houses were illuminated. The street were througed and the square in front of St. Peters was almost impassible. Without exception, however, the poople have been perfectly orderly. Not an arrest was reported. King Humbert and Queen Marguerite took their usual drive through the city and everywhere were saluted respectfully

IN THESE UNITED STATES. BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 21. - Cardinal Gibbons, all the priests attached to the cathedral, Rev. Magnine and all the Sulpician fathers and seminarians in the seminary of St. Mary of St. Sulpice, together with an immense congregation united in the cathedral on the service of solemn high mass, the occasion being to unite with the holy father himself in Itome, in the celebration of his elevation to episcopate, fifty years ago. Cardinal Gibbons preached the sermon, dwelling prin-

Pope.
"You might as w il," said he, 'shut out the light of day and the air of heaven from your daily walk as to exclude the pope from his legitimate sphere in the hierarchy of the church, The history of the United States with the presidents left out would be more intelligible than the history of the church to the exclusion of the vicar of Carist. This supremacy of the pope it may be objected, has been denied I grant it. And so has every trut, of revelation been denied-from the very existence of God even to the resurrection of the flesh, But notwithstanding these denials, the truths of revelation remain.

A New Invention

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 21,—Benjamin Brazelle, a St. Louis man, has invented a process of sterl making, that it is claimed far eclipses the discovery of semer and will so reduce the cost sel rails that they can by its use be sold at a good profit for one-half the present expenses of making them. By Brazell's process, it is asserted that pig iron or steel can be made direct from ore with gas fuel and it is claimed that by the process the best Bessemer pig iron can be made for less that \$10 and steel in the billett for \$12,50 per ton. Bessemer received \$1,000,000 on the American rights of his patent, the other large concerns being the

If Brazelle's process will accomplish il that is claimed for it Bessemer's invention will be worthless, as it cannot compete with the other. That some le have faith in the St. Louis man's m is evidenced by the fact that the coming week with a capital of \$1,000,000 to build a large plant in St. Louis dering the next three months to manufacture pig iron and el by his process.

Balfour Ill.

g, Feb. 21.—The Right Honor A shar J. Balfour, the opposi on

Gen. Beauregard Laid to Rest

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 25,-The funderal of General P. G. T. Beauregard ranked with that sol Jefferson Davis for the magnificence of display end the number of participants and general evidences of mourning. The doo s of the city hall were not closed during the night and the chamber of mourning was never without visitors. From dawn till the hour of the funeral many thousand people passed by the b'er and viewed the body. The floral o arings were numerous. Arcl b'shop lanssens detailed a dozen priests including Vicar-General Bodearts, to conduct the services, while father Garesche, of the Jesuits, delivered a brief but eloquent eulogy. The Lonorary pall-bearers were officials of the city and state, judges, leading journalists and many prominent citizens.

The body was borne down the stairs of the city hall by a detachment of the Louisiana field artillery and the casket placed upon a caisson and warpped in the American flag. The militia headed the funeral column, under command of General Borland, every company in the city turning out its full quota of men. The veteran associations followed, and then came the inma es o the confederate soldiers' home in wagonettes. The caisson, guarded by mounted artillery, followed, and then came a line of carriages several miles

The various exchanges were closed, business practically suspended and an immense concourse lined the streets to do honor to the dead. Although the procession moved promptly and made no halt, it took nearly two hours to reach the cemetery, and the remains were laid away in the tomb of the Army of the Tennessee at Metairie. A brief religious ceremony was held at the grave, a company of veterans of war artillery, commanded by Captain Frank McElroy, fired three volleys over the grave, the Louisiana field artillery fired three guns, the buglers sounded "taps" and the family was left alone with the dead,

Camp Henry St. Paul, of the veteran organizations, has already begun a movement looking to the erection of a Beauregard monument and has drafted a charter for a monument. From expressions made yesterday there is little doubt but that the project will meet with speedy realization. It is likely the shaft will be erected in Metairie cemetery, not very far from where the

Famous Wall Street Magnate Dead, NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—Rufus Hate! the once famous Wall street magnate died at his residence in Spaytenduyvi Mr. Hatch was sixty-two years old. He retired from "tue street" two years ago and has been falling in health ever since. The immediate cause of his death was a complication of kidney, heart and liver troubles which had confined him to his roon. for several weeks.

Rufus Hatch was born at Welley Me. He made a fortune in wheat it Chicago, but lost it at the close of the Crimean war. Then he came to New York and was prominent with the late Henry Keene in the manijulation of Chicago and Northwestern He was squeezed badly sometimehimself. The last squeeze was in 1883 when he went down in the Villard-Northern Pacific disaster. He and Keene were interested together in the famous corner of 1885, but Hate: never fully recovered his old place abefore and it is believed he died comparatively poor.

To Break the Will.

CHICAGO, Feb. 25 .- Suit was begun to break the will of the late William M. Derby, sr., who was one of Chicago's oldest and best known citizens Mr Derby died last December, leaving an estate valued at \$3,000,000. The suit is brought by his daughters, Mrs. Gertrude S. Walker and Mrs. Francis D. Cleave, who, were to receive but \$30,000 each, the greater part of the remainder of the estate going to a third child, William M. jr. More than \$2,000,000 worth of property watrasferred to this son before Mr. Derby's death. The daughters allege that their father was of unsound mind, and that improper influence was exerted by the favored son.

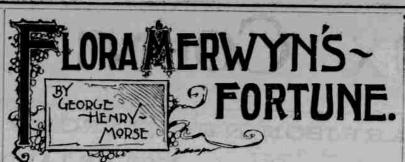
Boomers Assemble.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kas., Feb. 26 .-More than a thousand strip boomers assembled in mass meeting at a point just across the line a few miles from this city pursuant to a call issued to take action upon the dilatoriness of congress about doing anything towards ratifying the treaty and opening the lands. The meeting, after a full and warm discussion of the subject, adopted resolutions which, after citing the negotiation of the treaty, the presen status of the strip bill in congress and the failure to accomplish anything

thus far, concludes as follows.
"Therefore be it resolved, that if congress does not ratify said treaty on or before March, 4, 1893, we the prospective settlers of the strip, will on the sinth day of March, 1893, at 12 o'cleek moon, move upon and occupy

Chicago Electric Linemen Domand In-

CHICAGO, Feb. 25 .- A strike amo setric linemen at the world's fair is tre linemen have served notice that if helr demands were not acceded to they rould strike. They demand 37% onts per hour, instead of \$2.50 for each ght hours work, with the contract of the c Two hundred and twentyurs work, with time and a half se and double time for San-The demand was refused.



CHAPTER XIII.

Two days had passed by since the fallure of the bank and the occurrance of attendant unfortunate disaster, and Arnold Dacre still lingered at Ridge-

Defiant, self assured, and craven, tearful by turns, he had lived through those forty-eight hours with the lamenting dread of a man hovering over a powder mine, watching the course of events, ping for developments that would show the cards running his way, and wondering what the end would be.

So far as the bank itself was conseeming, dead Abel Merwyn had specu-lated rashly, had blindfolded his suborcame had left them to face the crisis.

There were some discrepencies in the accounts that needed explaining, but the old clerk John Wharton, who kept the books of the concern, was not called on to elucidate them. So violent had he become, that he had to be forcibly re-strained, and the evening before he was confined in the county asylum, a hopeless, mental wreck.

interviews with him, has seized upon numerous pretences to linger near him, to question him. In a half lucid moment he had caught the name "Cupples" from he had caught the name 'Cuppies.
Wharton's lips, mixed with some unintelligible jargon concerning the pack-If clue it was, it was a frail one, but Dacre resolved to trace it down.

a word or a trace had Dacre gleaned. He began to believe that the convict had fled the country with the woman he loved. To openly tattle Dacre meant recapture, and he would scarcely risk that, and, in this way of thinking, Dacre at the end of two days, decided that it would be safe to remain at Ridgefield, and prosecute his search for the precious missing package.

had heartlessly abandoned her dead father, and, with what money she could find, had joined her lover, and fied to some distant land. When it was learned later that her personal fortune in the city had been withdrawn from investment the week previously, people be-lieved this explanation of her a sence more readily than ever.

insane asylum, that Arnold Daere pre-sented himself at the door of Wharton's former lodgings.
"Have you the key of Wharton's room," he asked of the landlady.

"Yes, sir," she replied.
"I thought so. Will you please let me

have them?" 'He has left nothing there.'

Dacro knew this. He himself had su-perintended the packing of the trunk of his unfortunate victim, in a vain search for the missing package.

"That is true," he vouchsafed, "but I am in hopes of finding some trace of certain papers belonging to the bank secreted about the room. The keys, please." ice in the room Dacre began a persistent and a thorough quest. Some-where the package had been secreted, Where? He tore up the carpet, he delved in the grate, he ripped open the bedding, he explored every nook and corner of that many-cornered room.

with it, for certainly it is not here?"

Tap-tap-tap! Faint, spasmodic, the startling sum

"Cupples-Tom Cupples. Oh! it's

Dacre had sought for the man, had learned of his fidelity to the old clerk, and of his mysterious disappearance. These facts, taken in connection with his strange disappearance, his evident ignorance of the absence of Wharton, smacked of suspicion. With fateful auguries at soul, Arnold Daere quickly opened the door.

A huddled mass lying across the threslooked up at him with pleading

"Why! what's the matter here?" deanded Dacre, harshly.
"Help me—" the words were a scarcely

lessly than ever, was silent. Dacre es-sayed to drag him across the room, and as he placed him on the couch he ob-served that hands and feet were flexible and inert, that his head bung stupidly, while his jaws were distended as if he had lost all control of the muscles on one

With pala he spoke the words. Dacre understood. Some powerful excitement

ie, and pressed to to the lips of the

"factor!" pasted Cupples, "but it-it n't last, Quick! — vital, Must see u-Mr. Wharton." "Wharton?" repeated Dacre, "he is

A blank, despairing expression crossed the baggard face.

"Go on!" urged Dacre, eager to learn

"Why!" exclaimed the cashier, "that's

'Yes! yes!" murmured Dacre eagerly.

him into new life with the magnetic power of his vehemence.

"To give me what?" he demanded.

The answer came with difficulty, bat

it came, bringing to the face of the arch

plotter a wild, eager glow, that made

CHAPTER XIV.

"The package?" cried Arnold Dacre.

THE SECRET

his whole being rising with exultation.

hope, and suspense.

Tom Cupples nodded and gasped. Then

"It was a manilla paper package, Mr.

Wharton gave it to me Tuesday night." It is the same!" cried Dacre, transformed with excitement and expectancy.

"Quick, man! you have it? give it to me.

neak and sank back, the sound gurgling

"Speak, I tell you!" ordered Dacre flercely, amid his eagerness, losing sight

of the man's weak and helpless con-dition. "He told you to give me the

You have it! No?"

from side to side tried to answer him.

Then you know where it is?

The nodding head moving nervously

opples indicated a strong affirmative

Cupples made a motion for more water.

moistened his feeble vocal organs

"He gave it to me-hide it-he said," panted the invalid, in a scarcely audible

'Yes, yes! brace up! don't weaken!

"Too long to tell you-I haven't the

so ordered it—safe place."

These sentences were spoken in dis-

jointed gasps. Upon the utterance of each, the baleful plotter hung as if his

life depended upon their significance. "Coming back-I had a stroke. Hurry

to get home. I met a charcoal burner-

details of the hiding-place. 1 feared-1

I am going to die-but I obeyedfriend - my dear friend - my dear

His eyes closed, and he subsided into a

"Rouse up!" shouted Dacre, shaking

"In the cave-in my pocket-no-this

one-left side of my coat. Water-wa-

Arnold Dacre sprang to the table for

the glass. Before he regained the side of the prostrate man, however, with a

violent convulsion, the latter sank back

"He's gone or going!" muttered the

schemer hoarsely. "Oh! will the paper tell. Yes. Yes, it is here—it is here, glory! I have it."

From the man's inside coat pocket, he

drew forth a paper. It was creased and marred with charcoal dust. About to

open it, he glanced at the door sus-

Some one had pushed it open a trifle.

stranger. He was a peculiar-looking

man, dressed in home-spun, wearing blue spectacles, and with a face as tawny as

"What do you want?" demanded Dacre,

scowling suspiciously.

The stranger regarded him fixedly and

"Beg pardon," he said, in a low, un-natural tone, "but is this room for

"Yes-no-I don't know-ask the land-

He slammed the door shut and locked

him fiercely. "The directions—the pack-

"No. Does not know-what

excitement-did it I never thought-

plotting heart took hope, for

his throat spasmodically.

he faintly articulated.

It is mine.

package.

and-you hid It?"

"Where?"

"For Mr. - Arnold Da-cre

thing happened to him.

me to tell you-to give you-

A CLUE. "He is sick—he has teen removed to a -a hospital in the city," explained "Then send-send-"

the cause of the man's anxiety. Tom Cupples looked relieved. He had never seen Dacre before, but he accepted his statement as true. "Mr. Wharton told me-told me," he panted. "to see you-if anything-any-

cerned, the law very speedily acted. The books showed accuracy and system, its managemet, entire honesty. To all seeming, dead Abel Merwyn had specudinates to the fact, and when the crash

Arnold Dacre had sought a score of

Of Flora Merwyn and her rescuer, not

dead banker had been buried. All Ridgefield was talking about the strange disappearance of Flora, and the old housekeeper was fairly frantic about Dacre ventured no theory or explanation, but when the intelligence was prought to the little village that Hav Webster had escaped from the peniten-tiary, it was generally decided that Flora

It was just at dusk the evening after the departure of his tool and ally for the

near-near Deepford. He wrote

"Wrote it?" stormed Dacre, with sud-den alarm." "Why! he will go and get Started for here. Another stroke. Done friendsilence and a rigidity like to that of

chair, and mopping his dripping brow desolately. "What can he have done

nons fell on the door. Dacre walked

"Mr. Wharton, please let me in!" panted a weak, a wavering voice.
"Who is it?" demanded Dacre, still
bent on parleying with a possible in-

The voice died away suddenly. Dacre started as from an electric shock. Cupples! that was the name John Wharten had employed in his incoherent

ravings, and in connection with the missing package, too.

He fancied he heard the low breathing of some one lurking there.

"Is there some trap in this?" he ground out suspiciously, "No! no! The man was too sincere. Who are you?"

He sprang suddenly to the door and

"Help you! are you hurt?" But the man, sinking back more help-

side of his face. "Are you sick?" he persisted, "Are you hurt?"

He slammed 'he door shut and locked. It this time, who such force that a current of air generated struck the frail lamp on the table. There was a sharp snap, and the glass chimney shattered into a dozen pieces. Endeavoring to turn down the smoking wick, Dacre burned his fingers badly.

"Perdition selze it," he raved as the smarting pain of the flery contact caused him to tip the lamp over on the table. 'No," gasped the other faintly, par-alyzed! I had it—had it before. On the road it overtook me—then here. Three him to tip the iamp over on the table.

He managed to high it out before the oil had spread. Then he started for the door, but he halted irresolutely.

The man was in a wild fever of impatience. It seemed as if he could not wait till he reached his own room to wretch to his final struggle with the grim read the contents of the precious document secured from Tom Cupples. monster, paralysis. There was an open grate in the apartment. Scizing an armful of old papers,
Dacre flung them into the fire piace.
Snap—flarel a lucifer flashed up. He threw the burning match on the pile it flamed up with a herce, sullen roar.
Crouching to the hearth, Arnold Dacre sufoided the gaper with tremb-

ling hands. Eagerly his eye scanned it.
"Beyond Deepford." ran the rude charcoal scrawl, "In a cave—"

At that moment, a sudden jar echoed through the room. It sounded from the door, and thither Arnold Ducre directed a hurring clance.

On Saturdays the Plattsmouth News

a harried glance.

The transom looking out into the hall had moved—was some one at it watch—paper. ing him-the mysterious blue spectacied man, perhaps?

He never knew, for just then the open transom formed a vicious draught. It swept the precious document from

his hand. Ere he could recover it, a swoop sent it straight into the blazing heap in the

spair, to find only a brittle morsel of ashes to his hand.

The only ciue to the missing package

ITO BE CONTINUED. The Three Golden Balls. The London Quarterly Review dis-

cusses at length the history of "pawnbroking" in England. The reviewer starts out with the proposition that the inconvenience and amazement "He told me to hide-hide it. He told which would fall upon the city of London were a morning to come which brought no newspapers with it," would A paroxysm of weakness caused Cupples to faiter, but Arnold Dacre, in the intensity of his emotion, fairly galvanized be indefinitely increased if the "pawnbrokers' shops" were to be suddenly sup-pressed. If the newspapers were sup-pressed, those most annoyed would be chiefly the "easy classes," while, if the pawnbrokers were to disappear, dis-tress would follow, which words would be almost powerless to describe. "Taking what constitutes the inner ring of his sinister, avaricious eyes sparkle brighter than ever. London, with a population of about 3,500,000, it is known," says the writer, "that on an average twenty articles per "The package!" gasped the prostrate head are pledged with pawnbrokers in the course of a year. Now out of these 3.500,000 there must at least be 2,000,-000 persons belonging to families no member of which ever enters a pawn broker's shop. In that case 30,000,000 of pledges are deposited yearly by, or on behalf of 1,500,000 of, people, who, cut up into families at the Registrar General's rate of five to a family, would represent 300,000 households. Thus we are forced to the conclusion that each of 300,000 metropolitan families is Cupples shook his head slowly, as if to indicate some negation to the rapid meries of his interlocutor. He tried to constrained by dire necessity to resort to the pawnbroker 100 times in the course of the year." There are 613 pawnbrokers in London, and the writer does not hesitate to declare that there would be "revolution, prompted by popular indignation, if pawnbrokers were arbitrarily abolished," and that, were they abolished by "agencies beyond human control, popular despair" would follow, hence the conclusion that while London might get along without revolution, were its newspapers suppressed, calamities of the gravest character would result if the pawnbrokers were driven out of the great metropolis, and such a result is made the more probable by the fact that a "vast proportion" of the population of London "cannot keep fire in the grate, a candle or lamp burning on the table at night or the wolf away from the door, without pledging some humble and often neces sary article with the pawnbroker at least once and sometimes twice or more every week.

Slang Words and Phrases.

Just listen for a moment to our fast young man, or the ape of a fast young man, who thinks that to be a man he must speak in the dark phraseology of If he does anything on his own slang. responsibility, he does it on his own hook." If he sees anything remarkably good he calls it a "stunner;" the superlative of which is a "regular stun-If a man is requested to pay a tavern bill, he is asked if he will "star Sam." If he meets a savage-looking dog he calls him an "ugly customer. If he meets an eccentric man, he calls him a "rummy old cove." A sensible man is a "chap that is up to snuff." Our young friend never scolds, but "blows up;" never pays, but "stumps up;" never finds it difficult to pay, but "hard up;" never feels fatigued, but "used up." He has no hat, but shelis "used up." He has no hat, but shel-ters his head beneath a "tile." He wears no neckeloth, but surrounds his throat with a "choker." He lives nowhere, but there is some place where he "hangs out." He never goes anywhere or withdraws, but he "bolts' he "slopes"—he "mizzles"—he "makes himself scarce"—he "walks his chalks" himself scarce he walks his tracks"—he "cuts his stick" or is "fired out" The highest compliment you can pay him is to tell him that he is a "regular brick." He does not profess to be brave, but he prides himself on being "plucky." Money is a word which he has forgotten, but he talks a good deal about "tin," and "the needful," "the rhino," and "the ready." When a man speaks he "sponts;" when he holds his peace he "shuts up;" when he is humiliated, he is "taken down a peg or two," and "made to sing small."

What the Millennium Will be Like.

Rev. J. Hemphill, of San Francisco could not help but believe that the ad vent and personal reign of Christ would be after the millennium. During the millennium, he thought, the physical conditions of the world would be improved. Sin being removed, pain and travail would be done away with. physical conditions of man would be vastly improved, and there would exist no pain, sorrow nor tears, such as are ours now. When that time comes men will live as long as the old patriarchs be fore the flood. Healthy bodies will make healthy minds, and for 1,000 years the two will be yoke-fellows. The moral and spiritual conditions will be vastly improved and holiness will abound And during those thousand years ho thought one language would prevail throughout the world, for through the throughout the world, for through the Tower of Babel, or sin, numerous tongues came, and by the casting out of sin they will go. But what language is liable to be adopted? The signs of the times is that the honest old Anglo-Saxon of England and America will be the one, for it is now being introduced over not only the civilized, but the un-civilized world. When the glory of the millennium would dawn he would not renture to guess -- San Francisco Call

AT revivals, there are always workers trying to get people better than themselves to the mourner's bench.

H. M. Winslow, of Columbus, is feeding 300 head of steers on his ranch near

town. The court house flag was hoisted at Fremont in honor of Morton's appoint-

Work on the new opera house at He grasped it with the frenzy of de- North Bend will be commenced next montl. Stanton is to have a canning fac o y

was ashes,—a dead clank. Tom Cup- as soon as a suitable location can be ples secret was a secret still! selected. Columbi s has organized an A. O. U.

W. Ledge, with a charter membership of over ti irty. Mary Swanson, of Maimo, was last

week declared of unsound mind and taken to the asylum. Tilden hopes to scure the broom factory which is now located at Plain-

view and employs eight hands. There is a man in Buffalo county by the name of Charles Thirtyacre. Who

-ays there is nothing in a name? J. W. Johnson of Hildreth, rode to Gibbon on a bycicle in four hours-a

distance of over thirty-five miles. John Hagland, aged eighteen, whose parents reside at Weston, has been taken to the insane hospital for treat-

ment.

Winter wheat in the North Loup region is said to be all right not withstanding the trifling snowfall during the winter. Diller's new Methodist church,

costing \$2,800, has been dedicated and a révival service has at once been started in the edifice.

Creighton has a new public school building ready for occupancy. Heretoe the schools have been held in rented rooms.

Peter Clarence, living near Union, Cass county, was struck by a falling tree and very seriously though not fatally injured. The Kearney Congregational church

is stirring around after a pastor to succord Rev. Dr. Askin, whose resignation mas just been accepted. Frank Campbell of Genoa has been appointed superintendent of the school

it the Omaha egency, under the civil

service rules. He is like y to hold his

yob." George Foreman was captured in the hills near South Omaha and taken to own for safe keeping. He had done othing worse than to tell snake stories. and those things do not go in winter.

ife will recover. In spite of the fact that his head was arm fractured, as the result of comin contact with a mill crane at lardy, Frank Blanvelt is reported on he road to recovery.

A monster wild cat which has been siding fa m yards near Joniatta was hot the other night by hunters who had been on its trail for some days. he animal is said to be the largest -ver seen in that sec ion of the state,

While attempting to regulate the machinery of his elevator J. E. Dewey d Herman, came near losing his right rm. It was eaught in the shafting, which attempted to carry it all away, out compromised by leaving him the

News from Mahara, Africa, that Rev. John Meckley and wife lately died from ver, one death following the other of hin a day. They were married at aloo, this state, about six months ago and went to Africa to do mission-

According to the Valparaiso Visitor aunders county young man has developed a queer mania or whatever you would call it. He has been a puzzle to physicians for years. He is affected by what he eats to such an extent that when he eats beef in about an hour he will become restless and wander out in search of the cattle and bellow as an ox and will get down on his hands and knees and eat grass like a cow. When ne partakes of mutton his actions will be those of a sheep and he will bleat as piaintively as a little lamb. When he eats chicken he will go out and scratch er worms, which he devours with great relish. After eating fish he will run down to the slough and go in swim-

Says the North Loup Loyalist: One would expect that the present dry and snowless winter would prove a severe test to winter wheat, of which an increasing acreage was sown last fall, but Mr. G. M. Petty, whom we interrogated on the subject a few days ago, reports his in apparently excellent condition, and his testimony is corroborated by a number of others. The wheat has not been covered by snow for a single day, but 2.26 inches of precipitation has taken place at this station since August 28, a period of 170 days, and if the winter wheat does well this season it would seem that the question of the adaptability of our climate to that cereal is satisfactorily settled.

Some one with more sin than appreciation in his heart placed a handful of red pepper on the stove during the performance of "Twenty-one Nights in a Jag House" Thursday night, and the tumes caused the whole audience to

leave the room.—Hartington Herald. Ed. Burbanks and Miss Pancost, of Saunders county, who ran away to get married, were unexpectedly forgiven when they returned the other day and solicited the paternal blessing. All, as the fallow said, is well that ends well,