

Denver Banks in trouble.
DENVER, May 26.—Rumors have been current for some days of weakness in the People's National bank and the People's savings bank, which culminated in a heavy run by depositors upon both these institutions. The officials of the banks say they will be able to withstand the onslaught. There is some uneasiness in other quarters, and it is likely runs will be made on other banks, though everything is quiet at present except the run above noted.

The Peoples Savings Bank claims deposits of over \$1,000,000. It has a capital and surplus of \$125,000. The Peoples National bank has a capital and surplus of \$650,000 and the last statement, issued May 13, showed to be in good condition.

At a meeting of the clearing house tonight it was decided to render any financial aid necessary to assist the institution in its present trouble.

The clearing house officials were in session until nearly midnight and at the conclusion of their meeting announced that it had been decided to support any bank on which there was a run. They also decided to insist on the savings banks living up to the rules regarding notice from depositors of withdrawals of deposits. These rules require notice of thirty and sixty days, according to amount.

Nebraska at The Worlds Fair
CHICAGO, May 26.—[Special.]—Hundreds of Nebraskans register their names in the big book at the Nebraska State building every day, and it is safe to say that every one of them is proud of the state and of the most creditable display made. The State building prominently located at the Fifty-seventh street entrance. It is fitted up with reading room well supplied with Nebraska papers, a delightful smoking room, ladies reception room and postoffice. The main hall contains a number of handsome cases filled with glass jars of seeds and grain from the various countries, the walls and pillars are decorated with artistic designs in corn and grasses. Upstairs Indian curiosities and pictures meet the eye and every one is loud in the praise of the effectiveness of the display.

No one ever passes the door and our visitors from other states are more numerous than at any other state building.

June 8, is fixed for Nebraska Day, when the Stock Building will be formally dedicated. That is a day for every Nebraskan to remember. Every one should try to attend the opening exercises on Nebraska Day.

Finally Decided.
CHICAGO, Ill., May 26.—Sunday opening has won the day. Thirty members of the national commission went on record in favor of the Sunday opening rule submitted by the directors. Twenty-seven commissioners voted against consideration of the rule. On a final test the commission voted to substitute the minority or Sunday opening report of the judiciary committee for the majority report, which favored Sunday closing. The question then came up on the modification of the directory rule with the same vote. The minority report found its advocates in Commissioners St. Clair and Burton.

After Commissioner St. Clair had concluded his speech in favor of the minority report, Commissioner Elgcock called up his motion that the minority report be substituted for the majority. It was the first test vote and every commissioner present was recorded. Commissioners Massey and Allen of New York, who were compelled to leave were given unanimous consent to go on record against Sunday opening.

The Sunday opening advocates claim there will be no quorum of the commission in town and that consideration will, therefore, be impossible. Three of the members gave notice that they would leave the city soon, and if they did the point of no quorum will be effective.

The council of administration has decided to open the fair to the public three evenings each week, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings being designated. On each of these evenings there will be concerts and electric displays.

Visited the Tomb of Washington.
WASHINGTON, May 26.—The Infanta Eulalia of Spain, with her suite, the members of the cabinet, the diplomatic corps and other distinguished people visited the tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon. As the princess stepped on board the vessel which was to convey her to that point, she was given a salute by a squad of marines.

At 11:15 the steamer started down the river. Mount Vernon was reached while the party was at luncheon. A big party was in waiting and in this the infanta and some of the party were conveyed up the hill to the tomb of Washington. Here a halt was made for a few minutes and then the party proceeded to the mansion. So many people were gathered in the mansion that it was with difficulty that the infanta was shown through the historic hall.

While looking for water, a farmer's well struck a four-foot lead pipe, a depth of seventy-five feet.



LADY MAJENDIE
CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.
“The fitting indeed! I must beg, Mrs. Level, that you will not pack anything. The tables and chairs here are not fit for the scullery at Salford Abbey. Everything must begin brand-new. Mr. Smith has undertaken to engage servants for the whole establishment.”

Nannie gave a little gasp. “How many must we have?”

“Here is the list.”

“A lady’s maid; what can I do with a grand lady to wait on me?”

“Why, let her wait on you, to be sure.”

“Ah, well, she can help me with making Dita’s things.”

It was on the point of Andrew’s tongue to say—“You must never make anything more for Dita,” but he suppressed the words, comforting himself by thinking that it would look maternal and interesting; but poor Nannie it seemed that everything she said or did was wrong, how should she teach herself? She took away the list to think over and study.

In the kitchen Dita and Jaques were sitting, the former making her slave tell her stories of the possessions she would soon call her own; of a pony to ride, and swans to feed, cows to see milked, and flowers to pick. They were all living in a world of unreality, and Nannie began to long for the crisis to be over.

Up to the present time, about once a year, Master Malcolm had written from Dunmonaigh, asking for news of Assunta, the child, whom he always called by the common name of Margaret Griselda, unwitting that her adopted parents had changed her name; and Andrew had been very careful always in keeping up the illusion. The fact that any one should know that his little Dita had been taken by him from the workhouse, was indescribably galling to him in his new circumstances; and when the annual letter arrived, he saw a way of cutting off the inquiries of the Minister, and causing him to lose sight of them altogether, as he carefully abstained from answering it, and left a commission with a neighbor to write after he had quitted Edgar Street, and say that Mr. Faidon and family had left the neighborhood—that they had assumed another name inheriting a considerable property, and had left no address. The Minister was thus compelled to give up all intercourse with them, and it seemed as if every tie was cut off between Perdita and her native country.

At last the great day came; little Dita was wild with excitement and delight. Andrew more pompous than ever, and poor Mrs. Level (for she had now fairly adopted her new name) quite shaky and tremulous. No one knew what it cost her to be dressed by the weeping Betty in that black silk gown which looked as if it might stand alone, in the black lace shawl and feathered bonnet; but the dress became her well, and the good taste of the dress-maker having come to her aid, she looked quite as she should do, and was free from superfluous trimmings.

Dita was all in white, with daisies in her hat. The child had an innate look of noble race; and the difference of dress did not alter her appearance.

It was settled that Mr. Level and Jaques should start first, and that Mrs. Level and Dita should follow by a train two hours later; thus Andrew could see that all was ready for their reception. He was very anxious that she should be pleased—more anxious than he cared to show, or even to allow to himself.

Nannie was met at the London station by a footman, who touched his hat and told her that he had taken their places. She would fain have carried her own bag, but it was civilly taken from her, and she followed in haste into the station.

It was a comfort when she, and the child, and Fluff were safe in the train, and the footman had given her the tickets. Dita could not sit still, she went from one window to another, and chattered, and felt certain that every station they passed must be the right one.

At last the long-expected name was shouted—Langford Junction—and the footman threw open the door. A small private omnibus with a pretty brown horse was standing outside.

From Salford? asked the man, and on hearing the answer in the affirmative, handed in Mrs. Level, and went back for the luggage. The coachman did not wait; the little omnibus was whirled away, and poor Nannie held Dita’s hand fast in her nervousness, infecting the sensitive child with something like her own sensations.

Meanwhile, the footman, sorting his luggage, was accosted by a very grand lady, who asked him, condescendingly what was waiting to take her to Salford Abbey. She told him that she was the new housekeeper, and was expected to arrive by the train. Going out of the station, Robert was astonished and dismayed by finding that the omnibus was gone and a brougham waiting; he saw the mistake he had made, perceiving that the brougham must have come for the lady, and the omnibus for the housekeeper. However, it was too late to remedy the mistake, and Mrs. Poole got into the brougham and started on her drive.

Andrew and Jaques were waiting at the window watching for the travelers to come; when the omnibus came in view, they were astonished that it should have started first. A footman came and told Andrew that Mrs. Poole had arrived,

and had brought Miss Level with her; they had been shown into the housekeeper’s room.

Andrew’s heart misgave him, and bidding Jaques follow, he went down stairs, and found Nannie very much bewildered, not knowing where she was. The servants who were present did not know which way to look, but Nannie tranquilly took Dita’s hand and followed her husband up stairs; but she knew in her heart that it was an unfortunate beginning.

Salford Abbey retained much of its monastic character. It was a large, low house, built round a square court filled with grass and having in the center a stone wall. The passages round this court had been cloisters, and their beautiful tracery had been kept in very good order, and was greatly admired. Glass windows closed the arches now, and glass doors opened to the grass. The entrance into the front of the house was by a low door covered thickly with ivy; it darkened the window which gave light to the long, narrow, stone lobby into which it opened, so that the first effect on entering was one of darkness and gloom. This lobby ended in a low arch, before which hung a fine tapestry portiere, and from thence you emerged into what had formerly been the refectory, and was now a large hall, the full size of the house. This hall was the great beauty of Salford. It was paneled with black oak, and decorated with old armor and banners; over the chimney piece was a fine trophy of arms, and the straight-backed oak chairs were all covered with heraldic shields. Andrew Level had indeed achieved his wish to become possessor of an old feudal place.

On one side of the hall was a row of low square windows which looked into the cloisters, and the dining room which was paneled with oak like the hall.

Nannie looked round and felt her heart sink, as it had never sunk before; in her happiest dreams she had thought of bright sunny rooms, clean crackling chimneys, lace antinaccassars, and glittering chandeliers; but how unlike this was to what she had expected! A weight seemed to have fallen upon her; those dreadful black walls, this great resounding place—It oppressed her; she felt as if she never could be her own self there. It was better when the housemaid came to take her up to her own room. She left Dita with her husband, and followed the kind-looking Ann.

The staircase was of oak also, and very slippery, and Nannie had to hold fast by the banisters. Her room was in the front of the house, looking over an expanse of green park with fine trees. It was very grand, she felt, but she found that one of the little rooms opening into it was to be Dita’s, and this was so dainty and pretty, all white dimly and rosebuds, that she could think no more of the gloom of the four-post bed with its canopy of yellow silk.

Ann was lingering about with a pained look on a most comely face, when it suddenly struck Mrs. Level what she was longing to say, but could not get out.

She put her hand on the woman’s shoulder, and said, “Never mind; I do not at all wonder at your taking me for the housekeeper—you will know me now.”

She could not help here eyes filling with tears. Ann was moist touched.

“Oh, ma’am, if I could tell you how sorry I am.”

“You need not mind,” said Nannie, smiling an April smile; “you see I have been in a humble position in life, and now that I am no longer young enough to change in everything, God has seen fit to send me great wealth; but I cannot help to be great my husband, who, as one may say, born to it; but don’t fret any more, and do your duty by me, as I will try to do mine by you.” Ann went away, her mistress’s friend for life.

CHAPTER XIV.
The next mornal was brilliantly fine, the dew sparkling in the sun. When Mrs. Level rose, she threw open her windows, and stood, enchanted by the beauty of the sweet fresh country. The park was very undulating, the road crossed it for about half a mile, and then lost itself in woods. Near the house stood some large trees, at the entrance of some shrubbery, and under them the turf was that of thick velvety texture which no turf that is not very old will ever attain.

Nannie went in to call Dita; the child was tired with her journey, and still slept very soundly, with her round arms clasped over her head. Nannie woke her with many kisses, and she sat up rubbing her eyes.

“Oh, mamma, how pretty you look!” she cried; and Nannie found some pleasure in her pink dressing gown, as the child admired it so much.

When she was dressed and had flown to the window with a cry of delight, Nannie felt a feeling of happiness that she had not known for a long time. It was delightful to be once more in the beautiful country.

When breakfast was over, Andrew said that the agent, Mr. Smith, was coming to see him, and he advised Mrs. Level to enter into a thorough examination of the house from head to foot. So Nannie’s first day in her new home was a busy and pleasant one.

She summoned the housekeeper, who accompanied her on her rounds; and they opened every door and every cupboard, examined wardrobes and chests of drawers, looked into the condition of the stores, and were thoroughly busy.

After luncheon, which was a terrible ordeal to Mrs. Level, Andrew took them out, and they visited the beautiful old-fashioned garden, with its yew-hedges

and flower beds, inlaid in green turf. They would have enjoyed this but for the gardener, who insisted on taking them over the whole place, and in every greenhouse and hot-house, gathering a splendid nosegay for Mrs. Level, and presenting it to her with an air as if all he surveyed was his own.

The man did not look happy; in his heart he was very sad, for every one in the place had loved the Nortons, and the change was bitter. Nannie felt this instinctively, and shrank more into herself.

When she was tired with her unneeded exertions, she went home with Andrew, and Dita and Jaques and Fluff continued their explorations. They went across the park and looked down into the lovely little trout-stream, so clear and swift, and followed it into the woods, where the silence was only broken by a chorus of birds and insects; and the smells of the bracken and wild-flowers almost intoxicated the little town-bred child.

As time passed on a trouble came in the mind of which she had never dreamt in her experience: this was the most de-vouring of troubles—ennui; she had nothing to do. After breakfast, the cook would come for orders, and stay for perhaps ten minutes; then she took Dita out for a walk; but she was unused to walking, and got easily tired, and by eleven o’clock was glad to leave the child with her maid, and go home. Her own sitting-room was very pretty and sunny, and furnished with pleasant books; but she had no habit of reading, and her eyes were not so good as they used to be, and she worried of her books. Andrew had bought her a fine piece of worsted-work, but she felt as if it would never be finished, and hated the regular pattern. She had no other resources. Oh for one morning of hearty scrubbing and washing up! She used to sing zaiily at her work, with an eye on Dita’s perilous amusements in the yard all the time. Oh to see Andrew once more in his black apron, struggling with difficult rhymes! His poetical irritability then was nothing but very different from the constant finding fault now, which only served to make her shy and awkward.

In these days Nannie’s soft hair turned very gray, and her voice, from its old cherry sweetness, acquired a weakness in tone, and she spoke low, as those do who often cry by themselves in secret.

One of the most painful of the ordeal: through which Mrs. Level had to pass was the visits of the neighboring families; for Andrew was so anxious that she should please them that it made her painfully nervous.

One day, about six months after they had been settled at Salford, a large party arrived, consisting of a neighboring land-owner’s wife, Mrs. Lee Aston, and her daughter, and a party of guests who were staying with them, who had wished to see Salford Abbey.

Nannie’s heart sank within her when she saw how many there were. They were shown into the drawing-room, and her nervousness was so great that she could get out nothing but monosyllables.

Andrew was strolling about in the garden in a studious country gentleman’s dress, and she received them alone.

The Lee Astons came expecting to be amused, and Andrew, when he came in, satisfied their fullest expectations. It seemed to Nannie that they were drawing him out, for he had never appeared to so little advantage. He took them round the old rooms and the cloister, pompously telling them the history of the place, which they knew far better than he did.

One of the party was a tall grave man, who seemed as if he did not enter into the joking and laughter of the younger people; he left Andrew to go round with his guests, and stayed behind with Mrs. Level.

“Have you met my sister-in-law yet, Mrs. Level?” he said.

“No, I do not know.” she answered, “for I do not know your name.”

He smiled. “I am Mr. Norton,” he said; “Lady Norton is my sister-in-law, and I am no guardian to the boy.”

“It seems very hard that this place should have left its rightful owner,” said Nannie. He looked at her sharply, and then said kindly, “I am very glad that it has fallen into your hands. I wanted to ask a great favor of your husband, and that is, to allow my nephew to fish in the trout-stream. He is fond of fishing, and being home from Eton for the holidays, it will be a great resource to him.”

“I am sure Mr. Norton will be honored, delighted I mean—poor young gentleman.”

“Lady Norton would call on you, I return, but she naturally shrinks from knowing here under such different circumstances. There are a great many of the poor people in whom she is much interested, and about whom it would be the greatest comfort for her to talk to you. I wonder if I might ask you to call upon her?”

“If she would allow me—if she would not think it a liberty—I should be very glad.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Junius Booth’s Narrow Escape.
Harry Langdon was playing with Junius Brutus Booth at the time Mr. Lincoln was killed by Booth’s brother. Mr. Langdon remarked to me: “I saved Mr. Booth from walking into the midst of a crowd at Cincinnati that might have torn him to pieces. We were stopping at the same hotel and playing together. He did not think at first that it was his brother who had killed Mr. Lincoln. He was about to go right into the midst of the infuriated people. I saw that he was transferred from room to room in the hotel, and as successive dispatches came into the city and the time progressed, I asked him if he was now satisfied that his brother John had killed Mr. Lincoln. ‘Yes,’ said he, ‘I think the evidence is now conclusive that John did it.’ We took a walk in Cincinnati, somewhat disguised—that is to say, we had slouching hats. He was a good deal affected, and at my suggestion he gave himself up when we got to Philadelphia. We went from Cincinnati direct to Philadelphia. He was sent to the Old Capitol prison at Washington. I do not think that the brothers of John Booth had any feelings in common with him on the Southern question.” —Gail.

An Odor for War.
A French chemist has invented an odor that will hold any fort and the land within half a mile of it for a week. The smell is not deadly, but no mortal can stand before it. The new agent is expected to work a revolution in the art of war, beside serving in obstinate civil cases. It produces sensations of nausea and disgust like the worst sea-sickness.

Cleveland Ohio Visited by a cyclone.
CLEVELAND, O., May 25.—For five minutes Thursday morning a cyclone, or something nearly approaching one, toyed with wires, scaffolds, wagons and ten people in this city. The first intimation of the blow was a cloud of dust and debris that swooped down on the city from the west, and before preparations could be made to meet the sale it had come, done its mischief and departed. Two men were killed, three were fatally injured and at least fifty people were cut and bruised by being thrown to the pavement or against buildings. The Cleveland Rolling Mill company erecting a new mill in Newburg and the scaffolding was blown down, burying Vaclay Rubeck and John Poplawski under the ruins. They were dead when taken out. The fatally injured are Anthony McGuire and Anton Arcolski. At the corner of Erie and Superior streets scaffolding was blown to the ground and four men who were working underneath it were seriously injured. They were William Omelia, Michael Murphy, Michael Hughes and Miles Johnson. The first two were badly hurt and it is possible they will not recover. The viaduct that connects the two sides of the city was a scene of wild excitement. The wind was so strong that several wagons were blown on their sides and narrowly escaped being blown into the flats below.

PEOPLE BLOWN FROM THEIR FEET.
In the heart of the city, near the postoffice, several ladies were blown from their feet and rolled into the middle of the street. Two of them were seriously bruised. On Superior street, near Doan two houses were blown and the house at 78 States street was demolished. No one was injured in either instance. About seventy feet of the Lake Shore freight depot was demolished and the roof was sent flying to the lake shore itself. A car on the Scoville avenue line was blown from the track and three passengers were given a good shaking up. Numbers of the trees that line the street of the city were uprooted and thrown to the pavement. Telephone and electric light wires were torn from their fastenings and the city was without incandescent light during the remainder of the day.

The weather bureau said that it was not a cyclone, but a brisk seventy-five mile an hour gale that was purely local. The motion of the wind was no circular, but its great force did the mischief. The damage to property will amount to several thousand dollars. The rain fell in torrents while the blow lasted, but ceased as soon as the force of the wind was expended.

Swept All Before It.
DETROIT, May 25.—A terrific wind and rain storm broke over the city this morning and continued to increase in violence until noon when it was blowing sixty miles an hour. The streets are almost obstructed by broken shade trees. Nearly all the telegraph and telephone wires are down. It is feared great damage was done throughout Michigan and that there were many wrecks on the lake. It is known that great damage was done at Adrian. At Lenexa Junction the storm amounted to a tornado. Barns were blown down, orchards destroyed and crops levelled to the ground. The highways between Adrian and Tecumseh are almost impassable, being obstructed by overturned trees and at Romulus buildings were blown down, windows broken, and trees uprooted. Many buildings were unroofed in the vicinity of Dundee. At Holly the opera house was unroofed and half the buildings and stores wrecked. Many houses were damaged.

Cannot Decide.
CHICAGO, Ill., May 25.—The National World’s Fair commission is considering the majority and minority reports of the judiciary committee on the question of opening the gates Sundays. It has been voted to limit the debate to four and a half hours, which will take to a good share of the afternoon. The question has taken the shape of a motion to substitute the minority for the majority report. The minority report favors opening the fair on Sunday.

The day is cold and raw, with a chill wind blowing. Rain fell heavily during the night and part of the forenoon, but later the clouds broke and gave occasional glimpses of the sun.

A Break of 200 Feet.
NEW ORLEANS, May 25.—The worst levee has broken below Lake Providence, at Judge Wylie’s plantation, and the crevasse is now 200 feet and rapidly widening. The levee was fifteen feet high and twelve feet of water was standing against it. A rich section of Louisiana will be overflowed and great destitution will result. There is no hope of closing the break.

Killed by the Street Car.
PUEBLO, Col., May 25.—While engaged in a drunken fight Evan Owen and Cliff Harris, employes of the steel works, fell in front of an electric car were both instantly killed. Harris’ head was cut off below the ears, while Owen fell across the rail and the car passed completely over him.

Buried Alive.
CHICAGO, May 25.—The Union building, until recently occupied by the Associated Press, and the Orinental building adjoining it, are being demolished to make room for the stock exchange building. Just after the men went to work on them one of the walls of the Orinental building went down with a crash burying five men in the ruins. One unknown man was killed and the others more or less seriously injured.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

Thirteen pupils graduated at Columbus high school.
Circus day at Beatrice left seventeen prisoners in the city jail.
The Lutheran church at West Point was built at a cost of \$8,000.

There are over thirty new residences being built in Pender this spring.
S. C. Beebe will succeed J. H. Inman as editor of Broken Bow Leader.

Chinch bugs are harvesting some fields of winter wheat in Buffalo county.

An Omaha contractor has secured the job of erecting a Catholic church at Howells.

The new creamery at Rising City has started up with flattering prospects of a big success.

Nels Morris, a Chicago packer, is pasturing 1,000 steers on the Omaha reservation.

The commencement exercises of Doane college at Crete will be held June 11 to 15.

The A. O. U. W. of Schuyler county recently conferred the Degree of Honor upon fifty applicants.

Norfolk’s subscription for the distillery plant is only a thousand short of the bonds required.

Columbia Heights is the euphoniou name of a lately planned addition to the village of Creighton.

O. W. Blain, a temperance worker of note, is lecturing through the state under the auspices of Good Templars.

Rev. John W. Barron has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational church at Creighton, to take effect August 10.

Measles are breaking out all over Colfax county. In one country school the teacher and half the pupils are down with the malady.

Jefferson county citizens have sent their sheriff to Kansas in search of a man who sold them groceries by sample and delivered by proxy.

The First National bank of Pender has changed hands, and a controlling interest in the institution is now owned by two California capitalists.

Pat Murray, of Colfax county, is short one son. His boy, aged fifteen, left him without saying adieu, and his whereabouts remains unknown.

Vincent Galley, son of J. H. Galley of Columbus, employed in the Murray hotel at Omaha, was caught in the elevator shaft and instantly killed.

The stocks of liquors of two saloons at the new town of Crofton have been seized by the sheriff of Knok county because the keepers had no license.

The citizens of Fairbury presented their marshal with a fine gold watch and chain as a testimonial of appreciation of his services in preserving order.

The latest addition to the home industry plants is the Hartington churn factory. Make your butter in a Nebraska churn and encourage the work of a western enterprise.

Miss Dora Jones of Dawson county, is working to send George Baily to the penitentiary for having trifled with her affections and wrought her destruction under promise of marriage.

R. E. Dorin, the new editor of the Fremont Trail, announces that henceforth the paper will discuss every question outside of politics and religion but he wants no politics in “his” paper.

Within a year Frank Walla of West Point has lost three brothers by death, and now his wife has suddenly been called to her long home, leaving four small children to share the father’s sorrow.

No trace of the missing Daniel (dandy of Louisville, who disappeared March 23, has been found. His handkerchief was found in the Platte, and his relatives believe he has been drowned.

Hildbrand & Son, living near Ringold, lost their barn, hay, grain, harness and eleven head of horses by fire. Carried insurance to the amount of \$2,375, but it comes for short of covering the loss.

George Reese, a young man in the employ of a farmer named Rummel, living south of Falls City, committed suicide by blowing off the top of his head with a gun. No cause for the rash act is assigned.

The shooting affair at Farman resulted in the death of George Stearns. He was a man highly respected. Walker, the murderer, has borne an unenviable reputation, and is likely to suffer for the crime as he deserves.

The two town board of Sterling have compromised and reached an amicable understanding of how the village government shall be conducted. The enforcement secured by the old board preventing the new board from taking its seat has been dissolved.

In retiring from the newspaper business Colonel C. W. Hyatt, ex-editor of the Fremont Trail, makes declaration that in his twelve years of editorial labor in Dodge county he has made no money out of the business. Other country publishers can testify to the same disagreeable truth.

While playing with a revolver, Fred Humbert, a 10-year-old Oakland boy, shot his little brother in the face, inflicting a probably fatal wound.

A couple of Nance county farmers signed notes that called for \$16 in payment for lightning rods. He afterward appearing in the hands of innocent purchasers, the amount is \$138, and they will have to be paid. Some people refuse to learn except in the stampington and trying school of experience.