

L. J. SIMMONS, Prop.

HARRISON, : : NEBRASKA.

Paderewski is the Pole that knocks the financial pessimists.

It is estimated now that the Nicaragua Canal can be built for less than \$100,000,000—but will it be?

People who live in glass houses won't be worse off than the rest of us after this unless the Roentgen folks quit experimenting.

A new word, "scamouflaged," meaning enamored, has been added to the slang vocabulary. It is nearly bad enough to be in the new dictionary.

A big steel trust is to be formed. We do not recall any trusts, large or small, which have not been composed of two parts steel and one part water.

Now that the last of the anti-Confederate legislation has been repealed, it is to be hoped that the Charleston News and Courier will come back into the Union.

The Duke of Veragua says Spain has been misunderstood by us. The interpreter may have deceived us, but still, there is a chance we are also misunderstood.

Sometimes a "frog in the throat" is dangerous. James Foley, of Wheatland, N. Y., has swallowed a live frog and the doctors are hard at work trying to keep him from croaking.

A woman has asked an Oklahoma court for a divorce on the ground that her husband bathes only once a year. It oughtn't to be necessary to go to Oklahoma for divorce on such grounds.

The cathode rays are now said to have been known to the Chinese years ago. If some American would say he had discovered holes up would bob a Chinaman who had lived there for years.

The King of Ashantee rules 8,000,000 people, and he has a supply of 50,000 rifles. While England is cultivating rows with Ashantee and Venezuela the czar will look after the division of China and Turkey.

The Cincinnati papers have discovered that it costs \$600 a year to keep prisoners in the county jail in slippers. They must be unusually slippery or else Cincinnati ought to let a few officials slip.

The dialect societies of this country and England have decided to prepare dialect dictionaries. As they will be the genuine thing the first rule in compiling them will be to exclude everything found in dialect novels.

A Boston paper didactically asserts that "there is no such thing as spring fever." Oh, there isn't, eh? Then what makes the women tie old towels around their heads, tear down stoves and move the heavy furniture outdoors?

The greeting between Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt just as the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough sailed away to Europe suggests that Mrs. Vanderbilt has the "Marble House" at Newport and Mr. Vanderbilt the marble heart everywhere.

Rich gold mines are said to exist in the interior of Madagascar, and this fact is believed to be the real cause of the French invasion. The gold deposits on the borders of Alaska and Venezuela also explain the activity of the British in those regions.

A cure for dilatory dressmakers has been found by Ida Gluck, of Minneapolis, who, desiring to be married in a new gown, entered by force and took it. That she was arrested afterwards makes no difference. She surmounted an evil of the times with the resource of genius.

The United States army reorganization bill introduced by Senator Sherman proposes to reduce the infantry and cavalry and greatly increase the artillery arm of the service. It is thought by military authorities in Europe that most of the battles of the future will be decided by the rapid and concentrated work of the artillery.

According to a Paris geographer, the largest remaining forests are in Central Africa, Southern Siberia and North and South America. With proper management North America would remain in this list permanently, but it will soon drop out. A vast army of men with axes are slashing off the trees wherever they can make a dollar at it.

A Pittsburgh steel company has completed an order for 10,000 tons of steel rails for the Japanese government, and Alabama pig iron is going to England in large quantities. These facts indicate that our iron and steel interests are extending their operations abroad, and that their prospects for the revival of the prosperity that they once enjoyed are very good.

The official returns of the State election in Massachusetts show that out of the 875,800 women entitled to register and vote on the question of equal suffrage, only 23,068 went to the polls; that in forty-seven towns not a woman voted, and in 128 towns their vote averaged only fifteen; and that in not a single county or district was a majority

given for the proposition. It is quite evident that the women of the State most noted for their education and intelligence are willing to remain "enslaved" so far as political power is concerned.

Figures gathered by the Agricultural Department show that the number of the horses in the United States have declined within two years from 15,206,802 to 15,124,057, while their value per head has fallen from \$31 to \$22. Since 1893 the loss on the value of horses in this country amounts to \$42,000,000. As the most of this has been borne out by farmers, perhaps they can get even by applying electricity to agricultural work.

England may learn many things from the Japs. English travelers have been accustomed to come over here, "bounge about New York a couple of months, go home and write a book on America. A Japanese gentleman came to this country to obtain material for a book of travel, and within a week he saw a lynching, watched a football game, attended a meeting of the Chicago city council, witnessed a session of the Kentucky legislature and started back home.

The continental nations have been told so often by the English newspapers that the Monroe doctrine means in its latest definition that sooner or later every European state will have to get off the western hemisphere in obedience to our wish. We are accused of aiming to force Great Britain out of Canada, and that our stand in the Venezuela matter is merely an intimation of what we are coming to. France, consequently, which also holds territory in South America, and which has a dispute on with Brazil concerning the boundary, feels uneasy too, fearing that if we carry our point against Great Britain we will turn to it next. Then Spain apprehends notice from us that she must let Cuba alone, and so the alarm spreads. As a matter of fact, however, we have not undertaken the boss-ship of the western hemisphere. We have merely objected to the bullying methods of Great Britain here. We have only reminded the greatest of land thieves that what he is habitually doing in other continents he cannot do over here without at least being asked for an explanation of his conduct. France, Germany, Italy, Spain—practically all Europe—have from time to time and pretty consistently protested against English arrogance and brutality in dealing with weaker peoples. They were overladen by the diplomatic red tape of centuries, however, and their utterances did not stop the ruthless work of the despot.

An indication as to how the marriage of American heiresses and titled nobles is regarded abroad may be found in the latest issue of London Truth, which declares that the Duke of Marlborough's marriage was largely due to a necessity of keeping up "that white elephant," the castle of Blenheim, "a huge and hideous building which the late Duke, who was always of a practical turn of mind, deplored could not be converted into a hydro-pathic establishment or something of that sort." The incorrigible Labourers goes on to remark that "part of the bargain was that the Duke should be a lay figure in the marriage festivities, the aim and object of which seems to have been to squander money in barbaric pomp." This, then, is the happy situation in which the title-capturing American heiress finds herself. She ceases to be an American and loses the comradeship of her fellow-countrymen. And on coming to the land where she is to assume titled honors she is met with the brutally frank assertion that her husband married her for her money, and that the circumstances in which the ceremony was performed were barbaric. It is like the case of the turncoat in war, the heiress loses esteem among her former allies, and receives the open condemnation of her new ones. Any other American girls who may be tempted by foreign titles would do well to reflect on what awaits them on the other side. No American criticism of the Duchess of Marlborough has been a bit more brutally candid than that administered by one of the foremost of the organs of British opinion.

Truth, and When to Speak It.
There are agreeable truths and disagreeable truths, and it is the province of discretion or sound judgment to make a selection from these, and not to employ them all indiscriminately. Speaking the truth is not always virtue; concealing it is very often judicious. It is only when duty calls upon you to reveal the truth that it is commendable. A tale-teller may be a truth-teller, but every one dislikes the character of a person who goes from one house to another and communicates all he sees or hears; we never stop to inquire whether he speaks the truth or not.
He is perhaps all the worse for speaking the truth, for truth is particularly offensive in such cases, and never fails to set families at variance. Silence is discretion, and concealment of facts is judicious.

Horsehoops.
A process for making cast steel horsehoops has been patented in Glasgow. The steel, which is stated to have very great ductility, is a special make.

A Maudslop Tomb.
The finest tomb in Great Britain is undoubtedly that of the Duke of Hamilton, in the grounds of the Duke's seat. It cost over \$1,000,000.

People are never so indifferent as when a good man runs for office.

A man should have common sense with his patriotism.

MY PATRIOT BOY.
Did I tell you, O friend, of a proud, sad day
When my beautiful boy went marching away
To a far-away battle-field?
When our country's call was heard by me
And all mothers whose sons were needed to fight
For God and our country and the cause of right.
But my heart stood still and it seemed that
I had died.
I wrapped me as the world is wrapped by the night.
And I thought as I wrought while the days went by—
And I prayed to my God, whose throne is on high
And who careth for me to care for my boy,
To bless our land and give us joy
In the light of liberty's sun.
Then victory came, but 'twas purchased dear,
The bells pealed out from far and near,
And I heard loud shouts ring in the air,
And the feet of men rush here and there.
I called aloud, "Is there news for me? What news for me?"
My tear-dimmed eyes can scarcely see—
And I heard for answer, so like a knell:
"It is well with your boy. It is well."
And then I knew my child no more
Would come to me as in days of yore,
And thus the Father had answered my prayer.
By taking from earth to the home over there
My darling child, so brave, so dear.
His sweet "My mother" I'll never more hear.
And yet 'twas a glorious death, and he
Fied for the life of our dear country,
And your children's children will peace enjoy,
Bought with the life of my precious boy.

WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT.
OLD up your right hand, my man."
The witness held up his left hand, and the judge, believing that he was defiant, said with a show of anger:
"Hold up your right hand and take the oath!"
Again the left hand was raised, and the judge, turning to a deputy, shouted:
"Arrest that man for contempt of court."
"Judge," said the man, a dilapidated specimen of humanity, "I can't hold up my right hand—I left it at Gettysburg a good many years ago. But I can swear all right with my left hand."
There was a sensation in court. No one had noticed that the artificially stuffed sleeve was tucked into the coat pocket at the wrist, giving the figure that defiant air that had aroused the anger of the presiding officer. Now when they knew that no hand was there, a thrill of sympathy ran through the crowd, and the judge was visibly agitated and even apologized.
"I did not know that you had been a soldier," he said gently, as if that fact were excuse enough for any lapse of duty on the present occasion.
"I am a soldier yet," said the man in the witness box, "once a soldier always a soldier, is my creed. I'm under marching orders and likely to join my regiment any time. It's many years since I first went soldiering. I was a likely chap then, judge."
"Yes, yes," said the judge, who had been staring fixedly at the man while his face, flushed and pale with some secret emotion, "but this is hardly the time or place for reminiscences. Your testimony in the case on hand is all that is required now. Counsel for the defense will examine this witness, and the judge turned to other business as if the subject no longer interested him.
But he had not done with it. When he went out of the court house on his way home, the one-armed soldier was waiting for him, and he stopped with an impatient air to hear what he had to say. It was evident that the man had been drinking and his general appearance was more down at the heels than before.
"Judge," he asked, with tipsy gravity, "might your name be Shields?"
"Yes, my name is Shields. Have you any further business with me? I am in something of a hurry."
"So'm I, Judge Shields. I've been waiting over thirty years to ask you a question and get an answer. You don't happen to know me, judge?"
"No," came the low answer as the judge looked into the face of the soldier with a shifting earnestness, taking in the whole figure in that uncertain way, "I don't think I ever saw you before."
"Think again, my friend—you are my friend, ain't you?—did you ever know a young man—a robust, strapping fellow—named Leonard Hurst?"
"My God, man, Leonard Hurst died during the war—he was killed in the battle of Gettysburg, and is buried up in yonder cemetery."
"Is he? That's news to me, Hiram Shields, and it's a lie. He had a friend—a young man like himself—no, not like him, for Leonard Hurst would have given his life for that friend, and thought it no sacrifice—but the friend didn't enlist. He staid at home, and while Hurst was fighting the enemy at the front, Shields, his friend, won his promised wife away from him, married the girl Leonard Hurst had loved all his life."
"I'll hear the story at another time," said Shields, who was in a panic of nervousness over this strange recital.
"You'll hear it now," retorted the other man, swaying back and forth, yet speaking with the utmost distinctness, "Leonard Hurst went away with drums beating, and flags flying, and he was gone three years. One of those years he spent in a Southern prison—the fortune of war. He came home a wreck, to be nursed back to life and strength by those for whose sake he had suffered—he came home to find himself a dead man!"
The dry lips of the judge worked convulsively, but he said no word.
"His friend had buried him. A stone at the foot of his grave had his name and number, gathered from the prison hospital. He was dead and buried, and his friend had married his sweetheart."

THEY ARE BROTHERS NOW.
The spirit that exists between Veterans of Both Sides.
Although the horrors of war are the more conspicuous where the conflict is between brothers and the struggle is a long and desperate one, the evidences are numerous that, underneath the passion and bitterness of our civil war, there were counter currents of kindly feeling, a spirit of genuine friendliness, friendliness of opposing camps. This the expression of mere human instinct; the combatants felt that they were indeed brothers. Acts of kindness to wounded enemies began to be noted at Bull Run, while in every campaign useless picket firing was almost uniformly discontinued, and the men shook hands at the outposts and talked confidingly of their private affairs and their trials and hardships in the army. This feeling, confined perhaps, to men on the very front line, culminated at Appomattox, where the victors shared rations with their late antagonists and generously offered them help in repairing the wastes of battle.
When the Union veteran returned to the North he did not disguise his faith in the good intentions of the Southern fighting man.
The spirit that moved Lincoln to say in his last inaugural, "With malice toward none," has continued its holy influence. That which must appear to the world at large a startling anomaly, is in truth the simple principle of good-will, unfolding itself under favorable conditions. The war, that is, the actual encounter on the field, taught the participants the dignity of American character.

The Man of the Musket.
Soldiers, pass on from this rage of renown,
This snuff-bill, camoufion and strife,
Pass by where the marbles and bronzes look down
With their fast frozen features of life,
Oh, out to the nameless who lie 'neath the gloom
Of the pitying cypress and pine;
Your man is the man of the sword and the plume,
But the man of the musket is mine.
I knew him! By all that is noble, I knew
I've camped with him, marched with him,
I fought with him, too,
In the swirl of the fierce battle-flame!
Laughed with him, cried with him, taken a part
Of his canteen and blanket, and known
That the throbs of this chivalrous prairie
Boy's heart
Was an answering stroke of my own,
I knew him, I tell you! And, also, I knew
When he fell on the battle-sweep ridge,
That the poor battered body that lay there in blue
Was only a plank in the bridge
Over which some should pass to a fame
That shall shine while the high stars shall shine!
Your hero is known by an echoing name,
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In none of their many sovereignties has the incapacity of the Bourbons been more completely demonstrated than in Spain. With intermittent flickerings, the light of that famous land had been steadily growing dimmer ever since Louis XIV, exultingly declared that the Pyrenees had ceased to exist. Stripped of her colonial supremacy, shattered in naval power, reduced to pay tribute to France, she looked silently on while Napoleon trafficked with her lands, mourning that even the memory of her former glories was fading out in foreign countries. The proud people themselves had, however, never forgotten their past; with each successive humiliation their irritation grew more extreme, and soon after Trafalgar they made an effort to organize under the crown prince against the scandalous regime of Godoy. Both parties sought French support, and the quarrel was fomented from Paris until the whole country was torn by the most serious dissensions—Century.

Their Annual Reunion.
You are excited," said Shields, finding his voice, "come home with me and—"
"You haven't heard it all yet. Mygie you think it was hard to stand in front of a fire of shot and shell, and be torn asunder by cannon balls. Why, man, that was nothing, to the soldier, to what he suffered when he came home and found himself shut out of the ranks of living men—read his own name on a gravestone, and heard his friends talk of his death. And that was nothing to the fact that the girl who swore fealty to him had married his false friend. When he knew that, the bitterness of death had passed. It was there his first and last real battle was
fought, when he conquered himself, and let the man live who had made earth a hell for him."
"Have you no pension?" asked the judge suddenly.
"Pension? Do they pension dead men?"
The judge was trembling violently. As the effects of the liquor wore off, the soldier became more excitable, and erratic lights flashed from his sunken eyes. His whole expression was a menace to the man who stood trembling before him. But when his strange companion with a sudden swift motion caught him by the throat, Shields made no resistance, and the other holding him thus a moment, threw him off contemptuously.
"Tell me to my face I am dead," sneered the soldier with livid lips, "you who robbed me of the dearest thing I had in life—and of life itself! Assassin! She, too, is dead—perhaps you killed her?"
"Hurst," said Shields, wiping the drops of ghastly fear from his pallid face, "if you are indeed a living man, listen to me. It may be some satisfaction to you to know that Mabel never loved me, although she was my wife. She died with your name on her lips. She believed you dead, and kept your grave green with her tears."
"Say that again!" cried the soldier. "Oh, my God, it pays to have been dead and buried all these years, to know that after all she was true. I had it in my mind to kill you; yes, I meant it when I had my hand at your throat; but those words have saved you! God will settle the account between us!"
"He has settled it," answered Shields solemnly. "He closed the account when he refused me Mabel's love—when he took her from me as the worst punishment. He could inflict. But I honestly believed that you were dead—that it was your shattered form I brought from the battlefield and buried up yonder."
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CAUGHT HIM BY THE THROAT.
The soldier lifted his shabby cap with reverence. He raised his eyes to the blue canopy of heaven, and his lips moved in prayer.
"I have fought my last battle," he said, extending his one poor hand to Shields, "we are friends from this hour, comrades."
"You have called me comrade," said Shields, his eyes filling with tears, "I am no soldier, but I know what that word means. We are comrades for the rest of the march—we will part no more. From this hour my home is your home."
Thus it came about that these two became to each other even as David and Jonathan, united by a friendship surpassing the love of woman. Nor is the unknown soldier who sleeps far from home and friends forgotten. On each Memorial day flags wave and flowers bloom over his dust and a white-haired man and a one-armed soldier sit there to talk over the strange enigma of his last resting place.
"Enough if on the page of war and glory,
Some hand has writ his name."



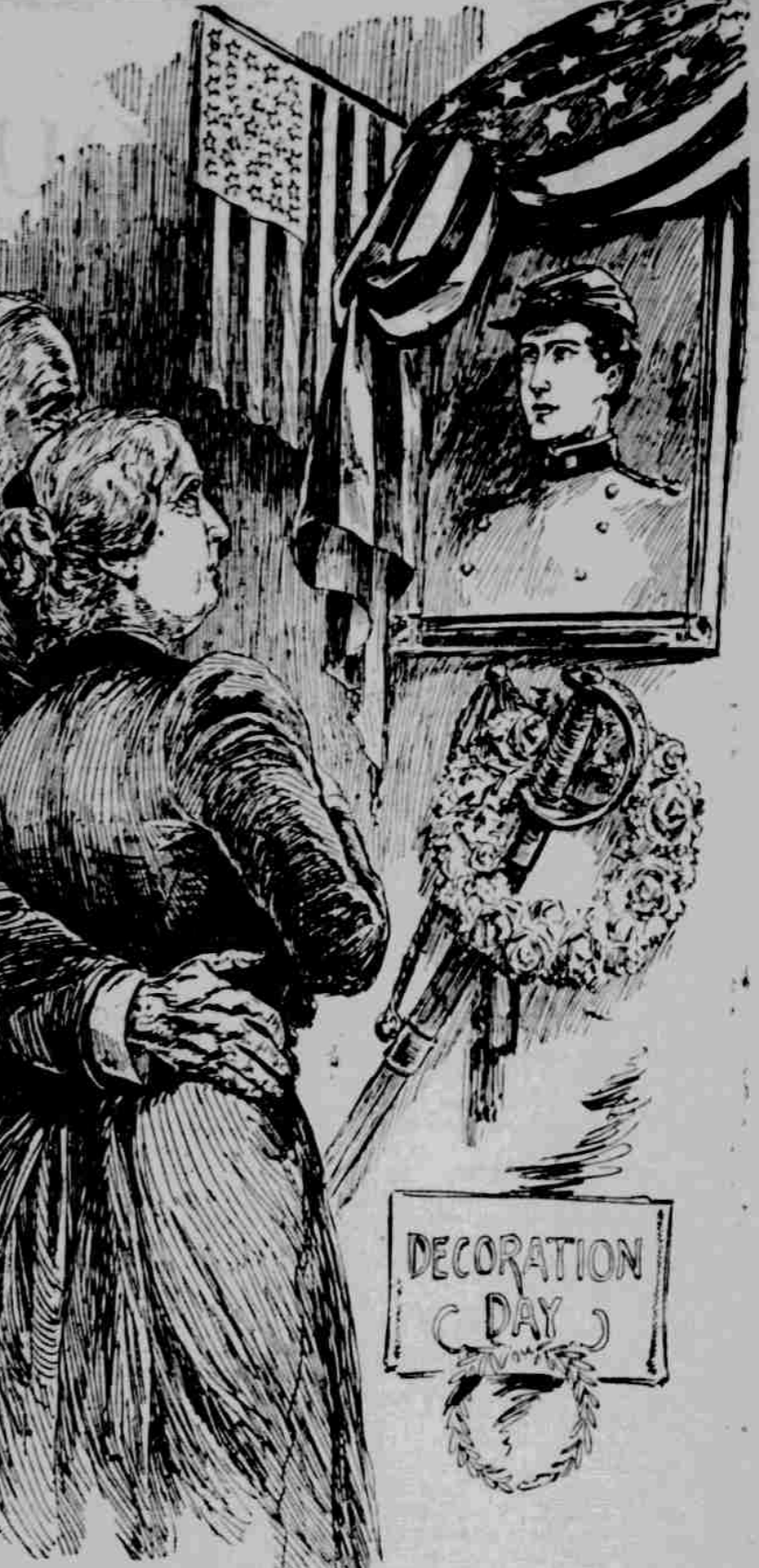
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"Have you no pension?" asked the judge suddenly.
"Pension? Do they pension dead men?"
The judge was trembling violently. As the effects of the liquor wore off, the soldier became more excitable, and erratic lights flashed from his sunken eyes. His whole expression was a menace to the man who stood trembling before him. But when his strange companion with a sudden swift motion caught him by the throat, Shields made no resistance, and the other holding him thus a moment, threw him off contemptuously.
"Tell me to my face I am dead," sneered the soldier with livid lips, "you who robbed me of the dearest thing I had in life—and of life itself! Assassin! She, too, is dead—perhaps you killed her?"
"Hurst," said Shields, wiping the drops of ghastly fear from his pallid face, "if you are indeed a living man, listen to me. It may be some satisfaction to you to know that Mabel never loved me, although she was my wife. She died with your name on her lips. She believed you dead, and kept your grave green with her tears."
"Say that again!" cried the soldier. "Oh, my God, it pays to have been dead and buried all these years, to know that after all she was true. I had it in my mind to kill you; yes, I meant it when I had my hand at your throat; but those words have saved you! God will settle the account between us!"
"He has settled it," answered Shields solemnly. "He closed the account when he refused me Mabel's love—when he took her from me as the worst punishment. He could inflict. But I honestly believed that you were dead—that it was your shattered form I brought from the battlefield and buried up yonder."
"That gave you a right to love Mabel?"
"No"—Shields hung his head in bitter grief and shame—"I had tried to win her before that, but she would not listen to me—she never would have listened, but for your death—and, Hurst, that knowledge killed her. She was my wife in name, but her heart was with you."
The soldier lifted his shabby cap with

