

SAM JONES ON THE HOME

The Great Preacher Addresses Himself to Wives and Daughters.
Among the good things from the pen of Sam Jones the following is worthy of careful consideration:
I am not an alarmist. If every bank were to break I wouldn't lose a cent and I could walk home. I have got two shoulders of meat in the smoke-house, and clothes to last six months.
We've got to get back to headquarters—home—to find out the trouble. Home ought to be the brightest, happiest and cheeriest place under the sun, on the face of the earth.
Every man shows what he thinks of his wife and children by the kind of home he puts them in. A man whose home is all out of whack, the blinds down and the doors off the hinges, the steps rotten—that shows his character. The husband knows his character by the exterior of his home; the wife by the interior. I don't see how some men can keep plous on what they get three times a day. Spurgeon includes all human miseries under "dirt, debt, debt." I have been in houses where they had twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of silverware and fifteen cents' worth of grub. I would like to be able to digest silver, but I can't. I like girls who can play on the stove as well as on the piano. Many a man has been sent to a drunkard's grave by what he has been given to eat by his wife. You give a man a biscuit that will knock down a yearling, and he's got to have a drink or something else before night.
If you've got a good wife, a good home and a good cop, you are elected, as the Presbyterians say.

WORKS WHILE HE SLEEPS.

Singular Faculty of a Kentucky Man of an Industrious Turn.
Archibald Clark, a farmer living a few miles from Glasgow, is without doubt the most remarkable somnambulist in the state. During the past summer he has been accusing his neighbors of slipping into his truck patches at night and cultivating them. Of course he did not object to this, but thought it most extraordinary. It was also a strange fact that they always did at night what he had intended to do the following day. Becoming anxious to know which of his neighbors he was indebted to for the kindness, he spent many wakeful nights watching his truck patches, but without success. No one ever came into them when he was on the watch, but when he would miss watching for a night there was invariably some work done. A short time ago he drove his wagon into his potato patch late one evening, so that he could load it early in the morning. He was very anxious to get well on his way to market before sun-up. However, he overslept himself, and got up in a terrible stew; but great was his surprise when he went into the potato patch to find the wagon already loaded and horses hitched to it, ready to start, thus saving him a couple of hours' time and hard work. One night his wife saw him stealing out of the house in his night clothes, and following him to the barn, saw him take a mattock and go out and begin digging up grubs in an old fence row. She then understood who had been doing her husband's work.

LOVING TOO LATE.

A Common Enough Story Portrays a Pathetic Moral.
Not long ago I met a young lady in poverty whom I had previously known in wealth, and this was, in substance, the story she told me: "Father died suddenly in Washington, and the professional skill through which he had coined money for us died with him. I am not weeping because we are poor, I am broken-hearted because none of us saw that he was dying. Was it not pitiful that he should think it best not to tell any of us that he was sick? And I, his petted daughter, though I knew he was taking opium to soothe his great pain, was so absorbed by my lovers, my games and my dresses, that I just hoped it would all come right. If I could only remember that even once I had pitied his suffering or felt anxious about his life, I might bear his loss better."
The story is common enough. Many a father, year after year, goes in and out of his home carrying the burden and doing the labor of life, while those whom he tenderly loves hold with but careless hands all of honor and gold he wins by toil and pain. Then some day his head and hands can work no more! And the hearts that have not learned the great lesson of unselfish love while love was their teacher must now begin their sad duty when love has left them alone forever.

A New Collar.

For those who refuse to give up the pretty parting of the hair, the Napoleon cue will be permitted. The parted hair is pulled fully over the ears and so drawn loosely to the back, where it is braided. The braid is allowed to hang well on the nape of the neck, is then turned under and a large "cue" bow is placed just where it will hold the hair firmly into the curve of the head. This same bow is often made so wide that it shows coquettishly from the front at either side, as did the bows worn a little while ago on collars. For added dressiness a high comb is set at the top of the head from the front, giving the effect of height and the jaunty touch that has so often been confusing with the demureness of the recent party side curls.

What He Was.

Newly arrived suade to St. Peter—This crown is entirely too heavy, the heavy strings cut my fingers and the wings pinch my shoulders.
St. Peter—What on earth were you, anyway?
Shade—Alas! I was a calamity howling—Birmingham Age-Herald.

WHAT WOMEN DRESS FOR.

One of Them Says It Is Because They Wish to Please Men.
A group of young women sat around a dainty tea-table discussing dress and their waters almost in the same breath. "I am only beginning to take an interest in my gowns," said a sun-browned maid who had just returned from a summer resort where there were twenty-six girls to three men. "Although my summer costumes were perfectly lovely, I did not thrill over them once, for what was the use of donning the most becoming frock when there were no men to be overpowered by the effect. I argue that we dress to please the men, therefore I state in all candor that I don't care a button what sort of gowns I have unless I know that men are going to see them."
"But a woman knows more about their value and their style," put in a brown-eyed creature who always looks well.
"That's all very true," argued number one, "but the influence that men exercise upon women's dress is certainly underestimated. The taste of the husband, the taste of the lover, of the intimate friend, and even of the brother, has always to be deferred and submitted to, and in each and every case is acknowledged to be superior to that possessed by his fair subject. The secret of this is, perhaps, in a measure, due to the fact that the masculine eye sees and judges from the effect produced, and a verdict is passed accordingly, whereas the feminine mind is often distracted by the choice of color, material, trimming and style offered; and when and where natural good taste does exist it is frequently dominated by the will of another actuated by self-interest, and thus good judgment is for the moment overpowered. Again, the desire to confine expense within a certain limit is another fertile source of sacrifice on the altar of good taste. Still, allowing all this and more, the fact remains incontrovertible that a man intuitively knows what suits a woman better than she does herself."
With a convincing air the speaker set her cup down, gave herself a furtive glance in the mirror, and departed to be seen soon after on Walnut street looking perfectly radiant as she walked along quite conscious that the man by her side regarded her got-up as eminently fetching.

BEEES AT ASCOT.

They Made Things Exceedingly Lively at the Race-track for Awhile.
A curious incident occurred at Ascot. While a large number of pleasant luncheon parties were enjoying the delights of an open-air repast in the gardens behind the grandstand a great swarm of bees settled down on the guests around a table in a corner. They buzzed and buzzed everywhere. Ladies had bees in their bonnets and gentlemen found their hats turned into striking likenesses of "Catch-em-alive-sh's." Some of the swarm settled on the cold salmon and other members of it tumbled into the champagne cup. In fact, the bees created the greatest commotion among the ladies and gentlemen in that quarter of the grounds. They were gradually drawn off the luncheon party by a gentleman, to whom occurred the happy idea of treating them to a little music on a metal tray under a tree. After the tapping or tinkling on the article had continued for two or three moments the queen bee settled on the branches above to listen to it, and was at once followed by all the swarm. It was an extraordinary sight to see hundreds of the insects hanging like a great black and gold cluster on the tree while the tinkling continued. It ceased with the luncheon, and the bees did no more harm. In the early part of the performance a lady was pretty severely stung.

A NEW FRUIT.

A Plum Grows on Burned Land in Minnesota.
St. Paul Pioneer Press: The people in Hubbard county, Minnesota, are puzzled over a new fruit which has made its appearance this summer for the first time. The crop is very abundant. It is a yellow, egg-shaped plum, the larger specimens being about the size of a small hen's egg. It grows on a plant very much like the tomato plant and the plant smells like a tomato. The plum or berry grows partially enclosed in a thin husk. When green the fruit is white, but turns a straw color when ripe; has a good supply of small, hard, black seeds, and has a peculiar sub-acid flavor, which is quite pleasant. It grows only in clearings which were burned over last season, but grows in some of these in immense quantities. Some of the plants are very large, covering a space six feet in diameter, and bearing a half-bushel of fruit. The peculiar thing about the plant is that no one has ever seen it or heard of it before. People in northern Wadena and southern Hubbard counties have picked large quantities of them and use them for sauce and preserves. Specimens have been sent to the state experimental station for identification.

Goals of Fire.

"Take my seat," she said.
A flush of genuine gratitude suffused the pink and white complexion of the man who was clinging to the strap.
"Thank you," he answered cordially.
The age-end woman betook herself to the front platform, where she affected to smoke her cigarette inconspicuously, but her thoughts were nevertheless with the past, when conditions were different, and her heart was full of the bitterness of remorse.—Detroit Tribune.

An Amality.

He: "That was a queer freak of Price's—marrying a woman twice his age. I wonder how it came about?"
She: "Naturally enough. He was without money and she was without Price."

THE HERALD,

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THOS. J. O'KEEFE, Publisher.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
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SIX MONTHS......75
FRIDAY, OCT. 25, 1895.

Democratic Ticket.

- STATE.
For Supreme Judge, T. J. MAHONEY, of Omaha.
- For Regents, W. S. ASHBY, of Hildreth, J. H. AMES, of Lincoln.
- COUNTY.
For County Treasurer, A. D. MILLET.
- For County Superintendent of Schools, ANNA NEELAND.
- For County Sheriff, W. K. HERNICALL.
- For Commissioner Third District, P. H. ZOBEL.
- PRECINCT.
For Assessor, J. C. PARKIN.
- For Justice of the Peace, A. H. PIERCE.
- For Constable, BARNEY HALBUR.
- For Road Overseer, P. KINSLEY.

The following good and lawful men have been drawn to serve as jurors at the next term of the district court which convenes Nov. 19, 1895.
Wm. Fosket L. A. Turner
Ed J. Kinsley Barney Halbur
Henry Radel John Sauerwein
O. D. Rouse Henry J. Winton
C. H. Britton Lorenzo Flower
W. T. Johnson Frank Bauer, jr.
I. F. Marshall W. W. Norton
W. W. Wilson M. McD. Bullock
Robert Marler Frank Bashey
Frank Russell Charles Facemir
E. I. Gregg John Hunt
Charlie Tiernan Willis Young.

This Space Belongs to

C. J. WILDY,

Watch it Next Week.

Notice to Non-resident Defendants.

In the District Court of Box Butte County, Nebraska.
Kate Green, plaintiff, vs. Harry Green, defendant.
You are hereby notified that on the 9th day of October, 1895, plaintiff herein, filed her petition in the above entitled case, in the District Court of Box Butte County, Nebraska, against Harry Green, defendant, the object of which is to obtain a divorce from the plaintiff, on the grounds of abandonment, and ask that the care and custody of the child, Ina Green, aged 5 years, a girl, fruits of said marriage, be awarded to Ann Shilbier, mother of the plaintiff.
You are required to answer said petition on or before the 18th day of November, 1895.
KATE GREEN, Plaintiff.
By SERRA P. TUTTLE, Attorney for Plaintiff.
First publication Oct. 11, 1895.

Paints of all kinds at Green's.

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20	25	\$1.00 HOW TO SAVE MONEY \$1.00										15	10	5
20	25	Read What This Card Says....										15	10	5
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