Democratic State Convention.

The democratic state central committee hereby calls a delegate convention of the democrats of the state of Nebraska to meet in Lincoln, Neb., at the Funke opera house on Tuesday, August 2, 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following state offices to be filled at the ensuing election: Governor, lieutenant governor, treasurer, secretary of state, attorney-general, auditor of public accounts, commissioner of public lands and buildings, and superintendent of public instruction; and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the convention. All citizens who believe in the principles of the democratic party as declared in the Chicago platform and who intend to affiliate with the democratic party are invited to participate in the selection of delegates to this convention.

Each county is requested to send one delegate for each 100 votes or major fraction thereof, cast for Hon. W. J. Bryan for United States senator at the general election of 1896. Counties casting less than 100 votes for such candidate will send one delegate.

The headquarters of the democratic state committee will be at the Lindell hotel where delegate tickets may be had.

Box Butte county is entitled to five delegates.

JAMES C. DAHLMAN,
Chairman.

LEE HERDMAN, Secretary.

The People's Independent Party electors of the state of Nebraska are hereby requested to send delegates from their respective counties to meet in convention in the city of Lincoln, Tuesday, August 2nd, 1898, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Oliver Theater, for the purpose of placing in nomination candidates for the following state offices.

1. Governor.
2. Lieutenant Governor.
3. Secretary of State.
4. Auditor of Public Accounts.
5. Treasurer.
6. Superintendent of Public Instruction.
7. Attorney General.
8. Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the convention. The representation is based upon one delegate at large for each county, and one delegate for each one hundred votes or major fraction thereof, cast for Judge John J. Sullivan for supreme judge at the election of 1897.

Box Butte county is entitled to six delegates.

It is recommended that no proxies be allowed, and that the delegates present cast full vote of their respective delegations.

And it is further recommended that all persons who believe in the principles as advocated by the People's Independent Party, who have not connected themselves heretofore with said party, are hereby invited to participate in the deliberations of the same.

The headquarters of the committee will be at the Lincoln Hotel, Cor. 9th and P. St., where delegate tickets may be had.

J. H. EDMISTEN, Chairman.
M. HOWE, Secretary.

Final Proof Notices.

J. W. WEHN, JR., Register.
W. R. AKERS, Receiver.

Parties having notices in this column are requested to read the same carefully and report to this office for correction any errors that may exist. This will prevent possible delay in making proof.

Land Office at Alliance, Neb., June 23, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register or Receiver, at Alliance, Neb., on August 4, 1898, viz:

Minnie M. Graham.

of Box Butte, Neb., who made h e no 659 for the s w ¼ sec 15, tp 27 n, r 48 w.

She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: James Collins, Mary Collins, John Mahony, Martin Mahony, all of Box Butte, Neb. Also

James Graham,

of Box Butte, Neb., who made h e no. 303 for the s w ¼ sec 22, tp 27 n, r 48 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: James Collins, Mary Collins, John Mahony, Martin Mahony, all of Box Butte, Neb. Also

James Collins,

of Box Butte, Neb., who made h e no 303 for the s w ¼ sec 22, tp 27 n, r 48 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: James Graham, Minnie M. Graham, John Mahony, Martin Mahony, all of Box Butte, Neb. Also

Mary Collins,

of Box Butte, Neb., who made h e no, 252 for the s w ¼ sec 31, tp 27n, r 48 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: James Graham, Minnie M. Graham, John Mahony, Martin Mahony, all of Box Butte, Neb.

J. W. WEHN, JR., Register.

U. S. Land Office, Alliance, Neb., June 9, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that

John Knudtson,

of Hemingford, Neb., has filed notice of intention to make final proof before T. J. O'Keefe, U. S. Commissioner, at Hemingford, Neb., on July 16, 1898, on timber culture application no. 1278 for the s e ¼ sec 34, tp 24n, r 49w.

He names as witnesses: Peter G. Anderson, James Hollinrake, Karl Forstrom, Otto Gibson, all of Hemingford, Neb.

J. W. Wehn, jr., Register.

Land Office at Alliance, Neb., June 6, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before Register or Receiver at Alliance, Neb., on July 16, 1898, viz:

Vaclav Potmesil,

of Dunlap, Neb., who made H. E. for the w ½ se ¼, e ½ sw ¼ sec 31, tp 29n, r 47 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Frank J. W. Feidler, Norbert A. Krenek, Ned A. Brezina, of Hemingford, Neb., Joseph Lamplot, of Dunlap, Neb.

Also Frank J. W. Feidler,

of Hemingford, Neb., who made h e No. 4739 for the ne sec 12 tp 28n, r 48w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Vaclav Potmesil, Joseph Lamplot, of Dunlap, Neb., Norbert A. Krenek, Ned A. Brezina, of Hemingford, Neb. Also

Notice is hereby given that

Wolfgang Freimuth,

of Box Butte, Neb., has filed notice of intention to make final proof at same time and place on timber culture application No. 1499 for the s e sec 28, tp 28n, r 48 w.

He names as witnesses: Frank J. W. Feidler, Ned A. Brezina, Norbert A. Krenek, of Hemingford, Neb., Vaclav Potmesil of Dunlap, Neb.

J. W. WEHN, JR., Register.

U. S. Land Office, Alliance, Neb., May 25, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that

John H. Shirk,

of Hemingford, Neb., has filed notice of intention to make final proof before T. J. O'Keefe, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Hemingford, Neb., on the 2nd day of July on timber culture application No. 1074 for the ne ¼ sec 21 tp 26 n, r 50w.

He names as witnesses: John Michaelson, Henry Michaelson, C. E. Rosenberger, Fred Abley, all of Hemingford Neb. Also

Notice is hereby given that

Nelson B. Shordquist,

of Omaha, Neb., has filed notice of intention to make final proof at same time and place on timber culture application No. 1387 for the se ¼ sec 21, tp 28n r 48w.

He names as witnesses: John P. Hazard, of Hemingford, Neb., Leo Brundle, Edwin E. Ford, Louis Hougaboomen, of Lawn, Neb.

J. W. WEHN, JR., Register.

A blue pencil mark across the face of this notice indicates that you have not paid for this paper, and no offense is meant but only a reminder to you that the debt should be paid without farther delay.

A SEEMING DISCREPANCY.

The Dear Lady Has Her Daughter's Interest at Stake.

She is a lady whose husband has accumulated a large share of this world's goods. She does not care how much anything costs and desires people to know that she doesn't care. So it was not through any fear that she was not getting her money's worth that she reproved her youngest daughter, who had been practicing at the piano. The little girl's efforts had been harrowingly persistent and dutiful, and she was hurt as well as surprised when her mother indignantly remarked:

"Dolly, I am compelled to remind you that we have employed the best teacher in the city for your musical education and that as we propose to spare no expense in the future you ought to be more conscientious in laying a foundation. You will gain nothing by slighting the work now. I am determined that you shall learn to play the piano no matter what it costs."

"I was practicing faithfully," the pupil protested.

"My dear, do not attempt to deceive your mother."

"But you heard me practicing, didn't you?"

"It may be," was the chilly rejoinder, "that your mother's advantages in early life were not so great as those I intend that you shall enjoy. But there is one study in which I was always good, and it will be useless for you to attempt to mislead me in anything connected with it. That is arithmetic."

"I never said you weren't splendid in arithmetic, but that hasn't anything to do with my piano playing."

"Unless my eyes are at fault those are five finger exercises that you are now supposed to be working on."

"Yes."

"Very well. Do not think that I forget myself so far as to speak in anger. But I should very much like to know what you mean by trying to play five finger exercises with both hands."—Detroit Free Press.

THE COST OF TRAINS.

Passenger Coaches More Expensive Than Many Fine Houses.

"Ninety-five per cent of the traveling public do not own in their own right or occupy through rental a dwelling house which, including all its contents, costs as much as one of the ordinary modern passenger cars run on any first class railroad."

The foregoing statement, which is calculated to arouse the incredulity of the average individual, was made recently by George J. Charlton, assistant general passenger and ticket agent of the Chicago and Alton railroad.

"Just let me give you a few facts to prove that assertion," continued Mr. Charlton. "The cost of the average passenger car today is from $6,000 to $7,000. A reclining chair car costs from $10,000 to $12,000. These figures represent the bare cost of the car. When you add to that from year to year the expenses of maintenance, instead of figuring, as the ordinary business mortal will figure, a return in interest for the capital invested you simply aggravate the situation.

"I once heard a prominent master car builder say that it cost $500 to simply look over a car after it had served five or six months on the road and had been sent to the carshops to be examined and put into presentable shape for another six months' run. He meant that the ordinary 'dressing down' and cleaning of a car would cost over $500, and if you extend your investigation to general shop repairs—perhaps adding a little upholstering here and there—you could easily get away with another $500."—Kansas City Journal.

The Trees of Paris.

Paris is protably the only city in the world which has trees that bloom twice a year habitually. These are the horse chestnuts. There are 17,000 of them planted in the squares and along the boulevards, and 26,000 buttonwoods. The trees in Paris are numbered, just like the people, the cabs, the animals, the lampposts and the matches. These horse chestnuts have only been doing this trick for about five years, and only some of them have made a practice of it. These die, or apparently die, in the latter part of July, and all the leaves fall off. A month or so afterward they all come out into flower again and little green leaves shoot forth continually until they are nipped by the first frost. There is a reason for this, and the scientists worked over the matter for a long time to be able to explain it. Briefly and unscientifically the trees lose their leaves because they are attacked by a little fungus which is blown upon them by the wind; then, being still full of sap, they start to put forth leaves all over again.

A Precautionary Measure.

"What are you doing now, doctor?" asked the actress.

"I am taking a snap shot photograph of you, madam," responded the dentist, "so that if any unpleasant consequences follow this operation and you sue me for damages for the loss of your beauty I can establish something in the nature of an alibi, as it were. I am ready now, madam, to extract the tooth."—Chicago Tribune.

Putting It Indirectly.

Inski—Look here! Is it you that has been circulating the report that I had not washed my face for seven years?

Ninski—No. All I said was that if a wasp wanted to sting you he'd have to carry a shovel.—London Tit-Bits.

The greatest men are not always in the most exalted offices. It is often with men as with building stones—the greater they are the harder it is to elevate them to high positions.

The readiest and surest way to get rid of censure is to correct ourselves.—Demosthenes.

THE SPLIT INFINITIVE.

G. Bernard Shaw Says the Clamor About It Is All Nonsense.

In a letter to the editor of the London Chronicle G. Bernard Shaw writes:

I should have thought, now that we have an academy of letters, that it might rescue us from the gentlemen who occasionally write to you to explain how English should be written. Some time ago you let loose an unhappy creature to whom some competent person had incautiously pointed out a common blunder in the use of "and which." Not understanding the matter, he began accusing every writer in whose works he could discover "and which" of writing bad English. With your permission, I have extinguished him, and he has not since been heard of. There was some excuse for that poor wretch, because there unquestionable is a wrong way of using "and which," but for the "split infinitive" pest there is no excuse at all. There is nothing whatever to mislead him except his own nature. If any man were to object to a split indicative such as "I greatly regret," or a split subjunctive such as "I should greatly prefer," or a split imperative such as "come slowly up," what newspaper would waste an inch of space on his foolish ignorance? And yet this split infinitive nonsense is taken quite seriously by editors who are sufficiently good writers to repeatedly use it themselves.

The infinitive is a mood in which the position of the adverb cannot possibly produce ambiguity; consequently the order of the words is not a matter of grammar, but of style, of which the ear is the only arbiter. The ear often demands the split infinitive and will have it in spite of all the silly people who do not know what style means.

When these infinite insects are disposed of, you will no doubt be attacked in due course by the even more impudent impostors who, though they pronounce the word "color" so as to rhyme with "duller," and never hear it and never have heard it and never will hear it pronounced in any other way, from time to time pretend to be shocked when it is spelt without a "u." I trust you will always insist on these nuisances definitely stating whether they pronounce it or "honor" or "neighbor" or "favor" or "behavior" so as to rhyme with "our" or "poor," as the case may be, or whether they are merely bogus etymologists—century belated Johnsons.

In either case you will be justified in recommending them to the care of their relatives and suppressing their babblings.

Black and White Effects.

Black and white effects again figure largely in the domain of both fashionable dress and millinery. Black and white silks, satins and brocades just brought from over the sea are set forth by leading importers. Black and white taffetas, surahs, failles and other fancy silks and liberty textiles appear. Black and white checks and plaids are being formed into stylish spring costumes by the fashionable dressmakers, and Frenchwomen are now wearing black and white satin brocade shirt waists with their stylish black cloth skirts. Waists of black and white or gray and white stripes or dots are always good style, whether made in the manner of the cotton shirt waists or with full fronts turned back with white revers over a tucked chemisette of fabric to match. A full blouse of cream white silk or satin, covered everywhere with a drapery or veiling merely of jetted black net, often proves the most becoming of all waists a slender woman of indifferent complexion can select. Sometimes cream ribbons matching the blouse are the most satisfactory additions she can make to the waist; again, a bow of soft pink or brilliant cerise satin works wonders of improvement.—New York Post.

Crossing Swords In the House.

Away back in the seventies, during the famous deadlock fight on the civil rights bill, the question of the adjournment of congress was under discussion one Saturday afternoon. Ben Butler, that born wit, had stepped over to Sam Randall's desk for a private consultation. Butler favored a Sunday session, while Randall opposed it vigorously.

"Bad as I am, I have some respect for God's day," said the famous high tariff champion, "and I don't think it right to hold a session on the Sabbath."

"Oh, pshaw!" responded Butler. "Doesn't the Bible say that it is lawful to pull your ox or ass out of the pit on the Sabbath day? You have 73 asses on your side of this house that I want to get out of this ditch tomorrow, and I think I am engaged in a holy work."

"Don't do it, Butler," pleaded Randall. "I have some respect for you that I don't want to lose. I expect some day to meet you in a better world."

"But you'll be there, as you are here," retorted the sly Benjamin, quick as a flash, "a member of the lower house."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Quality of Real Fun.

One man said to another in an elevated car about something that he had just read, "Now, that is actually funny," and then he read it over again. The inference from this is, of course, that many of the things written in fun are not really funny, and, making due allowance for lack of appreciation, it is doubtless true that much of the matter written as fun actually does lack the true spark. It may be well intentioned, good natured, even cheerful, and yet lack the peculiar filling, satisfying, energizing, refreshing, uplifting quality of real fun.

The man who has this kind of fun in his heart and who has besides the power of communicating it to his neighbor need not go to the Klondike for his reward.—New York Ledger.

The Borrower's Way.

If you lend a man grass seed, he'll come around later to borrow a lawn mower.—Christian Work.

"Light Housekeeping."

"Rooms to rent for light housekeeping" is a sign that is steadily creeping into the windows of down at the heel mansions and into others which, though bearing a prosperous air, house occupants who "have experienced reverses."

Just where the line is drawn between the light and heavy variety of this domestic science it is difficult to determine, but it is conclusive proof that if you buy your pastry in bags at the bakery; if, lacking a back door of your own at which to receive the morning milkman, you are obliged to lay in wait for that personage at corners, then you are a "light housekeeper"—though perhaps your burdens are heavy.

We are prone to look upon these humble housekeepers as beings without home or country, because their foothold upon the terra firma of society is so light, but often there is much snugness within the few rooms and much culture, too, though it is hard to conceive of a culture that is nourished on bag lunches.

If you will get up early enough some morning, you may see the husband of one of these light housekeepers, with his paper and pitcher, just returning from a chilly encounter with the milkman, and as he passes into his rooms you may catch a ray from the smile which awaits him, and which, unlike the house, belongs entirely to him.—Chicago Post.

Marriages In Southern India.

The inhabitants of southern India have peculiar marriage customs, according to Dr. Boeck, the German explorer. There are always two marriage ceremonies, he says, one taking place when the betrothed ones are mere infants and the other when the bridegroom takes his wife to his own home. At the infant marriage rites two brothers of the boy place him on an elephant and take him around to give him a glimpse of the city where he and his bride are to live, and at the same time the girl's mother is doing her share by singing to the little one a marriage song.

At the final marriage the mother-in-law leads the young husband by the nose into a room, where his friends and relatives are awaiting him, and, amid the loud noise of tamtams, the shrill whistle of pipes and the roaring of trumpets, the bride enters, unveiled. She gives the men present an opportunity to gaze at her, because in future no man but her husband may look at her face. Should this rule be broken at any time, her husband must commit suicide, and she must be burned on a funeral pyre before the sin is blotted out.

The bride is placed in a basket during the Brahman marriage ceremony, and when it is over she emerges veiled and closely guarded by her hustand and his friends.—New York Tribune.

Unfortunate Beginning.

Sir William Rowan Hamilton, professor of astronomy in the Dublin university, used to speak with the strongest reverence of Bishop Brinkley, his predecessor. He had for him a filial affection and used to recall with a humorous melancholy the time of their first meeting, when, said he, "I am afraid I offended him."

I was a youth of 18 and sat next him at some public luncheon. We did not speak, and I felt that good manners required me to break the silence. My eye happened to rest on a large map of Van Diemen's Land hanging on the wall. I turned to him.

"My lord," said I, "were you ever in Botany Bay?" The bishop turned to me with a look of severe displeasure.

"Eat your soup, sir," said he, "eat your soup." And then it occurred to me that he thought I was asking whether he had ever been "transported," for at that time Botany Bay was where desperate criminals were sent for a punishment.—Youth's Companion.

His Only Love.

A Horton spinster has quite a romance connected with her life. In her younger days she had a sweetheart and he asked her to be his wife, but as she was too young to marry she refused him. They separated and the years fled by, bringing with them much sorrow for the giddy miss. Ten years afterward, on the very day of the month on which she refused him, came a letter from the sweetheart of her childhood asking again for her hand. She did not love him, but decided to never marry any one unless it be this man. She refused again, and every year since then she gets a letter on their anniversary with the same old question written therein. The letters are not full of love. Oh, no, simply a question, that is all—a dozen words or more written in a businesslike way, with his name signed below. Perhaps they will get married some day, but very likely not.—Horton Headlight.

Not Many Bluestockings.

The latest census of Egypt shows that the country is about the only one in the world where the men are in a majority over the women. The male sex in the khedive's dominions exceeds the female by 100,000, and it is curious to note that this numerical predominance of the male is very evenly spread over both upper and lower Egypt. It is only in the sparsely peopled and newly recovered province of Dongola that the women are more numerous than the men. Another interesting fact is that the proportion of Egyptian women knowing how to read and write is just a little over one half per cent.—New Orleans Picayune.

Out of Sight of Land.

Hazel—Weren't you awfully afraid the first time you crossed the ocean?

Nutte—Well—er—for a time I did feel a sort of groundless apprehension.—New York Journal.

Oldest Bank Note.

The oldest European bank note is Swedish, dated 1661; but the British museum, in London, has a Chinese note three centuries older.

ABOUT CATTLE.

Once the Law Forbade the Killing of Cows in This Country.

The first cattle that were brought into the American colonies were landed at the James river plantation, in Virginia, in the year 1607. They came from the West Indies and were the descendants of the cattle taken to those islands by Columbus on his second voyage, in the year 1493. In 1610 several cows were landed, and again, in 1611, about 100 head more were brought to the plantation. This, therefore, was the genesis of the cattle business in America.

In order to encourage the industry to the fullest possible extent an order was passed forbidding the slaughter of any animal of the bovine kind under penalty of death. Under this restriction the number of cattle increased to 80,000 in Virginia alone before the end of the year 1619.

The first cattle brought into the New England colonies arrived at Plymouth in 1624, and were imported from England by Governor Winslow. Three heifers and a bull made up the cargo; "in color," the old record says, "they were black, black and white and brindle." In 1626 twelve cows were sent to Cape Ann, and in 1629 thirty more. In 1630 about 100 were imported "for the exclusive use of the colony of Massachusetts bay." During the same year 103 were sent from Holland to New York, so that by the year 1630 there were a good many head of "horned cattle" in the different colonies.

The reader naturally thinks of these animals as superb specimens of the bovine race, but they were not. History, that is, the curious and interesting part of history, tells us that the average weight of fat cattle in the Liverpool market as late as 1710 was only 370 pounds. What an evolution in 182 years?

OLD LONDON CHURCHES.

The Pestilential Airs With Which They are Filled.

The Church of St. Mary Woolnoth, which stands out conspicuously at the King William street corner of Lombard street, London, was closed ten months ago, and it is clear from the statement of the rector that the step was not premature. It has been his unhappy lot to be often startled in the course of his services by a loud yet muffled sound, evidently issuing from the vaults under the church. As these vaults are now "hermetically sealed," the phenomenon may well have excited the imaginations of timid members of the congregation. Mr. Brooke, however, recognized the noises only too well. They were caused by the falling of leaden coffins, sometimes from the height of ten or twelve feet, in consequence of the mouldering away of the coffins of oak and elm on which they had been piled. It would be well if the evils of this relic of the barbarous system of intramural interment had ended here. Unfortunately the process of "hermetically sealing," according to Mr. Brooke's evidence before the consistory court of St. Paul's Cathedral, has been anything but "hermetical." Mr. Brooke declares that for years nearly every official had died from the effects, direct or indirect, of the unendurable smell.

Arthur Statham, the counsel representing the parish, stated that 1,581 adults and 422 children had been deposited in this horrible receptacle between 1700 and 1832. In the latter year according to Mr. Statham, the vaults were closed for burials; but these burials in St. Mary Woolnoth, if burials they can be called, were continued for at least twelve years after the latter date.

Wanted, Two Good Murderers.

Some curious letters passed between Garrick and a man named Stone. The latter was employed to get recruits for the lower parts of the drama, and one night he wrote to Garrick: "Sir: The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear and swears he will not play to-night." At first sight this seems peculiar conduct for a bishop, but it should be explained that the communication only refers to the man engaged to take that character in the play of "Henry III." On another occasion Garrick wrote to Stone: "If you can get me two good murderers I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple stall on Tower Hill; the cut in the face is just the thing. Pick me up an alderman or two for Richard if you can, and have no objections to treat with you for a comely mayor."

A Peacock's Little Foster Mother.

A bantam hen at Norwich, Conn., has adopted a young peacock, newly hatched from an ordinary looking egg, to the greatest disgust of another hen who did the hatching. There were three pea chicks first, but the latter hen killed one and the other died. The bantam soon manifested a warm interest in the peacock and the peacock became attached to his foster mother. Although the peacock is three times the size of the bantam hen he does not like to be left alone, and when his little mother gets out of his sight it is amusing to hear him set up his ear-piercing yawp for her to return to him. The little hen is very faithful to him, and devotes her whole time to the plumaged giant.

Dangerous at Such Times.

Some ladies never, never can understand that a man of letters should sometimes be left alone in his den. Byron himself says that, however much in love he might be any moment, he always felt, even when with the fair, a hankering to be back in his untidy library. There is a story of Lady Byron's entering the den and asking: "Do I disturb you, Byron?" "Yes; lamentably," answered Childe Harold, in an intelligible, if not a pardonable irritation.