

POYNTER IS GIVEN A RECEPTION.

His Neighbors, Regardless of Politics, Testify to His Moral Worth and Ability.

No Candidate Ever Received a More Hearty and Cordial Greeting at His Coming Than Did the Fusion Candidate For Governor.

The people of Albion and vicinity put on their good clothes Saturday and turned out in numbers to fill our large court room. Until all seats were taken and many sat in the windows and stood around the sides. The occasion was one of peculiar rejoicing to Boone county people. It is not the most common thing in the world for a county to wish the nomination of a man for governor, but this time Boone county has the distinction to furnish that man in the person of Hon. W. A. Poynter.

It was a season of good fellowship and rejoicing. Old neighbors and friends, regardless of political faith, turned out to congratulate him on his success and to rejoice over the distinction he has brought to Boone county. All politics were laid aside for the time and the thought of citizenship, neighborhood, friendship and Boone county's honor reigned supreme. The band played together hurriedly and enlivened the occasion, just before the meeting, by playing a few pieces. M. B. Thompson, president of the Albion National bank, presided with pleasant dignity over the meeting. Attorney C. E. Spear testified from the political faith of Boone county. He seemed to think that Boone county was quite prolific in the matter of furnishing state timber. He referred to the fact of furnishing the county by Hon. Loran Clark, when he was the nominee for state treasurer. Also of Hon. John Peters when he outgrew the state and got a presidential commission to collect Internal revenue. And now lastly, as the longest pole in the barn, so Mr. Poynter's nomination brings honor to Boone county by bringing home the highest nomination in the gift of the people of the state.

Mr. Poynter was then called out and, amid a round of hearty applause, came forth to meet his old neighbors and friends and acknowledged his appreciation of their hearty good wishes and their demonstration. "I am not so vain," he said, "as to imagine for a moment that this demonstration is of any political significance. I see in it simply neighborly consideration and friendship; citizen with citizen, friend with friend, rejoicing in a political success. He then recounted briefly the history of Boone county during the last twenty years, showing how by mutual effort she had been placed in the front rank among the counties in the great state of Nebraska. The fact of furnishing the nominee for governor for three consecutive years he did not think would detract materially from her glory.

At the conclusion all with one accord pressed forward to congratulate Mr. Poynter and his good wife on their honorable distinction. Many were heard to say they claimed some of the glory by being a part of Boone county. Thus the demonstration closed, with the best of neighborly good feeling prevailing.

MR. SPEAR'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: In common with the progressive citizens and citizens who are proud of Boone county, we can but feel gratified that at the spirited political contest held at our state capital this week our county received proper recognition. When we consider that the honor conferred upon us and on the citizens of Boone county, is one of the highest in the gift of any political party in the state, and was one that was sought after, solicited and demanded by eager aspirants from all quarters of our commonwealth to come to us with greater pride and gratification. It should not be forgotten, and it will not, upon this occasion, that the honor, reputation and stability of any county or community are only the reflection of the honor, reputation and stability of its citizens. Be, while we say that we are gratified that Boone county has received proper recognition, we mean we are gratified that proper recognition has been accorded to one of her honored citizens. While we meet here this afternoon, in a social gathering stripped of all political significance, we welcome back to our midst he who returns with fresh laurels for himself, and fresh honors for the county. We congratulate him on the success he has achieved, on the distinction he has secured for the county, and for the high esteem that has been placed upon him by the representative men of his party. While we feel grateful to that convention which has named one of our number as their chief standard bearer, for the campaign of 1898, we assure them, in doing so, they have but bestowed honor where honor belongs.

DR. BARNES' ADDRESS.

Brother Poynter, when one day this week our citizens received their mail at the postoffice and learned that the delegates of two parties assembled in state convention had honored you by making you their preferred candidate for the highest office in the gift of the people of this glorious state, they were pleased. When the third party constituting the trio of parties called the fusion party of Nebraska also selected you, we all felt that a great honor had been conferred not only upon you, but on us by the selection of one of our number for the honorable position of candidate for governor of Nebraska. In addressing you as "brother," I do so because we are all brethren of the great family known as the "common people." We are common people because we are all laborers, whether on farms, as mechanics, as tradesmen or in the professions, we welcome back to our county the results of illdness. Our requirements are the same, our hopes the same and our sympathies go out to each other in trouble and in prosperity as we know and respect each other.

Looking at the matter in this way, it seems proper that we should meet here today for congratulations. Not as Democrats, not as Republicans, not as populists, but as friends who rejoice that one of our respected associates has been honored. While we congratulate you and congratulate ourselves, let us congratulate ourselves also that we live in a country where the will of the people is supreme and that it is not only possible, but probable, that our rulers will be chosen from the class of people who labor, and the silver-tongued senator from Omaha to stand shoulder to shoulder contending for the cause of human liberty and espousing the cause of the oppressed Cuban; that which mingling the stirring strains of Yankee Doodle

and Dixie and sends the marching column of the "Pith ward" in Omaha who told me at a state convention a few years ago when they were remonstrated for quarrelling among themselves so much at the primaries, that they fought each other like satan at the primaries, but that we might reverse this and say that we unite in congratulations when one of our number has been honored at the convention but fight each other at the polls. I wish to personally congratulate you because of your long acquaintance that has extended over a space of seventeen years. We have been particularly associated in politics and in the management of the Boone county fair for many years. Besides, we have both been practical farmers and worked when the sun shone hot and the soil was dusty. We have planted fruit trees and hoped to reap the fruits thereof. We have sown grain and reaped. True, it may be that the machines you used for sowing grain have been a cause of serious concern for the more practical of our farmers, but we will live on that grass.

While I stand as a representative of the democratic party, I do not think I should congratulate you as a democrat in this non-partisan gathering. That will be a consideration for next November. But it is as a neighbor that I wish especially to congratulate you. When I say "neighbor," I do it in the sense of the fullest possible meaning of the word. There is something sacred in the relations of true neighbors, and I mistrust that there is some hidden cause of this congratulatory gathering. If the relations of "neighbors" in the older states are pleasant, in a new state like this, especially among pioneers, they are almost sacred. When twenty years ago you came here with your family neighbors few and far between. They mostly lived in sod houses with scarcely a stick of timber in sight. Their farms were unfenced, their cattle and other farm animals few and many of our neighbors had neither cattle, horses nor hogs. There were no roads and our travel to town and to and from each other's homes was along crooked trails only. By and by a wagon road, a horse road, a fenced, their cattle and other farm animals few and many of our neighbors had neither cattle, horses nor hogs. There were no roads and our travel to town and to and from each other's homes was along crooked trails only. By and by a wagon road, a horse road, a fenced, their cattle and other farm animals few and many of our neighbors had neither cattle, horses nor hogs. There were no roads and our travel to town and to and from each other's homes was along crooked trails only.

Our first court house was certainly conducive to honesty in the management of the county affairs, the officials being arranged in a circle, each other all in one room. Here in this corner sat good Father Bolman, who so many years received for the taxes. There our present postmaster, John Peters, kept the records of the county. Over the door of the building stood a great eagle, and in one room. Here in this corner sat good Father Bolman, who so many years received for the taxes. There our present postmaster, John Peters, kept the records of the county. Over the door of the building stood a great eagle, and in one room. Here in this corner sat good Father Bolman, who so many years received for the taxes. There our present postmaster, John Peters, kept the records of the county. Over the door of the building stood a great eagle, and in one room. Here in this corner sat good Father Bolman, who so many years received for the taxes. There our present postmaster, Judge Riley, as judge of the probate court, needed no office, the county clerk, our old friend Daniels as sheriff officed with them all, and watched his prisoners through a grating in the door of the jail we called a jail. What a change has been wrought in the twenty years can be realized as we inspect today—Boone county's court house, of which we are all so proud. The prominence of our county has been reached by the splendid support our people have always given to our agriculture. Year after year, our people have always given to our agriculture. Year after year, our people have always given to our agriculture. Year after year, our people have always given to our agriculture. Year after year, our people have always given to our agriculture.

There are some things that bring us near together as neighbors and as such we rejoice because a neighbor has been chosen to a high office. And if you should be chosen to move up higher, and occupy the governor's house at Lincoln during the coming two years and Bixby immortalizes you with a black alpaca pig poem and we, your friends and neighbors, witness your glory, may we not share it to a lesser degree. The Book of Books says there is one glory of the sun, another of the moon, and may we not as little stars reflect the glory of the sun and moon? And when a show comes to town or there is a state fair and Abe Smith and Job Green and other practical farmers come to their carpet sacks and go to town to see the show and incidentally visit you for entertainment, we hope that the milk spatters on our cowhide boots or our ready made clothing of the style of twenty years ago may not cause us to be put to bed out in the wood house or given a cold hand out at the back door of the governor's house.

Neighbor Poynter, it is as neighbors especially that we congratulate you. We may not be making history, we may be small in the eyes of the world, and our words may be lacking in wisdom, but they come from the heart. But it has been said that small things cling closest to the heart. Brother Poynter, your well wishers, friends and neighbors, congratulate you.

MR. POYNTER'S RESPONSE.

Friends and Neighbors: I wish to most sincerely thank you for this splendid reception, and mark of your esteem for a fellow citizen. As I look into your kindly faces this afternoon, my heart is full, not that I would for a moment be so vain as to credit this demonstration wholly to my own personality, but I am more than pleased that my home county and my neighbors recognize the honor done to Boone county. I should feel that I had lived in vain if after nearly twenty years' residence in your midst you could not for a little while forget partisan politics and rejoice together for an honor to our home county. And this rejoicing together is right, too. It is a demonstration of patriotism. Though in less degree, it is the same spirit that marshals armies at the call of the country; the same spirit which causes our big senator from our neighboring state, and the silver-tongued senator from Omaha to stand shoulder to shoulder contending for the cause of human liberty and espousing the cause of the oppressed Cuban; that which mingling the stirring strains of Yankee Doodle

On hearing the news of Hon. W. A. Poynter's nomination for governor of Nebraska, there seemed to rise up spontaneously a sentiment among the citizens, regardless of politics, that we ought to meet Mr. Poynter and show our appreciation of the honor he has brought to Boone county. The complexity of the committee that organized the meeting will show the sentiment that by nobody necessary. To make the matter clear, Senator McGowan and Circuit Clerk W. A. Hosford co-labored with Messrs. Needham and Thompson.

No one for a moment considers this exhibition of friendship as any index to the vote to be cast in November. It is simply the way the citizens have of showing their appreciation of one of their own, and the respect and neighborly consideration they entertain for him. We will print the speeches of those who participated, so that what we have said may be fully substantiated.

REGAIN DAY FOR MEN, TOO

The Mania Among Them Quite as Acute as Among Women.

A great many time-honored jokes about woman's follies have in recent days become too badly worn to pass current and the signs indicate that the bargain counter mania as a subject for humor will soon drop out of circulation. Probably there are men who will cling to the old bargain counter jokes as pocket pieces. Men are always loath to abandon any of their established theories about women. They find the facts of femininity so puzzling that they hold fast to traditions—which, having been invented by men, are suited to their minds, says the New York Sun.

The fact is that the bargain counter habit is not feminine. It is universal, and the salesmen in the large stores, albeit prejudiced witnesses, are obliged to confess that the mania among men, if not so prevalent, is quite as acute as among women. An advertised sale of light-weight underwear or golf stockings for men will draw a crowd equalled only by the mob around a shirt waist counter; and as men are proverbially impatient and haven't learned, through long experience in department stores, to wait serenely for a condescending recognition from a salesman, the excitement usually runs high around the men's bargain counter.

A woman reporter strolled into a store one day last week in search of an umbrella to replace the last one she lent, but forgot all about the umbrella in her excitement over what seemed to be a football rush in the center aisle. From the center of the bunch came frantic cries of "Cash!" and an alert floor walker stood near, evidently acting as referee. The reporter edged up toward the fray. She didn't feel herself justified in distracting the attention of the referee, so she controlled her curiosity until another floor walker hove in sight. Then she asked breathlessly:

"What's the matter?"
He looked puzzled.
"What are they scrambling for?"
The floor walker grinned expansively.
"Sale of bicycle trousers marked from \$20 to \$4.99."
The woman gasped.
"Do men do that sort of thing?" she asked in a dazed way. The floor walker smiled again.

"Bless you, I should say they did. The women aren't the only ones. The men have been ten deep in front of that counter all day, and I will say it for the women they don't lose their temper the way men do. Maybe it's because they're more used to the scramble. It's kind of a recent thing, this bargain counter business for men, but it isn't because the men don't like it just as well as the women do. It's just because there weren't any bargain counters for them. We advertised a sale of light-weight underwear at very low figures last Friday, and things were so lively that I thought it would be wise for me to vacate and put a policeman in my place. We had to put two men out because they got mad and swore like pirates. Now the women don't do that."

The smile on the floor walker's face suddenly broke bounds and became a laugh.
"Funny thing about the sale, though," he chuckled. "We were selling the suits here at 50 cents, and I never thought of buying any. I'm too big to wear any of those cheap duds—can't get them to fit. Well, I went home that night, and my wife says:

"John, I've got a surprise for you!"
"I always feel dubious when she comes at me that way; but I followed her upstairs, and there on the bed were six suits of the identical underwear I'd been wrestling over all day."
"I saw them at Smith's for 65 cents a suit, and they were such a bargain I just thought I oughtn't to miss the chance of getting them for you," she said.

"It pretty nearly killed her when I told her we were selling them at 50 cents, and that I couldn't wear them at any price; but I won't keep her from buying me the next thing she sees that seems cheap to her. That's one thing men haven't got around to yet—they don't buy bargains for their wives."
"That's not because they are wise but because they are too careless to think about it," said the reporter.

"Oh, I don't know; I guess it's because they don't know one flubdub from another. It would be better if women would let these bargains for men alone. Whenever I see a woman shoving up into a crowd like that, and buying men's toggery, I always know there's going to be trouble and tears in one family. A woman never does know what a man will like."
Just then a man, with his hat on one side and his necktie fastened along the top of his collar, detached himself from the crowd that was struggling for bicycle trousers. He looked hot and bad tempered, and the way he thumped himself down upon a stool suggested a string of blanks and exclamation points.

"Well, that's enough to drive a man to drink," he groaned to the floor walker. "Do you run this sort of a lunatic asylum right along?"
"Only on Fridays."
"Hump! Always heard it was a hoo-doo day. My wife let me in for this. She read the paper this morning and said it was the chance of a lifetime if I wanted bicycle trousers, and I was fool enough to take her advice."

Then he pulled himself together and went off grumbling; and if there's anything wrong about those bicycle trousers there's one woman who will wish she had never been born. "The woman tempted me" seems to be an excuse adapted to all emergencies in a man's life, and is as handy at a bargain counter as in paradise.

A NEW JERSEY HERMIT.

Just Discovers That This Country Is at War with Spain.

Hullitt Anderson has just learned that the United States and Spain are at war. He came to Trenton from his hermit's retreat among the Sourland mountains, where he has isolated himself for the last forty years. During that time, Anderson says, he has not read a newspaper nor discussed passing events with any person.

Away back in the fifties he war a staunch republican, and when Buchanan ran for the presidency of the United States he made a vow that if he was elected he would shut himself out from the world until his death. He owned a small tract of land in the Sourland mountains, which traverse the northwest corner of Mercer county, and there he built himself a home, and since that time has taken no further interest in worldly affairs.

He has lived off the product of his garden and the game that he has been able to trap among the hills. He cultivated the land that he owned until it became very rich, and paid great attention to the development of the trees upon it, until it became a sort of rural paradise. About a year ago some wealthy gentlemen came from Trenton and made a proposition to Anderson to purchase his property. They said that they wanted to make a game preserve of it. He wouldn't sell. He declared that he never wanted to mix with the world again, and if he sold himself out of house and home he would have to seek new quarters and that he didn't want to do that.

The first attempt to purchase Anderson's possessions was a flat failure, but the would-be buyers kept at him until he finally gave them some encouragement. They offered him a price that meant for him living in comfort without work for the rest of his days, and that point was urged upon him.

"But I've made a vow that I will live here all my life," argued Anderson, "and I don't think that I ought to break it."
"Neither the vow," answered the men from Trenton. "It was a foolish one to begin with. Now you have an opportunity to sell this property for a big figure. With the money you can enjoy yourself the rest of your days, and you ought to do it."
Anderson finally took that view of the matter, and the bargain was sealed. He has given the new proprietors possession of the property and come to Trenton, where he had not been for more than forty years. He is a picturesque figure. Although he has lived to the age of 85, he is as straight as an arrow and as active as a man of half his years. His hair hangs over his shoulders and his beard falls to his waist. He carries a cane that he made himself thirty-four years ago, and wears a pair of shoes that he put together from heel to toe. His clothes are of modern cut. They were the first purchase that he made after he received the money for his farm. His tall hat was in style at the period when he went into retirement.

Anderson is naturally an intelligent man, and at the time of his youth he kept up to date, but he was sadly behind when he arrived in Trenton. The city had changed wonderfully since he saw it last, and he wandered about in confusion looking for familiar objects. On his way down State street his attention was attracted to a sign in a window which read: "Recruits wanted for the Fourth New Jersey regiment of volunteers."
The old man stopped and read the sign carefully. Calling to a young man who was passing, he said: "Hain't they freed 'em yet?"
"Freed who?" asked the young man, eying the old man curiously.

"Why, the niggers," replied the old man. "I knowed the war was comin' just as sure as daylight, but I hadn't no idee that it would last as long as this."
"Where have you been the most of your life, old man?" asked the younger man.
"Up in the mountains, 'tendin' strictly to my own business," was the prompt reply.

"You must've been pretty far up in the mountains. The negroes were freed more than thirty years ago."
"Gosh, almighty," exclaimed the old man. "More'n thirty y'ars ago they freed the niggers?"
"Yes, sir; and the country is now fighting with Spain."
"Waal, I'll be whipp'd!" exclaimed the old man, mopping his forehead in a dazed way. "We are now fightin' with Spain, that little snipper Jack of a country. Is Buchanan responsible?"
"Who's Buchanan?" inquired the young man.

"Why, the president, Jim Buchanan. He hain't never been knocked out, has he?"
"Yes, sir, he was knocked out about thirty-seven years ago."
"You don't mean to tell me that they managed to beat Jim Buchanan an' that he hain't president no longer?"
"Exactly that."
"Waal, I'll be—!" exclaimed the old man. "This here world has kept right on goin' since I dropped out of it, hain't it?" and he walked away with his head down as if trying to straighten things out in his mind to his own satisfaction.

The earth has a shadow, but few ever see it, except in eclipse of the moon, or else few recognize it when they see it. Nevertheless many have noticed that on fine cloudless evenings in summer shortly before sunset a rosy or pink arc on the horizon opposite the sun, with a bluish gray segment under it. As the sun sinks the arc rises until it attains the zenith and even passes it. This is the shadow of the earth.

The pressure in Great Britain in the direction of the adoption of the metric system is increasing daily, and Russia is also agitating the question. In Europe, Asia and America the metric system is used by over 400,000,000 people, and if the Russian empire was added it would bring this number up to 500,000,000. It is probable that before the lapse of many years the metric will be "the universal language of quantity."