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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1896.

As was predicted by all republicans, the election of Major McKinley has caused a general revival of business, and particularly is this true in the iron and textile industries.

Two counties in Nebraska in which manufacturing industries are located, went republican last Tuesday. They were Hall and Madison.

LINCOLN COUNTY'S VOTE. The following is the vote received by the several candidates in Lincoln county as shown by the official canvass:

Table listing candidates for various offices in Lincoln County, Nebraska, including President, Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor, Treasurer, and various representatives.

LOON. Lone dweller by the lonely lake. Remote among our northern hills. Round wooded shores by loud cries wails.

HEPZIBAH. The room had been still for a long while. Only the even, monotonous splash of the outgoing tide and now and again a restless, unconscious movement of the dying woman in the bed.

HEPZIBAH. The pale lips just formed the whispered word. The gaunt woman rose hastily and bent over her.

HEPZIBAH. When I am gone, I trust you to turn them for me. Tom must never know. Poor Tom—he has been a good husband to me, but I loved Jack first.

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heart was buried in a newly made grave on the cliff side, and nothing seemed real to him but that.

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THE STRANGE FISHES. Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects, Such as Dame Nature's self met (might) fear to see.

LOVE'S REWARD. Philip had known her ever so long, ever since she came here, a little, rose lipped child. He drew her to school on his little cart, he taught her to ride when older, and when her favor was no longer to be won by snowy kittens or sugared sweetmeats he had laid at her feet a man's strong love, a heart that was brave and loyal and true as steel.

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and is glancing away, on a partner's arm, when she looks up and sees before her a late arrival—Edgar Reynolds.

Florence Thorne looks up at him in calm surprise. She does not smile; she does not cry out. No tinge of the rose flush dies from her face. The pansy purple eyes do not droop; the lily hands do not tremble.

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NAY, ASK NO VOW. Nay, ask no vow, dear heart. Too lightly slips the word "forever" from our careless lips.

THE APPRENTICE. Three hundred years ago there lived at Augsburg a lad named Willibald, apprentice to a smith, whose industry obtained him the regard of his master.

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At the same instant Willibald saw fire spring from the ground and caught a glimpse of several bars of iron and the tools of his trade. The clock struck 12, and, starting, he betook himself to work.

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