

IRA L BARE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1897.

WILL our present "reform" legislature construct a law compelling county officials to let printing to the lowest bidder, just as they would any other contract? Our own Stebbins might be persuaded to lead the charge in this reform.

STEBBINS' bill appropriating ten thousand dollars to experiment with Wright's method of producing rain by explosives has been knocked out. This will give Mr. Stebbins an opportunity to more vigorously push his bill appropriating ten thousand dollars to the Nebraska Irrigation Fair.

THE populists of Nebraska are great reformers, but when the legislature proposes to reduce the salaries of county officials the fellows who will the loudest are those who hold county offices through the votes of populists. If the salaries of republican office-holders could be reduced without effecting the salaries of populist officials, the members of the great reform party would give a hearty amen.

THE ways and means committee of the house held a meeting Friday evening and discussed the Omaha exposition bill. After a prolonged session the committee recommended the bill to be placed on general file and that the appropriation be cut from \$350,000 to \$150,000. Recommendations were also made going away with the salaries of the commission provided by the bill.

ACCORDING to the stories told by the Bee, the policemen and detectives of Omaha are without parallel for stupidity. Thieves have grown so bold that they even make way with teams left temporarily standing on the principal thoroughfares of the city and the hawk-shaws are unable to get any clue to the thieves.

THE preliminary tests indicate that the new gun cotton shell, the latest product of inventor Gathmann, can be used without tearing the discharging gun to smithereens. This is important, because if these terrible projectiles can be used with safety to the gunners there is no doubt that they will cause hostile fleets to keep at a respectful distance. The new shell is of very thin steel. It carries 400 pounds of gun cotton. When it explodes in the vicinity of a warship the subsequent proceedings have no interest for those on board the unlucky craft.

IT wasn't the greenback that did it of course. It was the fear of the perpetuity of the democratic deficiency and the final financial collapse of the government that caused the raid on the gold in the treasury. Look at the record. During the month of January just past the total withdrawals of gold from the treasury was less than \$800,000, while in January, 1896, the withdrawals aggregated over \$40,000,000.

A hot flush stained Enid's white skin and dried the tears on her cheeks as she drew herself from Dick's encircling arms and faced him in the narrow pathway.

"Dick Lindsay, when six months ago, I gave you my heart and my love, I gave them for all time, and not to take them back at the written word of a man whom I never knew, who was dead before I lived.

THE city council and the lodges and citizens generally of Grand Island are preparing for a cemetery improvement crusade in the spring to make the old church yard a nice place in which to sleep after you get through with politics and boils in this world.

Electric jars, calculated to cure everything to which flesh is heir, are being sold by smooth fakirs in some parts of the state. The best electric jars are those produced by a forcible contact of the fist with the fakir's nose, which will produce frictional electricity and a jar both at once.

HARE AND HOUNDS.

The rosary at Gardenhurst was the fairest spot in all that fair demesne. Over arch and lattice and trellis the heavy headed blossoms rioted in a bewilderment of pink and white, crimson and cream, forming a glorious canopy above the severely trimmed rosebushes that glowed like gigantic bouquets on either side of the winding paths.

But Enid Fitz Roy saw neither the flowers about her, nor the surrounding woods, nor the clear summer sky above all. Tall and slender, she stood like a statue among the roses, with the folds of her muslin frock falling straightly about her, and her fair face somber and troubled beneath the wide brim of her garden hat.

The oval of her face, that should have been wreathed in smiles, was pale and drawn. The small, curved mouth was pressed together in an effort to suppress a childish desire to cry. The sweet eyes were hidden by the white, lowered lids in either sorrow or indifference, while the gay roses swung like perfumed censers in the light air.

How could she heed or care for birds or flowers, when her whole heart was away in the dim library of the old mansion behind her, when her brain ached in the effort to guess at the words and gestures that were passing there among the frowning family portraits and the great oak bookcases, for at that moment Dick Lindsay was telling his loves and hopes to Lord Hunston, the stern man whom fate had given her for an uncle and a guardian.

Hurried footsteps among the roses roused her from her reverie at last, and, turning, she saw her lover speeding toward her.

"Dick!" she cried in welcome, running to him and with her set face breaking into joyous smiles. Then a little moon escaped her, and she grew white as her gown, for one glance at Dick Lindsay's eyes told her he had failed.

"Darling, at first I hoped for success," said Dick when Enid had regained some degree of self control and the lovers had wandered from among the jarring fane of the brilliant flower garden in the friendly shadows of the wood.

"Your uncle heard me without interruption and even smiled once or twice. I told him of my prospects, how the mortgage was nearly paid off the Knoll, and how I should be able to live there in another year.

"I know—I know; the copy of my father's will," cried Enid, "made before I was born."

"He opened the paper and pushed it across the bureau to me, marking with a nail dent the passage I should read."

"Oh, don't repeat it; don't say it!" wailed the girl, putting her hands over her ears, as though to shut out hated sounds.

"But where are they?" demanded Lord Hunston.

"Isn't the yoke smashed up?" tittered one fair dame.

"Where's the Enid hiding?" cried Lady Hunston. "Her bike's not among the rest."

"Has an accident happened?" "Follow the track down Bluebell hill."

"Dick Lindsay, when six months ago, I gave you my heart and my love, I gave them for all time, and not to take them back at the written word of a man whom I never knew, who was dead before I lived.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

She shook her blond head. "I don't quite know. I must think."

Outside the rain pattered dismally down on the great trees in the park, whose leafless branches swayed and bent with every gust of the chilly wind.

As Captain Gordon watched the beautiful face of his companion and hostess bent over her work a sudden, short, impatient sigh escaped him, and he turned his head restlessly amid the cushions of the coach on which he lay, for although he was more than convalescent, he liked to indulge in some of the remaining privileges of invalidism which had chained him to that sofa for some time.

How lovely was the perfectly chiseled face opposite him, and how serene, how cold! Would nothing ever shake that icy serenity? He wondered rather bitterly as, shading his face with his hand, he let his eyes devour every feature. Would she never guess the mad, wild, unreasoning love he bore her?

The summer had waned and died, and in that sporting neighborhood every one turned his attention to hunting, Gordon among the rest, for he had always been a keen sportsman up to this.

"Seven minutes' start!" cried Enid as she sprang into the saddle and sped round the angle of the house, with her companion here wobbling after her.

And in that time bounds were after her, amid the cheers of the crowd and sundry minor mishaps. At the lodge gates Lionel Errington, in spite of the white paper going both ways, turned sharp to the left.

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Life in a London Shop.

"Assistants who consult their own interests will refrain from talking about their salaries."

"How cold, how cruelly cold she is!" he thought longly. Yet what could his going be to her but a matter of complete indifference?

"You will like it?" she said at length, a note of calm interrogation in her low tones.

"Like it?" he echoed rather wildly. "Do you think a man likes leaving all he holds best and dearest in the world when going means for him dreariest exile into outer darkness?"

"What you mean?" she questioned in a very low voice.

"I mean I love you," he muttered recklessly. "Scorn me, despise me, I don't care. I must speak or I shall go mad. I think I never, God knows, meant to tell you this, but circumstances have been too strong for me."

"Yes," she whispered, nestling closer in his arms. "I have cared all along. I think you have magnetized me in some way. I was drawn to you irresistibly. All the summer was one long dream to me because you were there, and I saw you daily."

"Books in the Running Brooks." There is no knowing where the Bodleian library at Oxford will leave off. At present it is literally overflowing with the literature, if not the learning, of the age.

Expensive Benevolence. There is a venerable and benevolent judge in Paris who at the moment of passing sentence on a prisoner consults his assessors on each side of him as to the proper penalty to be inflicted.

Poisonous Serpents. All poisonous serpents have movable fangs, which are found in the upper jaw, and when not in use close up like the blade of a penknife.

A Cautious Doctor. "Doctor, something is the matter with me. Sometimes my mind is a perfect blank, and my memory constantly fails me. I wish you would treat me."

A Consolation Gone. "How's your wife?" inquired one of the farmers who were coming in to market. "She's perfectly well, seems like."

Universal Language. Many schemes have been devised for a universal language, of which Volapuk is among the latest.

Did You Ever Try Electric Bitters for a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief.

The firm has a most peculiar and original arrangement of its seeds, these being dispersed in regular order on the backs of the leaves.

Inspector of schools was one day examining a class of village school children, and he asked them what was meant by a pilgrim.

How He Answered Them. A well known artist received long ago a circular letter from a business house engaged in the sale of California dried fruit, inviting him to compete for a prize to be given for the best design to be used in advertising their wares.

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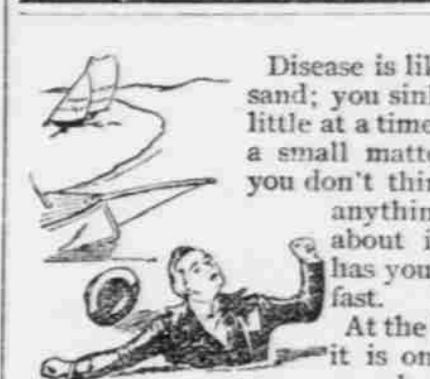
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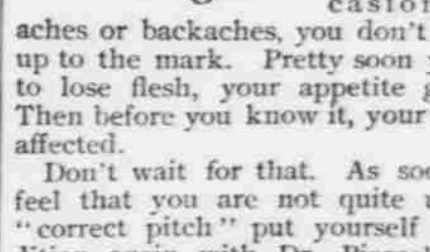
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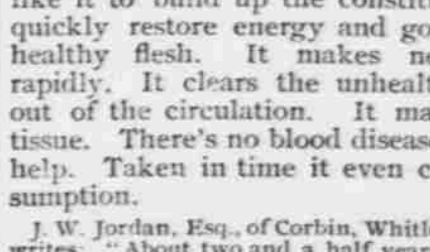
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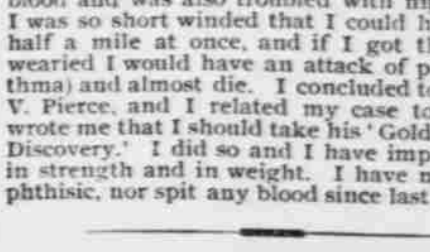
Disense is like a quick-sand; you sink a little at a time. It seems a small matter at first; you don't think there is anything serious about it until it has got you by the neck and fast.



At the beginning it is only a little weakness and occasional occasion of aches or backaches, you don't feel quite up to the mark. Pretty soon you begin to lose flesh, your appetite gives out. Then before you know it, your lungs are affected.



Don't wait for that. As soon as you feel that you are not quite up to the "correct pitch" put yourself into condition again with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. There is nothing like it to build up the constitution and quickly restore energy and good, hard, healthy flesh. It makes new blood rapidly. It clears the unhealthy blood out of the circulation. It makes fresh tissue. There's no blood disease it won't help. Taken in time it even cures consumption.



J. W. Jordan, Esq. of Corbin, W. Va., Ky., writes: "About two and a half years ago when I was at Flat Lick, Ky., I was taken with severe rheumatism in my chest and spine, and I was so short winded that I could hardly walk half a mile at once, and if I got the least bit tired I would have an attack of phthisis (as I was called) and I would die. I had consulted Dr. V. Pierce, and I related my case to him. He wrote me that I should take his 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I did so and I have improved, and in strength and weight. I have not had the phthisis, nor spit any blood since last spring."

FOR CONSTIPATION. no remedy in the world is equal to Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which act natural and mildly, but never fail to effect a complete and permanent cure. There is no substitute for these "Pellets," not just more than the inspector himself. It regulates and invigorates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.