

DURING his present term as president Cleveland is said to have saved \$125,000. During the same period Uncle Sam lost a half billion or more.

SPAIN has succeeded in placing a debt of \$500,000,000 upon the island of Cuba. If Spain cannot kill all the Cubans she proposes to confiscate their property through taxation.

THE present administration has placed 75,000 positions under the civil-service rule, thereby relieving the incoming president of the trouble of making that many appointments.

AN exchange very truly remarks that a lot of Bryanites sit on fences and around corner groceries and jeer and sneer at any mention of "good times coming." They would sooner endure poverty and idleness than fail in their prophecy of "I told you so."

BYRAN evidently believes in keeping the people in a state of ignorance. He advises his followers to boycott all papers that do not advocate the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1. The metropolitan papers which favor free coinage are few—fewer than they were prior to last November.

OUR citizens await with some degree of interest the platform to be promulgated by the Bryan free silver municipal reform club of North Platte. The members of the committee appointed to draft the platform have been "reformers" ever since they wore swaddling clothes and yet have never accomplished anything.

THE maximum appropriation asked for by the promoters of the Transmississippi exposition is equivalent to a contribution of thirty cents from each inhabitant of the state. Everybody can afford to chip in three times for the success of the great exposition. We expend more than that at each circus we attend and compared with the proposed great show at Omaha the circus is but an atom.

VICE PRESIDENT HOBART has been besieged by begging letters every day since his election. One young woman wrote from New Orleans requesting \$10,000 with which to complete her musical education, and asked Mr. Hobart to telegraph when the money would arrive. Another woman asked for eight dollars for a set of false teeth, saying that her chances of getting a husband would be vastly increased thereby.

At the naval proving grounds at Indian Head, Md., tests were made by the American Ordnance Company of the destructive power of shells charged with frozen dynamite. The inventor of this type of projectile is J. K. Bakewell of Pittsburgh, Pa. Six shots were fired, the purpose being to prove that a shell filled with the explosive, in a frozen condition, would pierce the object at which it is fired before exploding. Five experiments were successful, one failing because the dynamite had been exposed to the freezing process only half the time of the others. A large three-inch steel target was used. While the hole where a shell filled with powder penetrated the plate is clearly cut, those produced by shells charged with frozen dynamite showed jagged edges, turned back. The recoil of the gun was very marked, although only small charges of the explosives were used.

BENJAMIN BRAZELLE is the name of the young man in St. Louis who has succeeded in defying all the laws of nature, chemistry, etcetera. By actual test Mr. Brazelle has changed silver into gold and gold into silver. The transmutation he considers the most insignificant part of the discoveries he has made—a mere nothing in comparison with the feat of changing clay into gold, silver, iron, calcium, aluminum, glaucum, and fifteen other metals not now known to science and whose qualities have not yet been determined by the discoverer. In addition to his ability to convert into any metal, Mr. Brazelle advances the theory that metals are endowed with life and grow like any plant when placed under the proper conditions. The theory is not lacking demonstration, and has been proven to the satisfaction of the scientists and his financial backers beyond a doubt. From that he deduces that all things in the universe are endowed with life and that rock minerals and earth all apparently inanimate, are full of life, energy and growth and develop and die like plants.

He has been able to prove his theories to such an extent that a company has been formed to make practical use of his wonderful startling discoveries. The company has already started its plant at Fair Lawn, in St. Louis county. It will soon be completed and ready to turn out aluminum, calcium, gold, silver, iron and many other metals not now known to science, all manufactured from common clay.

THE HIDDEN BEAUTY.

The black stream flows along
Whose waters we despise,
Shadows reflected there,
Some fragrant of the skies,
Some tangle of thorns and briars
(The task is fit for thee)
Seek for the hidden flowers
We are too blind to see;
Then will thy great gift
A crown and blessing call,
Which look thou on me,
And God sees good in all.
—Edward Elburn Mason in Womankind.

DECEIVERS EVER.

Carey Churchill Carter Channing, first lieutenant, Ninth cavalry, died so long ago that most of his story is forgotten, although it was a very great wonder at the time. Everybody connected with it is dead also—his mother and the other two women—and so many first lieutenants have filled his place since then that no one's heart is likely to be wounded by repeating it.

He was a superb great fellow—as all the men in his regiment were said to be in the days of the big, blond and brave type, knowing neither fear nor failure, and his fascination was something that has become a tradition in the service. So many girls—aye, and married women, too—had loved him that the shores upon which he had touched were strewn with wrecks.

The hearts of all those women had been broken, actually broken, not just denied a little, as is usually the case in such affairs. Their lives were openly ruined, yet Channing kept himself free of blame. No one could say "he should not have done thus or so," he never committed himself; he never acted in a compromising fashion in the presence of a third person. But the women who ran in and out of the desert of disillusion, following the elusive pillars of his eyes, were not the only ones who were deceived. She was a most wonderfully attractive, feminine little thing, but she was neither of the self-immolating nor of the concealing sort. Having lost her heart, she lost her head, and Channing was in much danger of having his methods exposed.

His captain advised him, "Channing, you'd better take a leave and get out for a bit."

"Why?"

"Well, it's a delicate subject, but Morton's an old friend of mine, and I don't want to see his wife disgraced."

"But what have I done? I am as innocent as a baby, and besides, I think you are mistaken."

"We all exonerate you. It's not your fault, but I'm not mistaken. It's evidence to the whole post. Take my advice and go see your mother, like a dutiful son."

Channing was flattered, but he was also frightened; nevertheless, he was undecided.

There was a hop that same night. Mrs. Morton was there, and it was her actions that determined Channing to take Captain Lytton's counsel. She was already in the room when Channing came, and she was looking at him with a look of intense interest.

Her own eyes were filled as she raised them piteously. "You see what a spectacle I am making of myself. I can't help it. I've tried hard. There's nothing for it but to go away or break down."

"Poor little girl! Come away, then."

"If you will just take me home and tell Dan!" She stopped, losing the thread of her words, for Channing was staring at her.

Captain Lytton offered her his arm. "Come quickly," he said.

"Just wait a minute, please—just tell me Mr. Channing I can't stay for our dance."

She had flushed up, and her eyes were brilliant. She put out her hand to Channing, drew it back and again stretched it forth confidently.

He took it and pressed it—yes, she was sure he pressed it almost. "The third you promised me, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I think so," she answered.

Captain Lytton turned on his heel and walked away.

At the end of the third dance, while they strolled together up and down the line, Channing experimented to see how far she would go. To his consternation, he found that she would stop at nothing short of blushing her infatuation from the house tops. A scandal was not what Channing wanted. He was very gentle with her, but she wept and said all manner of foolish things, until Captain Lytton came upon them and took her home.

Very soon after this the lieutenant went on to visit his mother. She was a Virginian of the conventional sort but proud order, and she lived on what had once been the kitchen garden of the family estate. Quite as often as not she was on the point of hunger, when there was no demand for the needlework of her quivering old fingers. Her son did not contribute to her support. "All of my beggarly pay and more, too, goes to keep up appearances. My regiment is great on esprit de corps. I'd like awful well to help you, mother, but I must hold up my end of the row. I am a

Channing." And she loved him all the better.

While he was with her in the summer of 1885 through sheer lack of excitement he became enamored of a certain Anna Trafford. He asked her to marry him, quite the last thing he would have expected himself to do—and she, being completely fascinated, consented without even a decent amount of hesitation. It was arranged that in the late fall she should join Channing at the town nearest his post and there be married.

In September, the unhappy Mrs. Morton having gone hopelessly away to another garrison, the lieutenant rejoined his regiment. He mentioned the fact of his engagement to no one, but proceeded promptly to lure on another woman, a girl of gorgeous beauty, a hot blooded brunette, with the eyes of a Jael, the brow of a Madonna, and a sensitive, well made mouth. She was the only daughter of Colonel Ross, motherless and betrothed to one Lieutenant Hawthorne, who had loved her since they had been babies making mud pies together on the sun blasted parade ground of Camp Thomas. She broke her engagement, and she broke young Hawthorne's heart. But her own turn was to come.

In November, giving way ungraciously enough to Anna Trafford's pleadings, Channing granted her permission to join him at the railroad town. She was very poor. Generally she was considered a self-sacrificing. Now she clung and would not be quiet until a mortgage was raised on the wretched little house that was all in the world her mother and crippled sister owned. She bought her ticket with the money, and ten days after the receipt of Channing's letter she was at the meeting place—alone.

She spent a day and two nights in the mean little depot hotel, very nearly out of her mind with loneliness, fright and at last an acknowledged distrust. Then Channing's mother arrived, and an officer met them with an ambulance. Channing was dying of a fever, the mother told her. The doctor had telegraphed for her without her son's knowledge, and after the girl had left the village. Then Anna reproached herself for her suspicious with unreasoning bitterness.

The drive to the post took two days. It was a horrible experience for the officer. The road stretched on, on, on, across desert and bad lands, where even the greenest weed and mesquite was burned by the terrible sun. The old woman sank from the dust and the heat into an almost senseless state. The girl, being young and strong and alive, fought with the strangling dust, gasped, twisted her small hands and bit into her lips in a perfectly silent struggle. Sometimes, as the lieutenant sat opposite them, he wished that they would cry or make some sound.

The beautiful daughter of Colonel Ross was standing by Channing's side alone when the doctor led the mother and her young companion in. The lieutenant had been dead 20 minutes. The dark eyed woman did not turn. She had forgotten everything in all the world save only Channing's face. When the southern girl dropped down at the bedside and screamed for her husband, she started.

"Is the poor thing crazy?" she asked dully of Mrs. Channing.

"No. But she was not married to him. Only she was to have been married at Santa Maria two or three days ago—I forget when. He sent for her."

"That can't be true, because I am his wife."

Mrs. Channing caught at the bedpost with her feeble old hand. "Nonsense!" she said.

"Indeed it is true. Aren't you his mother?" She put her arm tenderly about the bent shoulders. "I thought you were. You look like him. He and I were married last night at midnight, when they told us he was going to die."

"Anna! Come away, Anna! You've no right there. Get up. This girl's his wife. He didn't love you. He married her. He married her—last night."

It was cruel, but Mrs. Channing had gone mad.

For five years afterward Colonel Ross cared for the insane mother of his daughter's husband—even when his daughter was dead.

But until Channing was buried in the graveyard on the hill, where the coyotes dug up the bones at night, and the prairie dogs barked sharply, and the snakes glided along the dry baked earth into their holes—until he was buried there the two women staid by her. Their trust in the dead man never faltered. The girl believed he had never ensnared her in his deathbed, the wife that he had never loved the childish, pretty Virginian. Yet neither, out of pity, spoke her convictions.

Watching over his mother, they sat in the room where he had died and listened to the thud of the soldiers' feet as they marched by outside, following the young officer's flag covered coffin. Then there was a long, long silence. They were wide apart—the wife with her beautiful head in her hands, the girl looking straight at the wall, the old woman muttering and scratching at her gown with her crooked fingers.

At last came the sound of a faroff volley of musketry. The girl jumped up. "What's that?"

"The firing over his grave."

In a moment it came again. The girl stood staring; the wife sat with her head still bowed. It was no new sound to her.

A pause—then the last volley. The girl fell, and the woman, lifting her head, stared stupidly at the pretty, dead face, at the fixed, childish eyes that still looked hard, while the mother muttered in the corner and taps shrilled from the bugle over the grave of the man they had loved. —Gwendolen Overton in San Francisco Argonaut.

A Half Finished Job.

"Sir, I am a self made man!"

"Who interrupted you?" —Strand Magazine.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of constipation and sick head ache. For Malaria and liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c per box. Sold by A. F. Streitz druggist.

THE UMBRELLA.

It Has Been Known and Used For Thousands of Years.

Possibly many of you suppose that the umbrella is a modern invention, but it is not. Both as an emblem of rank and as a protection from sun and rain it is of very ancient origin. Though the materials used in the manufacture have been constantly changing, the general construction of the frame has been changed but little in thousands of years.

Egyptian and Ninevite sculptures of the earliest dates have many representations of the umbrella, but it is invariably in connection with royalty. It was always held over the head of a monarch when he rode in his chariot and at his great open air feasts. In some of the Hindu sculptures Vishnu is represented carrying an umbrella when going on a visit to the infernal regions.

We find frequent references to the umbrella in the Greek poets, for its use was quite fashionable among women of high rank in Greece. In the middle ages it was an emblem of rank in the church. Umbrellas were carried over cardinals and bishops in solemn processions, and all of the large cathedrals owned one or more umbrellas that were kept for use on such occasions.

The Chinese adopted the umbrella at a very early period in their history, and for many centuries were the only people that did not confine its use to the king and princes of the blood. However, they permitted only men of wealth and high position to carry them. The common people protected themselves from the elements by making their hats broad and umbrella shaped.

From the time that they established their empire the Japanese have made much use of the umbrella. It is also used throughout India, but it is a mark of rank in Burma and Siam. One of the titles of the king of Burma is Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas. He uses white silk umbrellas, and no other person is permitted to use a white one. The prince of the blood can have as many as five, the king, ten, and the emperor, with handles 10 or 15 feet in length. The other officers of the state have but one.

From early drawings it seems probable that the umbrella was introduced into Europe in the fourteenth century, but it did not come into general use until about 1700.—Philadelphia Press.

A New Point In Insurance.

The ingenuity of some insurance companies in devising ways and means for evading responsibility is equalled by nothing on earth. A claim was recently made against an accident insurance company for indemnity by a physician who was not with an injury of a very peculiar fashion. He had been ill as the result of an accident received some time previous, but was partly recovered. While driving he was seized with a spasm, and great exhaustion overcame him. He stopped his horse and proceeded to administer a hypodermic injection of some powerful stimulant to which he resorted in such emergencies. Just as he was about to insert the needle his horse started. The needle was driven deep into the flesh, inflicting a severe and painful injury. He sued for indemnity, he being disabled for 22 weeks. The judge dismissed the complaint on the ground that the injury was not caused through external violent and accidental means in the intent and purpose of the policy. This decision will strike the average thinking individual as somewhat peculiar. If a mishap due to the sudden starting of a horse is not an accident, it might be interesting to know how the word could be defined.

Women and Insurance.

Only about eight or nine of the life insurance companies of the country insure women: at the same rates as men. A considerably larger number insure women, but charge them an additional \$5 per \$1,000, and still more even do not insure women at all. It is the opinion of those qualified to speak that the companies charging the excess rate are not justified in doing so, and that the practice will not long be continued. The mortality rate experienced among women insured by one of our well known companies has been about 80 per cent of what was expected, and it has insured several women for the full amount it will issue on any one life—that is, \$50,000. The heretofore unfavorable attitude of insurance companies toward women has been due undoubtedly to the fact that few if any women had an insurable interest, but that day has passed. As the avenues of occupations have widened thousands of women today are the sole support of children or parents, and those thus dependent on them need the protection of insurance as much as if the family breadwinner were a man.

A Humming Bird's Umbrella.

In front of a window where I worked last summer was a butternut tree. A humming bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely. In fact, we could look right into the nest. One day when there was a heavy shower coming up, we thought we would see if she covered her young during the rain. Well, when the first dropping fell, she came and took in her bill one of two or three large leaves growing close by and laid this leaf over the nest so as completely to cover it; then she flew away. On examining the leaf we found a hole in it, and in the side of the nest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to or hooked up on. After the storm was over the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry.—American Sportsman.

Mental Arithmetic.

Aunt Dorothy—How many commandments are there, Johnny?

Johnny (glubly)—Ten.

Aunt Dorothy—And, now, suppose you were to break one of them?

Johnny (tentatively)—Then there'd be nine.—Spare Moments.

Eggs Are Useful.

According to The Medical Record, eggs are useful in the following applications: A mustard plaster made with the white of an egg will not leave a blister. A raw egg, taken immediately, will carry down a fish bone that cannot be extracted. The white skin that lines the shell is a useful application to a boil. White of egg, beaten up with leaf sugar and lemon, relieves hoarseness—a teaspoonful taken once every hour. An egg in the morning cup of coffee is a good tonic. A raw egg, with the yolk broken, in a glass of wine is beneficial for convalescents.

FILLING A BULLDOG'S TEETH.

An Operation Which a Scranton Dentist Did With Hesitation, But Success.

A powerful and ferocious bulldog, owned by Dr. Ward of Scranton, Pa., enjoys the distinction of having a big gold filling in one of his incisors, and a good many citizens, who have caught a gleam of the gold in his mouth, wonder how the filling was done. Some think it was done through hypnotic influence by the doctor over the dog, while others insist that it was through the dog's implicit obedience to his master's command.

The bulldog's name is Gem. He is as ugly in appearance as a prize winner in a dog show. His nose is a mass of wrinkles, and his eyes have a wicked gleam for any one but his master and Mrs. Ward. His affection for them, however, knows no bounds. When Gem was discovered one day clashing his muzzle between his paws, rolling over and over on the floor and moaning, his mouth was examined, and it was found that there was a big cavity in one of the incisors. It was decided that a dentist should be consulted. The dentist found that it would be necessary to use a rubber dam, and he promised to fill the cavity provided Gem was etherized.

This was done, and the operation was considered a successful one, although Gem evidently thought otherwise. Some time afterward the filling came out, and Gem's last state was worse than his first, for he refused to submit to another operation with ether. At the first sniff of the anesthetic he not only added a score of wrinkles to those already in his nose, but showed his teeth in no dangerous way that the dentist refused to proceed. Dr. Ward insisted that he could make Gem stand on the table and have the tooth filled without wincing. The dentist was dubious about trusting his hand between the brute's jaws, but finally consented to try.

Gem was put on the table, and his master stood in front of him, kept his eyes fixed on Gem's and told him to open his mouth. Gem did so, and a rubber dam was soon adjusted in place. The dentist set to work with the instrument of fortune called a bur, and one of Gem's ears went down in a threatening way, while the other remained cocked. The doctor held one finger raised and kept his eyes fixed on Gem's, that never wandered from his master's gaze. The attitude of Gem's ears proved a barometer of his sufferings when the bur touched a spot close to the nerve. When both ears went down, the dentist knew he had gone as far as dogs' nature would let him go. Gem's eyes never wandered from the doctor's in the 14 hours the dentist was at work. Gem stood the final polishing, and when his master gave the word for him to get down from the table Gem danced with demonstrations of joy at his release. Since that day he has no trouble in masticating the biggest beef bones.—New York Sun.

Salaries Earned by Successful Buyers.

A good buyer who year after year increases his business and the reputation of his department, who leaves for the semiannual inventory a clean and desirable stock—one who, in fact, has the genius of money-making—is paid a salary in the big houses of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 and often a percentage on the yearly increase of his sales. In some of the largest departments a number of the most capable buyers thus receive as much as \$30,000 a year and are regarded as cheap at that, a fact which can be readily understood when it is remembered that in a single department of a great shop selling, say, \$1,000,000 worth of goods a year, a difference of 5 per cent in the profits, which may be the result of a good manager as distinguished from a mediocre one, amounts to \$50,000. On the other hand, in the lower class stores buyers in many of the departments are paid as low as \$25 a week, with no percentage. If the large incomes are the great exception, it is also to be said that the opportunities are more numerous than the men with the ability to take advantage of them.—The Department Store, by Samuel Hopkins Adams, in Scribner's.

Two Horses.

The editor of the New York Christian Advocate learned not long since from a coachman that horses are not unlike human beings. He writes:

Riding in a friend's carriage one day, we noticed that the coachman made constant efforts to restrain one of the horses and to hasten the other. As the pair were handsome and perfectly matched, we said, "What is the difference between these horses, that you are constantly touching up one and holding in the other?"

Said he: "The one that I whip cannot possibly overtake himself. I will not say that he is lazy, but he is so made that he never can and never will do himself any damage. It would be impossible to whip him so hard that he would hurt himself. The other can trot a mile in less than 2:25, and he would trot from the love of it until he dropped dead. Hot or cold, he does his best."

Didn't Locate It.

Dr. H. F. Fisk, principal of the academy of the Northwestern University, is an exact man, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. He has made it a rule that for all absences from recitations his students shall write out reasons in full why they were away and what recitations were missed. One day Dr. Fisk received a note as follows:

"On account of the earache, headache, stomach ache and cramps I was unable to attend algebra at 8 a. m., grammar at 10 a. m. and English at 3 p. m."

Dr. Fisk excused the student, but at the same time took occasion to rebuke him for not stating in his letter where he had cramps.

Professional Advice.

"Doctor, I'm so nervous that I toss all night. What's the best remedy?"

"Just take a nap when you feel that way."—Detroit Free Press.

Your Boy Went Live a Month.

So Mr. Gilman Brown, of 34 Mill St., South Gardner, Mass., was told by the doctor. His son had lung trouble, following typhoid malaria, and he spent three hundred and seventy-five dollars with doctors, who finally gave him up saying: "Your boy went live a month." He tried Dr. King's New Discovery and a few bottles restored him to health and enabled him to go to work a perfectly well man. He says he owes his present good health to Dr. King's New Discovery, and knows it to be the best in the world for lung trouble. Trial bottles free at A. F. Streitz's drug store.

An Old Hymn.

A pathetic and yet charming story is told of the origin of the well known hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," which was written by Rev. John Fawcett, an English Baptist, who died in 1817, having spent nearly 60 years in the ministry.

It was in 1772, after a few years spent in pastoral work, that he was called to London to succeed the Rev. Dr. Gill. His farewell sermon had been preached near Moinsgate in Yorkshire. Six or seven wagons stood loaded with his furniture and books, and all was ready for departure.

But his loving people were heartbroken. Men, women and children gathered and clung about him and his family with sad and tearful faces. Finally, overwhelmed with the sorrow of those they were leaving, Dr. Fawcett and his wife sat down on one of the packing cases and gave way to grief.

"Oh, John," cried Mrs. Fawcett at last, "I cannot bear this! I know not how to go."

"Nor I either," returned her husband, "and we will not go. The wagons shall be unloaded and everything put in its old place."

His people were filled with intense joy and gratitude at this determination. Dr. Fawcett at once sent a letter to London explaining the case, and then resolutely returned to his work on a salary of less than \$200 a year.

This hymn was written to commemorate the event. When Mr. Coffin, a missionary at Aintab, in Armenia, set out in 1850 to explore the Taurus mountains, he was to penetrate an entirely new and dangerous field. This fact was fully realized by the inhabitants of Aintab, and they gathered to the number of 1,500 at the roadsides and bade farewell to the missionary and his family in the Armenian words of this hymn, written nearly a century before by the devoted Yorkshire preacher.—Youth's Companion.

Took the Law Literally.

A very ignorant but well to do citizen from the backwoods was elected corner of a small county. A few days after his election he amazed the ordinary by asking that functionary to point out his duties for him.

"Why," said the ordinary, "when a man drops dead, or is killed by an engine, or blown up with dynamite, you simply impale a jury and sit on him and then render a verdict."

"That's just what I done two hours ago," said the corner, "an the citizens air kickin'!"

"Kickin' about what?"

"The man what I sot on."

"Well?"

"Well, you see, hit wuz this away: He dropped by the railroad thar an holded out, 'Boys, I'm dead!'"

"Well?"

"I wuz standin' within three feet of him, an as he holdered them words I jumped him."

"Jumped him?"

"I mean sot on him, jest like the cornerers air required by law, an, as I weigh right smart, he kep' purty quiet after I landed."

"But he was dead before you reached him, wasn't he?"

"That's whar the question comes in. Ain't but one thing about it that's shore an certain, an that is he wuz dead when I got up!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Awailing a Jewish Moody.

When the Jewish Moody becomes known, we shall have revivals having a warm devotion to the ancient faith, in which the women's council and the Hebrew associations will be conspicuous. There is nothing in the physique of the average Jew that prevents his growing enthusiastic in religion as well as in art or politics; he merely awaits the man and the opportunity. The true Jew is not indifferent. Given the occasion, and he will promptly display his warmth of spirit. We can well picture the crowds of excited worshippers hailing the words of Isaiah or Joel, who, before the approach of these prophets, showed little interest in things spiritual. And in some respects Moody may be called the Isaiah of today.—Jewish Messenger.

Constant Employment.

A witty retort is credited to a well known writer and critic, to whom a friend spoke of a young author whose literary efforts are not received with the enthusiasm which he feels them to merit.

"He tells me he is confident of winning fame for himself before long," said the critic's friend, who had lately met the young author, "and in the meantime he revenges himself upon his unfavorable reviewers by laughing at them."

"I envy him," said the critic, leaving a mock sigh. "He must be by all odds the merriest man in his part of the country if he does that."

A Grandfather's Clock.

Baron Ferdinand Rothschild possesses an old "grandfather's clock" that originally cost over \$50,000. The mechanism records the day of the week, month of the year, the phases of the moon and strikes each hour. The quarters are chimed with a different bell, and (a rare thing with these clocks) it has a second hand. The case was made by Wertheimer and stands 14 feet high. It was originally the property of Louis XVI.

First Written Laws.

The first written statutes are comprised in the law of Moses, 1491 B. C. The first Greek laws were systematized by Draco 623 B. C. The laws of Lycurgus were made about 844 B. C. The Roman laws were first compiled by Servius Tullius and amended by the Twelve Tables in 449 B. C. The Decrees of Justinian were compiled in 529. Blackstone's Commentaries were published at Oxford in 1765 and 1769.

The common house fly, in the mouth of the scientist, becomes the *Musca domestica*.

In the Russian army two days a week are observed as fasts—Wednesdays and Fridays—on which days all the soldier gets in the way of food is lentil soup and black bread and a drink consisting of water in which rye bread has been soaked.—Spare Moments.

Russian Army Food.

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Legal Notices.

NOTICE.

U. S. Land Office, North Platte, Neb., January 16th, 1897.

Complaint having been entered at this office by William J. Mack against James B. Baum for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 12626, dated May 24, 1892, upon the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 8, township 28 north, range 31 west, in Lincoln county, Nebraska, with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at North Platte, Neb., before Register and Receiver on the 27th day of February, 1897, at 9 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

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JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

A PLEASANT LAXATIVE.

While a sick-spell is one of the easiest things in the world to acquire, it is not so easy to remain well by the exercise of a little care, and the use of the proper medicines. Constipation is the great first cause of all diseases. The clogged and inactive digestive organs poison the blood with all manner of noxious impurities, which in turn are absorbed into the system, and organs of the body. If this condition is neglected, a sick-spell is the consequence. It is easy to avoid this. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a sure and permanent cure for constipation. They also cure headache, indigestion, nervousness, stomach, flatulence, and the multitude of all ills that result from constipation. One of these is a gentle laxative, and two mild cathartics. Druggists sell them. There is danger in substitutes.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE.

U. S. Land Office, North Platte, Neb., January 16th, 1897.

Complaint having been entered at this office by William J. Mack against James B. Baum for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 12626, dated May 24, 1892, upon the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 8, township 28 north, range 31 west, in Lincoln county, Nebraska, with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at North Platte, Neb., before Register and Receiver on the 27th day of February, 1897, at 9 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

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JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at North Platte, Neb., January 16th, 1897.

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 and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on the 27th day of February, 1897, at 9 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

PROBATE NOTICE.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF FREDERICK N. DICK.

In the County Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, January 16th, 1897.

Notice is hereby given, that the creditors of said deceased will meet the Executors of said estate, before the County Judge of Lincoln county, Nebraska, at the county court room, in said county, on the 23rd day of May, 1897, on the 26th day of June, 1897, and on the 29th day of July, 1897, at one o'clock p. m., each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance. It is further ordered, that the creditors to present their claims, and one year for the Executors to settle said estate, from the 26th day of June, 1897, to the 26th day of June, 1898, and that the said settlement will be published in THE TRIBUNE, a legal newspaper printed in said county, for four weeks successively, on and after the 16th day of January, 1897.

JAMES M. RAY, County Judge.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Harry C. Lord, Fannie M. Lord, T. J. Lord, Mrs. T. J. Lord, his wife, John Hoffman, defendants, will take notice that on the 24th day of February, 1897, Henry L. Bliss, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by Harry C. Lord and Fannie M. Lord, his wife, to The McKinley Land Loan & Trust Company upon the east half of the Northwest quarter of section 8, township 28 north, range 31 west, in Lincoln county, Nebraska, to secure the payment of a certain coupon bond dated August 1st, 1890, for the sum of \$400.00, and said mortgage and the debt secured thereby were duly assigned