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REPUBLICAN CITY TICKET.

For Mayor—JOHN E. EVANS. For Clerk—FRED GINN. For Treasurer—JOHN SHERMAN. For Police Judge—A. H. DAVIS. For Engineer—E. F. SEEBERGER. For Councilman, First Ward—J. W. ALEXANDER.

Upon petition of G. M. Lambertson and C. O. Wheldon, Judge Hall of the Lancaster county district court issued last Friday an order restraining the recounting of the amendment ballots until yesterday when the injunction could be argued.

THE TRIBUNE thanks W. R. Akers for a copy of the first biennial report of the State Board of Irrigation. The volume is full of valuable statistics relative to irrigation in Nebraska, the discharge of water of the several rivers of the state and other information.

Believing that Consul General Lee at Havana knows more about affairs in Cuba than anybody in this country, President McKinley announces that if Lee calls for a warship one will be sent there immediately.

Those interested in the development of the beet sugar industry—and this should include every Nebraska farmer—will not doubt be glad to learn that the new secretary of agriculture is strong in the belief that the United States has the facilities to produce all the sugar it consumes.

The Omaha exposition bill, carrying with it an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars, passed the senate Saturday, having previously passed the house. Taking into consideration the magnitude of the proposed exposition, the appropriation is rather small; but as large as could be expected from a legislature of the present one.

"We can't have prosperity because there is no money," remarked a white metal frantic to the News man and yet it is seen that we have been paying \$4,000,000 per week to Germany and England for goods made there that ought to have been made here at home.

A WRITER in the Lincoln Journal of Sunday says: Director Loveland of the Nebraska section of the weather bureau believes that the time is not far distant when agriculture will be more uniformly successful in Nebraska than in most of the favored districts of the world.

means of putting on enough water to carry the crops through the crucial period. Windmill irrigation promises to do this, and there is no doubt about the growing use of this cheap and simple method of raising water all over the state.

NEW SOCIAL LEADERS. The Quadrennial Change In Official Life at Washington.

LADIES OF THE CABINET CIRCLE. An Interesting Body of Accomplished Women—Their Important Social Functions—Mrs. Sherman's Long Experience In Public Life—Other Cabinet Ladies.

It may interest the average citizen to learn that the cabinet circle ladies of the new administration are nearly all women to whom polite society and its duties and conventions are perfectly familiar.

Washington society is peculiarly organized. It is composed of a number of distinct circles, one outside the other and touching each other only at the edges. None of them overlaps.

One of the most attractive among the cabinet ladies is Mrs. Alger, wife of the secretary of war. She is an experienced hostess; for during her husband's two terms as governor of Michigan she entertained Lansing society in handsome style.

circle composed of the clerks in the various departments. It is all hollow enough, but the ceremonies which the smallest and most exclusive circle observes are the merriest mockery.

Each cabinet lady is expected to have a receiving day. This means that once a week she throws open her house to the public at large and all who care to consider themselves in society.

It is needless to say that a cabinet lady does not anticipate these reception days with any degree of pleasure. When it is all over, she is as tired as if she had been doing a hard day's work, and she is probably on the verge of nervous prostration.

But to an ambitious woman there is a certain charm and fascination about the rushing crowds and the social intrigues which are being planned all around her. The knowledge that she can make or mar these plans is perhaps a pleasing one.

Foremost among the cabinet ladies of today is Mrs. Sherman, who, as the wife of the secretary of state, is the acknowledged leader of the social whirl that centers about the White House.

try knows Washington society so thoroughly as Mrs. Sherman. For more than 40 years she has spent the best part of every year within sight of the great white dome, and in all that time she has never once slighted her social obligations.



When the Shermans first went to Washington, they occupied a modest little brick house on K street, and it was not until the present secretary of state was 70 years old that he began to build the handsome marble mansion, only a few doors from the old house, which he now occupies.

Mr. Moore's plan is to turn over to each family a plot of from 5 to 25 acres, according to their ability to cultivate it. For the first year the colonists will be allowed to live on the land rent free, and at the end of that time they will be given an opportunity to purchase their farms at the actual cost to Mr. Moore.

She has two married daughters, and her young unmarried daughter Frances is a brilliant and accomplished young woman, who will fully appreciate the advantages which her standing in Washington society will give her.

Mrs. Long, the wife of the secretary of the navy, is by no means a stranger to Washington society, though when she first came to the capital as a bride her husband was only a popular member of the house.

Mrs. Gary, the wife of the postmaster general, is a woman of many personal attractions. Coming from Baltimore, where she moved in most exclusive circles, she has been brought up in a social world in which the conventions are strictly observed.

Of the other cabinet ladies Mrs. Longman J. Gage may be mentioned as a woman to whom social leadership will be no novelty. Mrs. Cornelius N. Bliss will be one of the most conspicuous ladies in the cabinet circle and will probably entertain extensively.

Fair Young Caller—I am Miss Pinkamore—Smiling Young Man (rising)—Glad to meet you, Miss Pinkamore! I am Mr. Thompson—Fair Young Caller—I was about to say that I am Miss Pinkamore, and when papa comes to the office will you please tell him I shall not want the carriage this afternoon? (Goes out, leaving smiling young man in a state of collapse.)—Chicago Tribune.

A COLONY OF EXILES. A HOME IN GEORGIA FOR OPPRESSED ARMENIANS.

The Philanthropic Project of Silas M. Moore of Chicago, in Which Booth-Tucker is Also Interested—A Community of Small Farmers.

A colony of exiled Armenians has been founded in Georgia, and 80 individuals of this persecuted race were recently installed on a tract of 800 acres of land located on the line of the Southern railroad near Eastman. It is wholly through the liberality of Mr. Silas M. Moore of Chicago that this asylum for a band of most unfortunate people has been opened up.

Mr. Moore is greatly interested in the work of helping this suffering people. His daughter is the wife of Rev. S. C. Gates, a missionary stationed at Kharput, Turkey. Mr. Moore is president of the Armenian Relief association, but this enterprise is a distinct and separate one in which he has the associated aid of a number of prominent workers in the field of religious philanthropy.

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The business manager of the colony, Rev. Garabed M. Manavian, is a native of Armenia, but has been in this country for six years. He is just the man for the position, for he has the confidence of the colonists to begin with and knows their needs and capabilities better than one of a stranger.

Upon reaching America he went to Chicago and entered the Chicago Theological seminary, where he prepared for the ministry. For four years he was pastor of the Armenian settlement at Waukegan, and at the same time he continued his theological studies at the Lake Forest university. Two years ago he received a call from the First Congregational church of Kharput, but he declined to return to a place where he would be under Turkish rule.

"That's right—wasted on the air, when it could be stowed up and made use of. Here's the feggers, kurnel! Them wasted kiks would ring all the church bells in the land on Sundays. They would milk all the cows and feed all the hogs south of the Ohio river. They would whistle fur all the dawgs in America, shear all the sheep and kill off all the rats. All yo' want is to store up the power and let 'em run as yo' want 'em fur use."

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MECCA CATARRH REMEDY. For colds in the head and treatment of catarrhal troubles this preparation has afforded prompt relief; with its continued use the most stubborn cases of catarrh have yielded to its healing power. It is made from concentrated Mecca Compound and possesses all its soothing and healing properties and by absorption reaches all the inflamed parts affected by that disease. Price 50 cents. Prepared by The Fairer Mfg. Co., Council Bluffs, Iowa. For sale by A. P. Streitz.

ABE AND THE KURNEL. THEY DISCUSS THE POSSIBILITIES OF SOME GREAT IDEAS.

Lost and Wasted Power That Could Be Utilized In Street Cars—Enough Horsepower In Chimneys and Common Coughs to Turn the Wheels of Commerce.

"Mawwin, Kurnel Dawson; mawwin to yo'," saluted Abe Crofoot as he encountered the good natured planter in the corridor of the postoffice the other day. "Say, Kurnel, ever noticed anything shoddish about me?"

"That's what I'm glad yo' kin see it. I was bo'n too late to be a general and too early to be president of the United States, but these 'ere Pike county folks can't overlook it."

"Shoo, shoo! But yo' ain't gwine to give up, Abe?" "Say, Kurnel Dawson," replied Abe as he stepped back to survey the colonel, "did yo' ever hear of the phenix bird?"

"That's a bird that rises up from the ashes when all has been destroyed and begins business ag'in. Yo' may burn all his tail feathers off, but he rises jess the same and proceeds to grow new ones. He's got ambition and pluck, and he'll git there in the end. I'm that phenix bird, kurnel."

"I sorter git it, Abe—jess 'nuff to see that it's a big thing, bound to be a winner. Say, Abe, that ought to be riches in it."

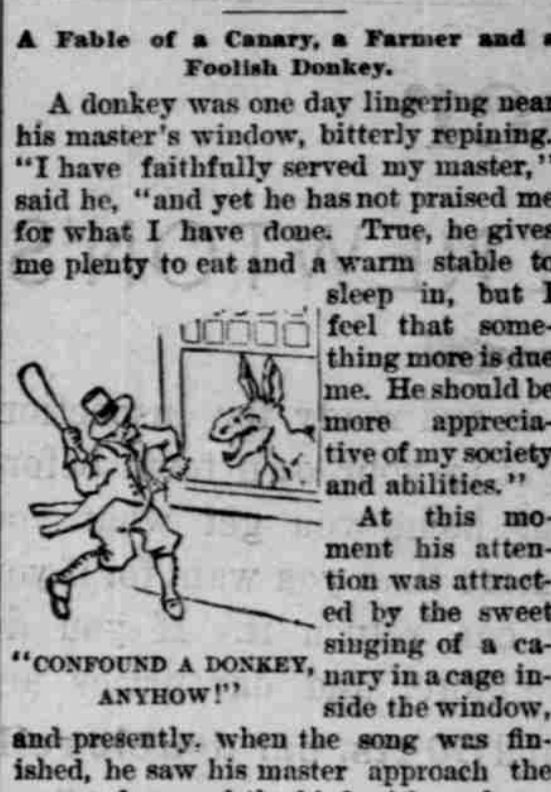
"'Tis a wonderfull critter—jess wonderfull!" gasped the colonel as he extended his hand. "That's so, kurnel! I don't go fur to make any claims for myself, but I reckon these yere Pike county scandalizers will hear yo' sunthin' drap befo' I am through. When yo' were coughed yo' head was thrown forward and yo' heels lifted up, Kurnel Dawson?"

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BY NO MEANS A BIRD. A Fable of a Canary, a Farmer and a Foolish Donkey.

A donkey was one day lingering near his master's window, bitterly repining. "I have faithfully served my master," said he, "and yet he has not praised me for what I have done. True, he gives me plenty to eat and a warm stable to sleep in, but I feel that something more is due me. He should be more appreciative of my society and abilities."



"Ah," said the donkey, full of jealousy. "I see now why my master thinks so little of me. It is because I do not wear a pretty yellow coat and sing to him, like the canary."

"That's a bird that rises up from the ashes when all has been destroyed and begins business ag'in. Yo' may burn all his tail feathers off, but he rises jess the same and proceeds to grow new ones. He's got ambition and pluck, and he'll git there in the end. I'm that phenix bird, kurnel."

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Who Was It? An scholar traveling in the east says that he was once in camp with his friend Ramsay, a man of kindred tastes, in a wretched Phrygian village far from the track of travelers.

"And yo' generally?" "Of co'se. Pleased to hev yo' come along, Abe. Sense me, but I was so powerfully interested in them schemes of yours that I dun forgot. Of co'se—of co'se! Hev it straight, Abe, or will yo' take a leetle water in yo's to make it go further?" M. QUADE.

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