

THE TEST OF LOVE.

Of all the noble rivers that go bounding to the sea none is more splendid than the Columbia. Its pine-clad banks give a majestic setting for its silver stream. But why should it be called silver? At times it is the deepest green—deeper and more luminous than the heart of a jewel. There are hours when its cascades have a thousand colors, like mother-of-pearl. There are dawns, after the mist has lifted, when the broad surface of the river above the cascades is actually saffron or burnished gold.

Barbara Merriden knew it in every mood, and loved it whether it was somber with storm, or sultry in the harsh autumn days, or scintillant under the July sunshine. She was as much at home upon the river as on the land; and the firm earth, with all its comfort and beauty, could never give her the joy that she felt when the current took her boat in its strong embrace.

She went to the river in her sorrowful moments as well as in her happy ones. She fled to it as a friend. When George Caxton told her that he loved her she ran to the river to tell it of the blessing that had come into her life. But, some way she did not feel the ecstasy she had expected to. The pleasure in her heart did not rise to meet the splendor of water and sky and shore. She had often looked forward to this hour as the crowning joy of her life. But with grief she discovered that the song of nature had a higher note than the love lyric of her heart.

Perhaps it was because the hour had been too long expected. George Caxton and Barbara Merriden had gone to school together. They knew every event of each other's lives. They had always been attached to each other. George had never thought of any other girl with emotion, and Barbara had long felt that she was destined to be his wife. She had said yes to his earnest question with gratitude and happiness, yet now, in the mystic hour by the river, with the sun shedding its last exquisite glow upon an unreal world, she felt a weariness of spirit at the moderation of her joy.

She was turning from her beautiful river, humiliated at the inadequacy of her own emotions, when she saw walking among the pines, with eyes fixed upon the distant glory of the sky, a young man whom she had never seen before. He did not see her till she was close by him, and then he looked with a start at the face of the girl, spiritual and exquisite with its deep emotional experience. He stopped and looked at her, rapt, as if she had been some recently embodied soul, created for this wondrous hour, and she stopped, too enchanted by the eloquence of his face.



When he spoke it was to say something remarkable:

"Is it always mysterious and fearfully beautiful in these woods?" he asked.

"It is always beautiful here," she said, speaking as if in a dream. "And sometimes it seems unreal, and like—like a phantom world—as it does to-night."

Never before had she spoken in the way that she desired. It was her habit to frame her speech in commonplace words.

"I should like to walk out on that golden water," he went on. "It seems as if it might bear one up, does it not?"

Barbara had a fancy, and indulged herself in it.

"It will bear up any one whose heart is light," she smiled. "But, mind you, it must have no care at all. It must be as light as ether."

"Would it bear you up?" he asked.

She shook her head mournfully, and he said in a voice that moved her: "And I should sink like a stone." It seemed impossible for them to part while that witch light gleamed upon their enchanted wood, and when the shadows grew gray they became a part of them—like shadows they faded from each other's sight.

That night when Barbara went about her duties and afterward when she lay in her bed she found herself happy with the elate and triumphant happiness of which she had dreamed. George Caxton, her promised lover, seemed a part of the work-a-day world. Her thoughts turned away from him in spite of her efforts to be loyal.

She felt sure she would meet the stranger again in the woods, and she did, many times. He was a writer by vocation. He even confessed to being a poet. He was not well, he said. The city had worn on him. So he had come for a long rest there among the pines. His name was Cecil Underwood.

Barbara found it impossible to resist the charm of his personality. He seemed to make the whole world over for her. In vain she struggled to remember the truth and patience and strength of her betrothed. He was too well known to her to be seen through a glamor. With austere serenity he fastened upon an early marriage day. He refused, apparently, to feel any jealousy at the constant companionship of

his sweetheart and Cecil Underwood. And Barbara was angry at him for this, too.

"He has no sensibility," she said to herself.

One wild day when the wind cried through the tree tops and the waters lashed along as if in stress of pain, Cecil Underwood came to her in an imperative mood.

"You must come walking with me," he said. "The day expresses me. I have to speak of the torment of my heart and I will keep still no longer even at your bidding."

Barbara went out with him. They walked under the pines whose roar filled the world with their lamentings. They were silent, conscious of the storm within their souls.

"Let us take a boat," said Barbara, when they had reached the river.

"No, no," he protested, but she seemed not to hear him, and untied her skiff and leaped into it.

"Come," she said. He hesitated, but followed. As the little boat felt the lift of the waves the pain in her heart seemed to lighten, and she let the current carry her along unconscious of the passage of time. Suddenly Cecil cried out:

"The rapids, Barbara! The rapids! See where you have taken us!" She glanced behind her. It was true that the tossing white mane of the water horse was not more than half a mile away and the boat was quivering in the pull of their great power. Barbara smiled a little—it would not matter to her so much, she reflected, if her great problem were to be solved that way. But still, it was cowardly to die. She set her fine young strength to a resistance, rowing up stream, and inclining the boat toward the southern shore. So absorbed was she in this task that she did not notice the man with her till she heard him crying with wild importunities to his Maker:

"Row, Barbara, row! Row, girl!" Then, looking at him, she saw his face was corpse-white and quivering with fear, and the next moment, he sank, an inert heap, at the bottom of the boat.

"Get up," she commanded, "and take the tiller! Get up instantly!" He obeyed dimly, shaking and sick with terror.

Barbara bent to her heavy task and made, by means of brave efforts, a little headway. But the wild river horses plunged on and dragged her at their heels. She was almost on the verge of yielding to their relentless strength when a boat shot out from the bank. It came toward her quaking skiff with magnificent momentum. Barbara recognized the occupant at once. It was George Caxton. A hideous humiliation filled her soul. She was almost tempted to yield to that tugging of the wild horses. She looked at the half-fainting, praying creature beside her, and then at the approaching man. And a moment of Gethsemane came to her. Then, white and courageous, she renewed her efforts. A moment later a line was thrown to her. She made it secure. Then she in her boat and George Caxton in his began a struggle against the powers of the river, in which they soon conquered.

George helped the trembling Cecil to shore, but Barbara leaped lightly to land and stood there smiling strangely.

"I am thankful with a great thankfulness that I owe my life to you, George," she said. "It is a privilege."

She held out her hand to the other man.

"Good-by," she whispered.

"Pity me! Pity me!" he cried.

"I do," she responded. "Good-by."

He went slowly under the pines, walking feebly like a man who is old and ill. George looked after him with commiserating eyes, but Barbara was relentless.

"Give me your arm," she said, with tender graciousness, "we will walk home together, George."—Chicago Tribune.

Austrian Centenarians.

In search of centenarians in Austria, the Tagblatt of Vienna has discovered nine. In Vienna only one woman, who is named Kulla, is older than 100.

The oldest on the list for all Austria is Amelie Ringer, who lives in a village near Bielitz, in Silesia. She is nearly 115, and reads without spectacles.

The next is Anna Weizl, aged 103. Michael Piszak of Malaczka was born in 1797. Joseph Besendorfer was born in 1798. He was a forest guard of the emperor's property, and has a pension of 15 a day. He is very fond of dancing with young girls. Hermann Schiller, born in 1799, a landed proprietor in Ungvar, uses spectacles to read and write, has all his teeth, and shaves himself every day. He smokes a great deal, and is fond of a hearty meal. Moses Steiner, the poorest among the discovered centenarians, is blind, and his son of 66 finds it hard to support a large family. Elizabeth Maulbeck, in Sseg, owns several houses, and has a nice family of great-grandchildren; she was born in 1799. Francesco Berioffa, a vineyard laborer, in Trent, Tyrol, was 100 years old a month ago.—London News.

Ruskin's Death as a Reminder.

East and West, in the March number, says of John Ruskin: "For the rising generation his death was no event bringing deep personal sorrow, as did the deaths of Tennyson and of Gladstone. To the great majority of younger men and women it came chiefly as a reminder that he had lived so long. And yet few, if any, of the great Victorian writers deserve more praise and honor than he. Loving his fellow-men, loving nature, loving art, Ruskin has been an interpreter and a prophet whose influence can never wholly pass away. It is too soon to assign a final value to Ruskin's work in all its phases, but can we not, to some extent at least, suggest the significance of such a life?"

German Doctor's Invention.
In Germany a doctor has taught his patients how to "massage" rheumatic finger joints by thrusting the hand into a deep glass partially filled with mercury, which presses on them. The hand is dipped in and out of the glass about thirty times at each treatment, and the swelling is thus reduced.—Washington Times.

Salesgirls Warring on Slang.
The salesgirls in a New Jersey town have started a crusade against the use of slang.

ODOUR OF OYSTERS SAVED HIM

It Reminded the Dying Reprobate of Home and Boyhood Days.

The story was told by a railroad contractor over the black coffee of a certain Bohemian table d'hote in the old quarter. "I never fully appreciated that proverb about finding a man's heart through his stomach," he said, "until a couple of years ago, when I was doing a bit of construction work on the Texas and Pacific, out beyond Alexandria. One day a strapping big fellow we all knew as 'Chicago Pete,' who was bossing a shoveling gang, was struck by a falling derrick and had half a dozen ribs crushed in. He was dying when they brought him to camp and with the party came a country preacher, who happened to be riding by at the time the accident occurred. I made the poor fellow as comfortable as I could in my shanty and the parson undertook to administer spiritual consolation, but he soon found he had a rather difficult job. 'Chicago Pete' had been a pretty tough customer all his life and had most of the traits that decent folks can get along without, but he entertained a supreme contempt for death-bed reformatory and told the preacher so with a picturesque embellishment of profanity that made the good man's hair bristle on his head. Nevertheless he stuck to his task and for upward of an hour he pleaded with the sufferer to repent before it was too late. Finally, when he was about to give up in despair, my cook next door began to fry some oysters which I had secured that morning as a special treat, and as their faint odor drifted into the shanty Pete suddenly opened his eyes. 'Them cysters reminds me of home,' he said.

"When you were a boy?" asked the minister, taking the cue as quick as lightning. "Yes," said Pete, "my mother used to fry oysters that smelt just like them do." Then think of her now, my dear friend!" the minister cut in. "Think of your poor old gray-haired mother!" and between the redoubled odor of the oysters and the earnestness of his appeal Pete was actually shedding tears in less than five minutes. "Will you join me in prayer?" asked the preacher presently. "Yes," said Pete, "if you'll leave the door open so I can keep on smelling them oysters," and a little later he passed quietly away in the odor of sanctity and hot grease. That's a true story, boys, and wherever may Peter be, I trust that all is well with him. He was a good fellow at the bottom and he died like a Christian and a gentleman."

BOYS WHO LACK GOOD MANNER
They Never Give Up Their Seat in Public Conveyances to Ladies.
Nine out of ten of the boys and young men who travel up and down the elevated roads of New York are absolutely void of good manners as are a lot of wild Indians—probably more so. It is so seldom that one of these will get up and give a lady a seat that when it does occur the event creates surprise. Scores, yes hundreds of times, have I seen old and middle aged women hang on to a strap mile after mile, while some unlicked whelp of a boy has sat in front of her in stolid indifference. Nor were these always loafers or boys going to their work—fully as often the selfish fellow will be a well-dressed schoolboy or one whose manners otherwise will show a decent bringing up and good manners at home. They don't care, that's all. They have been taught it by somebody. Time and again I have seen a mother sit complacently with a half grown boy or girl beside her, while other women stood up. Did she care? Did she regard to the boy that he should arise and give his seat to some poor old woman? Not a bit of it. She had paid for that seat and meant to keep it in the family. In such cases I have always hoped that she might be clinging to a strap the next time, while some other mother's darling kicked his feet against her dress and stared at her in complacent selfishness. There is probably not a city in America that can compare with New York for the number of street car hogs to the square foot. This don't mean the boys only, by a long shot.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Ice Cream Banned.

A few years ago a famous actor was asked what was the most amusing thing—not down on the bills—which he had ever met with in his long theatrical experience. He replied that one in a play in which he appeared, an ice-cream freezer, presumably filled with cream, was among the properties displayed to the audience. It was not practicable to equip the freezer with real ice cream, so its place was supplied by cotton. One of the actors had occasion to cross the stage with a flaming torch, and a spark from the torch must have fallen into the freezer, for, to the joy of the audience, which greeted the casualty with enthusiastic applause, the ice cream was inconsistent enough to burn up then and there, thus inflicting a serious blow upon the "realism" of the performance.—New York Mail and Express.

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In Germany a doctor has taught his patients how to "massage" rheumatic finger joints by thrusting the hand into a deep glass partially filled with mercury, which presses on them. The hand is dipped in and out of the glass about thirty times at each treatment, and the swelling is thus reduced.—Washington Times.

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A LOSS TO THE BOERS

Their Great General Succumbs to Illness at Transvaal Capital.

STOMACH TROUBLE CUTS HIM OFF

Pretoria Plunged into Mourning Over the Loss of the Leader—Hard Blow at the Burghers' Cause—England Gains by Death of Transvaal's Military Genius.

PRETORIA, March 29.—General Joubert died last night at 11:30 o'clock. He had been suffering from a stomach complaint. The town is plunged into mourning for the true patriot, gallant general and upright and honorable gentleman.

LONDON, March 29.—The Pretoria correspondent of the Daily Mail, telegraphing yesterday, says: "General Joubert died of peritonitis. The funeral will take place tomorrow (Thursday). The government is pleading with the widow to allow a temporary interment here, with a state funeral. Joubert always expressed a desire to be buried in a mausoleum built on his farm.

"His successor in the chief command will probably be General Louis Botha, now commanding in Natal." All the morning papers print singularly kind editorials regarding General Joubert. They praise his military skill, uphold his chivalrous conduct and regret that so strong and moderate a mind should be absent from the final settlement of the dispute.

Although some of the younger commanders thought the old soldier wanting in dash and enterprise, his raid into the country south of the Tugela is considered the best piece of Boer leadership during the whole war. It is now known that he crossed the Tugela with only 3,000 riflemen and six guns, but so bold and rapid were his movements that the British commanders thought 10,000 Boers were marching on Pietermaritzburg. For a few days, although in the presence of greatly superior forces he isolated General Hildyard's brigade at Estcourt and at the same time threatened General Barton's camp at Mool river. Then as British reinforcements were pushed up General Joubert recrossed the Tugela without losing a prisoner or a gun.

General White's estimate of him, pronounced on Tuesday before he died, strikes the tone of all British comment.

In connection with the announcement of the death of General Joubert, it is interesting to note that Sir George White, the British general who commanded Ladysmith, in a speech at Capetown yesterday evening, declared that General Joubert was a soldier and a gentleman and a brave and honorable opponent.

The afternoon newspapers today publish long biographies of General Joubert. Generally they are in a kindly tone.

The Pall Mall Gazette says: "Piet Joubert was the one contemporary Transvaal Boer except ex-Chief Justice Kotze whose death could call for a sincere tribute of respect from Englishmen of all parties. He was the antipodes in the Transvaal world of Leyds and personally was honest, straight and clean-handed."

PARIS, March 29.—The Paris press is unanimous in eulogizing General Joubert, whose death is considered a serious loss to the federals. All the papers agree in thinking that a change in the chief command is bound to have grave consequences for the Boer operations. Many think, however, that President Kruger is fully equal to the task and that, considering his military reputation, the resistance of the Boers is likely to become more stubborn than ever.

D. BS MAY GET ASSISTANCE.

Socialist Labor and Social Democrats Trying to Unite.

NEW YORK, March 29.—The committees of the socialist labor party and of the social democrats that were appointed at the recent convention of those parties for the purpose of effecting a union met in conference today. Most of the business done during the day was discussing the name of the new united party and where the headquarters of the national executive committee should be. It was agreed to submit the names of both parties, the social democrats and the "united socialist party," to a referendum vote of both parties. A long fight followed over the selection of a city for headquarters of the national executive committee. The choice finally narrowed down to New York and Springfield, and then there was a motion to refer these names to referendum vote of the two parties. If the two socialist factions unite Eugene V. Debs, it is said, will be the candidate of the united party for president and Job Harriman candidate for vice president.

Manderson at the White House.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—A meeting of the executive committee of the American Bar association was held here today to make arrangements for the annual meeting of the association at Saratoga, N. Y., in August. Former Senator Manderson of Nebraska, who is president of the Bar association and chairman of the executive committee, presided.

Millionaire Rainey Dead.

CLEVELAND, O., March 29.—A telegram received here from Baltimore reports the death of W. J. Rainey, the millionaire coal and coke operator, at the Johns Hopkins hospital. Mr. Rainey went to Baltimore about a week ago to have an operation performed.

Iowa Bank Robbed.

MASON CITY, Ia., March 29.—Robbers last night broke into the O. F. Ulland bank at Hanlontown, blew open the safe and stole \$2,000. The robbers escaped on a Northwestern handcar.

GEN. JOUBERT'S CAREER.

Organizer of Boer Forces and Commander at Majuba Hill.

LONDON, March 29.—General Pietrus Jacobus Joubert, commandant general of the Transvaal forces, better known as Piet Joubert, or "Silent Piet" (Silent Piet), was born about 68 years ago. He was descended from an old French Huguenot family which settled in South Africa many years ago. He was born in Cape Colony, but was taken by his parents, when 7 years old, to the Orange Free State, where he was taught from early childhood to shoot straight and hate the British.

He is described as having been utterly fearless.

Of school he had but little and he never saw a newspaper until he was 19 years old. In spite of this his ambition prompted him to read the few books he could obtain, and he succeeded in obtaining a fair knowledge of history and languages.

In consequence of the acquisition of Natal by the British, his family moved from Natal and settled in the Transvaal. Soon afterwards he became a burgher of the South African republic and a daring fighter.

It was claimed in his behalf that he could lead a body of men more successfully against hostile natives than any other man in the Transvaal. He came to be so feared by the natives that the knowledge that he was the head of a punitive expedition usually resulted in their surrender.

It was during these wars with the natives that Joubert became acquainted with Paul Kruger, and the two men became bosom friends. He was elected vice president of the Transvaal in 1896, defeated Sir George Colley at Majuba Hill in 1881, and acted as president of the republic in 1883-84, during Kruger's absence in Europe.

General Joubert was always in favor of the use of force instead of diplomacy, and President Kruger on several occasions had great difficulty in repressing his hot-headed colleague, notably in 1879, when Joubert, with Kruger and Pretorius, was planning the rebellion to overthrow British rule in the Transvaal. The result was Majuba Hill and the practical independence of the Transvaal.

It was Joubert who organized the army of the South African republic, later on dividing the country into seven military departments and each of these departments into smaller divisions, with commandants, field corps and lieutenants of various ranks in charge.

According to the general's plans every man became a trained soldier without leaving his farm and had his equipment ready at hand. To such a point of perfection was the system carried that within forty-eight hours after the present war was declared the Boer nation was under arms.

It was also due to General Joubert that the South African republics succeeded in amassing the immense stores of war munitions and provisions which have stood them in such good stead during the conflict now in progress.

RECOGNIZES THE REPUBLICANS.

President States His Position to Men from Kentucky.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—The president has informed Kentucky republicans that while he cannot interfere in Kentucky affairs to the extent of disarming the militia of either faction he is willing so far as he can legitimately do so to recognize the republican officials of that state as the de facto officials.

He told them in the same connection that mail addressed to an official by the title only, as to "the Governor" or "the secretary of state," should be delivered to the republicans holding those offices and not to the democrats. The postmaster general has sent the following telegram to Postmaster Holmes, at Frankfort:

"Replying to your telegram, mail addressed to official persons by name is to be delivered to the persons named. Mail addressed to state officers without designation by name is to be delivered to the actual incumbents of the offices. The mere fact that the contest board has given certificates to contestants will not justify delivery of mail of the latter class to them until they are lawfully inducted into office. This reply is based upon your statement that contestants still hold the office. CHARLES EMORY SMITH, Postmaster General."

This order was issued on the 28th of last month, though it never was made public. Postmaster General Smith said today that he did not care to give it out here, but had expected to see it published in Kentucky.

India's People Must Be Safe.

CALCUTTA, March 29.—The viceroy, Lord Curzon, addressing the council on the budget today, stated that nearly 5,000,000 persons were in receipt of regular relief and the cost for the ensuing year was estimated at 525 lac of rupees. The loss of revenue for one year has been 121 lac of rupees (6,500,000). The government, he said, hoped during the forthcoming year to spend 100 lac of rupees in irrigation, but he could see no chance of cutting down the military estimate.

Roberts About to Advance.

LONDON, March 29.—Lord Roberts has sent 10,000 troops to Glen, ten miles north of Bloemfontein, on the railway. This is a preliminary to the general advance.

BRYAN SPEAKS IN OREGON.

Will Go into Washington Today and Deliver Addresses.

PORTLAND, Ore., March 29.—W. J. Bryan spoke at Albany and Salem today and then came to Portland, where he spent a few minutes. He left at 8 o'clock for Pendleton over the Oregon Railway and Navigation road, where he will speak tomorrow. In the afternoon tomorrow he will go into the state of Washington, making his first speech at Walla Walla. In his speech at Albany he devoted much of his attention to the money question and trusts.

Perigo Pleads Self-Defense.

ALMA, Neb., March 30.—J. A. Perigo, the young man who shot Charles Hanson at Franklin, Kan. The officers drove from this place to his home and when he made his appearance they placed him under arrest. He pleaded guilty of the shooting and claims it was in self defense. The story as told by Perigo narrates that they had several altercations before and he had informed Hanson if it occurred again he would shoot him. It is the general opinion where the accused lived that he was justified.

OMAHA'S NATIONAL SHOWING.

Opposes in Supreme Court the Motion for a New Trial.

LINCOLN, Neb., March 30.—The Omaha National bank, through R. S. Hall, W. J. Connell and John L. Webster, its attorneys, filed in supreme court a counter showing to the motion of the attorney general that the court recall its mandate and more specifically instruct District Judge Baker in the case of the state against the bank on the Bartley deposits. The attorney general, in his motion, asked for a new mandate directing the district court to set aside its recent judgment and commanding it to grant a new trial.

The defendants make a lengthy and exhaustive showing. Among other things they argue that there is no error in the mandate issued, that it was issued at a former term of court and cannot now be recalled except to correct clerical errors; that the opinions of the supreme judges were at variance and furnished no rule of controlling force on the district court; that there be error in the proceedings of the district court the remedy for the state is not by motion but by a proceeding error; that Judge Holcomb was not a member of the court when the opinions were handed down and should not now in ex parte proceedings, pass judgment on the opinions by former members; that Holcomb is further disqualified from the fact that he was governor of the state when this action was instituted by his request; that there are many errors of fact in the showing made by the attorney general.

A number of affidavits and transcripts are attached in support of the contention of error in the attorney general's showing.

Woman Will Prosecute Husband.

ASHLAND, Neb., March 30.—Mrs. Emma F. Coon, 's divorced wife of Emma W. Coon, who narrowly escaped death at his hands on the afternoon of March 10 and who is now lying in South Omaha, was in Ashland, coming from Wahoo, where she had been to sign the papers calling for his appearance in court for preliminary hearing. Mrs. Coon was here raising money to employ attorneys to assist County Attorney Gilkeson in the prosecution of Coon, who, it is reported since his arrest and confinement in the county jail at Wahoo, has several times threatened to make another attempt on her life. It is also reported that Coon has said that when he came back to Ashland he would burn the town and would shoot five of the men who were instrumental in securing his incarceration in the county jail.

Appointed State Engineer.

LINCOLN, Neb., March 29.—C. B. Channel of Kearney has been appointed state engineer and secretary of the state board of irrigation, to succeed J. M. Wilson of Omaha, who has resigned to accept a position in the government service in Nevada. Mr. Channel was connected with the irrigation office for two years, holding the position of field engineer. He is a populist and was a delegate to the last state convention in this city. The resignation of Secretary Wilson will take effect April 1. The duties of Mr. Wilson's new office are somewhat similar to those of his present position.

Sugar Beet Land.

OMAHA, March 30.—Representatives of the Omaha beet growers' association made a trip into the country to inspect several tracts of ground for the proposed beet farm. A tract of several hundred acres between Omaha and Florence was chosen as the best location and it is probable that a deal for its lease will be closed in a few days. The land selected was taken with a view both to its adaptability to growing beets and by virtue of its accessibility to visitors who are interested in the culture of beets. The land is on the street car track and a bicycle path runs within a short distance of it.

Notice of Waugh.

PLATTSMOUTH, Neb., March 30.—The American, a newspaper published at Manilla, P. I., received here, contains the following in regard to the son of Samuel Waugh, cashier of the First National bank of this city: "Lieutenant Waugh of Company H, Thirty-ninth Infantry, arrived from Thybas yesterday on the N. S. del Carmen, bringing with him fifty-five sick men and one wounded soldier, belonging to the Second battalion of that organization. The wounded man was shot through the arm and leg, and was being brought in to the first reserve hospital."

Mrs. Horton Discharged.

HUMBOLDT, Neb., March 30.—The case against Mrs. Etta Horton, charged with the murder of her newly-born babe, came to an end yesterday. Justice Smith, before whom the preliminary was held, discharged the accused upon motion of the attorneys for the defense, as soon as the examination of the witnesses for the prosecution had completed their testimony. The justice sustained the motion. All the evidence was purely circumstantial.

Spring Work Well Advanced.

GLENVILLE, Neb., March 30.—This season was visited with a rain which fell steadily for three hours, making three-quarters of an inch waterfall. Farmers in this section are about through sowing their wheat and oats and winter wheat is looking fine and the rain, although not badly needed, was of great benefit.

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