

State Capital Observations.

Expressions Emulative for the Good of Republican Supremacy.

Much interest is centered in the reception and ball to be given Governor Dietrich on the evening of January 3d, the former to be held in the governor's mansion and the latter in the auditorium. It will be a state function with brilliant trimmings, and as it is an almost forgotten custom in Nebraska, the affair will no doubt set a very lively pace for many social gatherings during the legislative session. The local committee having charge of the arrangements for the reception and ball are Messrs. J. T. Dorgan, E. C. Revick and J. C. Seacrest, members of the Commercial club who are acting in conjunction with the following gentlemen from the governor's staff: Messrs. J. C. Miles of Hastings, C. J. Bills and G. E. Jenkins of Fairbury, Charles M. Keefe, Lincoln, and Dr. J. Cameron Anderson of Omaha. It is the intention to make the ball an event of great prominence, which will be attended by people from every portion of the state, and an occasion which will not only do great honor to Governor Dietrich but also reflect great credit upon the state at large.

Charles Weston, state auditor-elect, beyond announcing the selection of H. A. Babcock as insurance deputy, said none of the remainder of his office force could be announced. He says he has them in mind but is not yet ready to give the names to the public. Mr. Weston was very generally sought after by his friends all day. In the evening he renewed acquaintances made while regent of the state university at the faculty reception given to the chancellor. Mr. Weston will move to Lincoln for his term when he comes down next week for the state officers' meeting on December 14. His daughter is in school near Chicago and he has no family beside.

The position of insurance deputy is of great importance and the selection of Mr. Babcock is said to be acceptable to old line and fraternal companies alike. Mr. Babcock was state auditor for two terms, being elected in 1885. He was succeeded by T. H. Benton in 1889. He was insurance deputy several years ago for a short period.

The rumor to the effect that Gov. Dietrich would not occupy the palatial state mansion was regretted on all sides, but the report seems to have emanated from an irresponsible source as it is his excellency's intention to not only occupy the mansion but dame rumor is responsible for the little morsel of gossip that ere the end of the governor's term of office he will have added the first lady of the state to share it with him. One thing can be set down in the program as a certainty. Society will have quite a number of invitations to participate in some very swell receptions as the governor's daughter is a budding belle who, with Mrs. Colonel Miles, herself a social figure, will certainly set society circles in a whirlpool of happy anticipation.

Governor-elect Dietrich was in Lincoln Wednesday last week for a short time and at the close of the day announced that he had selected M. C. Walker of Norfolk, steward of the insane hospital in that place. Dr. H. S. Bell of Kearney was named as physician at the state industrial school for boys at Kearney and William Hauptman of Genoa was named as chaplain of the same school. Mr. Hauptman will also have charge of the military instruction at the school as he is an experienced military man. He is at present pastor of the Congregational church at Genoa. The announcement also came that Frank E. Moores, mayor of Omaha, will be a member of the governor's military staff.

This spirit is manifested in the fight for adjutant general. Prominent candidates have brought all possible pressure to bear upon the governor, but he intimates that he will be governed by what he can hear concerning the qualifications of the candidates for office. Three prominent candidates now for adjutant general are Major Killian of Columbus, Capt. P. James Cosgrave of Lincoln, and Captain Hollingsworth of Beatrice. Each gentleman has many backers and very few opponents. It is pretty well settled that nothing will be done with this appointment till the institutions are disposed of.

State warrants numbering from 60,931 to 61,310, amounting to \$50,000 have been called by the treasurer. Interest on these warrants ceased on the 8th.

Headquarters of aspirants for state senatorship have been established so far as follows: E. H. Henshaw, ex-Governor Crouse and D. E. Thompson, Lindell hotel, while Mr. Melkjohn has fitted up a private house at Fifteenth and M.

Perry S. Heath, secretary of the republican national committee, passed through Lincoln recently en route to Washington from the west. Mr. Heath was over elated with conditions as he found them since election and in remarking among other things said: "There is more rejoicing in Nebraska than any place I visited, and when you find a people redeeming a state after the experience of those in Nebraska you can put them down as the best of sound government citizens. They will give the country two United States senators of the pure republican type."

As a general proposition those acquainted with the methods of Governor-elect Dietrich say he is eliminating from the race all applicants for the responsible positions in the institutions who by their age appear to have passed the progressive time of life. This brings new life and energy into the management of the institutions which will be more than appreciated by those most intimately connected with them.

From all sides comes the information that Mr. Dietrich has the faculty of stating in a very concise manner to applicants for position just how the land lays in their particular locality. There is no mincing of words such as brought untold agony upon Governor Poynter when he was staying off the hosts of office seekers. On the contrary, Mr. Dietrich informs candidates plainly whether their quest is hopeless.

The governor is not paying much attention to recommendations coming from men outside of the line of work to which the candidates are seeking appointment. As an instance, it is stated that prominent politicians outside of Grand Army circles said some good words for a certain candidate for head of one of the soldiers' homes. Mr. Dietrich is reported to have informed them that their word in that matter would not count. He wanted to hear from the soldiers and those who knew what they were talking about.

Congressman E. J. Burkett is now in Washington. Upon his arrival in the White City he was the recipient of hearty handshakes and congratulations by his friends. Mr. Burkett will be able to do more for Nebraska in the way of getting appropriations for needed public buildings this session of congress than he did during the last, owing to the fact that the affairs of the country are in the hands of men who believe in its upbuilding.

The senatorial fight is experiencing a slight lull, and office seekers are having an inning, but in a few days it is expected the race for the senatorships will be on in full force. Members of the next legislature are expected to be in Lincoln frequently from now on for conferences with political leaders. D. E. Thompson has his workers on the field at all times, and the other candidates are commencing to line up.

The retiring state treasurer has just filed his quarterly statement ending November 30. It is estimated that after all disbursements have been made the actual amount of cash Treasurer Meserve will have on hand to turn over to his successor will be less than \$150,000. The amounts on hand in the several funds are as follows:

General fund	\$ 49,594.46
Sinking	56,165.32
Permanent school	105,968.68
Temporary school	297,047.90
Permanent university	2,630.87
Agricultural college endow	22,274.39
Temporary university	1,100.76
State relief	115.41
Hospital insane	5,077.03
State library	16,437.86
University cash	29,083.72
Normal library	966.88
Penitentiary special labor	262.88
Penitentiary land	2,358.00
Agri. and Mechan. arts	18,831.80
U. S. Agri. Exp. station	2,153.87
Total	\$615,018.34

The appointments so far made on the military staff of the governor are as follows: C. J. Bills, Fairbury, inspector general; J. Cameron Anderson, Omaha, surgeon general; George E. Jenkins, Falls City, quartermaster general; aids, M. E. Mills, of McCook, Charles M. Keefe of Lincoln and C. J. Miles of Hastings.

James J. Roberts of Lincoln is slated for a position in the office of Secretary of State Marsh. Marsh has practically decided upon the balance of his office force, but the announcements have not yet been made.

An engraved proclamation with a border of mourning has been received at the capitol from Governor Lind of Minnesota. The proclamation was an announcement of the death of Senator Cushman K. Davis.

Brad P. Cook is to secure a good position in the land commissioner's office again, he having held the place before under several republican administrations.

There is some little anxiety in the city and over the state over the probable reapportionment of representatives in congress. Nebraska is in the wake of the loss of one should such action be taken.

The aisles between the book racks in the state library were furnished with carpets laid over a soft mat preparation of wrinkled stiff paper that deadens every sound.

There are more or less miss-givings about a girl's affections.

ABOUT SCROFULA.

It Is Not Now Regarded as a Distinct Disease.

At the present day physicians no longer regard scrofula as a distinct disease, but the term is still used in an indefinite way to designate the presence of enlarged glands in the neck and a tendency to chronic inflammation in the skin and mucous membranes. The lymphatic glands in the neck are prone to enlarge on very slight provocation. It is common, for example, to find the glands beneath the jaw swollen as a result of irritation from a decayed tooth, a canker sore, or any other abnormal condition in the mouth; but the swelling in such cases is usually transient, and subsides with the disappearance of the cause. Not so, however, with "scrofulous" glands. These remain permanently enlarged, perhaps slowly increasing in size. They are at first hard, but later become soft, as a cheesy matter forms in the interior, and eventually break down, giving issue to a chronic discharge, which is succeeded by an unsightly scarring of the neck. The disease is the same as consumption, the seat of the tuberculosis being the glands in the neck instead of the lungs. It is not in itself dangerous to life, but its presence indicates that the sufferer is vulnerable to tuberculosis, and is consequently a candidate for consumption unless preventive treatment is at once undertaken. This preventive treatment is mainly twofold—good food and fresh air and sunlight. The child, for children are the usual sufferers from "scrofulous neck," should have an abundance of nourishing, well-cooked food, and should be encouraged to eat at little at a time and often, rather than to take the ordinary three large meals a day. Plenty of butter and cream should enter into the dietary, and cod-liver oil may be taken with advantage, if it does not disturb the appetite or the digestion. Summer and winter the patient should spend most of the day in the open air (schooling can wait), and at night must sleep with the windows wide open. Sunshine is inimical to the tubercle bacillus, and a vulnerable person should be in it as much as possible. If the glands in the neck begin to soften it is generally advisable to have them removed, for if this is not done they will finally break down and discharge, and the resulting scars will be much more conspicuous than those that would have been left after the cutting out of the glands. Besides, there is always danger of the disease spreading to the lungs or other parts of the body so long as the tuberculous glands are allowed to remain.—Youth's Companion.

FAST TRAIN'S SUCTION.

It Is Well for Bystanders to Keep at a Safe Distance.

"The theory that a moving train carries along an enveloping air is very interesting," said an engineer, "and I believe there is a good deal of truth in it. I first had my attention attracted to the subject by a curious incident that happened several years ago at a crossing near Birmingham, Ala., where trains pass twice a day at a speed of about forty miles an hour," says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "The tracks are seven feet apart, and there would seem to be ample room to stand between them in perfect safety. One afternoon a small fox terrier dog belonging to a section boss was asleep in the middle space and woke up just as the trains closed in from each side. There was a barrel on the ground near by and the dog in his fright jumped on top of it. That probably brought him into one of the rushing envelopes of air; at any rate he was whirled off his feet and thrown clear to the roof of the opposite car, where he was subsequently found, jammed against a ventilator chimney, with no injury except a broken leg. How in the world he ever made such a journey and escaped alive is a mystery, unless his fall was deadened by a cushion of air. Apropos of atmospheric pressure, it is a well-known fact that there is a 'vortex space,' or 'zone of suction,' directly behind any rapidly moving train, and its presence accounts for a grotesque happening that took place some years ago on the Southern Pacific. While the California-bound express was going through western Arizona at a clipping gait a passenger who was on the verge of Jim-jams rushed out to the rear platform, climbed on the rail and jumped off. He was wearing a very long linen duster, and a muscular tourist who happened to be on the platform at the time grabbed it by the tails as it sailed by, and yelled for help. When some of the others ran to his assistance they found the lunatic stretched straight out in the air behind the platform, howling like a Comanche, but safely anchored by this duster, which had turned inside out and caught him at the shoulders. The muscular gentleman was hanging on for dear life, but had it not been for the fact that the would-be suicide was virtually sustained and carried along by the suction of the vortex space something would certainly have given away. They reeled the man in like a kite and he promised to be good. We have very little exact knowledge at present of the atmospheric conditions that surround a moving train. A fuller knowledge of them may lead to the solution of some baffling problems in traction."

Good Fish Story from India.

A curious incident of the recent floods in Calcutta was the stopping of a train in Dalhousie square, the very heart of the city, by a large fish, which was swimming in the street and got caught in the wheel.

IF LOVE SHOULD FAIL.

I could not through the burning day
In hope prevail,
Beside my task I could not stay,
If love should fail.

Nor underneath the evening sky,
When labor cease,
Fold both my tired hands and lie
At last in peace.

Ah, what to me in death or life
Could then avail!
I dare not ask for rest or strife
If love should fail.

—Dora Sigerson Shorter.

The Story of the Marquis.

BY LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.
(Copyright, 1900, Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"Of course, Marquis, you met many excitements in your travels over the world?" asked the distinguished lawyer, who sat near.

The marquis recognized the familiar moment. His time had come. As a social lion of experience in both hemispheres he always knew just when he was expected to roar.

He had reached New York after a dash into the Hudson Bay country and he had brought a few letters from Canadian friends and officials. One of them was to Marcus Cornovon, and Mrs. Cornovon was delighted, for she was one of the most insistent and irreplaceable lion hunters of the times.

Hence the dinner—a small affair for only a dozen, but a dinner served as for a king, instead of a common, ordinary marquis, whose work and fame consisted in traveling to the remote places of the earth.

The house was a modern palace and Mrs. Cornovon reigned in it as graciously as a queen and more successfully, because she had a fine democratic spirit and a lively appreciation of the humor of things. She courted famous people because she wanted the best that was going and the reputation of getting it to her table. And the husband laughed at it all and enjoyed everything but stupidity.

The marquis was not stupid. He was a small person but his manner was lively and his conversation had a sparkle of its own. It was a constant conquest of an impediment in speech—a sort of mountain brook tumbling down over the rocks, but always going along at a lively pace.

And so he began. "That is the curious thing about travel," he replied. "We seek the excitements and we almost always fail to meet them. I had more of a real, genuine thrill dodging a trolley car today than I met with in two months of journeying in the wilds of North America. Indeed, a wolf is a long-lost friend compared with a city hackman and between a grizzly and a Tammany policeman, give me the bear every time."

There was a merry laugh as a complement and encouragement to the distinguished guest, and he went on.

"I have been wandering over the earth now for about twenty years and have been in some very queer places and what has impressed me the most has been the essential kindness of people of whatever nationality or class. The average human being has the right sort of heart and if you are de-



I'd forgotten there was anything on the roof.

cent you can reach it. I have never been obliged to use a firearm either for aggression or for defence and I owe it all to an American—and this, I think"—bowing to the lawyer—"was about the most unique experience I ever had."

The guests settled themselves for the story and the marquis continued.

"My desire for travel bordered on the insane and when I came into possession of the small property of the family I had it invested so that I might spend the balance of my days in gadding. And I've been faithful to my ambition. And I expect to go until the end. Well, when I started out I was thin and beardless and I stuttered. You must pardon the vanity of these details because they are necessary to the story. I stuttered about as badly as my friend Smithson who went tiger-hunting in India. Owing to an accident he could not use his gun but from pure sport he wanted the excitement of seeing the beast shot. So he told his chief attendant to fire when he gave the word. The tiger came. Smithson began to give the word and the tiger stood there and wondered at the nervous repetitions of f-f-f, ending finally, 'N-n-never-m-m-mind, he's gone.'"

Again the diners laughed.

"I had read about the Rocky mountains and the wild life and wonderful scenery and I decided to begin there. So I came over and took the first train west—that was twenty years ago. I got out there and bought a gorgeous equipment and hired some men and then struck for the unexplored wilderness. I found that the men liked the comforts of the camp better than the joys of exploration, and with my new zeal I left them one day and went alone. They warned me not to do it,

but I had two things—a compass and confidence, and so the hero sallied forth, as the story says. He went until he succeeded in getting beautifully and unanimously lost. He was there in the wilds with a rifle in his hands, with two big revolvers in his belt and with a large knife for emergencies—and suddenly he fell and in his fall broke the compass into irreparable fragments. Then he was happy—in fact, very happy."

The marquis paused for appreciation which promptly came.

"When I tried to get up," he continued, "I found that I had sprained my ankle. The pain was not so bad but it was next to impossible to hobble over the stones of that extremely rough mountain side. So I sat down and considered what a sublime fool I was. I thought of firing off my arsenal to attract any wandering sympathy there might be in the neighborhood and I thought of other things, but nothing seemed practical. So I sat there. Suddenly I heard a noise—the music of voices—and looking up I saw a young giant bringing down a perfect Venus in his arms."

"Now, Marquis, you are getting interesting," interpolated the usual bright young man, without whom no dinner party is complete.

"Thank you. And they were bearing directly in my way. Well, not to make this too long, the young lady had also fallen and sprained her ankle and the young man was carrying her. They stopped as they reached me and I explained my predicament. What do you suppose he did? He made me get up on his back while he carried her in his arms, holding her as if she were a little doll baby. I never saw such strength. Well, I, looking over his shoulder, could get a full view of her face, and if there was ever life or beauty or health or happiness it was there. Ah, that face! that face!"

"Marquis, do you happen to know the excursion rates to Colorado?" asked the young man again.

"Twenty years ago, my friend, twenty years ago. Well, to go on, with the story, the giant gave all his attention to the lady, saying things which I tried not to hear but which were mainly inquiries as to whether she was feeling better. She seemed to be feeling better all the time—in fact quite comfortable, although she gave me some looks as if to say that she would be pleased if I had stayed on the other side of the ocean or some other place. I never appreciated in my life the old saying about three being a crowd as I did then. After we had gone some distance I thought I would take part in the conversation and I began to stutter out something, when the giant remarked to Venus, with a laugh, 'I'd forgotten that there was anything on the roof,' and then to me he said, 'Say you up there, send it by mail; it'll get down here quicker.'"

The marquis was getting along very well and his story got its applause as it proceeded.

"We finally reached a rough log home in the wilderness and around it was a clearing, in which were some flowers and vegetables. A most delicious spring was near. An old colored woman was in charge. It seemed that the head of the house—the father of the girl—had gone to Denver for machinery. The young giant was a miner who was prospecting in the neighborhood. They were kindness itself to me but did not have much to say to me. And I did not blame them. Surely I shall never forget such beauty. But for the time I did not think very much of the man, because he made so much fun of my outfit. 'Sonny,' he said, 'the next time you venture forth have more nerve in your soul or get a wagon to carry your guns.' And when I tried to thank him when I was well enough to walk and he took me to the point from which I could easily reach my camp, his parting words were, 'Now young 'un, you'd better recollect that guns always invite trouble and you'd better have an auction sale.' I got back, about as forlorn a hero as ever walked—and I found that the men had made away with most of my goods. Gradually I reached a railroad station—and from that time on I have never bothered with firearms or reindeer. I hold that a man is safe in any part of the world so long as he has nerve and sense. That is not much of a story, Judge," he concluded addressing the lawyer, "but it was about the finest experience I had."

And your mountain friends? Did you never hear from them or from them afterwards?"

"Not a word, and I've always promised myself the satisfaction of going back there and trying to find them. But things and places change so much in twenty years. I understand that the very mountainside on which I met with my accident has yielded millions of wealth and there is a new city somewhere near the log cabin. Yes, sir, we all change—people change—things change—and in your marvelous country, sir, you see the greatest changes of all."

And so the dinner ended with a bit of reflection and seriousness. As the guests grouped themselves in the drawing room Marcus Cornovon went to his wife and whispered a word to her and then they stood side by side, a strikingly handsome couple. She was perfectly gowned, with jewels that were worth a king's ransom, and she was a glorious picture of health and beauty. He was tall, gray and strong, with clear, laughing eyes and a buoyant boyishness that distressed his evening dress.

The marquis approached and the others turned as if by instinct to see something—they knew not what.

"Have we changed so very much?" asked the big husband with a great laugh.

And the marquis—well he still holds that this is his best story, especially since it found a climax.

THE SENATE AND HOUSE.

What They Propose Doing in the Near Coming Days.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The senate will continue to give its attention to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty and the ship subsidy bill during the present week, taking up first one and then the other as may suit the convenience of those who may wish to speak on the two measures. During the last session of congress the Nicaragua canal bill was made the special order of business for Monday next, but the establishment of the ship bill as the regular order will have the effect of displacing the canal bill, precedence being given under the senate rules to a regular order over a special order. It is understood that Senator Morgan, who has charge of the canal bill, will not press that measure until the treaty for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is disposed of. On this account the friends of the ship bill do not apprehend that he will make any opposition to the continuance of the consideration of that measure. He has indeed said that he would be content to allow his bill to follow close in the wake of the ship bill.

Three or four set speeches are promised in opposition to the subsidy bill, and it is expected that most, if not all, of those already in sight will be made during this week. Among those who probably will speak on the subject are Senators Clay, Vest and Berry, all of whom oppose the bill. Senator Vest is an especial advocate of free ships.

There are differences of opinion as to what effect the taking of a vote on the fortifications amendment to the treaty will have upon the time of disposing of that instrument, but a majority of the senators express the opinion that the vote upon the treaty will follow very soon after the vote upon the amendment.

The program in the house for the coming week contemplates the consideration and passage of the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill and the bill for the reduction of the war revenue taxes. Wednesday will be a dies non, so far as legislation is concerned, as on that day the exercises in connection with the centennial celebration of the removal of the seat of government to Washington will be held in the house. The legislative appropriation bill is not expected to consume more than two days at most, probably only one, and the leaders expect that the remainder of the week will suffice to pass the war revenue reduction act. It is probable that special interests which do not receive the consideration in the bill which they think they are entitled to will attempt to amend it. This is especially true of the brewing interests, which hope to secure a further reduction of the tax on beer from \$1.50 a barrel, as fixed by the committee, to \$1.35 a barrel.

CAPTURED WITHOUT CONTEST.

Soldiers Meet With Little Resistance From Insurgents.

MANILA, Dec. 10.—While the captures of supplies and the occupation of new points are quite numerous, those involving actual fighting are comparatively few. Apparently the insurgents are falling back at all contested points, sacrificing their possessions in most cases and satisfied to save themselves.

A detachment of the Forty-seventh United States volunteer infantry from the island of Catanduanes, off the southeast coast of Luzon relinquished an attempt to land near Pandan. On anchoring, the American were fired upon by sixty riflemen and after a short engagement they cut the anchor chain and sailed for Catanduanes with two killed and two wounded. The names have not yet been received here. Captain Richard T. Ellis of the Thirty-third volunteer infantry, captured a large quantity of Krag, Mauser and Remington ammunition, together with a signal outfit, a printing press and other equipment. All of this was destroyed. Thirty rifles and several hundred cartridges were secured at Victoria.

Grout Bill Goes Through.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The house today passed the Grout oleomargarine bill by a vote of 196 to 92. The substitute offered by the minority of the committee on agriculture, which imposed additional restrictions on the sale of oleomargarine to prevent the fraudulent sale of butter and increased the penalties for violation, was defeated by a vote of 113 to 178. The bill as passed makes articles known as oleomargarine, butterine, imitation butter or imitation cheese transported into any state or territory for consumption or sale subject to the police power of such state or territory.

To Marry Duke of Westminster.

LONDON, Dec. 10.—It is authoritatively asserted that the duke of Westminster is engaged to Miss Shelagh West, daughter of Colonel Cornwallis West. By the marriage the duke will become the brother-in-law of Mrs. George Cornwallis West (Lady Randolph Churchill.)

Lord Roberts' Reception.

LONDON, Dec. 10.—Lord Roberts is expected to arrive in London January 5. He will be met by the prince and princess of Wales and will precede immediately in triumphal progress to St. Paul's cathedral, where he will attend a special service of thanksgiving.

Goes Down With All on Board.

ERIE, Pa., Dec. 10.—In the midst of one of the most bitter gales that ever swept Lake Erie, the iron ore barge S. H. Foster, in town of the Iron Duke, went to the bottom at 4 o'clock this morning, ten miles from Erie, and eight persons were drowned, as follows: Captain John Bridge, Cleveland; first mate, name unknown; second mate, name unknown; Seaman Robert Wood; Seaman William Kelly of Port Austin, Mich.; Cook Mrs. May of Detroit; two unknown deck hands.