FOR LOVELY WOMEN.

Famous Men Who Were Chock Full of Love and Lost Good Judgment.

A large number of the world's eminent men have made fools of themselves for love of women. Holofernes lost his head-in two senses-by accepting the caresses of Judith. Antony was a lunatic to have sacrificed everything to his love of the charming Cleopatra. Paris, son of Priam, ought to have been put in a straightjacket for having tampered with the matrimonial preserves of Menelaus, the result of which poaching on his part caused the spilling of oceans of human blood, as well as the destruction of Troy.

Petrarch spent his crazy life penning sonnets to the eyebrows of a portly married woman. the mother of a large family, while he utterly neglected his legitimate wife and would not permit his daughter to live under his roof.

Dante, in his maudlin love of Beatrice says: "So powerful was the spell of her presence that I had to avoid her. From thinking of this most gracious creature I became so weak and lean that it was irksome for my friends to look at me."

Love found ready victims in the knights and troubadours of the middle ages. Ulrich von Lichtenstein, a mediaval German cavalier, loved a woman with all the intensity of a lunatic. He used to roam over hills and valleys in quest of other knights, whom he challenged to duels if they dared to doubt that his Dulcinea was the fairest of the fair. On one occasion he amputated one of his fingers and presented it to his patroness as a proof of the torture he could endure for her sweet sake. And meanwhile his wife pined alone in her chateau in the forest.

HUNTERS, LOOK OUT.

The Old Man Proposes to Stop Them In Their Gay Paper Chase.

The old man laid aside his paper and got up with an air of determination.

"I've hearn tell o' them things," he said, as he got out his cowhide boots and began pulling them on.

"What things, Hezekiah?" asked his wife, anxiously.

"Never you mind what things," he returned gruffly. "It ain't nothin' for women folks to worry about. Now, Henry, where's that there new pitchfork I bought last week?"

"Out stickin' in the strawstack," replied the boy.

"Get it an' put it by the barn door where it'll be handy," instructed the old man. "Then take the old pitchfork down to the gate to the tenacre lot and leave it there."

"Mercy, Hezekiah, what be you goin' to do?" asked his wife, in alarm.

"Don't you fret about me," he answered, as he reached for the old muzzle-loading shotgun that had hung on the wall for twenty years. "I reckon I can't do any damage with this, but it's good to scare folks with. I'll get the scythe and the axe, too, an' put them at the head of the long lane so's I can get at 'em quick if they come that way. I heard from Hiram, Mirandy, down there by New York, an' he's had his farm all torn up by some of those smart Eastern folks 'bout a week ago. He told me all about it, and arter that I reckon I ain't a man to go to sleep when I see the Western people has got the fever, too, and are preparin, for one o' them cross-country paper chases. Not much

SOUSA'S DISCIPLINE.

General Schofield's Funny Break as to the Conduct of an Orchestra.

How Conductor Sousa was taken to task by General Schofield for his lack of discipline is told as follows. The last echo of one of Sousa's

overtures was just dying away over the sand hills south of the fair grounds, when Gen. Schofield stepped in front of the band and saluted the distinguished leader. Sousa returned the salute and sent one of his men to escort the general up into the bandstand.

"That music was beautiful-beautiful," exclaimed the general as he shook Sousa's hand warmly. "I am astonished, sir, that you get such results with so little discipline."

There is nothing that Sousa prides himself more on than being one of the strictest disciplinarians and he was naturally nettled at the general's criticism.

"Why, general, my men are under perfect control. I'm sure they are thoroughly drilled and I can hardly believe that there is any lack of discipline. I have never noticed it."

"No, that's just it; you don't see it," persisted the general. "I saw it, though. Do you know that as soon as you turn your back on one side of your band to shake your baton at the other those all quit playing. Of course you don't see it, for as soon as you turn around they begin again."

The fun in this, at the expense of the general, lies of course in the fact that when a section of Sousa's men became silent as he turned to the other was when the music so required. But the general looked upon this lapse as he would look upon the suspension of a section of his artillery when he turned his attention to another part of the field.

HIS REMARKABLE ACTION.

Everybody Gave Him a Wide Berth, Yet He Showed the White Feather.

It isn't often that one finds among the mountaineers of the Southwest a hero of the highest type, but they exist, and a year or so ago I met one. I had been in his neighborhood for three months, and I knew that he had killed a man or two and had the reputation of being the gamest man in the mountains. He was extremely handy with a gun, too, and everybody gave him a wide berth whenever there was a prospect of a row. One lay, however, he got into difficulty with a man from an adjoining county, and when the shooting began he cut and ran like a whitehead, leaving the field in possession of the other party. Two days afterward I met him on the road and we talked about the late listurbance.

"I was rather surprised at the way you acted," as mildly as I could, for even then I had no wish to stir him

up. "I reekon most folks wuz," he re-

"I knew they were, and they don't understand it; neither do I." "Well," he said, half apologetically.

"I reckon I jist run, and that was all there wuz to hit."

"There was more than that; you ost your reputation by it."

"Mebbe I did, colonel," and he swallowed a lump in his throat; "but that thar fellow had seven little children dependin' on him, and I kinder had an idea jist afore I pulled the trigger that mabbe I could git slong better without my reputation than they could without their daddy,

LIFE OF OCEAN CABLES.

Some of the Oldest Submarine News Conductors Still in Active Use. Noteworthy advances are being

made in the art of submarine cabling,

and some of the new cables are beau-

tiful productions of modern ingenuity; but it is encouraging for those who

have invested their money in ocean

telegraphy to know that a very large

proportion of the oldest cable still re-

mains in active service. The prim-

eval cables break once in a while, a

repairing fleet is necessary, and an

occasional new link needs insertion,

but by dint of watching and patching

the old cable enables the reserve

funds laid aside for their renewal to

take on such gratifying proportions

that the stockholders could almost

draw incomes from them alone. The

latest Atlantic cables are distinctive

chiefly for their greater weight of

copper and dielectric and for the

greater speed possible in transmis-

sion. One of them. with 500 pounds

of copper per mile, gives a speed

of forty words per minute easily, while the other, with 600

pounds, is said to be capable of fifty

words. In the old days 400 pounds

was good enough, and it remains to

be seen whether this will not suffice

for the deep waters of the Pacific.

Cables have been laid in 2,800 fath-

oms, but in the Pacific 4,400 is figured

guished young president of the Eng-

lish institute of electrical engineers.

says that he knows the bottom of the

Pacific as well as he does his own

bedroom, owing to the method of

sounding employed by his staff when

cable-laying; but there is a trifle of

hyperbole in the statement, and a

few more investigations are needed,

especially around the Friendly islands and New Zealand, where

depths of 1,000 fathoms appear to ex-

ist, and where cables lighter than

the Atlantic types would probably

DINED IN BLACK.

Novel Method of a Woman for Com-

memorating Her Husband's Death.

Although the culinary art has in the

last twenty years made rapid strides,

still there is a sameness about dinner

The room in which the dinner was

given was draped for the occasion in

mauve and black, no other colors be-

ing visible. The tablecloth was like-

wise of mauve silk, while the only

floral decorations in use were violets.

The lady guests were arrayed in

either black or mauve dresses; the

footmen were dressed in black plush

breeches, mauve silk stockings and

On dinner being announced the hostess took the head of the table, but

on either side of her, seated upon two

stools, sat two black poodle dogs, ex-

cellently clipped after the approved

French fashion, and with mauve col-

ored ribbon bows on their heads.

These two dogs had been great pets

of the lady's husband during his life-

have to be resorted to.

monotony.

dinner is given.

husband's death.

black coats.

on.

Alexander Siemens, the distin-

DANGEROUS TOYS.

LOOK HERE

HAVE

VISITED

YOU

THE

NEW

In the

Millard Building,

Next to the Postoffice.

NEW STOCK

SEE US.

They May Carry Serious Diseases to the Mouths of Children.

There are few persons who walk along the streets of a city whose attention has not been directed to the exceedingly ingenious toys which are sold by the itinerant vender for the delectation of children. One of the latest of these is a hollow tube of paper, furnished with a short piece of bamboo at one end, to which it is coiled by the action of a very light steel spring. On blowing into the bamboo the coil is unrolled and reaches forward nearly a yard. The sudden extension of this coil produced by blowing in it is a source of great amusement. Toy bagpipes are also popular contrivances. These are not blown into in the usual way, but the breath of the performer is made to inflate a small India rubber ball, which, once blown into, supplies sufficient air to play a few bars of any popular tune.

The London Lancet, has called attention to the possible consequences of buying these toys, which, it says, are presented to a child after having been inflated by questionable breath, and perhaps wetted with the moisture of the still more questionable lips of the vender. An infected mouth piece, it says, has not unfrequently been known to be the origin of grave constitutional troubles. This is perfectly true. Persons who would hesitate to drink out of a glass that has been used will buy and present toys of this kind to their children, not knowing by whom they have been used, or by what disease they may be contaminated. Among impoverished makers and venders sore throats, diphtheria and contagious fevers in every stage may be raging, and children may contract fatal diseases even of a worse character than any we have mentioned by blowing and using the questionable toys. Surely it is only necessary to call the attention of persons to the evil, for careful supervision would prevent the dissemination of loathsome disorders by these means.

A Worthy Judge.

Sir Matthew Begbie, chief justice of British Columbia, recently deceased, once had before him a man charged with having killed another man with a sand-bag. The evidence was conclusive, and the judge charged the jury accordingly, but a verdict of "Not guilty" was promptly brought in. The judge was astonished. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said. "this is your verdict, not mine. On your conscience the disgrace will rest. Many repetitions of such conduct as yours will make trial by jury a horrible farce, and the city of Victoria a nest of crime. Go! I have nothing more to say to you." And then, turning to the prisoner: "You are discharged. Go and sand-bag some of those jury-men; they deserve it."

A Ticking Tombstone.

There is a tradition that a tombstone in the graveyard of an old and uncompromising little stone church in London, Britain township, Chester county, Pennsylvania, gives forth a ticking sound, and it has long been locally famous as the ticking tombstone. The noise is not loud enough for the stone to be located by a stranger, and if the ticking is really ever heard, it comes doubtless from the trickling of water through the limestone formation not unusual in the region. The old church dates back to about the middle of the last During the coming year novels may b expected from century, and is surrounded by gravestones, some of them considerably older.

A good day does not alw with a bright morning. How ready some people an their souls for spot cash.

An Interesting Relle The cathedral of Mayence i come into possession of an int relic. The German poetes Hahn, has left to the sac fice the crucifix worn by Mari at her execution, and which b date of Februry 18, 1578. The is perfectly authentic.

Lost Wife and Fame. Victor Koeing died in Paris ly. His fame lay in the circu that he was once a husband tress Jane Hading. He she given an epitaph enlightening yard ghouls and visitors that divorced from Jane and fame time in his life.

LEGAL ADVERTISEME

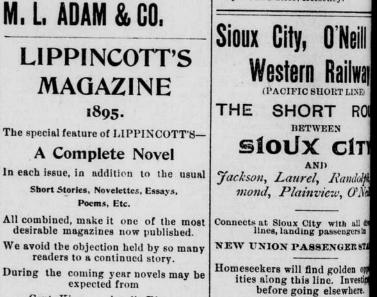
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION LAND OFFICE AT O'NEILL Decembers

Notice is hereby given that the named settler has filed notice of has to make final proof in support of a and that said proof will be made here register and receiver at O'Neil, January 19, 1895, viz: DANIEL TOOHILL, one of the hein iel P. Toohill, deceased, H. E. Nu

For the SW NW 14 and NW SW Twp. 28 n Range 11w.

He names the following witnesses his continuous residence upon and tion of, said land, viz: Henry lie Wynn, James Wynn, James Gallare O'Neill, Neb. 22-6 JOHN A. HARMON, Is

 Notice to Non-Resident Defenda Tohu A. Profilit, Louisa A. Pred Ann Bowen, T. K. Bowen, her hush Kimball Champ Investment Comp Kimball, Louise G. Kimball, Ge Champ, Alla D. Champ, George it and Mrs. George W. Turner, irst at known, defendants, will take noted the 23d day of November, 1894, F. C. and Charles Burr Towle, trustes, it heroin, filed a petition in the district Hoit county, Nebraska, against said ants, the object and prayer of sile foreclose a certain mortgage ease defendants John A. Profilit and is Profilit, his wife, to The Kimball do vestment Company, upon the east in orthwest quarter of section four east half of the northeast quarted to secure the payment of their pay note dated August 18, 1885, for the 8550 and interest at the rate of sec condingene and the rems thereof the sum and Interest at the rate of the per and Interest at the rate of the per and Interest at the rate of the per pray that said premises may be de be sold to satisfy the amount duether You are required to answersaid on or before the 7th day of Januari. By W. R. Butler, Attorney. CALL AND



NO SHELF WORN COODS THE FINEST

WE

HAVE

LINE OF

FRUITS IN

THE CITY.

parties, which, to the habitual diner out, comes but little short of dull Now and again, however, one comes across a hostess whose imagination or eccentricity is the means of providing a meal for her guests upon lines other than those upon which the ordinary Such a one was a lady who every year gave what she termed a memorial dinner on the anniversary of her

I sin't

THE LADY OF THE PLAINS.

She Thought the Young Man Was Drawing the Long Bow

A young woman from the treeless plains of the West had gone to Boston to a music school on her first trip East, and among the first persons she met at her boarding house was a youth from Bangor. As their acquaintance ripened, she told him of what had interested her on the journey.

"Why," she said, with an exultant spirit, "I saw at one place in Pennsylvania a hundred sawlogs in one pile."

"A hundred?" he asked, with a tinge of a smile. "That's what they told me. You

know, we don't have sawlogs where I came from."

"Is that so? You ought to come to Maine once".

"Do you have them there?" "Do we?" he replied magnificently. "Do we? Why, my dear young lady, sawlogs grow on trees in Maine."

"Really?" she asked in open-eyed astonishment.

"It's a literal efact," he asserted positively.

"Well, I don't believe it," she contended, and do what he could, he could not convince her that he was telling plain, unadorned truth.

They Were Numbered.

The sultan poured forth the tender old story in passionate phrases. "You are the his hand to his brow. Turning to his faithful attendant he whispered hoarsely. "I'll trouble you," he said, "for the reading of the turnstile. How? Oh, yes. Thank you. You are-" Again he addressed the blushing maiden he had asked to share his fortune. "The one hundred and thirty-seventh girl I ever loved.' Which goes to show that all things may be reduced to a system.

Free and Untrammeled.

One of the most independent poets In the South is Dr. O. T. Dozier of Alabama, formerly of Georgia. In a recently published volume of verses, entitled "Foibles of Fancy and Rhymes of the Times," the poet throws down this challenge to the critics:

"I do not care one fiddlestick For what the critics say: I've paid the printers for the job-Bolet 'em kick and bray! "

run. He stopped as if uncertain what to

say next, and I took him by the hand and shook it with a vigor that I knew he appreciated by the look that came into his eyes.

Like Sweet Music.

"It doesn't hurt much to be knocked out," said a young boxer to a crowd of admirers. "I guess I came as near going out as anybody could and not lose. It was when I had the go with Murphy. I was getting the best of t until the third round, when I made s slow duck and he caught me on the jaw. After the first jolt it seemed ike goin' to sleep. I was layin' there istenin' to the sweetest music you over heard, with bells ringin' and ights dancin' before me, not hurt a bit, when I heard some one say; 'Won't that dub ever get up?" Then I remembered where I was and pulled up on my knees just in time to save myself from being counted out. I clinched the round out and came back all right at the next call and won in the sixth. But I'll never forget the sweet music."

How Could They Refuse?

An energetic woman, about 30 years old, for work applied at the office of the United States rubber company, in New York city, and was told by the clerk to go upstairs and see the foreman. The woman, not knowing the way, went out into the yard, and, seeing no other way to get up, she He paused and pressed tucked up her skirts and ascended the fire escape to the fourth story. There she opened the window and limbed in, to the surprise of the foreman, who was standing near by. The foreman, after recovering from his embarrassment, asked her what she wanted. The woman stated her nission. She got the job.

Mr. Solple's Cockatoo.

Nasturtium Solpie, an eccentric vitizen of North New York, who goes bout with a horse and open buggy, out never gets inside the vehicle, either riding on the horse or leading t, has secured from a dealer in curios huge Chinese vase of light blue porcelain. This now occupies the ront seat of the buggy, and out of it comes a pole, on top of which is chained a large pink and white cockstoo. Mr. Solpie, under the circumstances, now attracts more notice than ever on his daily shopping tour.

time, and it was for this reason that they were allowed a seat among the guests at the dinner table.

The menu was remarkable for the absence of any color in the viands save mauve, the rest being either black or white. Thus the soup was white, likewise the fish and entrees. as regards the game, the lady got over the difficulty, or at least met it half way. by providing blackcock. The sweets were either mauve colored or white, while at the end of the dinner black coffee was served.

TOO POOR TO PRINT REPORTS.

The National Academy of Sciences Has But One Endowment Legacy.

The National academy of sciences is not popularly known to the Ameri- He left \$500. The will is probably can public, although established by congress as a representative institution of this country over thirty-one years ago. The academy includes in its list of members m any of the most honorable names in American science, and is of such rank that it has been a board of appeal upon a number of governmental questions which re-quired expert scientific judgment. One of its important functions, too, is the awarding of medals and gratuities for meritorious progress in scientific research.

It has no funds, however, with the exception of a single legacy, and cannot publish its reports. This is the \$42,000 estate left by Alexander Dallas Bache of Philadelphia, and its income has contributed to the prosecution of original American research in physics. The university of Pennsylvania, where Mr. Bache was a professor, the Franklin institute, of which he was a promoter; Girard college, of which he was the first president. and the public schools of Philadelphia, of which he was superintendent, all honor the memory of this earnest scientist.

Prepared.

A self-important little country gen tleman entered Baron Haussmann's office in Paris one day, having some complaint to make, and proceeded to state his errand in a pretty lofty tone, and without taking off his hat. The officer was equal to the occasion. "Wait a moment," he said, and he rang a bell. A servant answered the summons. "Bring me my hat," said the prefect. The hat was brought, the officer put it on, and turned to his caller. "Now," said he, "I will hear you."

Wrote His Will on a House.

One of the queer documents in the office of a county judge in Florida is a will on a piece of unpainted plank, five feet long and one foot wide. The plank was sawed out of the house of Mrs. Arnold, living a short distance from the city. It was part of the wall. On a bed by the wall a man named John M. O'Brien, whom Mrs. Arnold befriended, died, but before he died he wrote on the plank, in pencil, these words: "Mrs. Arnold, God bless her! shall have all I leave." the most unhanay document to file in all of Duval county.

Mme. Tolstoi's Work.

Mme. Tolstoi is a remarkable wo man, who received a diploma from the Moscow university at the age of 17, was married when she was 18, and her husband twenty years older, and is now, after thirty-one years of married life, the mother of nine children, and her husband's potent aid in his literary labors. Until her children are 10 years old she makes all their clothes. She copies and recopies her husband's manuscript, a task the difficulty of which is increased by the self-invented shorthand in which Count Toistoi sets down his composition.

Is the Earth Hollow?

According to a queer belief in existence among the Icelanders, all waters which flow toward the north are drawn thither ward by a suction created by the oceans tumbling downward through the hollow which they firmly believe penetrates our globe from pole to pole. Their authority for this curious belief is the "Utama Saga," a semi-sacred work, written early in the fourteenth century.

They I estore Shrunken Flannel.

There is a concern down in the old French quarter in New York that undertakes to restore shrunken flannel garments to their original size. Customers ary instructed to indicate the original size of the garment to be treated and the size to which it is to be restored, but they are cautioned against asking that a garment be stretched to any size larger than the original.

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