ferred Maketh the Heart Sick. Not all the people who haunt the capitol are office-seekers, but a goodly proportion of them are, says the Washington Star. They come from all sections of the country and represent all classes of society. Of all the great concourse that streams through the corridors of the vast building day after day the office-seekers are the most forlorn looking. They importune their senators and representatives over and again, and refuse to be turned from the phantom they are pursuing. Before congress meets every day the general reception room to the south of the senate chamber is full to crowding with those waiting to send in their cards to senators. A majority of these are after office, either for themselves or for relatives or friends. By the time the invocation of the chaplain is finished the bits of cardboard begin to fall in showers upon the desks of the states-These gentlemen do not have time to go through their mail before they are interrupted by callers. The visitors hand their cards to one or the other of the numerous doorkeepers and assistants and retire to the great leather covered chairs and sofas scattered around the reception room to await the result. It is a noticeable fact that women largely predominate in these waiting and anxious throngs about the senate entrances. Perhaps it is thought that their earnest solicitude will more favorably and deeply impress the men who are supposed to control the dispensation of official favors. They are of all ages, appearances and con-ditions. The fashionable society woman elbows her more humble sister of the work-a-day world, and blushing, diffident young girls sit and wait by the side of aged, infirm women in the sear and yellow leaf. Silk rustles against the simple garb of the humble poor, and beauty smiles into the face of decrepit age. Many of them wait long and nationally without reward. Their patiently without reward. Their senator is "not in," or he is "engaged," or he sends word, "please call again." And the recipient of the message goes away with a heavy heart and troubled countenance, to come again in a few days and try it

Fire in a Russian Village.

In a Russian village there is not even such an organization as we possess in this country in the small volunteer companies. In their stead is a log stable with thatched roof containing an old-fashioned hand pump and three casks mounted on wheels. These are kept filled with water and each is drawn by a single horse. The horses are the property of the commune and they are kept tethered outside the cabin, ready for duty at a moment's notice. A place is also set apart in the hut for the muzhik who serves as watchman, an office that is held, turn by turn, by the inhabitants of the township. The location selected for this cabin is as near as possible to the residence of the pristay, or the district captain of police, and upon an alarm of fire he drives to the scene in his telega at the head of the procession of carts

Maintaining His Record

He drove up to a way station on a Southern railway and standing beside the driver saw the train disappear down the valley. He watched it for a moment, and then sinking into the seat, gave vent to a hearty flow of tears.

"I-I've lived here forty years," he sobbed, "and never missed a train before. It's o-o-only 7:50, and there's the 7:23 already gone. I'm t-t-twen-ty-seven minutes late, that's all, and the train's gone!" The station master came up at that

moment, and his face grew sad as

he touched the weeping man.

'That's all right, Jim," he
whispered; "that's the 5 o'clock express; your train won't be here for twenty minutes yet."—Harper's Ba-

Steam Power in Sugar Mills.

Steam power is being gradually introduced into the sugar mills, but the island of Barbadoes is still well studded with windmills, which pleasingly diversify the monotonous aspect of the over cultivated country. Indeed with so constant a power as the trade wind, most of the work of this favored land can be performed almost free of cost. If you need water you have only to sink a well and erect a windmill over it, which will keep your reservoir full. The coral rock is so porous that there is no such thing as a river in the whole island. The whole rainfall sinks through the soil to form underground streams, which discharge their copious floods below the surtace of the sea.

Trains of 100 Cars.

The air brakes on railroads are being built with a view to their use on trains or 100 cars. The plant on each train is being built so that it can be used in such a way as to bring the speed down from eighty to thirty miles per hour within five seconds. Great power has to be used and every part of the apparatus has to be perfect to stand the strain.

A Premonition of Greatness.

Pater, to son, who had been left to take an orange while his father left the room-Why didn't you take the largest orange, Johnny?

Fils—Because I could tell by feeling them all that the largest one had no juice in it.

Record of the Bank of Venice.

The Bank of Venice conducted its dealings for 600 years with such honor that in all that time no hostile criticism or condemnation of its methods has been found.

CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD. He Takes a Tramp in to Dinner and

Makes Him Est It. Captain Jack Crawford, the poet of the plains, tells a story on him-

self that will bear repeating, says the Chicago Post. The captain, it may be stated for the information of those who never saw him, is a tall, muscular fellow, who wears his coal black hair down over his shoulders a la Joaquin Miller and Buffalo Bill and presents a striking appearance.

He is as mild a man as ever drew breath, with a heart as tender as a woman's, but to a person who does not know him he looks as though he might eat a giant raw every day for breakfast. His tout ensemble is that of the hero of a yellow-backed romance. Well, the captain was on his way to lunch one day when a seedy specimen accosted him with a

request for a quarter to buy a meal. "Indeed, mister, I haven't had a bite to eat for twenty-four hours," he put in appealingly as he saw the long-haired Westerner hesitated.

"I am here on expense, and can't right well spare a quarter, but I am going to get something to eat myself, and if you will come along with me I will give you a square meal."

The man followed sulkily and entered a cheap restaurant, where the captain ordered two big boiled dinners. Being hungry he soon dispatched his own dinner, when he chanced to look over at the mendicant, and was surprised to see the latter nibbling his food daintily, not at all like a hungry man.

"Look here," said the host, leaning over and speaking in a low voice to his guest. "I brought you in here because I believed you were starving. You lied to me. Now I want to say to you if you don't eat every bite of that boiled dinner and polish the platter I'll give you the cussedest lickin' a white man ever got. Now get to work."

The man obeyed with terror-inspired alacrity and swallowed his corned beef and cabbage like a starving harvest hand. The waiter, who had overheard the captain's threat, told the proprietor of the restaurant and he shook his fat sides as he watched the gastronomic performance of the frightened tramp. When the meal was dispatched the captain called for pudding and ice cream for,

The fraud gave a great gasp, and throwing up both hands turned be-seechingly to the poet with this supplication: "Say, cunnel, let me off this time, won't you? I just got up from a square meal when I met you. It wasn't something to eat I wanted, but something to drink. Please, cunnel, have pity on a feller, won't you?"

The "cunnel" told the fellow to go and be quick about it or he would kick him through every street in town. No second invitation was needed. The gorged beggar "skated."

When the charitable captain tried to pay his bill the jolly Teutonic proprietor refused to let him liquidate for the tramp. "Why not?" asked the astonished

gentleman from the far West. "I pays half dollar for a good laugh any dime. You haf gif me a good laugh."

The Nervous System.

As the muscular power that extends or flexes a finger is at a distance from the part moved, so the excitement to tears is from an irritation in a distant nervous center and is removed when the nervous center is either soothed or exhausted. The relief comes not from the mere escape of tears, which is only a symptom, but from the cessation of the storm in the nervous chain. If the storm be calmed by soothing measures—as when we sooth a child that is weeping from fear, annoyance or injury—we quiet the nervous centers upon which the effect ceases. In children the soothing method succeeds, and sometimes it succeeds in adults, although in adults the cessation of tears is more commonly due to actual exhaustion following a period of nervous activity.

Great Expectations.

Six or seven bootblacks were shootng craps on the sidewalk in front of a business house the other evening when the manager of the establishment came along.

"Boys," he said, "this will never do. You'll have to move away from here."

"Please don't break up de game jist now, mister," pleaded the business-like urchin with the muffler about his neck. "Dere's only one kid wot ain't broke!"

Rhodeside's Artful Scheme.

"I'm not going to ask for money, mum," said Rhodeside, "nor for food, though I'm faint with hunger and I ain't eat anything for two days, but for the sake of a poor man who's in hard luck, won't you please. mum, allow me the use of a piece of soap and a towel for a few minutes?"

It was about an hour later that Rhodeside finished a sumptuous meal and set forth with a fifty-cent piece in his hand.—Chicago Record.

Bordeau. France.

Next to Paris, Lyons and Marseilles, Bordeaux is the most populous town in France. Though during the last ten years the population has increased by about 30,000 persons, this increase is almost entirely due to the immigration from the neighboring rural districts and from foreign countries, for in late years the number of births in this town has been less than that of the deaths.

An Advertisement.

This announcement recently appeared in a Kirscheva, Bavaria, paper: "Lost on the 22d of November, my wife Annie. Whoever has found her is begged to keep her. He will be handsomely rewarded.

A SHORT ALLOWANCE.

Compelled to Climb the Mast Before Getting a Drink of Water.

"Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink." Few people besides sailors can appreciate the terrible import of these simple words. A correspondent of the Youth's Companion writes that on a short whaling, or, as sailors say, "plumpudding voyage," which he once made in the brig Arnolda of Nantucket, Shubael Higgins, master, they ran short of water, and at last the captain decided to put into Goree, on the west coast of Africa. As they neared the Cape de Verde islands, however, and got into what are known to sailors as the horse latitudes, the wind fell calm and the vessel drifted idly on the water.

As day after day passed with no signs of wind Captain Higgins became impatient. The surface of the ocean was as smooth as a mirror, and as the long, heavy swells came from the regions of the trade winds the vessel rolled and tossed about like a cork upon the water.

We furled the square sails to prevent their being worn out in slapping against the mast. The staysails were all set and the sheets hauled in taut, which eased her somewhat in her rolling.

By this time the water had run so short that the captain felt obliged to adopt some plan to avoid all unnecessary drinking.

Calling me to his side, he said: "Boy, bring me a new tin dipper from the slop chest." I did so. Then the captain had all

hands called aft. "Men," he said, "I have always dreaded to put my crew on short allowance, but the time has come when something must be done to save what little water we have left."

With that he took a piece of spunyarn from his pocket and tied it to the handle of the dipper. Then turning to me, he said: "Take this to the masthead and tie it there."

"Now," said he, addressing the men, "you can have all the water you want to drink, but you must first go to the top of the mast and get the dipper; and after drinking all you need you must carry the dipper back and tie it to the mast again. Under no conditions will one of you pass the dipper to another. Every man must get the dipper for himself. In case of sickness I will send the boy aloft for the sick man. This rule will apply to all on board, myself included.

At first we regarded the matter as a joke on the captain's part, but as the days wore on and each of us made his trip aloft after the dipper the novelty wore off. We soon found, however, that the captain's plan for water was a pretty effectual one. The ship's scuttle-butt, which formerly we had been obliged to replenish from the casks every other day, would now run a week without refill-

We were becalmed just sixty days. Then the trade wind set in and we proceeded to Goreo and refilled our casks. But the memory of the trips I made aloft after that dipper, and the spirit in which Captain Higgins performed his part of the contract, left an impression on my mind which remains to this day.

Humor in the Cemetery.

The Saunterer has a washerwoman who is an interesting creature in her way. This story has nothing to do, however, with her duties at the tub. The other morning the Saunterer happened to meet Katy on the street. "Good morning, Katy." said the Saunterer.

Katy made a courtesy. "The top o' the mornin' to ye,"

she answered. "Where have you been this morn-

ing, Katy?" "To the cimitery, yer honor, and oh! it would amuse yer to see how the place has growed."-Boston

Financial Items.

An extremely thin lady, the wife of a prominent New York banker, who was somewhat embarrassed, made her appearance at a social gathering in a very low-necked dress. Her appearance created some remark. Mr. Lenox Hill called the attention of his friend Pete Amsterdam to the lady with the remark: "She seems to be in the same fix

that her husband is in his business."

"How is that?" "Neither of them seem to be able to cover up their deficiencies."-Texas Siftings.

The Greatest Market for Stamps.

It may not be generally known that Paris is the great postage stamp market of the world. There is a regular bourse held every Thursday and Sunday in a corner of the Champs Elysees, where hundreds of men, women and boys congregate with their postage stamp albums and packages of stamps for sale or exchange. It is said that thousands of francs change hands there every market day.

The Very Meanest Man.

The meanest man has certainly been located. He lives in Carroll county, Georgia, and the Carrollton Times says of him: "For gall and cheek one of the Times subscribers takes the cake. Instead of coming into the office he passed by and went to the postoffice and mailed a letter notifying us that he did not wish the paper continued. He refused to put a stamp on the letter, and we had to pay the postage."

Insane Without Doubt. "I think that fortune-teller that 1 went to to-day must be insane.

"Why do you think so?" She said I would marry shortly, but my husband would not wealthy."

"MOON AHOY!"

An Incident of the Recent Trip of the

Cruiser san Francisco. Regarding the seamanship of one of the members of the Massachusetts Naval Reserve: The incident occurred during the recent trip on the cruiser San Francisco, and, voluminous as was the commendatory report of their doings which was sent to the navy department, the Boston Home Journal says, it did not include this incident:

On the second night that the reserves were at sea one of the amateur tars was on the watch. He was a Boston man. The night was clear and beautiful. Myriads of stars twinkled in the heavens, but there was no moon. Suddenly the reserve sang out: "Light, ahov!"

"Where away?" said the officer of the dock. "Far, far away," replied the wouldbe man-o'-war's-man.

When the officer had recovered from the shock occasioned by this unseamanlike answer he looked over the rail in the direction pointed out by the man from Boston. Then he had another fit. The stern discipline which prevails on a cruiser at sea did not allow him to swear, but there was a world of meaning in the way in which he growled out: "What's the matter with you; can't you recognize the rising moon when you see it?"

"Moon! moon!" stammered the embryo seadog. "I beg your pardon, sir." Then he shouted, as if making amends for his error: "Moon, ahoy!"

A Minister's Views on Advertising.

"Successful business men are those who advertise well," said Rev. George Stanley Burnfield during a recent discourse at the North Presbyterian church; Philadelphia.

"It is incumbent upon all who are engaged in the public enterprises of God or man," continued the preacher, "to impress the thousands by advertising to the best advantage.' There are some who hold that the Christian church and Christianity should not seek publicity through the press. From these I dissent. Through the press I have the power to proclaim the truth and to reach the public in a way which is possible by no other method. Some will always adhere to the old way and old styles, and remain satisfied, but there are modern and better methods. My opinion is that every legitimate means should be used to spread the knowledge of the gospel of God.

"Suppose that we are able to present something which is palatable and for which men hunger, how shall it be possible for them to know it unless we advertise? In men the faculty of curiosity is largely developed, and the intelligent use of the newspapers is a certain method of reaching

Regarding the business men, Dr. Burnfield asserted that the most successful are those who cater to the wants of the best class, keep the best goods, who are honest and who ad-

Thought They Would Need It.

Three Washington school teachers made a trip to the greatest show on earth together last summer. Like most school teachers, they were not overloaded with cash, so they determined to be very economical in Chicago. One day they passed a fashionable restaurant. Someone suggested that they go in. entered. After scanning the list of prices pretty thoroughly the school teachers decided to order a salad and three dishes of ice cream. After disposing of the salad and cream they paid their bill and "tendered" the waiter, who stood near, a dime. The waiter looked at the coin and said, in accents impossible to be reproduced, even in this handsome bourgoise: "One salad for three persons? No! Keep your ten cents. You may need it."—Capital.

"This talk," said the bachelor, "ot woman's engaging in the pursuits of man is all nonsense."
"I don't know," said his friend,

doubtfully. "There's no doubt about it. Sup-

pose a war should arise. Women couldn't fight, could they?" "What's the reason they couldn't? "Why, because they are not natur-

ally constituted for warfare." "Humph! Just come over to the bargain counter in our dry goods

store some day, and you'll change your mind."

A Victim of Bad Gas. "What are you doing?" said the clerk in the hotel. "Do you want to asphyxiate yourself and die on our hands?"

"What's the matter with you?" "You've gone and blown out the "Nuthin' uv the kind. I'm en-

titled to the use of this gas, hain't

"Well, I can't get any satisfaction by lighting it. The only way I kin git my money's worth is to sit here and smell it." One Matter Explained.

Mrs. Wickwire-I don't believe man's love is as steady as a woman's. Mr. Wickwire-Of course it isn't. When a man is really in love he can't

think of anything else. But a woman can hold her attention to keeping her hat on straight even when her lover is kissing her for the first time. Whigs Were Teamsters.

Whigs were originally teamsters in Scotland, who used the term whiggam to encourage their horses. Opponents of the government in the restoration period were derided as favoring the Scotch covenanters, and hence were called whiggams, afterwards whigh

EDWIN BOOTH.

The Killing of President Lincoln and Its Effect Upon the Actor's Life. For the next year I saw him con-

stantly, either in Philadelphia or in New York, where he was then playing at the Winter Garden, writes William Bispham in the Century, in those marvelous revivals of Shakespeare's plays which made his fame as a stage manager only second to his fame as an actor. Then came the horror of the event of Good Friday night of 1865, and Edwin Booth was stricken to the ground. Nothing but the love that was poured out for him by his friends saved him from madness. For days his sanity hung in the balance, and we all were fearful for the result, but nature and friendship gained the victory, and though his very soul was torn with anguish, his clear, strong brain reasserted itself and he was himself again. For nearly a year he withdrew from the stage, and it was only when the call of the public for his return became too strong to longer be withstood that he consented play again. During the time that he was in retirement it was my great privilege to pass nearly every evening with him. I had come to New York to live in the spring of 1865, and being alone here could follow my own inclinations in being with him as much as he desired. We used to sit in his library on the first floor of the house he occupied in Nineteenth street, east of Broadway, where his mother, his sister Rosalie. and his little daughter Edwina wore with him. Often we would talk so late that when we were ready to go to bed (we were never ready to stop talking), it was too late for me to go to my lodgings, and he would insist on my turning in with him, which I would do, sharing his room and bed. Often in the evening we would stroll through the dark streets, for it was only at this time that he would venture out, hardly knowing what kind of a reception would be his if he were recognized, for, to its eternal infamy be it said, one of the leading (?) papers of New York had denounced him in the most bitter manner, and said that neither he nor any of his name would ever again be permitted to appear upon the stage of any theater in the United States. It is a singular comment on this that the only vote ever cast by Edwin Booth for president of the United States was for Abraham Lincoln in 1864, and that he saved the life of one of Abraham Lincoln's sons. Booth himself told me of this occurrence. He had started for Philadelphia from New York, and while he was standing on the platform of a car, still in the Pennsylvania railroad station at Jersey City, and just as the train was about to move, a young lad, going from one car to another, stumbled and would have fallen between them, had not Edwin caught him by the collar of the coat and landed him in safety by his side. The boy, whom Edwin had never seen before, evidently recognized him, and holding out his hand said to him: "That was a narrow escape, Mr. Booth," and thanked him warmly. Two weeks later Edwin received a letter from General Adam Badeau in which the latter mentioned that Robert Lin-

The Beefsteak and Gridiron.

coln had told him that it was his

life that had thus been saved.

An American and an Englishman ne day sitting on the balcony of the house of the Anglo-American club in Brussels, passing the rather slow hours in a little friendly guying of each other. The Englishman sat facing the Anerican flag, the American sat facing the English flag. After a brief lull in the sharpshooting the Englishman came out with:

"I say, old man, ye cawn't imagine what your flag reminds me of."

The American was serious. "Well, what is it?"

"Why, it reminds me of a duuced big gridiron, don't you know. The American smiled a sad smile and then said:

"All right, Johnny. But what do you think your flag reminds me of?" "Don't know." "Well it reminds me of a darned

big beefsteak that we can fry on our gridiron."-Boston Budget.

The Indian Hunting Ground. Not all the Indians are yet deprived of their natural means of livelihood, the hunt. Many of the tribes inhabiting reservations in the far Northwestern states live almost entirely on the spoils and profits of hunting and fishing. The coast Indians employ themselves busily during the salmon-running season, in supplying fish to the canneries, and piece out their livelihood at other seasons by the proceeds of furs and flesh obtained by hunting and trapping. In the interior of Oregon and Washington big game is yet plentiful enough for the hunting season to afford to the Indians a pretty good source of support for most of

Circumstances Alter Cases Miss Daisy Uppercrust, to maid-

Molly, I heard somebody kiss you in the dark hall last night. Maid-Well, you get kissed, too, don't you?

"Yes; but I am kissed by the young man to whom I am engaged to be married. There is no harm in that."

"I'm glad to know it. He is the same young man you heard kissing me in the hall last night."—Texas Siftings.

A Victim of Fate.

Hungry Higgins-Madam, I useter have as good a home as anybody till misfortune overtook me. Mrs. Potts-Indeed! And what was

the nature of the trouble? Hungry Higgins-Me father-in-law lost his job

Hair-dyeing is been among the laboring paralland—not from motive but under the spur d Working-women, and ever pears, are given to den selves in this way at necessity, and in order necessity, and in order living. Gray hair loon suggests inefficiency; or does not, for some other fy the fancy of critical consequently it is not in employers. Hair-dyeing fore become an establish among persons seeking

LEGAL ADVERTIS

REPORT OF THE CONDI

State Bank of

At O'Neill, in the state of Ne close of business April 27, 18 RESOURCES. Loans and discounts.... Overdrafts secured and unsecured.....Other stocks, bonds and

Banking house, furniture and fixtures and other real estate...

fractional paper cur-rency, nickles and cents

Specie.... Legal tender notes.

Total. ... LIABILITIES. Capital stock paid in.
Undivided profits.
Individual deposits subject to check.
Demand certificates of deposit.
Time certificates of deposits. posit...
Due to State Banks and bankers...
Notes and bills rediscounted....

Total..... State of Nebraska, County of Ra I, John McHugh, casher of named bank, do solemnly sta above statement is true to a knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to be 2d day of May, 1895. J.H.B. [SEAL] Not My commission expires Mark!

NOTICE FOR PUBLICAN NOTICE FOR PUBLICAT

LAND OFFICE AT O'NM
API

Notice is hereby given that he named settler has filed notice o'll to make firal proof in support of and that said proof in libe mail Register and Receiver at 0'Ma May 31, 1895, viz:

PHILLIP MORRISON, H. L. For the southeast quarterse ship 29 north range 12 west.

He names the following winsh
his continuous residence upon a
tion of, said land, viz: Richard
John Fallon. William Cronin and
right, all of O'Neill, Neb.
42-6 JOHN A. HARNOL TIMBER CULTURE COMMUTAN

NOTICE FOR PUBLICAN UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, 03 Notice is hereby given that has tield has filed notice of intendacommutation proof before the Receiver at their office in ONEA Friday, the 3rd day of May See culture application No. 655, from of section No. 85, in townships No. 9, W.

He names as witnesses: A C Hainesville. Neb.; Frank Plund Neb.; T. F. Reynolds, of Neigh, Neb.; T. F. Reynolds, of Neigh, Neb.; T. F. Reynolds, of Neigh, Neb.; A C Hainesville. Neb.; T. Reynolds, Neb.; N

NOTICE FOR PUBLICAN
LAND OFFICE AT O'NILL
March 3.

Notice is hereby given that the
lamed settler has filed notice of the settler has filed not the settler has filed not the settler has file named settler has filed notice of to make final proof in support a and that said proof will be made Register and Receiver at O'Nea.

Register and Receiver at our May, 3rd, 1895. viz: FRANK PITZER, H. E. No. 14% S. W. ½ S. E. N. W. ½ and N. W. 129. Twp. 30, N. Range 9 W. He names the following winsen his continuous residence upon at tion of, said land, viz: Frank J. O'Neill, Neb.; T. F. Reynods, of N. Hunter, of Minecia, Davis, of Hainesville, Neb. 38-6 JOHN A. HARMON.

In The District Court of Holt C Samuel G. Baily, Plaintiff, Owen Ifor and wife, Mrs. 0sel. fendants.

Owen Ifor and wife, Mrs. Own fendants.

The above named defendants tice that on the 30th day of Age plaintiff herein filed his petrition at trict court of Holt county, Neming that he is the owner of the following the following that he is the owner of the following the following that he is the owner of the following the following that he is the owner of the following that he is the owner of the following that he is the owner of the following the follo



