

suited him. Great is the conjuring power of names. 10 After knowing dozens of in whose characters flatly contradict the idea we 山山 sociate with the names them by undiscernag sponsors in baptism,

cling to those ideas, still us Tom is a waverto k-kneed individual, Joe a reckless, pranksome fellow whose heart is in the right place and his tongue hung loose at both ms a bit of a prig until we think of tenry, who creates about him an abral and spiritual snobbishness.

He whose name of Matt fitted him han the shabby, shoddy garbetter th d folds was short and square set and

Yet he was not so old as age goes-scupled the same bench, he had only n on the road for ten years.

"I've been trampin' it for nigh on to ut his own, age, but whose dress by comin' back, it ain't so much of a prodigal son business." and pers two more scate forieranty. Surely, no two more scate forieranty. Surely, no disagored a bindscape than these, who hounged untidily of the benches of Washington square, blind to the blue and gold brightness of the early morn-ing of one of the first Memorial Days this city over celebrated. Now and then smart blue coated soldiers, with pinks in their button holes, either singly or in groups of two or three, stopped apidly through the square, too intent seaching the rendezvous where they it is issemble for the grand parade waste a glance on the two vagabonds ho had met,fraternized and exchanged criences and confidences within the oc of the last half hour.

"Fifteen years at trampin' is as good as a bundred," continued the first speaker, meditatively. "Seems as if a man gits it inter his bones by then, an' it wouldn't be any good fer his own welt to want ter stop it, let alone other folks. Now, I'd been on the road fer five years when this war business broke Directly it came I went to Canady. I yasn't goln' ter take no chances. in' fer it, an' wen it was over I come back and buinned about the country without findin' things much anyways from what they was That's why I don't take no inerest in this here racket over Decora-

At that moment the thrilling music the life and drum, as a small deat of soldiers wended their way walnut street, flashing the Stars to his speech, and in Matt Barlow's dull face there flickered a faint sparkle me. "I don't feel that way," of surgrise. "I don't feel that way," there's braver men than-you an' me' hing had gotten into his voice ad made it almost inaudible-"to fight for the country we're bummin' round in; an' I'm goin' out to the cemeteries to do honor to the soldiers, dead an' livin', who did it-if there's any honor to anybody in a feller like me bein' a anywheres. You see, it's differ ent with me; I used to be in-in ther He hurrled out the army myself." half in fear, half bravado, though flinging a challenge, and then,

got folks here in Philadelphia, an' it's and swung him to his shoulder. The half likely I may look 'em up." An unaccountable trembling had come into Barlow's voice as he answered and into his feet as he shuffled off with an air remotely imitating energy, and into his fingers as he ran them down into his coat pocket and drew out a dingy pocketbook, besides as flat as a pressed autumn leaf. He took out an equally dingy piece of newspaper and studied the words printed on it as thoughtfully as though he had not known them by heart for a month or more:

"If John Barlow, of Northumberland county, Pa., sometime a resident of Philadelphia, will communicate with the undersigned he will hear something to his advantage. The name and address of the American representative of a well known English law firm followed.

"It means some o' them English relations o' course," mused Matt Barlow as he had sed a dozen times before. "I uster hear Grandfather Barlow talk of money that had oughter come to us from the other side by rights, but never der if Lucy seen it? Wonder if-" and then the thoughts which gathered round that name became of a character not to be uttered aloud to a drinksodden, frowsy tramp, even if he happened to be oneself. As he waited on the corner for the crawling horse-car which amply met Philadelphia's demand for rapid transit in 1874, he did

mutter a few words audibly: "She'll act queer at first-if she ain't married again-yes, there ain't no doubt but she'll act queer. But I kin make her understand that at first it was as much as my life was worth to turn up anywheres, and then, when the war was over, 'twas too late; she wouldn't have had me, Lucy wouldn't! Meen," mid his companion, a man of But now that I kin bring something to her an' the children, as well as myself,



"DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY." niformed conductor laid a hand on his shoulder, to say sternly: "Wake up, you, or I'll put you off the car. You disturb everybody with your mutterings.'

It had been a good many years since Matt Barlow had allowed himself to recall exactly why it was that he was wandering homeless about the country indifferent to the fact that his family must mourn him as dead, or why it was that he half hoped that they did so mourn him. But to-day it was all wakad Stripes in the eyes of the specta-ing, waking within him under the influ-ence of the day, together with the new lesire he had vaguely formed to take a fresh start in life. When, a half hour later, he stood in the densely packed crowd in the cemetery and waited for the ceremonies of Decoration day to begin, he strained his eye to see the inscription on the huge obelisk, half buried in floral tokens, around which the guard of honor stood, but the sun was in his eves. Of course it was the sun.

boy smiled friendly wise into the rough face and remarked with a wavering sweep of his forefinger:

"That's my father's monument." "Your father's, hey?"

"Yes. He was the bravest man in the -th Pennsylvania. My mother tells us so often. He died for his country.'

"Who was your father?" Struck again by that dim resemblance to someone he had known, he asked the question, half shrinking from the reply, yet never dreaming what it would be.

"Matthew Barlow, an' my name's Matthew Barlow, but hers-" indicating the girl-"ain't. She's Dora Matilda, after her aunt."

Well, and wherein lay the horror of it? Had he not wished and intended to hunt up his family and be reunited to the children who had been babies when he saw them last? And here he had stumbled across them without the least trouble. Across them-and across his own monument!

"Where's your mother?" he asked in a whisper, not daring to look behind him.

"Out working. She cleans offices, mother does, an' she couldn't afford to take to-day off, 'cause it's desperate hard to get along anyhow, she says, and-

"Matty!" In the girl's tone of gentle rebuke there was a familiar cadence he wondered at himself for not noticing before. Rousing himself, he said to her tentatively:

"How do you know your father's dead? Maybe he'll come back some day with a lot of money and make you all rich."

Dora Matilda shook her head. "He'd have come back to us before this," she said confidently. "He was reported missing after the battle of Bull Run and mother says she's sure he's dead. She says, too, that she'd rather he'd left us what he did-an example of being brave and willing to die for the Union-than hundreds of gold and silver dollars."

"Your mother ain't married again, then?"

Surely it was Lucy's own self in the haughty flinging back of the head and the answer which rung proudly out, "Certainly not!"

down. Something bore too heavily on his shoulders. It was that great shaft of stone, his monument. The band kept on pretending to play patriotic songs, but really beating the air with the refrain, "Honor gone, all's gone!" Had he dreamed of something he was to bring to these children, by answering the advertisement which was to lead him, perhaps, to unlimited wealth and comfort? What wealth, what comfort could replace to them-or to him would blot out from their young mind? been bitter to him had been sweet to them with a sweetness he could never know again. Let them work and toll on, and even if they tasted the bitterness of starvation or death, it would be better than anything he could give them, who, as the martial music kept reminding him, had better never have been born!

on, "in a factory, and she saves money through the year to buy flowers for Decoration Day. Then when all the put them on

WOMAN IN THE SHOW

GOV. HOLCOMB ASKED TO GIVE RECOGNITION.

Efforts Being Made to Secure a Woman as One of the Exposition State Commis-

sioners -- Invitation to Foreign Governments to Participate.

Want a Woman Commissioner

Mrs. Frances Ford, secretary of the board of lady managers of the exposi-tion, was in Lincoln where she and Mrs. Sawyer, president of the board were in conference with Gov. Holcomb. They are seeking to secure the ap-pointment of a woman as one of the exposition state commissioners. This question was brought up when

the board met for organization, and the sentiment of the members was unanimous that, especially as the important bureau of education had been put in charge of the women, one of the commissioners should be a woman. It was at this meeting that the presi dent and secretary were instructed to solicit this favor from the governor.

President Wattles has mailed to the state department at Washington invi-tations to foreign governments to par-ticipate in the exposition. By the state department they will be for-warded with a note to the diplomatic representatives in the countries to which they are addressed. and by them delivered. It was at first hoped that the invitation would be an official one by this government and signed by the president of the United States, but the exposition management has been informed that in the view of the state department the connection of the gov ernment is not so intimate as to justify this form of invitation, and the man agement must therefore be conten with the semi-official form suggested. management has had coaching rom the department of state as to how to address the heads of governments with proper etiquet, a consideration that needed careful attention and the form necessary is in some instances quite pompous. For example, the ruler of Austria is addressed, "His Imperial Majesty Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria, King of Bohemia and Apostolic King of Hungary;" another letter goes to "His Imperial Majesty Nicholas II, Emperor and Autocrat of all the another to "His Imperial Russias:" Magesty Muzzaffer-en-Din. Shah of Persia. The letters were written with considerable art and their general form is as follows:

LETTER TO THE EMPFROR. His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of China, Pekung: I have the honor to call the attention of your Imperial majesty to the following:

attention of your imperial majesty to the following: The Trans-Mississippi and Intermational exposition, recognized by the congress of the United States of America. will be held at Omaha. Nebraska, U. S. A., from June 1st un-til November 1st in the year 18%s. This expo-sition will particularly represent the pro-ducts of soll and mine, arts an imanufac-tures of the states and territories west of the Mississippi river, an area comprising twenty-four states and territories. of great fertility and immense resources, with a surface of 2,720,34, square miles and a population of 16, 600,000 inhabitants, but will be patronized by all the states in the union and by the general government of the United States. By act of the congress of the United States, articles imported from foreign countries for exhibi-tion will be admitted duty free, under rules-and regulations of the sect tary of the treas-ury, copy of which I beg to inclose herewith, and I also inclose a copy of the a t of con-gress, showing the participation in the expo-sition of the government of the United States. All nations will be invited to participate in

ress, showing the participation in the expo-sition of the government of the United States. All nations will be invited to participate in this exposition to the end that, by friendly rivalry and mutual intercourse, the com-mercial relations and general prosperity of all may be increased. In the name of the Trans-Mississippi and international Exposition corporation 1 have the honor to extend to the empire of China a cordual invitation to participate. May 1 in-dulge the hope that this invitation will be bronght to the attention of your subjects at an early date, and that the products and wares of your great and powerful empire may be exhibited. I have the honor to be your imperial majesty's most obedient ser-vant. GURDON W. WATTLES. President of the Trans-Mississippi and Inter-national Exposition.

NEBRASKA A. O. U. W.

The Seventh Biennial Session, With Election of Officers, Etc.

The seventh biennial session of the Nebraska state grand lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, in session in Omaha four days, adjourned after what is generally regarded as the most successful convention of the order ever held in the state. The election of officers, trustees and important committees took up the time of the convention on the last day. The fight for the state headquarters, in which contest Grand Island proved victoricus over Lincoln, the installation of officers and the aboption of a large number of committee reports occupied the time of the delegates. The next biennial convention will be held in 1899 in Lincoln. Election of officers resulted as follows: Grand Master Workman, M. E. Schultz. Beatrice; Grand Master Foreman. R. P. R. Millar, Lincoln; Grand Overseer, H. M. Stockwell, Clearwater; Grand Recorder, Geo. H. Barber, Grand Island; Grand Receiver, F. J. Morgan, Plattsmonth: Grand Guide, J. H. Morehead, Falls City; Grand Inside Watchman, J. D. Brayton, Bassett; Inside Watchman, J. D. Jasalek, Omaha, and Jacob Wooster, Hastings, J. S. Johnson holding over in the position of the third trustee; Supreme Representatives, George H. Barber, Grand Island, George F. Mil-bourne, Minden, and F. E. White, Plattsmouth.

The following were elected the committee on law: H. W. Waring of Omaha, W. P. Hall of Holdrege and George H. Burchard of Omaha.

It was voted to continue state headquarters at Grand Island, Lincoln being a competitor.

committee on the good of the order favorably reported a resolution requesting the supreme lodge to erect an adequate and suitable building for the A. O. U. W. upon the grounds of the Trans-Mississippi exposition for next year.

It was decided to make the tax for the grand lodge \$1.50 per capita per year for the coming two years. Here tofore this tax has been \$1 per year, but the expenses have so increased as to demand an additional revenue from taxation. The amount of this tax is determined at cach session of the grand lodge for the succeeding two years.

Discussion took place concerning the publication of the official organ of the grand lodge. The Golden Rod Workman, formerly known as the Nebraska Workman. The paper is now published at Grand Island. Sev-eral offers were received for the publication of it elsewhere. All bids were referred to the trustees of the grand lodge, who were given power to award the contract for printing the official organ.

Lincoln was selected as the place for holding the next grand lodge in 1899. There was no contest made for this honor, it being regarded as a consola-tion prize for the city that had lost its fight for the state headquarters. The installation of newly elected

officers was conducted by Supreme Workman Tate. After being Master duly obligated all the newly elected officers entered upon the duties of their respective offices.

Went Against Omaha.

Washington special to the Omaha Bee: The senate amendment increasing the amount of the appropriation by the government for its participaby the government for its participa-tion in the Trans-Mississippi exposition was knocked about today in the house of representatives. Chairman Cannon of the appropriations committee pre-sented the amendment proposed by the senate increasing the appropria-to \$275,000, with a little speech an-tagonistic to the measure. Sayers of Texas said that the Nashville had been voted \$130,000 and he understood that a very creditable exhibit was being made at that place. Bartlett of New York made a number of statements that called out earnest protest on the part of Mercer, who was looking after the interests of the measure in the lower house. Among other things Bartlett said that a private corporation had charge of the exhibition, and that he thought \$200,000 on the part of the government was amply sufficent to warrant a general exhibit. He further said that the former bill had passed the senate by unanimous consent, and then addressed himself to the main question. Hc placed himself upon record against all expositions, and thought the government could well afford to go out of the show business entirely. Mercer succeded in getting recognition and asked Bartlett whether he had attended the Atlanta exposition and especially the Chicago exposition. The answer being in the affirmative, Mer-cer wanted to know if the gentleman from New York had any compunctions of conscience on either occasion. Mr. Dingley, chairman of the ways and means committee, made the direct statement that it was his understanding that the representatives of the Omaha exposition would be perfectly satisfied with \$200,000, and that had an amount above that figure been asked for and pressed, he would not have reported to favorably report the bill. All sorts of combines were invented to save the amendment, but the house refused to concur. When the question on the senate amendment to make immediately available the sum named came up, Representative Can-non moved to non-concur, and it was carried without any attempt to exact a division. The action of the house was not unexpected, but an effort will be made on the part of the senate confer-ence to retain the amount appropriated

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Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired feeling is over-come. The blood is purified, enriched and vitalized and carries health to every organ. The appetite is restored and the stomach toned and strengthened. The nerves are fed upon proper nourishment and are therefore strong; the brain is cleared and the mind refreshed by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. \$1; six for \$5. Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Barsaparilla.

The Ear.

An authority on Physiognomy, says that, of all the features common to human beings, none is more characteristic than the ear. "In families where it is impossible to trace the slightest likeness between different members in other respects, the ear has betrayed relationship and established a doubtful identity. Health, refinement and temperament are clearly defined in the size, color and shape of the ear, and it is certainly worth remarking the amiability of persons whose lobes are straight and grow into the cheek without the ordinary upward curve of division."

A Sure Deliverance.

A Sure Deliverance. Not instantaneously, it is true, but in a short space of time, persons of a bilious habit are saved from the tortures which a disor-dered liver is capable of inflicting by Hostet-ters Stomach Bitters, an anti-bilious medi-cine and aperient of the first rank. The pains in the right side and through the right shoulder blade, the sick headache, nausea, constipation and saffron hue of the skin, are entirely removed by this estimable restora-tive of tone to the organs of secretion and digestion.

Nothing Cheap About Him.

"I don't want to spare any expense. Mr. Architect." said Noocash. "I want a palace and nothin' less. Have two staircases. One to go up and the other to go down, and have the coal cellar frescoed. I'm goin' to show people how to spend money."-Epoch.

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Wanted Information.

"How is your bronchitis getting on?" said one invalid to another. "How do I know? I haven't asked

the doctor about it this morning "-Texas Siftings.

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An Agreeable Addition to Cones. By using the Flag Brand Chicory, manu-factured by the American Chicory Com-pany, of Omaha. Nebraska, you can cut down your coffee bill 25 per cent, besides improving the drink. You will find it economical, wholesome and agreeable. Ask your grocer for Flag Brand Chicory put up in pound packages. If he does not keep it, write the factory. Samples mailed free on application.

If you would prophesy set your dates at least 100 years hence.

Iti s a Very Cheap Trip. Chicago to Nashville via. Big Four Route to Louisville and a stop at Mammoth Cave. For full particulars address J. C. Tucker, G. N. A., or H. W. Sparks, T. P. A., Big-Four Route, 234, Clark St., Chicago.

If you would avoid criticism you must get either above or below it.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or Sea If C. C. C. fail to cure. druggists refund money. Do good to your enemy that he may become your friend.



The deserter suddenly set the boy

-the heroic image which his return The ten years of poverty which had

Sister works too," the boy prattled



WAS IN THE ARMY MYSELF. indrawing of his breath, itched his companion as watched min

But his hearer was a man without arionity. "Thesso?" he asked, indifinventive, and returned, as though he ind no interruption to the subject of his former monologue: "Yes, it's as I may, he throwin' about the country a faw years an' you ain't good fer " eine an' you don't ask fer notha slong this here square just yesthere,' he says, 'I'll give you of a burer of charity in this they're anxious to put ableellers like you on farms in the Lows, he might as well saved the --th Pennsylvania Volunteers. armdy? Well, s'long; we Some distraction from the thou

"What soldiers is that monument raised to, sissy?" he asked, huskily, of a tall girl of 12 or 13, who stood beside him, holding a smaller boy by the hand.

"'To the imperishable memory of the heroes of the --th Pennsylvania Volunteers, who fell in defense of their country, this shaft is erected,'" read the girl in a clear voice. "Them's the survivors," she added in kindly explanation, as the sound of the band and the flutter of the red, white and blue banner was dimly discerned in the distance, "coming to lay flowers on it and make speeches.'

Matt Barlow shook so that he was forced to steady himself by graspnig the shoulder of the small boy, who gazed up at him with a wondering face which struck some faint chord of ecognition within him. "They won't know me," he muttered to himself in quavering accents. "Lucy herself, nor my own mother wouldn't know me as I look now. An', anyhow, they couldn't do nothin' to me.

The tune played was, to him, not Marching Through Georgia," but

""Honor gone, all's gone; Better never have been born."

over and over. The tattered battle flags carried with reverent hands above the heads of the marching ranks, almost as the host is carried in Old World religious processions, made his heart first burn within him, then sicken at the thought that his place should not have been here among those who watched it from afar off.

"Either with them-or them!" he thought flercely, first glancing at the ranks of battle-scarred soldiers, then at the tall gray shaft, which seemed a finger to write on the skies its witness cool his puddin'. I've got to the glory of the fallen members of raised over me."

a ready? Well, s'long; we Some distruction not absolutely neces-at ternight on this bench agin; of the moment was absolutely neces-He picked up the 10-year-old pect ter go nowhere elso if sary. He picked up the 10-year-old boy, saying to his sister, "Bub here boy, saying to his sister, "Bub here we will and maybe not. I've can't see, way down on the ground," Youk, weighs 22,300.

father's monument."

Matt Barlow reached out his hands toward the bunch of limp roses and fading mignonette which the girl held, then as suddenly withdrew it. "Keep 'em," he said gruffly, almost violently. 'I thought I wanted one, but I don't.' That evening, as the stars and the gas lamps began to twinkle in unequal rivalry over Washington square, the man who had been sleeping heavily on one of its benches opened his eves in response to a slight shake. Instinc-

"I AM DEAD." tively he felt in his pocket for his pipe while he inquired laconically:

"Back ?"

"Yez," said Barlow, closing his lips tightly. But as has been said the other was a man without curiosity, and he asked no other question than: "Haven't got a bit of paper I could

light my pipe with, have you?" "Yes, I have." A crumpled news paper slip was taken from his pocket-

book, twisted up and tossed to the man on the bench, and then Matt asked: "Say, if you ain't going to use that card, could I have it?"

"What card? Oh, the charity burer thing' Ye ain't goin' out west on a farm, are you? Might as well be dead as workin', an' buried as on a farm." "I am dead an' buried," said Matt Barlow, slowly. "An' got a monument

-Philadelphia Press.

The heaviest bell in the world is that at Moscow, Russia, which weighs 432,-000 pounds. That in the city hall, New That Supreme Court Decision

Around the Nebraska state house there is little interest taken in the rumors which the dispatches from Washington contain about the decision of the United States supreme court on the maximum rate case. This is not because the state officers are not interested in the matter of lower railroad rates, but because they do not believe that the chance of getting these rates depends upon the decision of this case. When house roll No. 428 was passed and became a law it was believed that there was sufficient authority lodged in that board to regulate rates without additional legislation. Not only does the act give to the board of transporta tion the power to fix and regulate the rates, but it puts into its hands the power to compel obedience to its orders

The fight over the bill was one of the hardest of the session. Friends of the bill say they are confident results will prove that all that has been claimed for it can be accomplished. The feel-ing of security which the passage of this act gave them made the board of transportation lose all anxiety over transportation lose all anxiety over the maximum rate case. They say the new law may have to go through the courts before there will be a peaceful submission to its provisions. The bill was drawn by a good lawyer, and sev-eral of the best and most careful judges and attorneys in the state were consulted with and their suggestions followed. It is holiowed that there is followed. It is believed that there to question but that the law will stund the test of the closest scrutiny.

Glenwood C ontract Let.

The contract for the erection of the unfinished portion of the administration building in the group belonging to the state for the care of the feeble minded, which building was destroyed by fire last August, was let last week to the Northern building company of Minneapolis, the amount of their bid being \$36,600. The structure is to be four stories and an attic high, and is be built of brick with stone trim mings.

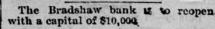
A Russell Editor Assaulted.

Russell dispatch: Laurence Hassel-quist assaulted Harry V. Brown, editor of the Russell Recorder, son of J. Lee Brown of Chariton. Brown's paper had printed an article reflecting on the truthfulness and honesty of Hassel-quist's father, a merchant and respected citizen of this city. The en-counter took place in a hardware store, where Hasselquist got in several telling blows. Brown called for help and they were separated. Hasselquist im-mediately appeared before Justice Mc-Coy, who fined him \$3 and costs. Citi-zens hearing of this promptly took up • collection and paid the fine.

Potato growers in the section about Beatrice are complaining about the backwardness of this year's planting and of the irregular way in which the plants are coming up.

for the exposition in the sundry civil

An Ontlook fer Litigation. It is reported that some "squatters" have pitched their tents on the land known as "the island," across the Mis-souri river from Hooker township, Dixon county, and some interesting litigation promises to follow. The land is the old river bed and the squatters claim that it belongs to the gov-ernment and that they have a right to occupy and possess it. Owners of ad-jacent lands, however, claim that it is accretion and propose that the squat-ters shall be ejected. Hence a lively time may be expected.





T

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