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REPUBLICAN France, and Russia, the most despotic monarchy on the globe have formed an offensive and defensive alliance.

SENATOR SWITZLER has a good cause of action against the Lincoln Call. Yesterday's paper contained a picture (which had evidently been obtained at the asylum) and labeled Switzler.

DID you ever think of it? Nearly every republican state in the Union has adopted ballot reform laws, while not a single southern democratic state has taken any interest in a fair ballot and an honest count.

MCKINLEY ON THE HOME MARKET. Mr. McKinley, in a speech delivered the other day at Rochester, N. Y., answered the plea for free trade made at the same place a few days before by Roger Q. Mills.

"I see a difference between the many governments of the earth. We are in a republic, associated together like so many members of the same family. We must protect ourselves against the people of other countries. This is according to the dictates of patriotism and the doctrine of the protective tariff.

The silly logic of a leader of free-trade is seen to melt away as the mists before a morning sun. To the practical, patriotic man who thinks for himself, and gives the matter any attention, the theoretical beauties of free-trade are replaced by a thorough belief in the efficacy of a protective tariff.

WHY don't our neighbor sign a petition asking the governor to veto the rate bill? Democrats have lost all confidence in their governor according to the testimony of the Omaha organ.

NEVADA'S population has decreased from 62,236 in 1880 to 45,761 in 1890. Think of a state with a population smaller than the city of Lincoln, with two U. S. senators, a governor and a full complement of state officers.

SENATOR GORMAN reports a bad split in the south on the Cleveland-Hill question. Bahl! Go talk to the winds Mr. Gorman, it will be as easy for you to create dissension there and bring on a cyclone, as it would for the Southern democracy to show signs of devotion to principle sufficient to make them do otherwise than vote blindly for a democrat.

THE strike in the coke regions of Pennsylvania continues unabated and even seems to grow worse. The strikers thoroughly exasperated and frenzied with rage have been using dynamite with deadly effect.

THE governor has appointed H. J. Davis and Lee Estelle, republicans, and Mr. Irvine and Mr. Ferguson, democrats, to the recently created judgeships in Douglas county.

MR. WORLD-HERALD, you must have supported a "bloomin' daisy" for governor that requires so much of an effort on your part to keep him straight. It would cast less reflection on your judgment if you had supported a man that had some moral stamina, stood squarely on the platform on which he was elected, and that you reposed some confidence in.

MR. ROSEWATER, of the Bee, has concluded to earn the retainer which he received from Boyd some time ago by trying his hand with the lawyers in arguing the eligibility question. He utterly fails, however, when he tries to parallel the Nebraska case with that of General Sam Houston, who was made a citizen by an act of congress taking in a foreign territory.

IT is amusing to witness the struggles of the free-trade organs with the McKinley bill. The growth of this measure in popularity is almost as great a surprise to its friends as it must have been to its enemies.

It HAS been carefully figured out that the United States has paid to the Welsh tin syndicate over \$307,000,000, a royal sum indeed if it had been left in this country. The demand for more currency on the part of the west would not be so urgent if we had kept part of what we had. Yet the democratic party is howling mad because an effort has been made to keep a part of the money annually sent across the ocean, here at home.

PRICES AND THE FARMERS. The aggregate of all farm products which cost \$100 in 1860 would cost at this time in the same market \$99.79, showing a decline of only one-fifth of 1 per cent. But the aggregate of all other products, less the internal taxes above specified, which would have cost \$100 in 1860, would cost now only \$76.43 for the same article in the same market, a decline of \$23.57 on every \$100.

together, he is paying 2 1/2 per cent less than he paid in 1860. It ought to be observed that the gain for the farmers in nearly all parts of the country is much greater than these figures indicate, because the cost of transportation has also been greatly reduced, thus giving him a larger share of the price obtainable in the seaboard markets for his products, and also giving to him manufactured and imported products at less advance above their cost at the seaboard. But if such has been the general result of a protective policy, extended over a period of thirty years, have not the protectionists some right to gratitude if "the farmer is on top?" For it is their policy which has opened mills and mines, factories and shops, employing millions of workers, and thus has enormously increased the home demand for farm products.—New York Tribune, November 20.

WHY PRICES OF TIN PLATES HAVE RISEN.

A letter on the subject of tin plates from Messrs. E. S. Wheeler & Co. of New Haven, Conn., has been going the rounds of the free-trade press, used as a text from which to preach "reform" doctrine. The letter says that since the passage of the McKinley bill was assured, prices of tin plates have advanced \$1.15 a box. The profit due to this increase has amounted to \$3,000,000, it asserts, all of which was transferred from the American consumer's to the British manufacturer's pocket.

The advance in prices simply illustrates how completely at the mercy of the tin plate manufacturers we are, with no tin plate mills of our own. The Welsh tin plate makers met a few months ago and determined to "make a box of plates a rather costly commodity," and we could not help ourselves. They say they had only a few months in which to bleed us, and they set about it right heroically.

The McKinley bill has not been responsible for the advance. Tin plates have not been touched by the new tariff, and they will not be touched until next July. The advance is due purely to speculation and the rapacity of the foreign tin plate maker. It is not the first time we have been bled. Time and time again have plates gone up in price more rapidly and higher than since the McKinley bill was passed.

According to figures furnished by a tin plate dealer in New York City, Mr. H. R. DeMitt, who took them from the price-lists of Henry Nash & Co. of Liverpool, recent fluctuations in tin plate prices have been as follows:

Table with tin plate prices per box for various dates from May 1890 to March 1891, showing price fluctuations.

This shows a fluctuation of \$1.01 in ten months. Compare these figures with the fluctuations of the market at a time when no tariff change had been even thought of: Coke tin plates, per box, June, 1879, \$6.50; Coke tin plates, per box, Feb. 1, 1888, \$10.00.

Here was a rise of \$3.50 in a box in eight months, against \$1.01 rise in the last ten months. With new mills in process of erection in this country, the foreign manufacturers have not dared to put up the price so high as was their custom in the good old days when the Yankee was more content with the destiny marked out for him by Englishmen—viz., raising cheap cotton and cereals—and did not bother his head about tin plate making and other lines of industry supposed to be beyond his intelligence and skill. If the extortion of the British manufacturers amounts to \$3,000,000, with the rise of about \$1 a box, it must have amounted to at least \$10,000,000 in 1880, when the price had advanced \$3.50 a box. Nor will the McKinley bill stop with having reduced the foreigner's extortion from ten to three millions. Our own tin plate mills are rapidly going up, and soon we will be entirely out of the Welsh manufacturers' clutches. Wait until the new tariff on tin plates goes into effect, and then we shall talk to the reformer some more.—American Economist.

It HAS been carefully figured out that the United States has paid to the Welsh tin syndicate over \$307,000,000, a royal sum indeed if it had been left in this country. The demand for more currency on the part of the west would not be so urgent if we had kept part of what we had. Yet the democratic party is howling mad because an effort has been made to keep a part of the money annually sent across the ocean, here at home. This is a sample of democratic statesmanship that the reading public should understand.

DICK BERLIN seems to have secured \$85,000 for river improvements at Omaha, but the \$50,000 specially appropriated for this city two years ago is still held back. If some one in authority would give the commission a slice of the appropriation we would doubtless have better success.

PERSEVERANCE.

The pine that stands upon the wooded mountains gains not in stature in a single day; The noble river springs not from one fountain. But gathers up its strength along its way.

The aloë bears for years the autumn's dirges. Before it shows its blossoms to the skies; The coral reef that breaks the ocean's surges Through centuries of growth alone can rise.

Thus, through her works, Dame Nature offers ever For our acceptance one persistent thought, 'Tis but by patient, sturdy, brave endeavor The greatest, best and grandest things are wrought.

—Housekeeper's Weekly.

Appetite a Good Doctor.

When the health is fairly good, and there is no special strain to be put upon the system, the normal appetite may be trusted to indicate the kind and quantity of food necessary to maintain that condition. Naturally the appetite varies with the changing seasons, and unless it indicates an unreasonable extreme of indulgence or abstinence no attention need be paid to any other monitor. Much harm is done by injudicious or meddling friends suggesting that a person is too stout or too thin, too pale or too ruddy, and serious disturbances of the system often follow the mistaken advice to take some bitters or pills, or refrain from fattening food or drink. Paying attention to any of these fads is like playing with fire. If you are ill enough to seem to warrant any radical change of diet or any application of medicine, consult your physician at once. Above all, avoid quack medicines. To use the opinion of a successful dealer in them, whose bank balance is more liberal than his conscience, they are "made to sell."—Harper's Bazar.

Chewing.

"On which side of your mouth do you chew?"

"What a question!"

"Well, there is much difference between the masticating methods of people. It is quite an interesting study too. To me, in the restaurant business, I have a host of subjects before me every day. I think that a long and close experience with men will support the conclusion that most people masticate with the teeth on the left side of the jaw. A few people chew on the right side; most, however, on the left. How do I explain it? Oh, it is partly habit, partly the result of necessity, broken or defective teeth, etc. Next time you sit down to table with a large party just notice the various and distinct ways in which the people present chew. It will surprise you. Not only do some chew out loud, but—well, judge for yourself."—Interview in Detroit Free Press.

Great Men As Boys.

Every one knows how, when Sir Walter Scott was a boy, the future novelist was lost during a thunderstorm, and found by the alarmed searchers lying on his back on the hillside looking at the lightning, clapping his hands at each flash and exclaiming, "Bonnie bonnie!" But a story of the same kind, with Schiller, the German poet, as the hero, is not so well known. One day, while a very small boy, a severe thunderstorm came on; the boy was missed and could nowhere be found. The whole household searched for him, but it was not until the storm was past that he was seen descending from the top of a high line tree near the house. To the inquiries of his father as to his motives he replied: "I only wished to see where all the fire came from."—New York Ledger.

A Fine Sermon.

Young Master X is an observant youth of 5. He returned from church, and was sent up stairs that his maid might remove his lordship's top coat. The following conversation ensued, which I dedicate respectfully to a certain well known clergyman: Maid—Were you a good little boy in church today? Young Master X—Oh, yes. Mamma said I was very still today.

Maid—Did you have a fine sermon today? Young Master X—I guess we did. It sounded like a very fine one, indeed!

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings," etc.—Brooklyn Life.

Girls Who Ride and Pay.

Thompsonville girls stand a good deal of chaffing because they go on sleighing parties all by themselves and leave the young men out. They retort that they can go and have a good time, and pay the bills, too, without asking any help from the boys. They are not the sleighing parties that go hooting and howling through the streets, waking folks up after midnight, either.—Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

In Doubt.

Quin was once at a small dinner party. The master of the house, pushing a delicious pudding toward Quin, begged him to taste it. A gentleman had just before helped himself to an immense piece of it. "Pray," said Quin, looking first at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish, "which is the pudding?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

An alarm for telling when a ship touches a predetermined depth of water is being tried aboard her majesty's ship Rambler in the Red sea. It consists of a wire sounding apparatus having a sinker, which, on coming in contact with the bottom, relieves the drum on board ship and sounds a bell.

The air brake millionaire Westinghouse is a practical mechanic, being the graduate of a machine shop, in which he spent his youth. He is a skillful draughtsman, and his remarkable memory for facts and figures enables him to carry in his head the details of his vast business enterprises.

The form used by the king of Sweden in addressing the members of parliament differs from that used by many other rulers. His speeches begin with, "Good gentlemen and Swedish men." They end usually also with, "The blessing of God be upon you, good gentlemen and Swedish men."

The Prejudice Against Reporters.

The old time prejudice against reporters is fast passing away. The pencil and notebook scribe now finds little difficulty in gaining access to any and every house in town. This is especially the case with women reporters, who are now chosen from a class of people who would as soon think of moral suicide as of violating a confidence. Whatever is told them they respect and on y print that which is actually intended for publication. People have found this out from experience and they have gained confidence accordingly. But some of this reporting is terribly exacting work and difficult to manage. For example, Miss Reporter goes to see Mrs. Blank interview about a forgery in which her brother was implicated—not actually guilty, you know, but drawn into the case in a questionable way, possibly receiving diamonds for his wife when the world said no diamonds were due.

"Now, I'll tell you confidentially," begins Mrs. Blank's interview.

"No, please don't tell me confidentially, because I shall want to see the newspaper a fair account, and I can't do it if you bind me in this way."

"Well, you can say that those jewels were promised long ago and were given to my sister-in-law because she was of service to Mrs. Blank when her last baby was born. But please don't tell that."

"I think if you let me mention that little fact every one will understand and be in sympathy, and it will do your brother's side of the story lots of good."

"Oh, no, no, indeed! But you may tell part of it."

And so the interview goes on, wearing out the unhappy reporter, who must get in her "story," and who is doing battle between her newspaper instincts and the betrayal of confidence. Try reporting a little while if you think you can always tell the right thing and withhold the wrong. Just try it.—Newport News.

Word Shadows.

Under this title a writer in The Atlantic Monthly discourses upon the fanciful and grotesque dialect of the southern negro. In the "plantation patois" are many expressions which display genuine humor and a happy knack at picturesque statement, as, for example, when an unproductive piece of ground is called "fairy lan," and an obedient and tractable servant an "orderly gal."

The favorite and indispensable bread of the field hand—that made of corn meal—is "John Constant," while wheaton bread is "Billy Seldom." Our word "accuse" becomes "scuse" in the negro's mouth. There are few of his race, alas, who have not been, at some time or other, "scuse of a cow," "scuse of a pig," "scuse of a pa'r shoes" and so on down the scale.

A half starved calf is a "calf dat's been whipped wid de churn dasher." To keep down grass is to "fight wid Gen'l Green." A matter well accomplished is "essentially done," as, for instance, "When she cooks, she des essentially cooks good." A proud person is an "umptious somebody."

To live easily and happily is to live "jolly and wid pleadure." To be ill is to "have a misery." To be quite well is to be "des sorter tollerble." Entertaining conversation is "mockin' bird talk." Lively tunes are "sinner songs," or "reels," or "corn-hollers," "jump up songs," or "chunes dat skip wid de banjo." Religious songs are "member songs" or "hymn chunes."

Not to be a church member is to be "settin on the sinner seat," "still in de open fiel," "drinkin' de cup of damnation," and many other such phrases. To enter the church is to "jine de band," to "take up de cup er salvation," to "git a seat wid de members," to be "gathered in," to "put on a shine line gyarment," and so on indefinitely.

A Wonderful Man.

Williams Kingston, of Ditch-beat, Somersetshire, England, was "the most wonderful of all that wondrous krew." Concerning him a writer of The London Chronicle says: I put half a sheet of paper, with pen and ink, on the floor before him. He threw off his shoes as he sat; took the inkstand in the toes of his left foot (having been born without arms), and held the pen in those of the right. He then wrote three fine lines better than most can with the fingers. He feeds himself, and can bring both his meat or his broth to his mouth by holding the fork or spoon in his toes. He showed me how he shaves.

He can dress and undress himself. He is a farmer by occupation; milks his cows with his toes, cuts his own hay and binds up the bundles and carries it about the field for his cattle. In saddling and bridling his horse he does it with his teeth. He is so strong in his teeth that he can lift ten pecks of beans with them, and he can throw a hammer as far with his feet as most people can with their hands.

The Baby's Bath.

Nursery conveniences have been supplemented by the introduction of a new sponge basin. This is a pretty and deep china bowl, decorated in quaint Greenaway figures and divided into two distinct receptacles by a porcelain partition. Hot and cold water are thus directly at nurse's hand, with a powder box and a soap cup of a pattern to match. To further increase the usefulness of this novelty, small willowware stands in white and gold are provided, on to which the sponge bath may be lifted and readily transported to any part of the room.

Huge but light weight willow woven hampers, exquisitely trimmed with white esprit and pale blue ribbons, are fitted up with every known nursery luxury, from an ivory and silver rattle to keep the small bather quiet, to the day's wardrobe and a cushion fine enough for a duchess's toilet table; no single article is lacking. The bassinet, with its low swung rockers and graceful canopy, is done up in the same manner and leaves the infant nothing to desire.—Illustrated American.

A Pardonable Mistake.

Editor—What is that proof you have—the Morse alphabet? Assistant—No; an interview with a parrot.—Puck.

Chinese Ideas About God.

A young lady who teaches Sunday school lessons to two Chinese boys in an Episcopal church on Fifth avenue, speaking of her work, said: "My two sons of the Flowery Kingdom can speak but little English, but I really think they have a good idea of Christ and his mission on earth. They seem 'stayed up at learning, and kneel and stand up at the proper time during church services. Both of them wear queues, though, and would not part from them for any consideration. It took me a long time to make them understand that Christ was divine. They imagined I had reference merely to his goodness. At first they imagined he was an idol that had been found over eighteen hundred years ago at Bethlehem, in Judea, and had been buried, after being exposed on the cross, and then stolen and hidden by those who worshipped the idol. It was hard to get them away from the Joss idea."

"They speak English so imperfectly I think that is a drawback to their rapid improvement. One of them asked me if God was buried in Judea, as well as his son. When I explained that they lived above the clouds an incredulous look came upon the boys' faces, and one said, 'Mehican man hab tings way up.' I could not deny that we worshipped a being far above us, but all around us. How long did it take me to make them understand the divinity of Christ? Well, nearly four years. They are bright boys."—New York Herald.

The Average Man.

One of the most galling tyrannies of modern life is that of the "average man." Who ever saw the average man? Is any one acquainted with any one who ever did? Has any one any reason to believe that the average man ever existed? The fact of the matter is that the average man is a myth. He never did and never will exist. He is a philosophical abstraction, a straw man set up to be worshipped or reviled, as the case may be. Yet people always bow down to him and talk in whispers about his thoughts, his moods, his needs and desires. They are rejoiced when he is supposed to smile, and are cast down when he frowns.

Statisticians burn the midnight oil in order to "do sums" about him. Statesmen give up their lives to his service. Political economists look solemn as they take his measure. Physicians explain how he may keep well, and preachers adjust the message of the gospel to his comprehension. Yet, of all the myriads of men who have ever lived each one differs more or less from the supposed average man. Who will deliver the world from the tyrannical rule of the average man?—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Doomed Duet.

Singers who "murder" music are usually considered more guilty than the music is. The provoked Cincinnati judge was not blaming the music, however, when he turned the metaphor the other way.

His daughter and a young gentleman caller frequently indulge in tuneful vocal practice over the piano, and when they get together in the parlor the judge gets in as remote a part of the house as possible in order to avoid what he terms the uproar. One evening they had been even more devoted than usual to their music, and on the following morning the judge inquired of his daughter:

"What on earth was all that racket you and your caller were making in the parlor last evening?"

"Why, papa, Sam and I were trying a new duet."

"Trying a new duet, were you? Well, from what I heard I should judge that you found it guilty and inflicted the heaviest penalty on it."—New York Times.

An Old New Orleans Custom.

If you have plenty time to loaf and observe everything that passes before your gaze you will notice on nearly every post in the French quarters there are little hand bills tacked up and bearing the heading "Decede." Beneath this there is additional printing, all, however, in French. These are death notices, which seemed to be used instead of the newspapers to announce the invincible hand. They state the hour of the funeral, etc., and the name of the deceased.

As a general thing these notices are tacked up all over the French section in an hour after the person has died. I noticed several upon which the printers' ink had scarcely dried, and which announced the demise of some unfortunate which had taken place only a few minutes before.—New Orleans Cor. Richmond Dispatch.

Neatly Caught.

The following is told of a judge before whom a man was being tried for stealing a gold watch from a woman as she was entering a bus. The man declared the watch was his, and the woman was mistaken in identifying it as hers. Suddenly the judge asked:

"Where's the key?"

The prisoner fumbled in his pockets, and said he must have left it at home. The judge asked him if he would the watch frequently with the key, and he said "Yes."

Then a key was procured, watch and key were handed to the prisoner, and he was told to wind the watch. He opened the case but could not find any place to use the key, because the watch was a keyless one. The sentence was five years.—London Tit-Bits.

The Thoughtful Manager.

Mrs. De Style (in theatre box)—What was this placard, "No Loud Talking," put in our box for?

Mrs. Forundred (after reflection)—I presume the manager left it here so we could show it to the people on the stage when their chatter interrupts our conversation.—New York Weekly.

The Red Man's Disappointment.

"Ugh!" said the Indian, in disgust. "What's the matter, Swallowtail?" asked the agent.

"Big Injun chase white man four mile. Want scalp. Catch white man. Uah! white man bald."—Harper's Bazar.