M'KEIGHAN, Bryan and Van Wyck each would like to be U. S. senator from Nebraska. Doubtless the one that is the most expert pulling the wool over the eyes of the farmers will be the successful aspirant.

EDGERTON has practiced law thirteen years and has been before the supreme court but twice. Doubtless he would feel "among strangers and alone" if elevated to the position to which he aspires.

THE present has done more toward finding good markets for our surplus products than any other administration. It will do still more in that line after a few more reciprocity treaties are formed.

THE free admission of beet sugar from Germany is very likely to have the tendency to still further cheapen that commodity and at the same time furnish a better market for American pork and other products.

THE democrats in Gage county cannot agree upon a county ticket. The August convention indorsed the independent nominees. Last week the central committee called another convention and a straight ticket was placed in the field.

MR. BRYAN, who advised the democratic party the other day to abandon its entire state ticket, has experienced another change of heart and is now advising democrats to vote straight. He is aggressively partisan just now.

THERE is talk of British capitalists making investments in this country for the purpose, of course, of avoiding the duty imposed upon their pauper made goods. If we mistake not they will find it impossible to employ pauper labor in this country, which may serve to discourage them in a measure.

AS TO MR. EDGERTON?

Joseph W. Edgerton first became known in Nebraska fourteen years ago as a patent well borer in Furnas county. Becoming tired of boring holes in the earth he spent a brief time in an attorney's office and blossomed out with a copy of the statues, an abundance of assurance and a tin sign as a lawyer.

A short time afterward he was discovered as a republican office seeker in Polk county with an office in Stromsburg. Failing in his ambition in the republican ranks he became a rabid anti-monopolist.

Six or seven years ago he drifted to South Omaha and between real estate speculations and a salary of $50 a month as city attorney he managed to eke out an existance. The city council which elected him was democratic and Edgerton had by this time again changed his politics. As city attorney and solicitor for a city council which plastered the young city with mortgages, his record was discreditable if not corrupt. He helped a disgracefully incompetent city government to hide from public view some of the ugliest jobs ever perpetrated by a municipal administration in this state.

After dropping out of his job in South Omaha he became a union labor candidate for something or another and then went back to the democracy to take a position as assistant to the democratic county attorney in criminal cases arising in Sout Omaha.

In due time he joined the independenis and his vaulting ambition was gratified by a nomination for the office of attorney general. He was no more fit to become attorney general than he is to be a cardinal. He ran behind his ticket everywhere, and especially at home, where he was best known. He could not carry South Omaha for justice of the peace. In face of a clean majority of over 3,000 for Geo. W. Hastings he united with the defeated prohibitionists in a baseless contest which cost the tax-payers of Nebraska over $11,000, and plunged the state into turmoil and contention.

He signed and approved the contest papers in which the county in which he lives was maligned and slandered. He knew he had no right whatever to the office and no show of claim to it but there was a chance to disfranchise his own people to his personal advantage and he siezed upon it with that avidity for which he is noted when an office and a salary are sighted however dimly.

The next thing that comes to him is a fat job in the lobby at the legislature. He remained on deck at the capital during the long session and he is credited with some very sly manipulations of stockyard bills and other measures. Paul Vandervoort was there for the telegraph and telephone monopolies. He and Edgerton became bosom friends and Paul is now stumping the state for him.

The next turn in the wheel of this political weather cock pointed him toward the state capital as the independent candidate for justice of the supreme court. He has never had practice enough to make either a reputation as a lawyer or a living.

He is not in his office two hours a week. He is scarcely known at the district bar. He has never held a judicial office. He does not possess a single qualication for a judicial position. His election would debase our supreme court and disgrace the state.

This is the unvarnished truth.—Bee.

ONE YEAR OF THE NEW TARIFF LAW.

To-day, October 6, the tariff law has been in force just one year. What has been the result of that year's experience? How have the wild-eyed predictions of high prices for the necessaries of life, of the ruin of our foreign trade, and of lower prices for what the farmers produced, so glibly made a year ago by the democratic press, been carried out?

The first of these free trade statement—that the new tariff law would increase the prices of the necessaries of life—has been proved by experience to be utterly false. About 60 per cent of all the articles which go to make up every-day needs of the people of the United States are to-day cheaper than they were a year ago, and the prices of the remainder are substantially unchanged. There is not, so far as our observation extends, any increase of price in any article due to the new tariff law

The failure of the predictions of the "calamity howlers" with regard to our foreign commerce has been equally marked. Our imports have enormously increasec in the aggregate, because of the large additions made by the new tariff law to the free list. Articles not produced in this country, which formerly paid duty, come in free under the new law, and are consequently cheaper, because where there is no home production the duty is always paid by the consumer. Where, however, we manufacture or produce the article, the price here is fixed by the cost of production, and the tariff cuts no figure in it.

Our exports to foreign countries, too, have enormously increased. The total ualve of our exports for the last seven months shows an increase of $86,397,188 over the average exports for the corresponding months of the last five years. With our imports increased and our export trade increasing, the falsity of the free trade cry is fully apparent.

The third count, that the ruin of our foreign trade would keep down the prices of the products of American farms, is likewise a falsehood. All the staple products of American agriculture are selling higher today than for a long time in that past, with the single exception of cotton, of which the cotton planters themselves admit there has been an enormous over-production for the past two years.

Hence the net result of one year of the new tariff law is:

Cheaper prices for the necessaries of life.

An increased import trade.

A much larger export trade.

And a greater degree of general properity than the nation has experienced since about 1883.

AMERICAN BEAUTIES.

The beauty of American women is proverbial, and the distinction is well merited: it is doubtful whether any country could show a more notable bevy of perfectly lovely women than those whose portraits are given in the November number of Demorest's Family Magazine, just received. Exquisite pictures of a score of "Famous Beauties of the South" afford a feast of beauty that everyone should enjoy, and may, by simply procuring a copy of this splendid number of this always excellent Family Magazine. And this is not its only great attraction. A unique series of articles is begun in this number, "The Romances of Pre-Columbian Discoveries," handsomely illustrated, which are especially apropos at this time; "Her Soul's Secret" is an absorbing novelette; any woman can learn to ride, and to ride gracefully, if she will follow the rules given in "Lessons in Riding"; those who are preparing Christmas gifts will find appropriate mottoes for them and numerous pretty styles of lettering in 'Home Art and Home Comfort'; in "Sanitarian," Susanna W. Dodds, M. D., tells about "The Unequal Distribution of Clothing," in the first of her articles on "Women's Dress Hygienically Considered"; housekeepers will find some appetizing "Thanksgiving Menu"; in fact, something to interest everybody will be found in this comprehensive Magazine, which is purblished for $2 a year by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York City.

WHY I AM A PROTECTIONIST.

I am a protectionist because I am an American. The free admission of foreign commodities, or their admission at rates of duty which are levied for purely revenue purposes, may suit the economic conditions and meet the financial needs of other countries, but history teaches that the prosperity of our own country is best promoted by a tariff which is levied for protection as well as for revenue. Many of our great industries, including the silk industry, the pottery industry, the carpet industry and the steel rail industry, had only a nominal existence until adequately protective duties were imposed on competing foreign products. All other considerations aside, older manufacturing countries could command lower wages for labor than this country, and protective duties were therefore needed to equalize the labor cost of production. Our tin plate industry is to-day an infant industry because we have not had a protective duty on foreign tin plates. We shall always need protective duties as long as our people insist upon a higher standard of wages and scale of living than prevail abroad. If they were now willing to accept the same wages and the same social conditions which the people of other countries are compelled to accept, our protective policy could be greatly modified, if not wholly dispensed with. Whatever it may have been in the past, this policy is therefore to-day chiefly a question of wages.—James M. Swank, general manager of the American Iron and Steel association.

I am a protectionist because in our history I trace all our prosperity as a nation to the protective system and all our periods of financial and business distress to the abandonment or threatened abandonment of that system.

Because as I read history, all experience shows that a nation can only be prosperous or become wealthy or long remain so under a system which protects the labor of its citizens, creates diversified industries, and enables it to produce at home largely the articles it consumes.

Because I believe it to be the duty of the government and wise statesmanshib to provide, so far as l'gislation will accomplish it, that the people who labor with their hands and who in this country are in a majority and are to control the destiny of this government, and upon whom the prosperity and perpetuity of the nation depend shall be permitted to do our k instead of foreigers across the sea and to receive for the same such compensation as will enable them to live comfortably, educate their children, and prepare them to per form the duties as American citizens intelligently and independently.—J. N. Dolph, U. S. Senator.—American Economist.

THIS will be a hard winter on democrats. In this state they have no available candidate for supreme judge and are compelled to fall back upon a fourth class lawyer who left the republican party because there was no probability of being elected to office; over in Iowa they have been compelled to dodge the discussion of national issues and are attempting to save their political heads by catering to the whiskey ring; in Ohio the McKinley bill and free coinage proposition are the issues, and the republicans, under the leadership of McKinley and Sherman, the two greatest disciples of these issues in America, have already put the enemy to flight; in New York the better element of the democracy has openly declared in opposition to the Tammany crowd and their influence will be exerted in behalf of the repuplican ticket. A hard winter for democracy, indeed.

THE democratic sheet of this city recognizing the ability of the republican candidate for clerk of the district court and chagrined by his popularity as a candidate, seeks to give vent to its spleenetic envy and jealousy by yielding to the last resort of the vanquished; viz., mudslinging and unsubstantial vituperations. THE HERALD believes that this method of campaigning should be relegated to the rear, and supplanted by a clean, honest, manly discussion of matters of public concern. We believe that our best people take this view of the matter and will become disgusted with the method in which our neighbor takes special delight.

Mr. C. B. Jones, of Spring Hill Iowa, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for severe and painful burns with better effect than anything I have ever tried. It relieves the pain instantly and cures without leaving a scar." Pain Balm is one of the most useful medicines that any families can be provided with, especialy for rheumatism, lame back, sprains, bruises, toothache, ear ache and like ailments. One application will relieve the pain and a fair trial insure a cure. 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co. Druggists.

Swallows and Crows.

Among the courageous small birds may be counted the family of swallows. The writer has often seen barn swallows fly downward and peck at the cat and dog, and more than once a sharp twitter, a whir of wings and a peck on the hat has reminded her, when standing in the barn door, that she was intruding on swallows' precincts.

About a half mile from the house is a high bank which is the home of a colony of bank swallows. The earth for some distance is thickly perforated with the roundish holes leading into their nests.

Not far from this bank a quantity of corn was one day scattered by accident upon the ground. The crows were quick to discover what had happened, and swooped down and began to devour the windfall.

Some of the swallows spied them at once and gave the alarm. I chanced to be sitting beneath a tree in full view of the scene. In less than a minute after the crows had settled to feeding, more than a hundred of the bank swallows had darted from their holes, and with angry twitters fell upon the intruders.

The attack was a complete surprise to the big black fellows, and as if realizing the futility of trying to cope with their small assailants, they rose from the ground in a body and took flight.

The swallows pursued them, darting, diving, striking at them above, below and from both sides. The crows were routed completely, and took refuge in a dense piece of woods a quarter of a mile away. Then the triumphant swallows turned about and sailed homeward, uttering many chirps and twitters of satisfaction as they flew.

For the hour or more that I remained in the field not a crow was to be seen near the corn. The swallows were masters of the field.—Cor. Youth's Companion.

We Are Not a Military People.

We Americans are not a military people. In view of our having carved our way into the wilderness with sword as well as with ax, of our having won our independence by arms, of our having come with abundant credit out of all our wars, of having carried through one of the most gigantic struggles of modern days, in which were fought battles almost unequaled in tenacity, this may appear to be an unwarranted statement. But it is true. It requires more than courage, more than ability to raise, to equip, to ration, to move and to command armies to make a military people.

The most splendid conduct in war for an all absorbing cause does not suffice. Having many of the essential qualities, we yet fall short of what the Romans were, the Germans are. Some sections of the country approach nearer to the military standard; but taken as a whole our lack of interest in army and navy, our thoroughly unbusinesslike way of handling our national problems of attack and defense, stamp us as the least military in our instincts of all the great peoples of the earth.—Colonel T. A. Dodge in Forum.

She Had Improved.

The Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV, was a young woman of great spirit and originality. One day one of her teachers chanced to enter the room when the princess was reviling one of her attendant ladies, in great wrath, and, after giving her a lecture on hasty speech, he presented her with a book on the subject. A few days later he found her still more furious and using language even more violent. "I am sorry to find your royal highness in such a passion," said he, "your royal highness has not read the book I gave you." "I did, my lord!" cried she tempestuously: "I both read it and profited by it. Otherwise I should have scratched her eyes out!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Some Notable Wagers.

Of single bets made on American horse races the following instances are taken from the records: Haughton bet Walton $14,000 to $1,000 against Giroffe. Haughton bet Kelly $20,000 to $5,000 against Henlopen. Appleby & Johnson bet P. Lorillard $11,000 to $10,000 against Pizarro, and $25,000 to $5,000 against Leo in the same race. In each of these cases it is probable that the owners risked ten times these amounts on each of the races, as the bets above stated were only made with one bookmaker.—W. B. Curtiss in Forum.

How Parchment Came to Be Used.

When the literary jealousy of the Egyptians caused them to stop the supply of papyrus the king of Pergamos, a city in Asia Minor, introduced the use of sheepskin in a form called from the place of its invention, pergamona, whence our word "parchment" is believed to be derived. Vellum, a finer article made from calfskin, was also used. Many of the books done on vellum in the Middle Ages were transcribed by monks, and often it took years to complete a single copy.—C. A. Lynde in St. Nicholas.

Like Shooting Ghosts.

The impression when hunting paddymelons is of shooting at ghosts, what with the dim, mysterious light of the "bush," and the strange appearance and swift movement of the game. Paddymelons, like all the kangaroo tribe, are useless for food, except so far as their tails are concerned, which, being largely of glutinous texture, furnish material for capital soup, very like oxtail, but with a peculiar and agreeable "gamy" flavor.—Boston Journal.

Surprised His Friends.

Girdler (a returned traveler)—How did young Wesley ever turn out?

Speakman—Oh! he has made a splendid name for himself. He was sent to prison and has surprised everybody by the talent he displays in pegging shoes.—New York Epoch.

She Knows He Will Come Back.

An Atchison woman has dismissed her cook and commenced to take in sewing. Her husband joined the boomers who rushed into the new Oklahama country the other day, and she is saving up money to pay his fare back.—Atchison Globe.

AFTER THE STARTER.

A DEATHBED SCENE DESCRIBED BY LOUIS HARRISON.

He Was a Dying Race Track "Tout,' and He Imagined He Had "a Copper Lined Cinch" to Play on the Track That Day and No Time to Lose.

I have hesitated about giving to print the following true story of a deathbed scene which occurred in this city. I had the description directly from the doctor in attendance. He has lately left New York to continue his profession elsewhere, and I am constrained to tell the story as he described it, suppressing all names.

The snow and sleet dashed through the death chilling atmosphere in wild waves. The wind moaned a dirge among the telegraph wires. A solitary hackman, driven from his seat by the warring elements, had ensconced himself inside his mournful looking vehicle and tapped upon the frost covered glass to attract the attention of belated night owls. Winter in its cruelest phase was upon us. In a dingy looking house on Thirtieth street a young man weak and emaciated tossed restlessly upon a bed.

He was a race track tout, and the great mental strain he had been subjected to for years in naming sure winners had left him an absolute wreck. His sunken cheeks, his eyes ablaze with fever and his corpselike pallor all denoted that he had but a few short hours to live. A professional nurse, with that cold, hospital stretcher expression they all possess, sat in a corner of the darkened room and whiled away the time by figuring how the undertaker would manage to get the coffin around that narrow turn in the stairs.

The doctor had been summoned, and when he rang the bell the tout waved his bony arms aloft and shrieked "They're off! Tenny in a walk! Tenny gets all the money, and Salvator won't be one, two, six!"

THE TOUT'S CINCH.

He fell back on the bed exhausted as the doctor entered the room. The physician removed his greatcoat and the nurse shook the rain and snow from it.

"Doctor, this is a dreadful night. I suppose you are wet through?"

The tout regained consciousness and muttered: "The track will be heavy tomorrow, and I've got a copper riveted lead pipe, copyrighted, air tight cinch. Firenze in the mud—she swims in it—She can make the pace so hot that the track will be dry before she does the first quarter."

The doctor approached the bed, and touching the patient's pulse said, "How do you feel?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied, "just how I feel about this. The Dwyers stable is next to ours, and they tell me everything. Phil told me this morning that Blackjack would win in a horrible canter. You see, the party that owns him wants to make a hogkilling, and no one knows that he's out for the dust."

Turning to the nurse the doctor inquired, "Have you notified his friends of his condition?" The tout started up and yelled: "Of course I have! I want to let 'em all in on the ground floor. Why it's a little sure money. I saw him tried at daylight this morning. He made the first quarter in 0:21¼, the second in 0:07 and the third was so fast that it broke my stop watch and loosened three of my teeth. How can he lose it? Why, it's just like falling through the roof of a mint."

The doctor looked very serious and said, "He will be dead in an hour."

LOST BY A BREATH.

"Oh, no, he won't," the tout sneered. "There's not a dead one in the hunt. If any of 'em were stiff I'd know it. I tell you, Blackjack is full of Tabasco sauce, and he'll leave all them other plugs at the post. Why shouldn't he? Do you know his pedigree? Blackjack is out of Dark Lantern, by Blackwell's Island, and he's a born cracker."

The doctor felt his pulse again and sighed, "I can do no more; I must be going." The tout caught his arm and, drawing his head down close to the pillow, whispered: "After the Blackjack race meet me in the paddock. If you win I've got to give fifty dollars to the trainer, twenty-five to the jockey and twenty to the stable boys. I'll put what's left on the next race, and if the horse wins, you're in on it. So meet me in the paddock and I'll cash your ticket."

The doctor took the dying man's hand and said, "My poor boy, are you prepared to meet the Great Judge?" The tout gasped, "I don't want to meet the judge; the man I'm after is the starter."

The physician pressed his attenuated hand, and, as the moisture gathered in his sympathetic eyes, said, "Now turn your face to the wall, my boy, and go to sleep." "I will," the tout muttered. "I'll get next to the rail, so that when I turn the corner they can't foul me. Here's a telegram I just received from the owner. There's 50 to 1 on Blackjack: get it quick before they cut it down. I'll win"——

But he didn't. He quit in the stretch and lost by a breath.—Louis Harrison in New York Advertiser.

The Sparrow's Bath.

Have you ever noticed the pugnacious little English sparrow perform his morning ablution? He hunts up a street sprinkling cart, takes his position in front of it and stands there like a drum major close to the wheel as the cart goes by. After receiving the full force of the water, he again takes his place in front and again awaits the on coming of the cart. This is repeated until the little fellow is satisfied with his cleanliness. The English sparrow is nothing if not metropolitan.—Detroit Free Press.

She Was Ready.

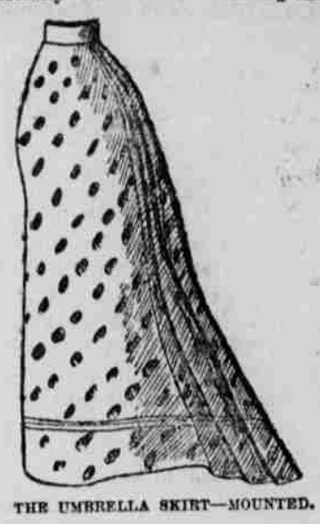
Pater (emphatically)—Come now! No prevarication. That young noodle has proposed to you. You may as well acknowledge the corn.

Daughter (bravely)—I do. It is true. I acknowledge the popcorn.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

THE LATEST IN SKIRTS.

The Umbrella Taken as the Pattern for the New Garment.

A new skirt which promises to rival the "bell" skirt in popularity this fall is known as the "umbrella" or "extinguisher," on account of its shape. It is especially suitable for walking or

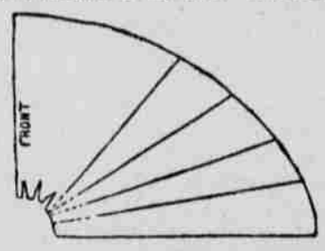


THE UMBRELLA SKIRT—MOUNTED.

tumes, molding exactly the figure below the waist and around the hips by means of a few darts. The whole of the fullness is thrown at the back, where it is arranged into a quadruple box plait.

Its cut is simple, as shown by the diagram, which displays half the skirt. It is made of a single piece, with one seam only, the widest materials alone being used.

The selected material is folded in two in such a way as to have the two selvedges meet horizontally, one at the waist and one at the foot. The length



HALF UMBRELLA SKIRT—UNMOUNTED.

of the pattern skirt is forty-five inches in front, and its circumference around the hem five yards six inches. The material should be at least forty-six inches wide and five yards eight inches long.

WHAT WAS INSIDE.

How George Was Persuaded to Swallow Some Medicine.

George lives with his grandpa and grandma, and he sleeps in the room with them. One night he was very restless, tossing about and kicking anything that came within reach of his small feet. This disturbed grandpa and grandma very much, and finally grandma arose and prepared some medicine for the little boy, while grandpa awakened him.

"Here is some nice medicine," said grandma, "to make you sleep better. Open your mouth, Georgie, and take it."

"What is it?" queried Georgie.

"It is molasses," answered grandpa.

"And what you like so well in the turkey stuffing," added grandma.

"But—what is it?" asked Georgie, drowsily.

"It's molasses," said grandpa.

"Molasses," added grandma, "and—"

"I know it's molasses," broke in Georgie, half-asleep by this time, "but what's—inside—the molasses?"

"Sage, my boy, sage!" cried grandpa.

And Georgie took the medicine without another word.—Youth's Companion.

Women in India.

The British acquisition of the Punjab is said to have raised the price of wives to the average Brahmin and Rajpoot farmer. At the time of the annexation a wife could be purchased for from twenty to forty rupees; the quotations vary at present from sixty to three hundred rupees. The decrease of infanticide in the Punjub is said, indeed, to be largely due to this enhancement in the prospective value of female infants. The custom of selling girls is meanwhile becoming increasingly common, and instances are reported in which the very highest class of Rajpoots have purchased their wives in this way.

Phenocoll Hydrochlorate.

Phenocoll hydrochlorate, the new antipyretic which is distinguished because of its ready solubility in water, is now at last commercially obtainable, and is receiving the attention which, from its expected therapeutical superiority, it merits. It claims for itself an antipyretic, anti-rheumatic and anti-nervine action. From the evident interest of qualified observers and leading therapeutists in Germany, France, England and America, it is reasonable to deduct that the new remedy has extraordinary merit, and that it will assume prominent rank in a very little while.—Scientific American.

Quite a Practical Hint.

A kindly correspondent sends to the Ladies' Home Journal the following hint, which was given some time ago, and has probably escaped the attention of some of our readers: "You can make a practical use of a wooden pie-crust roller, the model being twelve inches long and seven wide. Cover with two layers of Canton flannel, and you will have a fine pressing board for the seams of basques and sleeves. It can be held in the lap while pressing the seams, and the effect seems better than if a flat board had been used."

Desiccated Potatoes.

A new industry is being developed in some portions of Australia, and perhaps elsewhere, in the desiccation or drying of potatoes. It is really not a very new thing in principle, as the practice of drying apples, pumpkins and some other fruits, has been known longer than the records of man reveal; but the drying of potatoes seems to be a new departure. All of the moisture is extracted by a process which is not made public, and five pounds of the raw fruit will yield one pound of the sliced and finished product.—Good Housekeeping.