

L. J. SIMMONS, Prop.

HARRISON, : : NEBRASKA.

If a man really deserves a pedigree, he does not want one, and if he really wants one, he does not deserve it.

We strongly suspect that that \$10,000,000 bicycle trust consists almost exclusively of stuffing for pneumatic tires.

Li Hung Chang, on his trip to the Russian coronation, has taken along his coffin. Li Hung must anticipate a very pleasant time, indeed.

The straw hats this year are said to be out of sight. We have felt all along that they were sure to come out on top with the advent of hot weather.

The St. Paul Dispatch sadly remarks that "gas suicides are becoming altogether too common lately." Yes; it does seem shameful to waste dollar gas like that.

England's campaign planned to take the Soudan, if successful, will result in the emancipation of at least 500,000 slaves. Under the circumstances American sympathy will be on the side of the British.

Many ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprang up. That which was a weed in one intelligence becomes a flower in the other, and a flower again dwindles down to a mere weed by the same change.

Since the Cuban war began the colonial debt of the island has been increased by \$305,000,075. The previous debt was \$103,551,950, making a total of \$408,552,025. The idea that the island can be induced to stagger along peacefully under this burden is peculiarly Spanish.

You are not obliged to discuss your business or affairs with every one you may chance to know; but in dealing with a confidential friend be perfectly frank. Disclose the real motives of your conduct, and then those who differ from you may still respect you. Nothing is more fatal to friendship than prevarication and deceit.

A number of American physicians who have been experimenting with the Roentgen rays express their belief that it will cure some of the most serious diseases. They say the magnetic ray passes directly into the system, setting up electrolysis. This liberates oxygen to generate ozone, which is sure death to bacilli. The new form of treatment is at least interesting and not likely to do any harm.

The pure food law now in force in Philadelphia has developed the fact that numerous groceries are selling coffee in which there is no trace of coffee, and mince-meat in which meat is entirely lacking. Tricks of this kind are severely punished in England, but in America they are carried on to a shameful extent. Legislators would stop this cheating if they were not more deeply interested in small politics than in the protection of the rights and health of the community.

Of course the Suez Canal is a great waterway, but its business is far behind that conducted on a ship canal in the United States. The Suez Canal in 1896 passed 3,434 steamers, or not quite an average of ten a day. The Suez Canal, which was open last year only 231 days, passed during that time 12,465 steamers, 4,790 sailing vessels and 671 unregistered craft, an average of over seventy-two a day. If the comparison be made by tonnage the Suez Canal leads by nearly two to one. It is a great showing for American business activity.

While the question of applying an educational test to all immigration is before Congress the following brief table shows the necessity for adopting some such measure of self-protection against that coming from Italy: Italian immigration to March 31, this year, 13,946; illiterates in same, 7,001; per cent. illiterate among Italians, 50.2. But a worse exhibit than this appears from the manifest of 3,174 immigrants over 14 years of age arriving at the port of New York during April, 1896, on four steamers from Genoa and Naples. The examination and analysis yielded the following startling information: Total immigrants examined, 3,174; percentage of males, 89.2; percentage of females, 10.8; total illiterates, 2,147; per cent. illiterate, 67.8; percentage male illiterate, 66.5; percentage female illiterate, 75.7. Of this mass of undesirable immigrants only 197, or 4.2 per cent, were debarred under existing immigration laws. In the face of such facts as these will anyone say that we ought not to apply an educational test to all immigrants? The man who cannot read and write the language of the country he leaves is not fit for citizenship in the country to which he brings nothing but his ignorance and misery.

Gladstone's mind may be failing, but there is nothing about his general introduction to "The People's Bible History," just issued, to indicate that when it was written he was on the verge of the break-up mentioned in recent cable dispatches. In referring to the conflict that is taking place round the "Banner of the Holy Scriptures" he says that not only is the strength of Christianity gaining, but that "force, secular or religious, is concentrated in the hands of the Bible in a proportion absolutely overwhelming." All the elements of Christianity, he continues, have their home within Christian precincts. The art, literature, the systematized industry, invention and commerce—in one word, the power-of the world are almost wholly Christian. Concerning the text of the Bible, what Mr. Gladstone says will doubtless arouse fresh discussion. Absolute inerrability, he says, of course cannot be maintained. He thinks that God might have made such provision had He seen fit, but this would not have been in keeping with the ordinary conditions of the dispensations under which we live. He notices instances and elements of uncertainty in the strict meaning of the words but sees "bounding, tempering and overruling them all the radiance of the Divine Spirit, which has flooded the Holy Scriptures with a supply of light that our experience, now reaching over several thousand years, has proved to be fully adequate to all the needs of mankind. And this is the rock that may still and ever be justly termed impregnable." There can be no doubt that in the light, the force and the influence proceeding from the Book as a whole lies the best claim and proof of its divine inspiration. Erring in details, its inerrancy lies in its general message to the children of men.

The crime of the man Lehman, who shot himself and his three children at Chicago, is another illustration of the effect of criminal example. Some weeks ago when another coward took the lives of his entire family, afterward committing suicide, the newspapers took occasion to point out the relation between this crime and two similar instances occurring within a comparatively short time. The Lehman murders belong to the same category and were undoubtedly inspired by the example of the other criminals. Lehman, presumably, became despondent because of money matters and determined to imitate the deeds of other scoundrels, escaping the troubles of life by obliterating the entire family. What was said on the occasion of the other crimes should be repeated now with redoubled emphasis. There is no term of opprobrium too harsh to apply to this new and despicable form of crime. The suicide of the murderer is no expiation. It merely heightens the cowardice, the dastardliness, the meanness of the offense. Lehman is to be considered as a four-fold murderer and a miserable poltroon into the bargain. The only pretext which could excuse such a crime is that of insanity, and there is a growing conviction that the form of insanity which leads a man to the deliberate execution of his own children is not much more than cowardly despondency. Lehman seems to have been rational enough up to the time of his crime, although he was of a morose and gloomy disposition. His deed was performed probably in an excess of moodiness and despair, but it was done consciously and deliberately. There is but one restraining influence which can be put upon the creature who are likely to commit these monstrous crimes. The family murderer escapes punishment by ending his own life, but those who are disposed to attempt this sort of crime can be made to understand that the world will hold their weakness and their cowardice in utter contempt.

A Peddler's Percentage. An individual called upon a jeweler in Montreal, and stated that he had managed to accumulate, by hard labor for a few years, some seventy-five dollars; that he wished to invest it in something whereby he might make money a little faster, and he had decided on taking some of his stock and peddling it out. The jeweler selected what he thought would really sell readily, and the new peddler started on his trip. He was gone but a few days when he returned, bought as much again as before, and started on the second trip. Again he returned and greatly increased his stock. He succeeded so well, and accumulated so fast, that the jeweler one day asked him what profit he obtained on what he sold. "Well, I put on about 5 per cent." The jeweler thought that a very small profit, and expressed as much. "Well," said the peddler, "I don't know as I exactly understand about your per cent, but an article for which I pay one dollar, I generally sell for five."

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Anti-Filting Law a Failure. The effort in Virginia to provide by legislative enactment for the punishment of boys filting with school girls seems to have been unsuccessful. About two years ago a law was passed making it a misdemeanor, punishable upon conviction by fine, for any man to loiter about a female school. The president of a prominent Richmond female college was the first to attempt a prosecution under the law. Later a similar attempt was made in one of the border cities to convict a young man of seducing the girls. His counsel, however, promptly gave notice that he would subpoena all of the lady teachers and many of the girls and bring them into court as witnesses. Rather than subject the ladies to this humiliation the principal abandoned the prosecution. This line of defense indicates the futility of convicting filters under the law, and it will be repeated.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Long Head of Hair. Mrs. D. J. Davis, of San Francisco, Cal., has the longest hair in the world. It clusters in a great mass about her head, and though she is a tall woman, being five feet nine inches in height, her long tresses, when uncoiled, sweep over the ground for nearly a foot. Her hair is just six feet eight inches in length.

We should imagine that people must enter their fifth or sixth love affair with the same feeling that the man at an evening match begins his twenty-fifth.



Old Time Roadmaking. In old times farmers had an idea of making an embankment in the road, the higher the better, with not considered, which they called turnpiking, and for one year afterward the road was worse than it ever was before, as it was thrown up crude and loose and took water and puddling to pack it.

Influence of Good Roads. A prominent real estate dealer says in the New York Recorder: "I believe that within the past three years not less than 10,000 families have removed from New York and Brooklyn and taken up their residence in New Jersey solely on account of the many miles of superior roads which have been built between the suburban towns of that State under the road improvement law."

Best Time for Repairing. There is hardly a month in the year when the road machine cannot be used to advantage in the road, but spring is the best time to do efficient work, because the soil is loose and roots of grass and weeds do not interfere. Every spring, before the ground becomes too hard, the road should be gone over thoroughly with the road machine, the ditches cleaned out, so that water may have a free outlet; ruts and holes filled, elevations in the road and the shoulders on the side of the road planed off, the grade improved and the road put in a good condition generally.—Country Roads.

Preserve the Roads. The effort to secure wide tires on heavy wagons in the interest of better roads has again been defeated in the Massachusetts Legislature, which leads the Springfield Republican to remark: "Some things are tolerated simply because we are so wonted to them. We shall never maintain good roads until heavy wagons are regulated so that when loaded they will not cut the ordinary roadbed to pieces. If our long time policy of repairing roads only to see them cut into ruts every year were proposed as an original proposition it would be rejected as too foolish for serious consideration. Yet because we began the wrong way it takes a long time to bring about the right thing. But it must come, and the modern agitation for better roads ought to hasten its advent. Here is a pointer for wheelmen and all the rest of us who want to get out of ruts."

Course Laughter. A laugh may be loud and yet not coarse, it may be vigorous and yet cultured, and it may be bass and yet refined. There is no mistaking the coarse laugh. We feel it to be so, though we cannot subtly define wherein the coarseness exists. We know it makes a severe demand on the nervous resources of both the hearer and the laughter, and that it does good to neither man nor beast. It is altogether destitute of the finer and the refining elements of humanity, and so utterly wanting in natural melody, it is more akin to the noise of the laughing hyena than to any other articulate sound. These people reel us by their laugh. The features, the tone, the sound and the manner all reveal us. We may even in some cases be anxious to think favorably of the man or woman—for we regret to add that some women, and those not outcasts, have a coarse laugh—but we find it impossible to do so. We instinctively and with our whole soul shrink from them. Involuntarily we turn from them and can have no faith in them. The laugh was the window through which we saw into their soul; it was the open door which revealed their heart, and it was the drawn curtain which laid bare the inner spirit. We may even sorrow that we heard him or her laugh; but we have heard it, and it is never to be forgotten. We put a heap of character into a laugh; some people (seldom had ones) seem as if they could infuse their whole soul into it. The coarse man puts enough of his coarse nature into a laugh to make us turn from him, and make us always feel uneasy in his society.

Italian Gardens. To have flowers growing in the ground all summer is almost an impossibility in Italy. Flowers are merely a crop, like corn, hemp, or beans; you must be satisfied with fallow soil when they are over. I say these things, learned by bitter experience of flowerless summers, to explain why Italian flower gardening mainly takes refuge in pots—jar down to the pots of carnations, double geraniums, tube roses, and jasmynes on every wall, on every ledge or window-sill; so much so, in fact, that even the famous sweet basil, and with it young Lorenzo's head, had to be planted in a pot. Thus the Italian garden, like the Moorish one, gradually became a place of greenery and water; a few hedges of box and cypress—exhaling its resinous breath in the sunshine—leading up to the long, fat Tuscan house, with its tower or pillared loggia under the roof to take the air and dry linen; a few quickly cut trees set here and there, along with the twisted mulberry tree where the family drank its wine and ate its fruit of an evening; a little grove of flexes to the

back, in a shade you could sleep while the cicadas buzzed at noon; some cypresses gathered together into a screen, just to separate the garden from the olive yard above; perhaps a balustrade set at the end of the bowling green, that you might see, even from a distance, the shimmering blue valley below, the pale blue distant hills; and if you had it, some antique statue, not good enough for the courtyard of the town house, set on the balustrade or against the tree; also, where water was plentiful, a little crotto scooped out under that semicircular screen of cypresses. A very modest place, but an attractive one, withal, having its own peculiar charm.

A Cottage on Wheels. For over a year a well-known artist on the staff of a California magazine has lived, with his wife, in a cottage on wheels. The original cost of the building was five hundred dollars, and its owner has already made enough by the saving in rent and expenses to pay for it. The van is somewhat similar to those in use by gypsies, but is fitted up in much more comfortable style. It has one room ten feet long, four and a half feet wide and six feet three inches high, and in this space the artist and his wife live, eat and sleep. At one end of the wagon, over the wheels, is a raised platform, and here is a pocket edition of a cooking stove, with a collection of shining pots and pans around it. Under the seat of the wagon is the housewife's cupboard, and her table consists of the top of a big trunk which contains the wardrobe of the pair. The beds consist of two cushions laid out upon the floor of the wagon, and the bedding is stored in a box under the wagon, reached by a trap door in its floor. The whole, including two persons, the little stove, and the big trunk, weighs less than twenty-four hundred pounds, and can be taken anywhere by two horses. Last winter the artist made a leisurely tour of the hills and valleys, sketching as he went. What an idyllic combination of duty and pleasure this seems to the toilers perpetually warring against their nomadic instincts, but who must, for obvious reasons, remain at desk or bench to the end of their days!

Slightly Mixed. The most recent instances of mixed metaphors come from Germany. "We will," cried an inspired democrat, "burn all our ships, and with every sail unfurled, steer boldly into the ocean of freedom!" A Pan-Germanist mayor of a Rhineland corporation rose still higher in an address to the emperor. He said: "No Austria, no Prussia, one only Germany—such were the words the mouth of your imperial majesty has always had in its eye." A learned professor, criticizing a book of poems, writes: "Out in the dark regions of philosophical problems the poet suddenly lets swarms of songs dive up, carrying far-flashing pearls of thought in their beaks." Songs and beaks are certainly related to one another, but were never seen in that incongruous connection before. A German preacher, speaking of a repentant girl, said: "She knelt in the temple of her interior and prayed fervently"—a feat no India rubber doll could imitate. The German parliamentary oratory of the present day affords many examples of metaphor mixture; but one must suffice. Count Frankenberg is the author of it. A few years ago he pointed out to his countrymen the necessity of "seizing the stream of time by the forelock." But none of these pearls of thought and expressions surpasses the speech of the immortal Joseph Prudhomme on being presented with a sword of honor by the company he commanded in the National Guard of France. "Gentlemen," said he, "this sword is the brightest day of my life!"

Portrait Collectors. One of the most lasting of hobbies is that of portrait collecting. You may spend a small fortune on it if you like, though the expenditure of ten or twenty cents a month will bring very satisfactory returns, for many of the portraits in the illustrated magazines are well worth preserving. There is a wide variety of choice in portraits. Historical personages, artists and painters, singers, great soldiers, women of note and literary celebrities are always interesting subjects. In making a portrait scrap-book, pictures having any salient point or costume should be dated; they really form as good a record of changing fashion as the novel fashion magazines—just as the novel is a better photograph of social customs than is any written history. The work of collecting is very fascinating; new ideas develop as it progresses, so that every scrap-book may have a character of its own.

Not in Public Employment. The origin of the word "private" when applied to a soldier in the ranks may be traced to the much earlier use of the same word applied to civilians. "A private man or citizen"—that is, one not invested with public office or employment. The epithet being thus applied in common language to any civilian not holding office, has by a slight extension of meaning been used to signify soldiers not holding rank.

Passion Plays. What are called "passion" and "miracle" plays are relics of a time when the people were very ignorant; and there were no Bibles and no books, for printing had not been invented. These plays were an effort to teach the truths of religion under great difficulties, and in their day were useful.

Indestructible Fire. Paper indestructible by fire has been invented in Paris. A specimen of it was subjected to a severe test—148 hours in a potter's furnace—and came out with its glaze almost perfect.



There! Here I am sick with thinking and with dreams; With memories of struggles, lately past. Here come to me the town's sharp, fretful streams Of jarring sounds—that all sweet sounds outlast.

There, in the wood's shut heart is spacious calm; And vast, deep silence; and sweet spicery Shed downward from the dusky pines like balm— Good to sad souls that ache for sympathy.

There, from the open-mouth of one cool spring, The gurgling laughter breaks in silvery streams— Too soft to mock the quiet of a human thing, Beside it resting from late fever-dreams.

There vague, fresh airs uplift, like fingertips, The matted curls from off the throbbing brain; And vapory kisses, from the mist's light lips, Dissolve upon the cheek in fine, sweet rain.

There is green shadow, shot with threads of gold— Too mellow-toned to strain an aching eye— And there a heaven, of blues, on a wold Far up the sloping hillside that lies by.

There can one catch, too-prone in emerald gloom— Semblance of dawn; rose billows, foaming fair, Of a peach orchard full of clustered bloom That blows pink flakes afar—Would I were there!

The Old Barn, Low, swallow-swept and gray, Between the orchard and the spring, All its wide windows overflowing hay, And crannied doors a-swinging, The old barn stands to-day.

Deep in its hay the Leghorn hides A round, white nest; and, humming soft On roof and rafter, or its log-rude sides, Black in the sun-shot loft, The building aroost glides.

Along its corn-crib, cautiously As thieving fingers, skinks the rat; Or, in warped stalls of fragrant timothy, Gnaws at some loosened slat, Or passes shadowy.

A dream of drouth made audible Before its door, hot, smooth, and shrill All day the locust sings * * * What other spell Shall hold it, lazier still, Than the long day's, now tell?

Dusk and the cricket and the strain Of tree-toad and of frog; and stars That burn above the rich west's ribbed stain; And drooping pasture bars, And cow bells up the luge.

Night and the moon and katydid, And leaf-list of the wind-touched boughs, And many shadows that the fire-flies thrid; And sweet breath of the cows; And the lone owl here and hid.—Madison Cawein.

A Sonnet, Come, sweetest spring! Too long hath winter old Held o'er the frozen earth his cruel sway; Too long hath Boreas had his libbering way, And chilled our hearts with his embraces bold, The snows yet lie on plain and mountain cold, The trees lift up bare branches to the day, The fettered waters fret at his delay, The songful birds their presence still withhold, Oh, come! replace the icy northern blast With balmy zephyrs blowing o'er the sea; Melt the drear snow; bid flowers spring at last, Crocus and violet; set the waters free; Clothe the bare trees; and bring on joyous wing The bluebird and the robin, sweetest spring!

—F. F. Harding, in Brooklyn Standard-Union.

His Sweetheart, My sweetheart—she just loves me through every shining day; She's a rose to me in winter an' the sweetest rose in May; I never mind the seasons; they're always fair to see; A rainbow's in the heavens, for my sweetheart—she loves me!

My sweetheart—still she loves me; no matter where I roam, I see her eye, like bright blue skies, that woo an' win me home; And never where my footsteps stray—wherever I may be, Will any skies seem dark, for still my sweetheart—she loves me!

My sweetheart—she just loves me! I see in her bright eyes All that I've heard of heaven, and it's nearer than the skies! The seasons change, but what to me is fruit of flower or tree When we go through life together, and my sweetheart—she loves me! —Atlanta Constitution.

A Land-Wind, The lichen rustles against my cheek, But the heart of the rock is still; With chattering voice the cedars speak, Crouched gray on the barren hill. A land-wind snarls on the cliff's sheer edge, Below, the smitten sea Comes fawning over a sunken ledge, And covers whimperingly. In the sultry wood lies a restless hush, Not a twitter falls from the sky; Hidden are swallow, sparrow and thrush, And the sea-birds only cry. —Sophie Jewett.

YOUNG AT FIFTY.

Rev. William Young, of Oswego, Tells a Reporter His Secret of Good Health—Will Surely Benefit Every One Who Follows His Advice.

Probably no man is better known or more highly respected in Oswego, N. Y., than Rev. William Young, of the Methodist Church. Mr. Young has not a conventional position, but holds a responsible place in the Oswego City Savings Bank, where he has been a trusty employe for the past twenty years.

In the spring of 1884 Mr. Young looked as if his time on earth was limited, and that he would be laid at rest with the great majority before snow covered the ground. But, instead of falling as was predicted, he soon gained a more healthy look and appeared stronger. As the months went by this improvement continued, until now he is as rugged and as apparently as healthy as a young man of thirty, although his gray locks denote a more advanced age. A Times reporter, determined to find out what had made this great change, called upon Mrs. Young at the bank and put the question direct and received the following reply:

"In truth I am a changed man, and I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the spring of 1884 I was all run down and had commenced to think that my time had come. I had to be prescribed for by physicians, and although I received temporary relief, the same old trouble came back again and I was worse than before. I had no strength or appetite, and physically I was in a miserable condition. After my work I would go home, but the general lassitude which hung over me left me without any ambition, and when I would go to my table to eat, my appetite failed me and I would have to leave without taking hardly any nourishment. My kidneys were also badly affected, and I was in utter despair. One day, here at the bank, I happened to pick up one of the advertisements of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The advertisement gave a description of a man who, afflicted as I then was, had been cured by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. 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