

James Abbott, who has been held in the county jail at Tecumseh for several months as a suspect in the Goldsby assault case, is having his trial. The charge against him is criminal assault. The court appointed E. R. Hitchcock of Sterling as Abbott's attorney.

At a meeting of the Beatrice city council an ordinance was passed that grants to the Chicago Motor Vehicle company a ten-year franchise to operate gasoline motors over the street car tracks and streets of the city. The company expects to have the cars in operation in about two weeks.

At a series of meetings the Chadron school board elected the following teachers for the ensuing year: Prof. C. P. Kelley, Mrs. H. L. Fisher, Miss Lichtenberg, L. P. Curtis, Misses Zanetta Dippery, Martha Oberkotter, Ada Lambert, Melinda Wagner and Ursula Gore.

Lloyd Chapman of York filed a complaint against the Interstate Mutual Hail Insurance company in the office of the state auditor. The nature of the charges are not disclosed, but Deputy Insurance Auditor Babcock stated that a day would be set in the near future for a hearing.

C. J. Miles was elected captain of the new military company which has been formed at Hastings to join the State Militia. Ray Kaley was made first lieutenant; Burgess Hartigan, second lieutenant; Dr. C. W. G. Dodge, first sergeant, and Henry Heller, quartermaster sergeant.

Articles incorporating the Omaha, Lincoln & Southern railroad have been filed in the office of the secretary of state. The capital of the company is \$250,000, and its purpose is to construct and operate an electric or steam railroad between Omaha, Plattsmouth, Ashland, Lincoln and Nebraska City.

With impressive ceremonies St. John's Lutheran church was dedicated at Yutan. The pastor, the Rev. G. A. Neff, had charge of the ceremonies, assisted by the Rev. R. Neumaier of Columbus and the Rev. F. Wapper of Hooper. The edifice was profusely decorated for the occasion.

While George R. McBride of Omaha was working on the roof of the new B. & M. depot at Hastings he was near the edge and took a step backward, falling to the ground, fourteen feet below. When McBride struck he received several bad bruises about the head, as he fell on his face. Fortunately he did not sustain any fractures or serious injury.

Governor Herried of South Dakota has blocked the proceedings of County Attorney McAllister of Dakota City for the arrest of Sheriff Lewison and Deputies Griffith, Rabb and Holliday, charged by the Turgeon brothers with assault with intent to kill. Governor Herried refused to honor the requisition drawn on him by Governor Savage.

Milton Peterson, the 3-year-old son of P. Peterson, a farmer residing about seven miles southeast of Fremont, died from burns received in an accident. The boy, in company with two other children, arose before daylight, and accidentally overturned a lighted candle, which ignited the boys' nightclothes, which were completely burned from his body, and his face so badly cooked that the flesh dropped off.

It is now thought that Will Berger of Plattsmouth, who is alleged to have deserted his wife and married her sister in Council Bluffs, has stolen the two children that were left in the care of his former wife. Mrs. Berger left her two children in charge of friends while absent from the city, and on her return discovered that they had disappeared. No trace has been found of the missing children nor of Berger.

The Grand Island public library board has accepted a site in a block adjacent to the High school building for the Carnegie library, on condition that an additional 2x132 feet be donated. Enterprising citizens subscribed for the donation of the site to the city. Grand Island has already pledged the maintenance of the \$2,000 per annum for the \$20,000 building and it is expected that all the preliminaries have practically been arranged.

The claim of Mrs. Bruno Hermann to the estate of the deceased editor of Lincoln will be contested by eastern relatives of Mr. Hermann, on the ground that she is not the legal wife of the deceased. The relatives assert that they have investigated the affair in Chicago and New York and have discovered that the woman has lived nearly all her life in Chicago, and is not acquainted with New York, and that no record of any marriage can be found in the latter city. They also regard with suspicion the fact that no evidence was found among the possessions of the dead man to indicate that he had been recently married. They also wish to see a marriage certificate, which Mrs. Hermann cannot produce.

The York Woman's club has elected the following officers for next year: President, Mrs. E. M. Cobb; vice president, Mrs. Clark; treasurer, Mrs. T. B. McPherson; recording secretary, Mrs. Worthington; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Baker.

Martha Overton died at Nebraska City, aged 60 years. He was one of the oldest settlers in the vicinity. He had been ill for some time. Mr. Overton leaves a widow and one grown daughter.

THE SONG I'D LIKE TO SING.

Those sweet, sweet songs I'd like to sing, They'd tell of all the splendor Or summer skies and summer dawns and summer sunsets tender. They'd tell of all the fairy bells thro' purple of dusk-time chiming. Their tinklings, clear and silver sweet with all the echoes rhyming.

They'd tell of all the lips that thrill with love's enrapturing blisses; They'd tell of eyes caressing eyes, and all the blind god's kisses; They'd tell of dreams by happy streams, where bends the blue sky over. And song of birds and drone of bees among the fragrant clover.

Those sweet, sweet songs I'd like to sing, they'd tell pure childhood's story. The innocence, the care-free heart, and all of youth's bright glory. They'd echo 'e'en the laughter blithe, when childish footsteps airy. Along the pathway from the school just for a moment tarry.

Those sweet, sweet songs I'd like to sing, they'd tell of heart's o'erflowing With love that makes a hovel seem a palace warm and glowing. They'd tell of good deeds and the words of kindness to another. They'd tell of strong and willing hands outstretched to help a brother.

They'd tell of Hope, robed angel-like, the queen of Land Tomorrow. Who conquers over all the hordes of pain, despair and sorrow. Those sweet, sweet songs I'd like to sing, they'd tell of light and laughter. And happiness, contentment and a home in heaven after. —Robert V. Carr.

THE SIXPENCE.

REV. EVERARD JACK APPLETON.
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LIEUTENANT ENSON sat at the bridal table, at the head of which beamed Lieutenant Hackett, with the pretty girl who, an hour before, had become Mrs. Hackett. Lieutenant Enson was fond of his friend and companion, Lieutenant Hackett, yet he was not happy even on this auspicious occasion. In fact, he was distinctly unhappy, although the vivacious young woman who sat beside him chatted and laughed with entertaining grace. To all of her remarks he made cheerful answers forcedly. The trouble with Lieutenant Enson was that the scene before him, in which the bride and groom formed the center of the picture, with gayly decorated table, cut flowers and naval emblems done in roses, as well as numerous brightly adorned candles for the background, brought more poignantly to his mind the fact that the girl whom he had once hoped to make Mrs. Enson was not there. Worse still, Lieutenant Enson did not know where she was. Such a condition of affairs would discredit the average man, and Lieutenant Enson considered himself not above the average individual.

A week before the warship on which he and Hackett served had touched at a home port, after a three years' cruise in foreign waters. Lieutenant Enson had hastened to the little city of Maybrook, only to find that Mrs. Lytle and her daughter, 'Lysbeth' had moved away a year before. A feverish search for them resulted in failure. The quiet, motherly widow and the dainty daughter whose image Ned Enson had carried in his heart for years, had disappeared as if earthquakes were common in America. Hazy beliefs that Mrs. Lytle had lost all her fortune were held by the few whom Lieutenant Enson felt at liberty to question; but where or how, these well-meaning but unsatisfactory informers could not say.

So it was with a heavy heart indeed that a week later he responded to Hackett's telegram, and kept his promise to act as best man in this distant city of the West. "Mr. Edson!" exclaimed the girl beside him, in a laughingly provoked tone, "are you ever going to answer my question?" "I beg your pardon, Miss Perry," said Enson, contritely, coming to himself with a start. "I did not hear you. My apology shall be as ample as I can make it. You were saying—?"

"That the best man was either fighting some of his glorious sea battles over again, or that his nearest neighbor at present has lost her ability to interest." "And I assure you that neither is the case," declared Enson. "I do plead guilty to missing your last remark, but the preceding ones I will repeat verbatim for you, if you will allow me." "Most assuredly not—I should blush with mortification to hear my words of wisdom repeated by so lax a listener. The girl across the table is undoubtedly the cause of your abstraction. She's fascinating just to look at, I know. But what is Mr. Hackett going to do? I hope it isn't a speech!"

"Don't be alarmed; he is only handing his sword to the bride to cut the cake. It is a time-honored custom," explained Enson.

As he spoke, the bride, with girlish pride and many blushes, aided by many suggestions from those nearest her, cut the great bridal cake into many slices, and the silent serving-mah passed it around the table. A burst of joyous laughter rose above the general hum of talk as one of the wedding-party discovered the thimble in her slice of cake, while the earnest young man beside her whispered: "I hope you are not going to let that influence your answer to me, are you, Ellen?" Before she could reply another bridesmaid had found the ring, and the cake was being offered to Enson. He took a portion and broke it mechanically.

"Oh, you have the sixpence," cried Miss Perry. "See, Mr. Enson, wealth is to be yours."

"When it comes, I trust you will all assist me to spend part of it," said the lieutenant, smiling, as he dropped the coin into his pocket. "Ah, here comes the toast to the bride!" and the glasses clinked.

It was not until the last handful of rice had been thrown, and the house had begun to be less compactly filled with guests, that Enson thought of the sixpence again. Then he took it out of his pocket and looked at it idly for a moment, for, as he turned it over in his palm, he noted a peculiar mark upon the old English coin, a mark with which he was strangely familiar. Across the coat-of-arms had been scratched deeply the figures "1898." That was all, and yet for the time being Enson's heart seemed to stand still. "As I live," he said to himself, "it is her sixpence—the one I gave her! If it isn't, how came that mark just where I put it? And if the sixpence is here—"

BUT HE DID NOT FINISH THE SENTENCE.

Making his way to where one of the waiters stood near the dining-room door, he asked abruptly, and in a tone of voice which his men aboardship were got in the habit of questioning, "Who serves the supper tonight?" "Hammond, sir," replied the man, promptly and respectfully. "Hammond," repeated the lieutenant. "Does he bake his own cakes?" "I think he does, sir, but if you will wait a moment I'll find out from the man in charge."

"I'll go with you," said Enson, and in a moment the two were in the kitchen. Five minutes later the best man was seated in a cab, dashing along the street as if life depended upon his errand. Drawing up at the modest establishment of the caterer, Lieutenant Enson hastened into the office and surprised the proprietor at his account books.

"I wish to know where you had that wedding-cake for the Hackett-Knoles wedding made—if it was made out of your bakery?" said the visitor, after explaining briefly how he was.

The caterer turned to his books again. "We were especially crowded this week," said he, "and I think—remember it is. There is a lady in reduced circumstances who does some work for me, and she made it. The name is Miss Porter, 114 Fayette street."

The officer's heart sank again. "Thank you," he said, and turned to go. "If there is any special order, I can take it now, sir," said Hammond, bringing the young man to his senses. "—oh, I will let you know tomorrow. Thank you again for the information," and he closed the door behind him.

Dismissing the cab, he turned moodily up the street, resolved to walk off his excitement and disappointment. "Lysbeth, Lysbeth," he whispered to himself, "what blind wall is this that Fate keeps building between us? Is it that you have forgotten me, or that I am becoming a worthless lubber on land?" He lifted his head as he spoke and glanced at the street sign on the lamp post at the corner. It read Fayette street. Almost mechanically Enson turned into the quiet little avenue and walked slowly down it, glancing, he knew not why, at the numbers on the houses. Half way down the square he saw "114" in worn gold figures over the transom of a modest little cottage.

"Of course it isn't possible that she is here—she's lost the sixpence, that is all—but perhaps this Miss Porter knows something about her. There's a light in the front room, anyhow; I'll stop and ask."

As he gave the old-fashioned bell a pull the clock in a distant tower rang out 11. "Slightly late for a fashionable call," remarked the officer to himself. The door opened, and a white-haired old lady stood in the dimly lighted hall. "Can I see Miss Porter?" asked Enson. "I beg your pardon for coming so late, but it is very important to me to have a few moments' talk with her." The old lady smiled gently. "It is late," she said, "but we are up. Come in," and she led the way into a tiny but tastefully furnished sitting room.

"I will tell her—ah, here she is. My dear this gentleman wishes to speak with you," and the kindly old lady passed into a back room as the door opened. Enson found the words: "I suppose he is from Hammond's," as she went, and then he turned to greet Miss Porter. "Franklin!" cried a beloved and familiar voice.

"Lysbeth!" he answered, hoarse with mingled surprise and unutterable joy, holding out his arms to her. And just as she ran to his arms, lifting her face for the ungiven kisses of three long years.

With 'Lysbeth's strong, white little hands in his, Enson learned all that he had longed to know; how Mrs. Lytle had lost her little fortune, then her health, and finally passed away; of how 'Lysbeth had been forced to seek her own living and how Mrs. Porter had played the good Samaritan on her limited means; of how 'Lysbeth had taken her name, in gratitude and in order to stop all ungracious comment; and how she had found that cake and bread-baking had paid better than embroidering or bookkeeping.

But there were tears in the pretty blue eyes when she said: "When the order came from Hammond's three days ago for that wedding-cake to be made, I did not find a sixpence anywhere, and they insisted on having one. It nearly broke my heart to part with mine—ours—but I had made up my mind to learn who it had and beg it back again. And to think that you should have been that one, and that it should have brought you back to me after all my letters failed to find you!"

"Yes, I owe much to the little sixpence—much more than I can realize now. Please God that I prove worthy of the great joy He has seen fit to send me, through it!"

Perfumes in old days. Our forefathers were great people for scents and perfumes, fragrant herbs, and spices, and the astonishing amount of seasoning they put with the simplest dishes prepares one for almost any combination. When to make a cherry tart they found it necessary to make a strap of cinnamon, ginger, and 'sawnders,' and to add rosewater to the icing, one can imagine how they set to work to cook a cormorant. Perhaps if we remind our readers that many chambers were provided with 'draughts' which occasionally required cleaning, and that rushes took the place of carpets, we will realize one of the reasons for the use of perfumes. "Sweet waters" were occasionally sprinkled under the rushes in great houses, or for revels, or on the mattresses and bedding.—London Good Words.

"The Australian federal government," the London Chronicle, "recently wrote to Washington suggesting an interchange of official publications between the commonwealth and the republic. Mr. Barton and his colleagues have been somewhat staggered by the promptitude, the cordiality and the completeness of the response. No less than 68 closely packed cases of United States official literature were landed in Melbourne the other day and conveyed on custom-house drays to the parliamentary library. Ministers and officials surveyed the first installment with contented emotions, and wondered whether Brother Jonathan intended to have periodical fits of this embarrassing generosity."

THE MAN WHO WINS.

The man who wins is the man who works. The man who toils, while the next man shirks; The man who stands in his deep distress With his head held high in the deadly press— Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows The value of pain and the worth of woes— Who a lesson learns from the man who falls And a moral finds in his mournful wails; Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays In the unsought paths and the rocky ways; And perhaps, who lingers, now and then, To help some failure to rise again.

Ah! he is the man who wins! And the man who wins is the man who hears The curse of the envious in his ears, But who goes his way with his head held high

And passes the wrecks of the failures by— For he is the man who wins— —Henry Edward Warner, in Baltimore News.

MR. ELKIN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Dramatic Incident of the Senator's Career in the Civil War.

The suggestion in a published dispatch that Senator Elkins was too intimate with Quantrell's raiders in Missouri recalls a very dramatic incident in his life. It was near the close of the war, when Mr. Elkins was serving with a Union militia regiment in Missouri. One day a company of Union soldiers, Elkins among the number, was surprised by Quantrell, and two of the company were captured. Elkins was one of the prisoners. For two or three days the captives were taken along with Quantrell's gang, but finally Quantrell decided that he could not be incumbered with prisoners. Thereupon he directed some of his men to take the two Union captives to the rear, shoot them, and then return to the main body of the raiders.

The men selected to head the party of murderers was Coleman Younger. During the two or three days of captivity Elkins and Younger had formed quite a friendship. They were both big, strapping, good-natured young men, and their companionship was mutually pleasant. When, therefore, "Cole" Younger escorted Elkins and the other Union prisoner to the rear, he seemed to be heartily sick of the work which party came to a fork in the road. "You are on horseback," said Younger to the Union men. "At the end of that road you will be among friends. Now ride for your lives." Of course, Elkins and his fellow-soldier did as they were bid. Younger and his men fired their muskets in the air, and then went back and reported that they had killed the prisoners. Elkins reached a place of safety and never forgot how Younger had saved his life. Only a little while ago he sent Younger a check, having learned that his preserver was in hard luck.

THE SUN AS A TIMEKEEPER.

Old Sol Correct Only Four Times in a Whole Year.

Ladies' Home Journal: The sun does not keep good time. He is almost always too fast or too slow. Once, about the middle of April, he is just on time, then not again before the middle of June. At the beginning of September he joins the clock a third time, and lastly once more late in December. Now it would seem as if he were startled at the way he had neglected us. In February he fell back until he was fifteen minutes late. By the beginning of March he had made up five minutes of his loss, and before the month was over he had caught up to within five minutes of the schedule. Meanwhile the days have been growing longer very rapidly. We began March with our nights longer than our days. We ended it with our days longer than our nights. In the one month we have added to the length of our day an hour and 20 minutes—a bigger gain than any other month can show.

Doing His Best Friend.

New York Post: In his office downtown this young man is looked upon as a person of probity and fine moral sensibilities. He does not have to be all that to keep his place, for he is rich, and though he is the junior partner, he supplies the main part of the capital and most of the commercial cleverness. Every year or two he goes West to pick up some branded ponies for his polo string, selling off those which cannot be easily taught the game, or that have "gone wrong" in wind, limb or eyesight. His elderly partner, who was his guardian during minority, and who believes in him utterly as one whom he himself has molded by precept and example, caught this part of what the young man was telephoning the other day: "Now be careful, James. Mr. Frestling may come today to see that blue roan mare. You'd better give her a pint of whisky, stuff a sponge up her nose and inject a little cocaine into her rear hind leg."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the old man; "what are you doing?" "Only selling a horse to my best friend," the young man answered.

Rev. Thomas B. Hyde, of Cincinnati, urges women to take into their own hands the matter of proposing matrimony, holding that many more marriages would result from such a course. "Some men," says Mr. Hyde, "are too bashful to propose, and would be grateful if women would help them out. Begin immediately, ladies. Marriage is a solemn matter, but single life is much more so."

In the northern part of San Jose county, Cal., and lapsing over into San Mateo county, lies the so-called Big Basin, a bit of the primitive forest. The exact area of the tract is about 2,500 acres. It contains one of the finest stretches of woodland which remains in the state. The characteristic tree is the giant redwood. It has been proposed to convert the basin into a forest reserve.

Henry Leitner, aged 90, who lives on the state border between Fairfield and Richland, N. C., has a bale of cotton ginned before the rebellion. He has refused rich offers for it, as he prefers to keep it as a memento of old days.

YUCATAN CHEWING-GUM HARVESTER.



Here is a tree climber who is using his feet like hands for grasping, and is engaged in gathering the stuff called "chicle," from which the chewing gum of commerce is made.

The scene is in Yucatan, and the tree, known as the Ya, grows plentifully all over that region. When the bark is cut a milk-white sap exudes, which is reduced by boiling to large lumps. In this shape it is imported in great quantities into the United States. The average tree yields about six pounds of the gum, and the total production each season is in the neighborhood of 1,000,000 pounds, nearly all of it going to the United States. The tree grows to a height of seven feet or more, and its fruit much resembles a russet apple in appearance.

TREE SERVES AS WELL DERRICK.



Near the little town of Tia Juana, just across the boundary line in old Mexico and near the Pacific coast, there is a very curious well. The inhabitants of this country seldom go far away from their homes and they have very primitive ideas and customs. This well is about 50 feet deep, and the owner has built an ingenious device for hauling water from it. If this Mexican had been an educated man he might have been an inventor. A tree flourished near the well which had two branches growing out of the

NEW BRICK CARRIER.

When a house or other building is being constructed, and bricks are required, the nearer they can be brought to the place at which they are wanted the less time will be spent on the work. Some-



times they can be brought easily, but very often they cannot and in the latter event workmen have to take them in the best way they can to the proper place.

In order to facilitate this work a tool has been invented. It consists of a clamp in which bricks may be easily removed from one spot to another.

In Ashanti there grows a tree resembling in appearance the English oak, which furnishes excellent butter. This vegetable butter keeps in good condition all the year round in spite of the heat in its natural state.

INDIAN EARRINGS.

Paraguay has people who wear the strangest ear ornaments in the world. They are members of the Pilaga tribe, which is an offshoot of the Toba. First they bore their ears and then in the holes they place pegs made of very costly wood, which is known as "bobo."

The pegs are cylindrical, beautifully carved, and, as a rule, are about seven centimeters in diameter and from two to three centimeters in thickness. Sometimes, moreover, they are either

richly painted or covered with plates of silver or lead, or with some round bits of sea shells or with fragments of looking-glass, which are fastened to the peg by means of black wax.

These grotesque ornaments are naturally rather heavy, and as a result the ears, after some years, attain to an extraordinary length, frequently coming down as far as the shoulders.

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