

SIXE MISUNDERSTOOD.

Miss Laborer Naturally Thought She Was... "Miss Laborer," said Mr. Askam, after they had confidentially discussed a number of topics...

"Indeed, Mr. Askam!" Miss Laborer said, assuming an indifferent air, but blushing slightly, "and upon what do you wish to consult me?"

"Upon several subjects, my dear Miss Laborer," answered Mr. Askam, rising from his chair and seating himself beside her on the sofa.

"That's a brave young lady," cordially responded Mr. Askam, patting the back of her hand affectionately, as it lay in her lap.

"Oh, oh, you insulting thing!" screamed Miss Laborer, springing to her feet. "You know I am not!"

"Of course," said Mr. Askam, looking bewildered, "I thought it only fair, as you are the bread winner, to consult you first. Why, who do you think I meant?"

HE HAD TO BE CAREFUL.

Or He Would Be Left Out in the Cold If He Forgot That Password. From the Washington Star: "What is the matter?" asked one of Mr. Vivies' boon companions; "you haven't taken the pledge, have you?"

"No. But I'm not looking on the wine when it's red in the cup, just the same."

"Reformed, have you?" "Yep. You've heard of a woman's marrying a man with the idea of getting him to stop drinking. It doesn't always work, but it did in my case. My wife is a stupendously clever woman."

"Made you promise, did she?" "She didn't have to. When I started down town to-night she said: 'I've lost the latch-key, dear, but it won't make any difference. You ring the bell and I'll let you in.' I said, 'All right.' 'Only,' she said, 'we'd better agree on some password, so that when you ring I can look out of the window and make sure it isn't a burglar.' 'Of course,' said I, 'what'll the password be?' 'I have it,' she answered: 'It mustn't be too simple. You just say 'irrepressible reprehensibility' and then I'll come down and let you in.' Gentlemen, if I can't say irrepressible reprehensibility when I get home I don't get in, and, moreover, I assume the chances of being taken for a housebreaker. I've simply got to be careful. And he went over and resolutely seated himself next to the ice water tank.

Their Last Drink.

John Davis, one of the largest cider makers in Indiana, recently killed thirteen coons under very peculiar circumstances. Mr. Davis' cider mill is built of wood and stands away from his house. He was awakened during the night by a noise in the mill and upon investigation found that thirteen coons were on the inside, drinking cider. He fastened the door and locked them in and went to bed. When he got up the next morning he took the coon dog and several hands and began the killing. He found the coons drunk and undergoing all stages of jaags. The scene was a most peculiar one. They had rolled the barrels over, which had been left open to allow the cider to work. They had then drank themselves full of hard cider.

Opinions on Trust.

"It is much harder to examine and judge than to take up opinions on trust; and therefore the far greatest part of the world borrow from others those which they entertain concerning all the affairs of life and death. Hence it proceeds that men are so unanimously eager in the pursuit of things, which, far from having any inherent real good, are varnished o'er with a specious and deceitful gloss, and contain nothing answerable to their appearance. Hence it proceeds on the other hand, that, in those things which are called evils, there is nothing so hard and terrible as the general cry of the world threatens. Thus the multitude has ordained. But the greatest part of their ordinances are abrogated by the wise."—Bolingbroke.

Old Story with Variations.

A silver watch which was dropped in a well in Belfast, Maine, twenty-five years ago, was recovered a day or two ago. Unlike most watches recovered under such circumstances, this one wasn't running just as if nothing had happened to it.

REVIVAL OF NEW NOVELS.

Percentage of Books That Gain Enduring Fame Is Extremely Small. It is said that the American publishers have in press over two hundred new novels which are likely to be issued between now and the holidays. The statement is easily credible. In 1890 they issued 1,118 novels; in 1891, 1,105; in 1892, 1,162, and in 1893, 1,132. This average of three novels put on the market for every day in the year includes imported books issued by English houses and published in New York by their resident agents, but it does not include the publications of the "minor cheap libraries." The English publishers issue about the same number of novels yearly as the American. In 1892, an average year, they issued 935 new novels and 293 reprints.

The interesting question of what becomes of all this mass of "literature" is answered only in part by the five-cent counters. Many of these books must fail to obtain the honorable if humiliating usefulness the five-cent counters offers to those for whom the dollar shelves are no longer tenable. They do not circulate at all. A few copies are sent to the newspapers. The author distributes complimentary copies among his acquaintances, and he is fortunate if he finds even among his intimate friends those who can recall the title of his work within six months after its publication. That "among aine bad if one be good there's still one good in ten" is a comforting thought, but it hardly applies to contemporaneous fiction, for hardly one in a thousand and certainly not one in a hundred of the novels published stands the only sure test of merit as a novel—that of survival. Only in rare instances do they outlive their first year. The man whose book actually lives ten years may set himself down as a genius whether the critics think so or not. Only once or twice in a generation do writers appear whose stories have enough of universal human nature in them to survive their generation. And this is all as it should be. It is well enough for the most worthless of all worthless books to be written if it really represents an aspiration to produce something worth the attention of the world, but it is better still that swift and merciful oblivion should cover failure. In novels as in everything else the fittest should be the survivors. And in the long run they always are.

JOSEPHINE WAS MERCIFUL.

She Tried to Prevent the Execution of the Duc d'Enghien.

Mme. Bonaparte learned with intense sorrow of the determination taken by her husband. In the main his measures and his convictions had been kept a secret, but she confided both to Mme. de Remusat, and the first consul himself had told them to Joseph. On the 20th the decree for the duke's imprisonment and trial was dictated by the first consul from the Tuilleries, and in the early afternoon he returned to Malmouison, where at three o'clock Joseph found him strolling in the park, conversing with Talleyrand, who limped along at his side. "I'm afraid of that cripple," was Josephine's greeting to her brother-in-law. "Interrupt this long talk if you can."

The mediation of the elder brother was kindly and skillful, and for a time the first consul seemed softened by the memories of his own and his brother's boyhood, among which came and went the figure of the Prince of Conde. But other feelings prevailed; the brothers had differed about Lucien's marriage and the question of descent if the consular power should become hereditary; the old coolness finally settled down and chilled the last hopes in the tender-hearted advocates for clemency. To Josephine's tearful entreaties for mercy, her husband replied: "Go away; you're a child; you don't understand public duties." By five it was known that the duke had arrived at Vincennes, and at once Savary was despatched to the city for orders from Murat, the military commandant. On his arrival at Murat's office, from which Talleyrand was in the very act of departing, he was informed that the court martial was already convened, and that it would be his duty to guard the prisoner and execute whatever sentence was passed.—"Life of Napoleon," by Prof. Wm. M. Sloane, in the Century.

Napoleon's Death-Statement.

When Napoleon was on his death bed a maladroit attendant read from an English review a bitter arraignment of him as guilty of the duke's murder. The dying man rose, and catching up his will, wrote in his own hand: "I had the Duc d'Enghien seized and tried because it was necessary to the safety, the interest, and the honor of the French people, when by his own confession the Comte d'Artois was supporting sixty assassins in Paris. Under similar circumstances I would again do likewise." Nevertheless he gave himself the utmost pains on certain occasions to unload the entire responsibility on Talleyrand. To Lord Ebrington, to O'Meara, to Las Cases, to Montholon, he asseverated that Talleyrand had checked his impulses to clemency.—"Life of Napoleon," by Prof. Wm. M. Sloane, in the Century.

Telling Evidence.

Tom Wolfe was sentenced to a term of two years three months in the penitentiary by a Connersville, Ind., court the other day for burglary. The conviction of Wolfe depended largely on whether a man of his build could have crawled through a seven-inch transom. Prosecutor Smith procured a window sash the size of the one in question and demonstrated his theory before the jury by getting down on the floor and wriggling through the hole. He convinced the jury and clinched his case.

L. W. BOWMAN Physician and Surgeon.

Office rooms and residence in Drayner block up stairs. Special attention given to diseases of children.

Having purchased of J. M. Trout his Shire stallion, "SAXON KING" and his French coach stallion, "INNAULT," I will stand them during the season at my farm, six miles west and two north of Hemingford. Terms, \$5 to insure. These stallions are too well known to need further description.

A. S. ENYEART. Parties having notices in this column are requested to read the same carefully and report to this office for correction any errors that may exist. This will prevent possible delay in making proof.

Land Office at Alliance, Neb., April 15, 1895. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Alliance, Neb., on May 25th, 1895, viz:

SOPHIA REPSE, of Box Butte, Neb., who made H. E. No. 2834 for the S 1/4 NW 1/4 & S 1/4 NE 1/4 sec. 34, tp. 28 n., r. 47 w.

Land Office at Alliance, Neb., April 6, 1895. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Alliance, Neb., on May 15, 1895, viz:

JOHN SULLENBERGER, of Marsland, Neb., who made H. E. 2399 for the S 1/4 sec. 28, tp. 29 n., r. 31 w.

Land Office at Alliance, Neb., March 13, 1895. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Alliance, Neb., on April 25, 1895, viz:

JOHN M. TROUT, of Hemingford, Neb., who made timber culture application No. 228 on the 11th day of December 1893, for a S 1/4 sec. 12, tp. 27, r. 32, hereby gives notice of my intention to make final proof to establish my claim to the land at the same time and place on 15th day of May 1895, by two of the following witnesses: Henry Bohler, Elmer E. Ford, William T. Proctor, George W. See, all of Iowa, Neb. J. W. WEIN, JR., Register.

Land Office at Alliance, Neb., March 13, 1895. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Alliance, Neb., on April 25, 1895, viz:

ISAAC G. GRIFFITH, of Ida, Neb., who made H. E. No. 2407 for the S 1/4 W 1/4 & S 1/4 E 1/4 sec. 34, tp. 29 n., r. 49 w.

Land Office at Alliance, Neb., April 21, 1895. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Alliance, Neb., on May 15, 1895, viz:

EDWARD T. GREGG, of Box Butte county, Nebraska, with a copy to the register, said settler; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 30th day of May 1895, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

Publication of this notice ordered to be made in The Hemingford Herald for thirty days prior to date of hearing. J. W. WEIN, JR., Register.

NOTICE IN SERVICE BY PUBLICATION. P. J. Halloran will take notice that on the 22nd day of April 1895, Jas. H. H. Bowett, county clerk of Box Butte county, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$145.00 in an action pending before him, wherein C. J. Wildy is plaintiff and J. P. Holleran defendant. That property of said defendant consisting of money in the sum of \$24.75, has been attached and said order. Said cause was continued to the 15th day of May 1895, at 10 o'clock a. m. Hemingford, Neb., April 23, 1895. C. J. WILDY.

NOTICE. In the matter of the application of Dean's Pharmacy W. J. Dean, Register, for permit to dispense. This is to certify that the village of Hemingford, Nebraska, has filed a petition on April 14, 1895, as required by the statutes of the State of Nebraska, and the rules of the board of trustees of the village of Hemingford, for a permit to sell liquors for medicinal, mechanical and chemical purposes for the coming municipal year in building situated on lot 2 block 12 in said village. W. M. JONCKHE, Clerk of the Board of Trustees.

Calvin J. Wildy. Always Leads and Never Follows! WE SELL YOU GOODS. WE SAVE YOU MONEY. WE MAKE YOU HAPPY. Come and see us and get the best, the latest, and the cheapest. Dry goods, Groceries, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Glassware, Queensware, and Provisions. We are always pleased to have friends call whether to buy or otherwise, and especially invite strangers, transients, and city visitors to call and if we have no time to show you goods nor quote you prices, we will be pleased to have you admire our floral windows decorated with tropical and foreign plants, all in full bloom (but please don't steal slips) so whenever at the county seat always do your trading with your OLD reliable firm. Yours anxious to please, C. J. WILDY.

His Space is Reserved FOR H. R. GREEN, ANTON UHRIG, PIONEER Hardware and Saddlery. THE OLDEST ESTABLISHMENT IN THE COUNTY. Charter Oak Cook Stoves, Genuine Round Oak Heating Stoves, Paints, Oils, Glass, etc. Special Agent for BAKER PERFECT BARB Wire—the Best on Earth.

H. H. PIERCE, Proprietor of Livery AND Feed Stables. We have first-class stock and double and single rigs, which we furnish at reasonable rates. Our facilities for accommodating boarder are unexcelled in the city. Give us a call. Stable Corner Box Butte Avenue and Sheridan Street. Hemingford, - Nebraska.

Closing Out Sale of Clothing! For the Next THIRTY DAYS I Offer my entire stock of CLOTHING at the Lowest Possible Prices Regardless of cost. W. K. HERNICALL.

CURED BY THE KNIFE. Dr. Rouff Takes a Knife in a Mardorous Elk's Disposition. From the Post-Dispatch: The vicious old elk in Forest park that gored to death Keeper Nelson last week, will have a kinder disposition in future. That is what Dr. Anstole Rouff, the veterinarian, says. After the unfortunate accident it was decided first to kill the old fellow and sell his carcass to some restaurateur, but Dr. Rouff suggested that he could take a knife in the elk's temperament by performing a surgical operation. So it was finally agreed to give the forest monarch a longer lease of life, and the operation was successfully accomplished. Since then the elk has been doing nicely and giving no trouble. Dr. Rouff, Park Commissioner Ridgely and eight assistants, armed with clubs, pitchforks and rope enough to hang anyone, started for the inclosure wherein dwelt the murderous elk. After some tedious maneuvering the old fellow was jassood. Then he was securely fastened on each side and his head pulled down to the ground. But this didn't put him in readiness for the operation; only half of the work was accomplished. He fought desperately with his fore and hind legs and no one would venture within their reach. One by one the legs were encircled by the rope and then all four were securely fastened together. Then the operation was easy. This is the first operation of the kind ever performed on an elk, deer or any similar animal, either in Europe or America, says Dr. Rouff. In speaking of the affair the doctor said: "Of course this elk was a bad fellow, and had killed one man before, in Chicago, but what made him so extremely vicious was his constant jealousy and his quarrels with the other bucks. He will now be kept by himself and can have no chance for a fight in future." The doctor performed laparotomy on one of the bull buffaloes last week. Two of the bulls quarreled and one was badly gored in the right side. Through the incision made by the horns, part of the entrails protruded. When the doctor went to replace them he noticed one was badly lacerated. This was quickly stitched up and the entrails replaced. After that the wound in the side was sewed and dressed and the buffalo is now well.

Another Time the Cookstove Would Drain the Water. San Francisco Post: "I got into a hot place once," remarked ex-Sheriff Healey of Marin county. "In fact, it was the hottest place I ever got into in my life. When I was running an engine on the Narrow Gauge road I noticed a leak at the soft plug in the crown of my engine. It kept getting worse, so I decided to plug it. That night I raked the fire, and when the fire box cooled off a little crawled in and examined the leak. I measured the hole carefully, and after trying the callipers on a rat-tail file, I had concluded that it was just the thing. I would drive it in and break it off. I put the end of the file in the hole, hit it a crack with the hammer, and instead of sticking it went clear through. The next minute boiling hot water was pouring down on me from the boiler. The fire box was only about four feet square and the soft plug was right in the center over my head, so I couldn't get close enough into any of the corners without getting my legs scalded. I am pretty large, and the door of the fire box was small, but I had to get out or get scalded. I turned my back to the hot water, and by the time I wiggled out the door I was the hottest man on the coast. When I pulled off my clothes I took about eight square inches of skin with them. Since then I draw the water before I do any plugging."

A Lawyer's Branch of Confidence. A queer case is reported from Sydney, Australia. A man was convicted by a jury of having tried to poison his wife with arsenic. His lawyers obtained a reconsideration of the sentence by a commission appointed by the legislature, consisting of two doctors and a lawyer, who thought him guilty. The man was set free in consequence. Subsequently one of his lawyers, moved by conscience, told another member of the bar that the man had confessed his guilt to him at the time of the trial and the matter was brought before the legislature. Lawyers and clients have been arrested and are to be prosecuted for conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice. Communications between lawyer and client are apparently not privileged in Australia. Betting on the Races. The big trotting-horse people in Buffalo and western New York, including C. J. Hamlin, are said to be preparing to make a determined movement this year to secure a moderation, or possibly the abolition, of the present anti-betting laws of the state. The unsuccessful 1st circuit meeting of last summer will be used as an argument that it will be impossible to conduct trotting meetings profitably without pool selling of some sort. These interests are powerful ones, and if banded together would make a strong fight. God's Will. "Since God doth will that some shall dwell at ease, And others shall know hardness, this is sure, The lot that fits each nature He foresees; And wherefore murmur when we must endure? Some day His loving wisdom will be plain As the sweet sunshine following after rain."—Mary Bradley.