COURT YOUR WIFE.

Oh middle-aged man, I've a word with you As you sit in your office this morn; Has the worry of life, with its folly and strife, Pierced your heart like a festering thorn? Does the touch of your gold feel too clammy and cold,

Are you weary of flattery's scorn?

Alas, for the days when the passions of youth Burn low in the desolate heart! When the laughter and tears of our innocen

years Never more from the sympathies start, And the hideous mien of indulgence is seen 'Neath the flattering mantle of art!

Perhaps you've tried friendship, and only have found

Deception and selfishness rife; Perhaps you have poured to the needy your hoard.

To be pricked by ingratitude's knife; And perhaps you have been through the whole

round of sin-Did you ever try courting your wife?

No? Then take my advice and I think you will

'Tis a pleasure as charming as new. Follow memory's track till at last you are back To the days when you swore to be true-Yes, dream more and more till she seems as of

To be watching and sighing for you.

And when you go home to-night buy a bouquet Of the flowers she used to admire. Put them into her hand when before her you

stand, With a lover like kiss of desire,

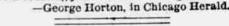
And oh! Watch her eyes when they ope with surprise.

And fiame up from a smoldering fire!

Then all the long evening be tender and kind, Hover near her with eager delight; Call her "Darling" and "Sweet," the old titles

repeat Till her face is with happiness bright-Try it, world-wearied man, 'tis an excellent

plan, Go a-courting your dear wife to night! -George Horton, in Chicago Herald.



A CARBON COPY.

How a Law Firm Was Supplied with Their Opponents' Thunder.

"Somebody interested in this matter is stealing our thunder," began Mr. Capias, of the famous law firm of Capias, Summons & Circuit, as he motioned an unassuming, quiet-looking, middle-aged man to a seat in his private room.

The quiet-looking man said nothing in reply. He sat down and waited, smiling pleasantly.

"He is not only stealing our thunder," continued the lawyer, sitting bolt upright in his huge leather chair and fingering nervously with a paper-knife, "but he is actually selling it to the other side."

"You have no idea who it can be?" re-

the list and glanced carelessly at it; but informed Mr. Capias at the end of a he tossed it aside again. week's seemingly fruitless search, add-Suddenly a man came through the

library door who set his heart to beat-"The man must be in your office. I must come in there Monday morning." ing.

"Who is that new clerk in the outer Mr. Slivey, of the firm of Slivey, Tove & Sons, approached the table. office who spells injunction with a 'g?" He was a very cautious man evidentinquired Mr. Circuit of Mr. Summons. ly. "He won't pick up that list yet," thought the detective; "but he'll pick it Mr. Circuit's face grew as long as that | up, nevertheless."

Sure enough Mr. Slivey, after a few minutes' wait, stretched forth a long, lean skinny hand and took hold of the October 19, jury; December 14, no jury. little piece of paper. He beckoned up "Capias must have hired him!" he one of the boys and gave it to him.

The boy passed the detective on his way to the book shelves, grumbling as That settled it. If the new clerk had he went: "That's the second time 1 spelled injunction backwards it would have made no difference. Capias had had that very list of books this blessed morning." For three days Mr. Marshall re-

The detective watched Mr. Slivey mained in the office of Capias, Summons closely for the next few minutes. He was but a very short time in the he was certainly the most amusing The boy came and put away the books Connell & Co., Druggists, McCook, 30-lyr. story-teller they had ever seen. Pretty again.

"He's got his message sure," thought little Mary Sunshine, the pretty type-Marshall. "Now to find out what it writer operator, pronounced him the is." He called up a fresh boy and gave greatest acquisition possible. Mr. the list to him in order to avert sus- ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS. Waxinski, the chancery clerk, declared him to be a superb judge of beers. As picion.

Unfortunately the boy he called was by an instinct he had tasted of that busy. He eyed the list for a moment, gentleman's favorite brand of malt bevand handed it to his companion. erage, only to unqualifiedly indorse

"Here, Jim; take those books to the his opinion that it was the best in the old fellow over there with the blue There was one person in the office of glasses."

Jim took it. He was simply thunder-Messrs. Capias, Summons & Circuit, struck. however, who appeared to take offense

"What's in the durned thing," he ejaculated. "That's the third time St. Louis. The News employes more agents I've been asked for those books this morning."

However he took them over to the detective, eying him meantime suspiciously.

Circuit. He was possessed of a prodi-Marshall took the first book on the list gious memory. In the outer office he was and opened it at page 124. On that page he found underlined in pencil "What is the title of the Rush & the word "further." He went through Bust Company's case before Morton, the whole list, picking out the marked Henry?" Mr. Circuit would ask, peering words and writing each opposite its own out of his especial den from behind his

book. eye-glasses, and Henry would reply, The result then stood: off-hand: "Silas G. Rush and Timothy Letter further another must before go Flimsey Bust, trading under the firm I any more have expect night. name of the Rush & Bust Manufactur-Read either backwards or forwards ing Company. General No. 381,246, term No. 4,938, document No. page 143. quarter of an hour Marshall kept re-Files in the vault, box No. 36," with volving the words in his mind. Sudmuch more useful information on the denly an idea flashed across his brain. With fingers trembling with eagerness It was this gentlemen whom the new he placed the books before him in their clerk decided in his own mind would alphabetical order. A cry of joy, with bear watching. But a week went by difficulty suppressed, arose to his lips, and nothing came of his suspicions exas the result stood thus: cept his own discomfiture, which was mainly brought about, too, by the afore-

Expect another letter night must Sample copies of either Edition on applics-

TERMS OF COURT FOR 1891.

Eleventh Judicial District of Nebraska.

CHASE :- February 24, jury ; June 2, no jury ; September 1, jury.

DUNDY :- March 2, jury; June 8, no jury; September 14, jury; December 7, no jury. HITCHCOCK :- March 16, jury; June 11, no jury; September 21, jury; December 9, no jury. RED WILLOW:-March 30, jury; June 15, no jury; October 5, jury; December 11, no jury. FURNAS:--- April 13, jury; June 17, no jury; HAVES :-- April 28, jury; September 8, no

jury; November 9. jury. FRONTIER:--- May 12, jury; September 10, no

jury; November 17. jury. GOSPER:-May 25, jury: November 30, jury.

 J. E. COCHRAN, Judge, McCook, Neb., Jan. 1, 1891.

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plied the quiet-looking man.

"Not the slightest. I don't suspect any body in this office. Our clerks have all been in our employ for years. We feel that we can trust them implicitly. But so important is secrecy in this matter that I have given nobody a chance to go back on us. My interviews with our client have been conducted right here in this room with closed doors."

Through long habit, the eyes of Henry G. Marshall, one of the most experienced detectives in the West, rested for a moment on the transoms. They were hermetically sealed. Two winters ago the crevices had been stuffed with cotton batting. It had never been removed.

"What letters have you written? Who has access to your press copybooks?" was his first question.

Mr. Capias smiled slightly. "The ability of these men is sadly overrated," thought he.

"Letters of this character I always write myself, copy myself in my priwate book, and that book I keep in that vault under lock and key. The leak is not in that direction. Now, what do you advise?"

The detective considered a moment. "I will work on the case outside for a few days. I will watch your office and have those characters whom I may consider suspicious watched and shadowed. If I find no clew it may become necessary for me to take a place in the office myself."

"In my office!" ejaculated the astonished lawyer. "In what capacity, pray?"

"There are a variety of openings. can come as a copyist, confidential messenger, constable, just as you wish."

Mr. Marshall took his hat and left. Mr. Capias said nothing of his interview with the detective to either of his partners. The case in question, a very important one, involving the recovery of a great estate, the Bangs litigation, was entirely under his management. What he loved best was to work in secret and astonish Mr. Summons and Mr. Circuit with his grand coups. These latter gentlemen, whilst excellent and painstaking lawyers, lacked the genius which undoubtedly distinguished Capias in the management of affairs. Retainers from great corporations came his way as naturally as water finds its own level. A great bank rang him up over the telephone one day.

"Please come over at once. We wish to retain you in an important matter."

"My office is blankety-blankety blank, Blank street. I shall be in from four to five, when I shall be happy to see you. I am now in consultation," was the audacious reply of Mr. Capias, who really had nothing more important on hand at that particular moment than usual.

Messrs. Summons and Circuit were appalled. Capias was crazy to talk that way to such an institution as the Mutual Credit, Trust, Loan and Universal Accommodation Association. They exchanged looks of alarm.

But Capias was right. There is nothing your great corporation reveres so much as independence. A man who de-

said Badinger.

subject.

ing, however:

creditors.

ejaculated.

market.

"Did you engage him?"

"I did not," emphatically.

hired him-that was sufficient.

of a master in chancery who has lost

his fees or the receiver of a fat estate

which has settled amicably with its

& Circuit, where he soon became a prime

favorite. If he was deficient in spelling,

at this addition to the clerical force.

His name was Henry Badinger. He had

been promoted from office-boy to docket-

clerk, from docket-clerk to the position

of confidential man. He was a jewel in

the eyes of Messrs. Capias, Summons &

nicknamed the Encyclopedia.

The confidential man had been one of the first to ascertain that the new clerk indulged in such little slips as "mean profits" "and as to your honors shall seem meet," etc. He was perpetually laying traps for the detective, and all that the trapped one could do was to grind his teeth behind his desk and emulate that Scriptural exemplar of the hardest of the cardinal virtues, Job. Only Job had his boils outside. He, the detective, could only "boil within."

"I don't want you over in the law library," Badinger remarked one morning.

"Mr. Circuit-" began the detective; but Badinger cut him short. Badinger was the only one in the office who dared to bully the junior partners, but he did it offectually.

Mr. Marshall left the library, howevin a disguise so perfect that it was wonderful how he had effected it in such a short time.

Mr. Badinger passed the little, bent red hair a dozen times in the course of the morning; but he never suspected his identity. Behind those blue spectacles, however, a pair of steel-gray eyes were relentlessly watchful of the confidential man's slightest movements.

A boy passed the detective with a list of books in his hand which he saw Badinger prepare. He came back with an armful. Pretending to be occupied looked and saw Badinger very distinctly | in the lock."

mark each book with a pencil. He immediately determined something was wrong. At all hazards he must possess himself of the list. He arose and crossed to the table at which Badinger was seated.

"Excuse me," he said, "have you Rorer on Railroads."

At the same time he slipped the little list, which the boy had placed on the table, into his palm.

There was nothing about it to excite

suspicion. It read simply: Ayres v. Mason, 8 Mich. 149. Mulligan v. Smith, 59 Cal. 206. Hays v. Jones, 27 O. State, 218. Sharp v. Spier, 4 Hill, 76. Dillon Municp. Corp. Vol. 2, Sec. 720. Cooley on Taxation, 659. Wame v. Baker, 35 Iil. Roberts v. Easton, 1 O. State, 78. Black v. Marvey, 8 Md. 228. Friend v. Coons, 26 N. J. 594.

Lyle v. Winston, 6 Bradwell, 179. Nye v. Houston, 43 Ill, 126. There were twelve books in all. Pretty soon Badinger got up.

He began looking for his list. No. finding it, he sat down and made out another. The detective was sure of this, for he saw him pick up each book and read its title. Then he opened each book carefully and began searching for certain pages. Not finding them readily, he began marking the books afresh. The detective was tremendously puzzled. It is against the rules of the

library to mark the books. Why was Badinger so persistent in the practice? Could it be possible that in that way he was conveying a message to some con-

have more before I go any further. tion Who was to expect another letter?

Slivey! of course. And "night" simply meant "to-night." And Badinger must have more money before he would "go any further." He saw it all now.

With an extraordinary feeling of elation, the detective left the library. As he stepped across the hall to the elevator, he disposed of his wig and glasses and turned down the collar of his coat. When he stepped into the elevator, he was once more the new clerk of Messrs. Capias, Summons & Circuit. All trace of the old gentleman with his fiery red hair and the blue spectacles had disappeared. Perhaps he had gone over into the water office to pay his taxes. Who knows?

"It is infernally hot in this closet. Can't I get out for a minute," complained poor Mr. Capias.

"Not unless you want to spoil every er, only to appear a few minutes later thing. He'll be here, I tell you, as soon as every thing is quiet. You mark my words. You won't have long to wait. It's nearly eight now."

"But I'm suffocating," pleaded Mr. man with the blue spectacles and short Capias. "I'm not accustomed to being shut up in closets. And he won't come the United States. any way, for I heard him ring up a friend on the telephone and invite him to dinner."

"I'll bet a week's wages that was a blind. How do you know he wasn't just connection. Any one can invite people to dinner at that rate and not ruin themselves. Hark! What's that. Hush, with important business, the detective not a sound, mind you. I heard a key

It was quite dark in that closet in Mr. Capias' room. They listened and heard a key inserted in the door of the outer office and caught the sound of footsteps cautiously approaching. In another moment a key grated in the door of the private room and a man entered.

By the light of a sulphur match which he struck noiselessly, they looked and saw Badinger-the confidential Badinger.

He lit a little piece of candle and placed it on the very desk where Capias had that day written an important letter in the Bangs litigation.

His eyes almost stood out of his legal head as he saw his favorite clerk lift up his thin blotting pad and take therefrom a sheet of carbon and a very thin sheet of tissue paper.

On the latter was an exact fac simile of the letter. written by his client that afternoon. Unconsciously, Mr. Capias had been furnishing Slivey, Tove & Sons with carbon copies of his correspondence.

Overcome with indignation, Mr. Capias rushed from his hiding place, and seizing Badinger commenced pounding him with both his fists. Entirely taken by surprise, the unlucky clerk offered not the slightest resistance. He would have been murdered but for the timely interference of the detective. "There! that's enough for that fellow.

Discharge him. You can afford to let him go, for now we have Slivey, Tove & Sons in a box, and don't you forget it. Besides, you can't afford to have this thing blown on, Mr. Capias. You'd be

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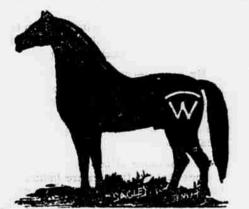
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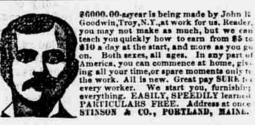
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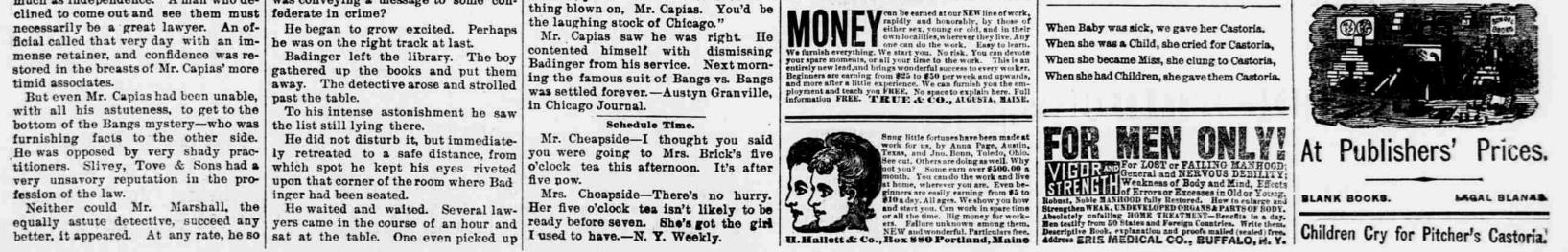


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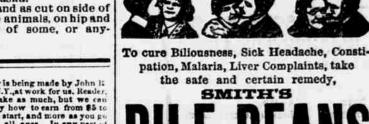
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