The Call Leads the Procession.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of The Call in another column. Since its reduction in price The Call is the cheapest daily in Nebraska, and its spicy and independent policy is too well known to need comment from us. In reducing the price of The Call so as to put it within the reach of everybody, the management have placed themselves a decided step in advance of all other publishers in the state. This is an era of popular prices for the newspaper, and The Call is, as usual, at the head of the procession.

The election fool killer seems to be almost exclusively in demand in the east. No westerners have been guilty of such idiocy as eating rats or walking backward eight miles in payment of wagers.

There is nothing new in the world. Someone claims that an electric plant has been discovered in India, which will influence a magnetic needle twenty feet distance.

There's one satisfactory thing about betting on ploitics. Every one may invest his money with the assurance that should he lose he will receive the same returns as the man who wins.

Something Was Wrong With It.

As I've told you, in the Rue Poulet, just off the Boulevard Ornano, and to reach her house, as madam gave me permission, I took the 8:30 tramway that passes below and demanded a transfer. At the Gare de l'Est I got out, ran for the St. Ouen tramway, just that minute about to start, got on and gave the transfer to the conductor. But the conductor refused it. I was no good, he said, and I must pay over again.

"'What?' said I. 'Why, it isn't three minutes since they gave it to me! See, yonder's the car on which I came!'

"'Yes, yes, I know,' said the conductor, 'it's no good, I tell you; you must pay, I say, or foot it, my dear.'

"'But I tell you,' I cried, 'I tell you, sir'——

"'A lie, young woman; pay up at once or off you go!'

"'I tell you a lie, sir—I?'

"This was too much! Bang! and such a thump as I gave him! The conductor was going to slap me in return, when the gentleman here, who had seen it all, interposed. The car was all in a commotion. A policeman came and pulled me outside. I begged monsieur, who had seen it all, to come along too, and then I demanded that the agents bring me here first, to the house of my master, who would tell them that I am an honest girl, and did not seek to cheat the company as that fool conductor said!"

"Maybe, miss," suggested an agent smoothly, "you had another ticket in your pocket?"

"No, sir, only this," answered Toinette, beginning to rummage vigorously; "how could I? I had just got off the car and"——

She stopped suddenly, drew out her hand, and there in the palm lay the duplicate of transfer number one.

"Well!" said she staring stupidly. "where did I get the bad one that I gave the conductor?"

Mme. Marjeval meanwhile had been examining the two bits of pasteboard that Toinette held in her hand.

"See," said she suddenly, "where did you get this one?"

"How should I know, madame—ah, yes, now I see it all."

"Well, well, quick, go on—where?"

"I am, madame, I am going on. Madame recalls that before going out I put the dining room to rights, and as this transfer ticket was thrown upon the mantel I brushed it into my apron intending later to put it into the fire"——

"That same transfer again!" the eyes of M. and Mme. Marjeval said plainly as they glanced at each other.

At the same instant there was a swift rush in the corridor and the apartment bell pealed furiously. Every one jumped. Toinette flew to open the door; a gentleman whom she had never seen before pushed by her hastily, darted through the anteroom like a meteor and fell breathlessly into a chair.

"You, Proudine!" cried Marjeval, amazed.

"Yes, yes—I," stammered the newcomer, more breathlessly still. "Phillipe, quick, tell me, did you find in your pocket an omnibus transfer ticket?"

"This one, perhaps," Marjeval returned wonderingly, pointing to the one in Toinette's hand.

"Exactly!" shouted Proudine, seizing it eagerly. "Heavens! I'm glad to find it! Such a chase as I've had!"

"But look here, Proudine, what does all this mean, and how the dickens did that ticket get into my pocket?"

"The easiest thing in the world. It comes from that devilish mania of mine for practical joking! I put the ticket in your pocket at the cafe, without reflecting that I had written on the back of it the address of a friend—a friend who expected me to dinner this evening, and whom I must find to explain."

"Well," said Marjeval grimly, "if it were not for our old friendship, Proudine— However, let it go this time; only all I have to say is that when you next try your jokes on any one it had better not be on me!"

"What makes you look so serious, Phillipe?"

"No matter what; as I say, let it go; it's too long to tell, but, thanks to your charming pleasantry, I've had a quarrel with my wife and Toinette has come within an ace of spending the night in a police station."

Proudine was desolate, heart broken, but forced to go; to go at once, too, on the jump. He was booked for 7; 'twas now 9. "Madame, Messieur, Phillipe, old boy, au revoir, au revoir!"

"Monsieur," said a policeman, to the bemedaled and patient old party, "it's time we were moving. Come, please. As for you, my girl, another time no more slaps, remember."

And the door closed upon the representative of the law.

"Phillipe!"

"Jeannette!"

"Will you take back the—the bath?"

"With all my heart, dearest."

"Very well, then, I'll withdraw Mme. Adelberg."

And the transfer ticket being safe now in Proudine's pocket, they fell into each other's arms.—Translated from the French of Galipaux by E. C. Waggener for Short Stories.

Blood Red Snow.

At the head of Holy Cross creek near Leadville, Colo., and at another place in the almost inaccessible defiles of Mount Shasta, Cal., there are hundreds of square feet of ground continually covered with snow that is as red as blood. These two places are the only ones in the United States where red snow is known. The phenomenon is due to the presence of minute animalculæ in the snow. How the little midgets manage to get into such high altitudes is not known.—Boston Globe.

The Monocle Is Harmful.

No sensible person will ever wear a single eyeglass unless he is blind of one eye. Its use means that one eye is neither employed nor unemployed, but is engaged in ceaseless, though no doubt unconscious, efforts to see as much as its more favored fellow. This straining is as harmful as anything could well be, and cannot fail to lead to the gravest results.—Yankee Blade.

Something was wrong with it; it refused to draw, clogged and went out. Phillipe rose impatiently for another match, and groping on the mantel for the box his eye alighted on the transfer ticket.

"Halloo!" he exclaimed, "Jeannette's been out today. The Bon Marche again, of course, though she says she never goes there"— Jeannette just then returned, embroidery in hand, and Phillipe said carelessly:

"You have been out I see, dearest, today in all this bad weather."

"I? No, indeed! Such weather as this would give a cat cold to venture out in."

"You have staid at home, then, all day long?"

"Of course, and it isn't the first time either!"

"No-o," said Phillipe, "not the first time—and to finish the subject, let us read again."

But if Phillipe demanded silence of his wife in order to return to his book it was not to enjoy more at his ease the prose of the romancer, but simply to be undisturbed while thinking over this discovery of his wife's untruthfulness.

"Something is hidden from me here," he told himself. "I haven't been in an omnibus today; Toinette never goes out except on Sunday; this transfer ticket didn't come here alone, and no one but my wife could have brought it. She has been out, and she wouldn't admit it to me because she had been somewhere that she didn't want me to know. Yes, it's plain as a pipe stem—Jeannette deceives me: that much, at least, I know!"

And resuming his book Phillipe sought to take up the interrupted thread of his story. Pains thrown away. His eyes were firmly fixed upon the printed text, but his thoughts were flying elsewhere; he simply could not read; he closed the covers brusquely and slammed the book on the table.

Jeannette jumped with a little scream.

"Heavens!" she cried, "have you lost your senses, Phillipe, to startle me like that?"

"Tell me the truth, then, Jeannette—you did go out today, did you not?"

"Go—out—to-day? Look here, Phillipe," returned Jeannette angrily, "this is a little too much? Why, here for ten minutes past I've been sending the needle into my finger instead of my work, absorbed by the thought that you had taken a 'bus to-day and would not tell me!"

"Yes, yes; I know; that may be, but you say this now only to turn me from the matter in hand. I beg of you, Jeannette, to answer my question—you did go out today, did you not?"

"No, I did not; and as it was I that asked you a question first I demand to be answered first." And both of them cried out at one and the same time:

"Did you, or did you not, take an omnibus today?"

With this there was an ominous pause. Mme. Marjeval, desirous of ridding herself of an unnecessary witness to conjugal discussions, and whom the servant's coming and going in the salle-a-manger greatly annoyed, turned sharply and touched the bell.

"Toinette," said she, "put the wood and coal in the corner and then you are free to go to see your sister."

The door had scarcely closed upon her when Phillipe, who had restrained his rage only by drumming upon the table, burst out furiously:

"There is no use denying it longer, Jeannette; you've told me a story, and told it to me because you were afraid to tell me the truth! The fact is, and you know it well, all these comings and goings to the shops—the Louvre, Bon Marche, etc.—are pretexts pure and simple, just as the bath—every three days a bath—I see it all now—is a pretext like all the rest! Fool that I've been to have suspected nothing! To have seen how strange these bathing excuses were! It is always so when one has confidence!"

"Eh? What's that you are saying?" cried Mme. Marjeval, whom very naturally, we must admit, this suspicion deeply wounded. "If either of us has aught with which to reproach one's self, that one is not I! These constant delays, these flimsy excuses—sometimes one thing, sometimes another—a friend at the cafe, overwork at the office—in plain words are tales sewed with white thread! It is not the first time either that I've thought the same. Mme. Adelberg, your sous-chef's wife"——

"There! I knew it! I knew that name would come up before you were done. Now look you, Jeannette, and mind what I say. If ever you speak that name to me again"——

"Threats, monsieur, threats to me! Well, this is perfect! I'll go, sir—go at once back to my mother, poor soul! She'll not be surprised"——

"Go; go by all means, and if you stay till I come for you, you'll stay a long while!"

And one word brought on another in this bitter sweet dialogue—which, from the expressive pantomime that accompanied it, was rapidly approaching a crisis—when suddenly a turbulent stir on the staircase was heard, the passage door flew back, and Toinette, red as an overripe tomato, her eyes bloodshot, her dress disordered, and followed by two sergents-de-ville and a much bemedaled little old man, burst breathlessly into the salle-a-manger.

"Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! What's the matter, what's happened? Toinette, Toinette," cried Mme. Marjeval alarmed, quick, tell us what's happened?"

Toinette, the old gentleman and both sergents-de-ville all responded, and kept on responding in excited chorus; in the avalanche of sound only the words "tramway," "prison," "conductor," "ticket" and "honest girl" made themselves heard. Marjeval threw up his hands to heaven.

"If you all talk at once, like this," cried he desperately, "no one can understand. Stop, be quiet; you speak, monsieur, please," addressing the bemedaled old party.

"No, monsieur, no," Toinette cried. "I'm the one that should tell it, since the business concerns me!"

"Very well," said Marjeval; "but first calm yourself."

"Then, monsieur and madame, it was just this way, you see. My sister lives,

WHAT SHE SAID ABOUT IT.

Lyrics to Inez and Jane,
Dolores and Ethel and May;
Senoritas distant as Spain,
And damsels just over the way!

It is not that I'm jealous, not that,
Of either Dolores or Jane,
Of some girl in an opposite flat,
Or in one of his castles in Spain,

But it is that, salable prose
Put aside for this profitless strain,
I sit the day darning his hose,
And he sings of Dolores and Jane.

Though the winged horse we know must be free
To "spurn (for the pretty) the plain,"
Should the team work fall wholly on me
While he soars with Dolores and Jane?

I am neither Dolores nor Jane,
But to lighten a little my life,
Might the poet not spare me a strain—
Although I am only his wife?

—Charles H. Webb in Century.

A TRANSFER TICKET.

It was 7 o'clock and Marjeval hadn't come in yet. Naturally madame, his wife, a spirited little blond of six and twenty years, was in a very bad humor, as was also Toinette, the bonne, who had looked in three times already to announce that the dinner would be done to a chip.

What in the world had happened to him? Some accident of course, for, accustomed to leave the office at an established hour, Phillipe's arrival could usually be foretold to the minute. Really it was frightful! Phillipe had surely been run over! That Montmartre crossing doubtless! He was so reckless always, with an absolute mania for crossing a street when it was filled with a pack of vehicles! Hark! no, a key grates in the lock!

"Toinette! monsieur comes; quick, bring in dinner!"

The door opened; Marjeval entered; his wife flew to him.

"There was an accident then, Phillipe? You are hurt, crushed at last! I knew it; I told you so! It doesn't astonish me the least in the world!"

"Hurt? Crushed? What the deuce, Jeannette, are you talking about? How could I be 'crushed,' I'd like to know?"

"But—such a late return!"

"Oh, I see; but come, let us have dinner; I'm dying of hunger. I'll tell you about it at table."

"As you please, but everything's dried up now. No matter, though, since you've no bones broken."

And while his wife placed the screen, turned up the gas and ran her eye over the silver to see that nothing was lacking, Marjeval drew off his topcoat and mopped his brow—for he had clearly been on the run to reach home.

Unfortunately, as he drew out his handkerchief he pulled out with it an omnibus transfer ticket, which fell on the floor unseen.

The edge of his hunger blunted, and while attacking the remains of a pate de foie gras Phillipe became communicative, and told his wife that passing the bourse coming home some one had clapped him on the shoulder, and that "some one" was no other than Proudine.

Madame tiptilted her nose with an air that said plainly:

"And who, pray, is Proudine?"

"Proudine, you know," continued her husband, "whom I've told you of a thousand times, and whom I met at Vincennes. A regular character, that fellow—a journalist, practical joker and out and out Bohemian! It's five years since I saw him; judge then of my amazement and pleasure, for Proudine and I were always great chums. Briefly, we entered Beron's to take an absinthe together; Proudine was joking and talking and time passed before I knew it."

And dinner finished Marjeval got up, whistling cheerfully, and passed to his room to don his slippers and smoking jacket.

Meanwhile his wife assisted Toinette to clear the table; they sat in the salle-a-manger instead of the salon—because it was warmer and made it necessary to keep but one fire going. In stooping to pick up a napkin, she suddenly perceived the "transfer" on the carpet, and mentally asked herself, "How did that scrap of pasteboard come there?" adding, naturally enough, "Phillipe dropped it of course."

Marjeval just then returned with the last new novel.

"You walked home, I think you told me, Phillipe, did you not?" Jeannette asked carelessly, as he came in. "Or did you take an omnibus?"

"No, I walked, as I said."

"You are sure you walked? Think well!"

"Certainly, I'm sure; and what should I think about? The office is only some twenty minutes from here!"

"You are positive then, Phillipe, you did not"——

"See here, Jeannette, this is a bore! Why should I say I'd walked if I'd taken a bus? And why do you ask this?"

"Why? Oh, only to know whether you are fatigued."

"What an idea!"

And Marjeval installed himself in an easy chair by the fire, book on his knee and paper knife in hand, while Jeannette took her seat opposite. Mme. Marjeval, however, closely watching him, was mentally discoursing with herself.

"There's something under all this," thought she. "I haven't been out of the house today; no more has Toinette. This transfer couldn't have got here alone, therefore my husband brought it. He has taken an omnibus today and did not wish me to know it; therefore he has been in some place that he seeks to conceal from me. His delay at dinner, too—ah-h! I begin to see—that tale of an old friend at the cafe was pure invention. Phillipe is deceiving me, and I am determined to know why."

And rising quietly she thrust the famous ticket behind a candelabra on the mantelpiece, Phillipe, absorbed in his book, seeing nothing.

"I am going for my work," said she, and left the room.

Five minutes passed and Phillipe, still reading, took long pulls at his pipe.

FARMER LEADERS MEET.

The National Alliance Will Have Considerable Important Work to Do.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Nov. 16. — The Farmers' Alliance and Industrial union began their national convention to-day without any definite plan of work. Some changes and modification in the plan of organization will be made. For instance there will be an attempt to amend that part of the organization providing for a national lecturer. The idea that there should be what would be known as assistant lecturer in each state in the union has gained a hold and some of the members will support the movement heartily.

Probably the most important matter incidental to the meeting will be an attempt to amalgamate three orders which now have representatives in the city. An effort to bring about a union of the Farmers' Alliance and the Farmers' mutual benefit association was made in Indianapolis in November, 1891, but failed. Prominent members of the separate organizations think now that the scheme will go through, and that finally there will be an amalgamation of all of the farmers' and laborers' unions in the country.

The Railroad's Promise Accepted.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 16.—The differences between the telegraph operators on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio and the company have been settled. Some time ago the operators demanded higher wages and submitted a scale of salaries which made the monthly stipend $50 instead of $40. The company declined to agree to the demand, but issued a circular advancing wages to a certain extent. After a long conference with General Superintendent Moorehead, Chief Ramsey advised the men to accept the scale and this has been done.

Knights of Labor In Conference.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 16.—After losing a couple of hours this morning in search of a suitable place to hold their national convention, the Knights of Labor secured Walhalla hall, and about noon the sixteenth annual general assembly went into session, being called to order by Grand Master Powderly and the committee on credentials immediately presented its report. The consideration of this consumed all the morning session.

Illinois Miners May Walk Out.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Nov. 16.—The coal miners of the Springfield district met to-day and formulated a scale of 45 cents per ton gross weight and $2.25 per keg for powder, coupled with a demand for weekly pay. If this scale is not accepted within a week the miners will all strike.

NOT A BINDING CONFERENCE.

The International Monetary Delegates Will Have Little Real Power.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—When the International Monetary conference meets at Brussels November 22 the proceedings will be opened by one of the Belgian representatives inviting the American delegates to state the proposals they desire to have discussed. Then a committee will be appointed to prepare definite agenda. The instructions of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, chancellor of the exchequer, to the English delegates are that they are to treat the conference as without power to commit the governments represented to anything.

The Indian currency committee is debating a motion which is supported by three members, including Baron Herschel, the lord chancellor, who presides over the committee, to establish gold coinage in India. The proposal has no chance of approval. It is doubtful whether Baron Herschel is really in earnest in his support of the motion, as he has been warned even by single standard experts that a change would convulse India politically, besides causing tremendous trade and financial panics there and in the Indian markets in Great Britain. There is reason to state that Baron Herschel rather designs to check by a means of bravado a proposal to influence the bi-metalists at the monetary conference.

MISTAKEN FOR A STRIKER.

A Homestead Workmen Killed in a Room —Still Another Small Riot.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 16.—Early this morning the occupants of a bunk house of the Carnegie Homestead works were aroused by two shots, followed by a cry of agony and the police began a search when Max Newman, a non-union workman, walked into the watch box of the mill police with a revolver in his hand and said he wanted to give himself up as he had shot a man. He conducted the officers to his lodging house, where the inanimate form of a man was lying on the floor. "There he is; I think he is a striker," said Newman.

A physician was hastily sent for, but when he arrived the man was dead. A mill pass and check for his pay on his person indicated that the dead man had been a mill worker, but no one knew him except one non-unionist, who said he had seen him working in the yard gang.

Newman says he was assaulted when asleep and fired and killed the man. He was locked up.

KILLED AT A RATIFICATION.

A Clay County Farmer Found Dead in Excelsior Springs—His Slayer Dying.

EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, Mo., Nov. 16.—Just after the Democratic ratification ended last night William Jeffries, a farmer who lived near Missouri City, was found dead and covered with blood on the sidewalk on East Broadway. He had been shot in the head.

About noon the coroner received a message from Albert Kearney, who recently came from Tennessee and engaged with a farmer east of the city for the winter, that he did the shooting in self defense, Jeffries having attacked him with a knife. Kearney is badly wounded and is not expected to recover. The two men had never previously met.

To Hold Down French Editors.

PARIS, Nov. 16.—A ministerial council was held at the palace of the Elysee to-day at which it was decided to make the bill rendering the press laws more stringent a cabinet question.