

Danbury News.

School is in session again after the holiday vacation with the usual attendance. Geo. W. Bebe is the teacher.

The holidays were celebrated in Danbury in good old fashioned style, with a Christmas tree on Christmas eve at the church, and a shooting match in the suburbs (?) on New Year's.

The Danbury Literary society is in a flourishing condition and rendered a very interesting program at its last meeting. A. C. Teel was elected president for the ensuing month.

Mr. Teel, by the way, is a member of the firm of Cramer and Teel, real estate dealers, Indianola, and has headquarters in this burg this winter. The firm is doing a substantial business.

C. H. Oman is on the sick list this week—mountain fever—with the probability of a protracted siege of that dread disease. Dr. DeMay is attending him. The doctor has quite an extensive practice up and down this valley of the Beaver.

Our whilom railroad agent and operator, F. O. Gray, received a promotion the first of the year, going with his family to Trenton last Wednesday. Their numerous friends here gave them a farewell at the residence of T. E. McDonald on Tuesday evening, on which occasion Mr. and Mrs. Gray were presented with a handsome toilet set as a token of our fond esteem and as a memento of the occasion. The ladies of the village showed no little skill in the culinary art of entertaining by the numerous delicacies prepared for and taken care of by the inner man on this occasion. But the time of parting came, as it always comes on this mundane sphere, yet not without the feeling that we have been made better by our mutual association, nor without feeling the truth of the sacred couplet:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."
X. X. X.

Horses for Sale.

Wayson & Odell keep horses for sale at their livery barn opposite the Central hotel.

One dollar will buy 18 pounds of Granulated Sugar at Knipple's.

(INDIANOLA ITEMS CONTINUED.)
BORN:—To Mr. and Mrs. George Jarvis on Sunday last, a boy.

The extra meetings still continue at the M. E. church with some interest.

C. H. Russell came on Saturday night, to spend Sunday with his family.

Joe Hoag came in on No. 4, Tuesday, to attend the Odd Fellows installation and lecture.

J. J. Lamborn returned for Lincoln last night. He attended the state congress while there.

G. H. Purdam came down from the city of car shops on Sunday to take a look at his family.

Miss Nora Johnson, and Ida Lyons of Denver, came in on Sunday evening for a visit in our city.

A letter from E. S. Hill and wife states that they are enjoying the sunny climate of the Pacific country.

L. B. Korns lost a horse on Wednesday night. He thinks the cause was eating too much cane fodder.

The teachers and scholars acknowledged a visit on Monday, from Mrs. M. Beardlee and Mrs. W. H. Powell.

A picket scene, representing thirty years ago, will be exhibited at the G. A. R. supper on Saturday night, which every one should see.

Former residents of Ohio should read The Weekly Ohio State Journal as it gives more Ohio news than any other paper, and in addition to the general telegraphic news, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's sermons, humorous writings of Bill Nye and M. Quad, and a large amount of choice miscellaneous reading. As a special inducement, any person who will send us twenty-five cents in stamps for three months trial subscription will be presented with a copy of our Ohio Statistical Annual which sells for twenty-five cents. Address the Ohio State Journal Co., Columbus, O.

The character and fame of Lincoln is expanding more rapidly and surely than that of any name in history. Song, art and history are ever busy working for his exaltation and it is not too much to say that the love and admiration of the people will yet lift him into the realms of the legend.

INDIANOLA ITEMS.

V. Franklin was down, Tuesday.
O. Frost was up from the east end, Monday.

J. A. Gragg has sold his restaurant business to George W. Short.

J. W. Dolan and wife took their son Paul to Chicago, this week, for medical treatment.

Rev. J. M. Mann is looking for property in view of taking up his residence in our city.

The contestants rested their case on Monday and the defense commenced the rebuttal.

Rev. W. A. Boucher and M. N. Eskey attended the O'Neil lecture on Tuesday evening.

John W. Dutcher and James Sadden were appointed appraisers of the estate of John Fischer.

Oscar C. Teel of Bladen, Webster county, was a witness in the county seat case, Monday.

Mrs. C. E. Phillips has bought a house and lot in town and is building a barn on the same.

Mrs. G. H. Purdam and son came home from Missouri on Thursday, where they have been on a visit.

License was issued on the 9th for the marriage of William L. Rider of McCook, and Miss Francenia Shepherd of Box Elder.

The contest case closed on Wednesday evening, but some time will be given to sum up the case and submit a brief to the judge.

On Saturday last the county judge appointed Frederick M. Goodnick administrator of the estate of John Fischer, Jr., deceased.

On January 10th Mr. William Kreager appeared before the county judge and made affidavit necessary for permission to wed Miss Caroline Lehn.

Report came here today, (Thursday), that C. H. Oman is dead. Mr. Oman moved to Danbury some months ago and purchased the drug stock at that place.

License was issued on the 7th for marriage of Mr. Alva Brown of Osborn, Frontier county, to Miss Nellie A. Campbell, daughter of A. W. Campbell of Box Elder.

State Superintendent Goudy says that only six county superintendents in the state made a correct report according to law, and we wish to say that Red Willow was one of the six who were correct.

Dr. J. M. Brown, who came here from Iowa a few months ago, says this is the finest weather he ever saw and wishes that some of his friends in the Hawk Eye state could step from the 30 degrees below zero to 30 above. They might believe we have a fine climate.

Don't forget the G. A. R. supper on Saturday evening. Supper will be ready at 6 o'clock, followed by a lecture from General Dilworth and a program of recitations and songs, after which, supper will again be served to all who are hungry. The net profit to go to help the relief fund.

Frank Colling, son of Nicholas Colling, whom we reported accidentally shot in our last, died from heart failure on Sunday night, and was buried in the Indianola cemetery on Tuesday. The large procession that followed the remains to burial showed the sympathy of the kind friends and neighbors.

On Saturday last Edward Fitzgerald was brought before county judge on a complaint sworn out by Daniel Lehn for assault with intent to maim and disfigure Mr. William Karp. The prisoner asked for one week's time to prepare for the defense which was granted, giving bonds in the same of \$1,000.

On Tuesday evening the I. O. O. F. held a public installation at their hall conducted by Dr. Welles of McCook as grand master. The following members were installed: Otto Webber, N. G.; C. A. Gentry, V. G.; C. W. Beck, Secretary; M. B. Noel, Treasurer; H. Crabtree, Warden; C. B. Hoag, Conductor; Wm. Braze, I. G.; Charles Masters, O. G.; Frank Fritsch and F. A. Puckett, Scene Supporters; D. W. C. Beck and P. Henderson, Supporters to V. G.; Dr. J. M. Brown and Joe Hoag, Supporters to V. G. A well selected choir rendered some fine music. The meeting closed with an eloquent address on Odd Fellowship by Deputy Grand Master E. J. O'Neil which was appreciated by all present.

THE CABIN ON THE CLAIM.

Lonely, you say, with mighty arch
Of sky so grandly bending?
By bright blue clouds and glittering stars
A tender message sending?
Joyless? When out of crimson cloud
The sunrise pours its glory,
Morn after morn repeating well
Aurora's cheerful story?

Peaceless? When night with noiseless feet,
From fields of herbs and flowers,
Sweet odors in her mantle dark
Bears to this cot of ours?

Like faintest sounds of distant seas
Pounding some castle hoary,
We hear the great world's roar and fret
And trace her changeful story.

As far away white gleaming sail,
Turning a bend of river,
A noble deed with radiant flash
Makes every heartstring quiver.

So, thankful, where the kindly stars
Spangle the blue with beauty,
We look and breathe the fervent wish
That all may do their duty.

—Boston Transcript.

Gloves at Afternoon Teas.
Gloves, the crowning finish of a well dressed woman's costume in public, have been of late years greatly misused in American society. One sees them worn at tea tables by the woman elected to represent the hostess in pouring tea, and even at dinner tables, where the wearers have been known to sit through many courses with their right hands bared, the hand of the right glove tucked under the wrist, and the entire left glove kept on. From time immemorial the habitual dinner goers of good society have removed both gloves immediately after taking their places at the table, and have resumed them upon returning to the drawing room, or after using the finger bowls, and before arising from the feast.

Any departure from accepted custom that has only eccentricity or a desire for innovation to recommend it should be avoided; hence there seems no cause for taking up the curious fashion just mentioned, probably set in a heedless moment by some leader of vogue or by an unfortunate woman of rank whose hand was made unrepresentative by a disfiguring injury.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Jenny Lind's Frankness.

Jenny Lind's judgment of books, though undirected by anything like literary training, always showed independence and penetration. She was a devoted lover of Carlyle's writings, and the last book she read before her death was Mr. Norton's volume of the correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson. No doubt her admiration for the great denouncer of shams was largely due to the intense sincerity of her own character, which made it impossible for her to tolerate even those slight deviations from strict truthfulness which are seldom taken seriously, but are looked upon as the accepted formula of society, "I am so glad to see you" would hardly have been her greeting to a visitor whose call was inconvenient or ill timed. But, on the other hand, her downrightness of speech had nothing in common with that of Mrs. Candour; it carried no discourtesy with it.—R. J. McNeill in Century.

Mixed Relationship.

There is a family in the southern part of the county whose complicated relationship beats anything upon record. The family name is Runk. A few years ago the Runk family consisted of father and two grown sons. In the same neighborhood there lived a widow and her two comely daughters. The oldest one of the Runk boys married one of the widow's daughters. The young man's father married the other daughter. The other one of the boys married the mother. The question that now bothers the father is whether he is his mother-in-law's father-in-law or his daughter-in-law's son-in-law, and, if both, which the most.—Mascoutah (Ills.) Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Amateur Composers.

The amateur composers of England include the names of the late prince consort, the late Duke of Albany, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Marquis of Devonshire, Lady Baker, Lady Arthur Hill, Lady White and the Hon. Mrs. Malone—all having created melodies of more or less lasting quality. The Earl of Dunraven has organized two orchestras—one at Oxford and the other at Cambridge—of forty members each. Lady Mary Dalrymple is a member of a very successful orchestra composed of ladies.—New York Press.

Japanese Hairpins.

Japanese women put up their hair with wooden, ivory or tortoise shell pins seven or eight inches in length and fully half an inch wide. The pins are usually carved, and are often capped with pivoted figures, which dance with every motion of the wearer.—Baltimore Herald.

A Startling Telegram.

Ten girls in a composition class were told to write a telegram such as would be suitable to send home in case of a railway accident while traveling. One of the girls wrote: "Dear Papa—Mamma is killed. I am in the refreshment room."—Exchange.

Insanity was once looked on as the work of demons. It is now regarded as a purely physical infirmity, perhaps inherited from those who had somehow violated physical law, or induced by our own transgression.

According to an English scientist, the red in flowers is a single pigment, soluble in water and decolorized by alcohol, but capable of being restored by the addition of acids.

In the Fourteenth century the French set a fashion of cutting the edges of the garments in the form of grape leaves.

The population of many South Sea islands manufacture their entire suits from the products of the palm tree.

A number of the houses in Berlin are numbered with luminous figures, which can be easily observed at night.

ALMOST A CHOLERA SCARE.

An Incident of the Peculiar Fright That Seized New York City.

"Let me tell you how I came near being the innocent cause of a big cholera scare," said a well known lawyer to a reporter one afternoon. "It happened in this way: I was breakfasting alone in East Twenty-eight street at a private Italian boarding house filled with the leading people from several comic opera companies, including 'Robin Hood' and 'Puritania.' My landlady, Mme. S., whose English pronunciation is at once the delight and despair of those who seek to imitate or understand it, came in and said: 'Mista John, writta me una note. Say Alda wom' are down. Comma queek. You putta ma non atta bot, Sophie.' 'I was in haste to get down town,' continued the narrator, 'and I wrote it out as I understood it, 'All the women are down; come quick.' I thought that the message sounded odd. She said, however, that it was 'alla rat,' and sent it to Dr. X. around the corner in Lexington avenue. That worthy young physician glanced at the note, and thinking that it opened the way to fame for him informed the board of health that he had discovered an outbreak of cholera in an up town Italian boarding house. He telephoned the same message to several newspaper men of his acquaintance.

"In less than twenty minutes a squad of burly policemen appeared in front of the house, followed by the doctor, six reporters and several officers of the board of health, whose instincts had been wrought up to a white heat by the message. Mme. S. answered the incessant ringing of the door bell in person. She was attired in a becoming morning gown, and being a large and remarkably handsome woman, presented a dramatic appearance as she explained the situation: 'Gentleman, who eata brikfast now, no undastanda me. I tell him olda wom' are down, slippa down, you undastan? Olda wom worka for me. Falla gowna de stair. Hurta her side. No wom' down here at all. Dey alla out. Goodaday, gentleman, goodaday.'" —New York Tribune.

Dickens as a Dancer.

My father insisted that my sister Katie and I should teach the polka step to him and Mr. Leech. My father was as much in earnest about learning to take that wonderful step correctly as though there were nothing of greater importance in the world. Often he would practice gravely in a corner, without either partner or music, and I remember one cold winter's night his awakening with the fear that he had forgotten the steps strong upon him that, jumping out of bed, by the scant illumination of the old fashioned rushlight and to his own whistling he diligently rehearsed his "one, two, one, two," until he was once more secure in his knowledge. No one can imagine our excitement and nervousness when the evening came on which we were to dance with our pupils. Katie was to have Mr. Leech, who was over six feet tall, for her partner, while my father was to be mine. My heart beat so fast that I could scarcely breathe, I was so fearful for the success of our exhibition. But my fears were groundless, and we were greeted at the finish of our dance with hearty applause, which was more than compensation for the work which had been expended upon its learning.—Mamie Dickens in Ladies' Home Journal.

Cruel Indifference.

"The other day a woman who spends thousands of dollars a year on dress sent for me and gave me an old garment to make over for house wear," says a dressmaker. "There were trimmings and linings to buy, but she gave me no money. Of course it was taken for granted that I would furnish those. That was all right. When the work was done the bill amounted to \$11.30, and I had less than \$1 in cash. I wrote an apologetic little note to my customer when I sent the dress home, asking for the amount of the bill—if convenient. My messenger returned empty handed. He waited in the hallway of the rich woman's house for half an hour, and receiving no answer to my note ventured to speak to one of the servants about it. The servant kindly said that she would inquire about it. Soon she returned with the message that Mrs. — said that she had no time to bother with petty bills then. In consequence my little family had a very 'skippy' Sunday dinner." —New York Times.

The Welfare of Children.

There is a distinct advance in intelligent grownup interest in child life. Mr. Howells, Miss Larcom and Edward Everett Hale have all given us interesting books embodying their own recollections of childhood. Mrs. De Land is writing a charming novel whose main interest is in problems of childish psychology, and Mrs. Burnett promises a similar volume. During the recent meeting of the Association of College Alumnae it was evident that one of the most interesting branches of work taken up by college bred women is systematic and scientific study of the development—physiologic, psychologic and ethical—of very young children. This recognition of the interesting points of the young human animal is significant. It not only promises better things for the child, but better times for his elders.—Kate Field's Washington.

Advantages of Seaisickness.

Nothing can be much more depressing than seaisickness, and for this reason we should strongly advise all weak persons not to encounter it if possible the risk of its occurrence. It is astonishing how soon and how completely those who are favored with a fair measure of constitutional elasticity recover from its depression. In their case the benefits of a sea trip may thus, with compensations of air, diet and appetite, be enhanced by a few hours of mechanical nausea. It is in truth for such persons only that tours of this kind are advisable.—London Lancet.

A JUVENILE HORDE.

NEW YORK YOUNGSTERS SEE A THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE.

Six Thousand Street Urchins Swarm Into a Metropolitan Playhouse and Make Away with Everything Portable Within Reach—A Pandemonium.

Fully 6,000 shouting, screaming, chattering, cheering youngsters attended the performance of "The Scout" given for poor children at Niblo's, and outdid the Indians as regards noise and drowned the reports of the pistols with their enthusiastic yells.

Such an audience has never before been inside the walls of a playhouse. There were boys there with dirty faces, and boys whose natural color did not give one an opportunity to see if they were dirty or not. Little girls were there, too, some white and a few black, and they took as much delight in the performance and made as much noise as the boys.

The doors of the theater were besieged as early as 7:30 o'clock, and by 8:30 there was a tremendous jam about the Broadway and Crosby street entrances. Once the doors were opened there was no use trying to collect tickets. The boys simply swept everything before them. In an incredibly short time every seat contained at least two occupants, and every available place from which the stage could be seen was occupied.

The boys hung on the posts like monkeys, occupied the stairs, stood on the radiators, and if it wasn't for the ten big policemen who were there to preserve order there is no knowing what they would have done. The youngsters talked to each other from all parts of the house. "Hay, Yaller!" shouted one urchin across the gallery. "Did you see me brudder?" "Naw," came the answer. "Hully Mo!" shouted back the first speaker, "me mudder will slaughter me." "Hi, Red," shouted another youngster, "where's Mike?" "Oh, he's down in the parky eating oats," came the answer.

It was 10 o'clock when Congressman Timothy J. Campbell came before the curtain and addressed the boys. At least he tried to tell the boys to be good citizens, but they heard him not, and he concluded in pantomime.

One little girl wearing a big red hat occupied a chair all by herself in the orchestra. "Take off your hat, Mag!" shouted the little one behind her, but she paid no attention, and in an instant that hat was sailing down the aisle. When she got it back it was in ribbons, and to quiet her cries a policeman lifted her into a box, where she spent most of her time sticking her tongue out at the other girls.

How the boys cheered when the curtain went up! They applauded Dr. Carver like mad, and when he threw the villain in the big tank they yelled furiously. The comic Irishman and the darky pleased them immensely, and they marveled at Dr. Carver's aim when he broke all the bottles in the saloon with rifle balls.

The actors soon discovered that it was useless to talk, as they couldn't be heard, and they went on a great part of the time in pantomime. No villain was ever more heartily disliked than Cherokee Jake, played by Mr. Sommerfield. One boy in the gallery threw a half eaten apple at him, and an Indian picked it up and finished it. In the fourth act cries came from all parts of the house to throw Jake into the river. There was tumultuous applause when the horse fell through the bridge, and there was more when the play was over. It took just seven minutes for the house to empty, and it seemed a miracle that no one was hurt. Had one boy stumbled while coming down the gallery staircase the result would have been appalling.

After the house was emptied Manager Comstock went in and viewed the wreck. Every other row had a broken seat, and in one place an entire row was demolished. The urchins broke open the opera glass machines and carted off the glasses, and in some cases took the machines and all.

"Well," said Mr. Comstock, "they had a good time, and I don't care as long as they left the four walls and didn't get hurt." —New York Herald.

Disuse of the Hat.

A London correspondent complains that he cannot take his walks abroad with his head uncovered without being exposed to gibes and snubs and sneers and treated as a lunatic. "And yet," he asks, "who but the latter would suffer by the almost complete disuse of the hat? The advantages would be many. We should entirely avoid baldness (which our hats induce); our heads would be as cool as our faces (which we never think of covering, though they are less protected with hair than our heads); we should save our money and a great deal of trouble. In this climate we need not be afraid of sunstrokes, and we should avoid colds in the head. It is a mistake to suppose that either chimney pot hats or bowlers shade the eyes. They do not do so any more than women's bonnets."

Alphabet Suppers.

"Alphabet suppers" are getting to be quite a craze in some parts of the country. The young people of church societies arrange for an evening lunch, the name of every article of which begins with the same letter. Each member is instructed to provide a portion of the feast, and forfeit is levied against delinquents. A "B" supper, for instance, would include bread, beans, butter, bananas, beef, brick cheese (by an elastic construction of the rule), bologna, etc.—Exchange.

Their Weight in Halfpence.

It is said that a tradesman was lately residing in London who had disposed of eleven daughters in marriage, and as a fortune for each he had given their weight in halfpence. It is suggested that they were rather bulky, as the lightest of them weighed fifty pounds, two shillings and eightpence.—London Tit-Bite.

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KO NO
CANCER
Subjects need fear no longer from this King of Terrors, for by a most wonderful discovery in medicine, cancer on any part of the body can be permanently cured without the use of the knife.

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