

It is impossible to determine from the vote on amendments to the anti-option bill what the fate of that measure is likely to be in the senate, but the impression they convey is that there is a majority favorable to the measure. This, however, does not insure its success, for the opponents of the bill have at their command almost unlimited means of delaying action upon it, and as only a few weeks of the session remain, and other matters are pressing for consideration, the opposition may succeed in preventing the bill coming to a vote. Should they fail to do this however, there is still the possibility of the bill being killed in conference committee. The outlook for the measure in this congress cannot, therefore, be regarded as promising.

Such stringent measures as the Pennsylvania company has been adopted in discharging the faithful competent union men simply because they are union men must result in hardships undeserved by those upon whom they are visited. It widens the breach between capital and labor and makes more probable that irrepressible conflict which mutual concessions and a proper spirit of amity can avert. The company has thrown down the gauntlet and flatly declared to certain of its employees that it will not concede to them the legal rights which they enjoy under our free institutions.

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An Ideal Man—A Biblical Ideal.

Who can find him, for his price is above diamonds.

The heart of his wife doth safely trust in him, for she has no cause for jealousy.

He will be kind and affectionate to her all the days of his life.

He loveth industry, but having wisdom he taketh recreation in due season and asketh his wife and children to do likewise.

He considereth the price of a field and buyeth it and buildeth a house thereon, and putteth it on the records in the name of his wife.

He payeth good wages to his servants, and withholdeth not their hire when it is due.

He giveth to the sick and to the needy, and hath compassion on the man who oweth him, and because of ill health and scarcity of labor, asketh for a little longer time.

He is not afraid of the blizzards for there is much coal in his cellars, and his barns are warm and well filled with hay and corn.

His wife is known in the gates, for her purse is in her pocket and she giveth what it pleaseth her to good and charitable work, and she buyeth at her discretion.

He payeth his debts when they are due, and never maketh an assignment.

His sons are brought up to spend their evenings with the family until the time cometh when they seek wives among the daughter of their parents' friends.

His daughters are modest and virtuous, and he showeth them much kindly attention.

In times of war he putteth on blue clothes and brogans and shouldereth his rifle and does honor to his country.

And while enjoying the blessings of good health he maketh his will and wudgeth it so that the inheritance shall be received by those he intendeth it for and not squandered in lawyers' fees.—Georgia D. Runyan, in Womankind.

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.

William McCullum was shelling corn on Wednesday and Thursday.

The county commissioners are about through the January settlement.

John B. Horrell, ex-county clerk of Frontier county, was in the city, this week.

Esq. Henry Hilt of Tyrone precinct had business at the county seat on Wednesday.

County Judge went to McCook, Tuesday, to hear evidence in the Moore-Kelley case.

I. S. Shirey, one of Indianola's former residents, was in the city, Saturday, on business.

J. M. Thomas, Esq., Justice of the Peace of Beaver precinct, was in our city on Wednesday.

The personal property of the estate of John Fisher, deceased, will be sold at administrator's sale on January 27.

W. M. Taylor, A. Utter and Samuel Bently of Bartley, came up on Tuesday evening, to attend Old Fellows lodge.

Mr. Peica of Mo. Ridge precinct was buried in our cemetery, Wednesday; we did not learn the cause of his death.

County superintendent will hold his regular annual examination of teachers at his office on Saturday, January 21st, 1893.

The Modern Woodmen Camp now have twenty-six members in good standing, the next meeting will be on Wednesday, February 1st.

Several of the teachers met with the county superintendent on Saturday to arrange for teachers, association at Bartley on February 25th.

License was issued on the 14th for the uniting in the holy bonds of wedlock of Mr. Isaac P. Moore and Mrs. R. R. Hanlein, both of McCook.

License was issued on Friday last for the marriage of Mr. John B. Fisher, of Missouri Ridge precinct, and Miss Rosa Conrad of same precinct.

The suit in county court The State of Nebraska against Edward Fitzgerald was heard on Saturday and dismissed by county attorney for want of evidence.

Miss Alice Happersett returned from Washington City on Saturday, and assumed her old position in the county clerk's office on Monday morning.

The G. A. R. supper on Saturday was well attended, the hall and banquet rooms were full. The supper was fine, the program good, and everybody was happy.

On Monday morning Mr. John E. Hill, of Sheridan, Wyoming, and Mrs. Kittie Honsing appeared before the county judge and subscribed to the required form and affidavit and were tied together by the county judge.

Hints on Advertising.

Does advertising pay? It does if done discreetly and carefully. Many thousands of merchants and manufacturers are losing money daily in advertising, while others are piling up wealth as the direct result of their advertisements.

Do not advertise simply because your neighbor on the right does so. If you have something that the people want, and you want them to know about it, tell them of it. Never mind your neighbor.

The most effective way of reaching the people is through the newspapers. The day of usefulness of handbills has passed.

Make your advertisements attractive, so that the people will notice and read them; excite a little legitimate curiosity about your goods. Nothing draws like curiosity. John Wannamaker, the Philadelphia merchant, tells a million people daily what is going on in his store, if it be only the putting up of a new shelf or the painting of a door.

Determine how much you can afford to spend in advertising, and place your advertisements where they will do the most good.

You must keep your name and goods continuously before the public, and keep them interested in what you are doing, the new goods you are buying, the changes you are making, the goods you are selling, to get the best results.

Never promise more than you can fulfill. Bombastic announcements may do for a time, but nothing except hard, solid facts will live.

If for want of time, or other reasons, you cannot write your advertisements, bring your "pointers" to the office of THE TRIBUNE, and we will take pleasure in getting up an advertisement that will meet your wishes and please you.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

Another distinguished American is dead. Rutherford B. Hayes, the nineteenth president of the United States, illustrated in his life as fully as any man of his time the possibilities of American citizenship and the worth of integrity, high purpose and true patriotism in a public career. Among the men who attained eminence during the past thirty years, none made a cleaner record in the service of the country than R. B. Hayes. He was an excellent soldier, attesting his loyalty and patriotism by serving throughout the rebellion, entering the army as a major and retiring from it with the rank of brevet major general, the evidence of gallant and meritorious service. Three times elected governor of Ohio, an honor conferred upon no other citizen of the state, his administrations were free from any sort of scandal, and exerted an elevating influence upon politics. His great popularity with the republicans of his state made him an available man for the presidency.

The memorable contest in 1876, in which Mr. Hayes was the republican candidate, the dangerous uncertainty regarding the result, the menace of revolution, the creation of an electoral commission and its decision, are all familiar facts of history. Throughout the ordeal, which put a severe strain upon the country, Mr. Hayes bore himself with quiet dignity, prepared to accept without complaint or criticism whatever should be the verdict of the tribunal created upon the suggestion of his political opponents to decide the issue. He became president and entered upon the duties of that office with the patriotic purpose to conciliate the sections. He restored local self government to the south, gave that section representation in his cabinet, and in other ways showed an earnest desire to establish fraternal relations between the north and the south. That he did not succeed in accomplishing more in this direction was due to no fault of his, but few will now question that what he did accomplish had most beneficial effects. It is to the administration of President Hayes that the country owes the maintenance of specie resumption, which was opposed by a majority in both branches of congress, and the first practical steps towards instituting the policy of civil service reform. But, better than all, he gave the country an administration distinguished for its exceptional purity.

Rutherford B. Hayes was not a politician in the ordinary acceptance of the term. His political success owed nothing to the intrigue and chicanery of general politics. He was incapable of the low devices by which the ordinary politician and some of higher rank attain place and power. As a partisan he was sincere and loyal, but he believed as he himself expressed it, "that he serves his party best who best serves his country," and he was guided throughout his public career by this principle. His private life was stainless and his example as a citizen was in every respect worthy of emulation. Few men have done more practical good in the cause of humanity than Rutherford B. Hayes. History will assign him a conspicuous place among Americans who served their country with a sincere and patriotic desire to promote its highest interests and welfare, and with a lofty conception of its destiny.—Bee.

Mr. CLEVELAND, Senator Murphy, of New York. Senator Murphy, Mr. Cleveland. Glad to make you acquainted.

In the senatorial contest John H. Powers leads the van, with A. S. Paddock a good second.

BEFORE THE BLOSSOM.

In the tassel time of spring
Love's the only song to sing;
Ere the ranks of solid shade
Hide the bluebird's flitting wing.
While in open forest shade
No mysterious sound or thing
Haunts of green has found or made,
Love's the only song to sing.

Though in May each bush be dressed
Like a bride, and every nest
Learn Love's joyous repetend,
Yet the half told tale is best
At the budding—with its end
Much too secret to be guessed,
And its fancies that attend
April's passion unexpressed.

Love and Nature communing
Gave us Arcady. Still ring—
Vales across and groves among—
Wistful memories, echoing
Fan's faroff and fluty song.
Poet, nothing harsher sing;
Be, like Love and Nature, young
In the tasseltime of spring.
—Robert N. Johnson.

A STRUGGLIN CHIEL.

It's a' about my ainsel, when I was yet
Auld Dunblane. Fayther's wee bit o'
a cottage was by the noo famous cathedral
ruins that are visited by tourists
frae a' parts. Some auld beeches
protected us frae the simmer's heat an
winter's cauld, an we were vera hoppy
gither afore oor separation. But we
were sae puir i' those far back days!
Mother wore the same mantee year
after year, an fayther's claes an mine
were always o' raploch, a vera coarse
cloth. Yet oor chinla lug was a warm
spot an I hae na seen its equal sin'.
Fayther was simply unlucky, an mither
an me offen suffered i' consequence. Sae
little o' beuk learnin fell to my share,
nor did I blame my parents for it. But
I had my ain way to mak', an I sune
resolved that I wad gae to Edinburgh to
mak' it. But puir mither wasna willin'.
"Better bide at hame, laddie," she wad
whisper again an again. "Stay wi' fayther
an me, an dinna fret."
"But we'll a' be starvin'," I wad argue
i' turn. "Better let me gang awa' i'
search o' siller."
"No, Jockie! Dinna think about it!
Edinburgh is a braw town an a wicked
one! Dunblane an the Allan are far
better."

Sae, though I secretly rebelled, I still
staid i' the auld hame, wi' little to eat
save waterbrose, which mither made o'
meal an water, wi'oot the pleasant addition
o' milk an butter.

An then cam' the struggle of which I
maun tak' recht there i' Dunblane. I
warked wi' fayther at any day's labor
that cam' to his diligent hand, an one
mornin it chanced to be oot Kippeross
way. We walked along the Allan i' silence,
niver ance lookin up at the grand auld
beeches owerheid, for we were bairn
thinkin an thinkin hard. My een were
on the groun, or I wadna hae founn w'at I did. It was something
brecht an shinin directly i' my path, an
I stoop an pocked it i' a flash.

"W'at was it?" askt fayther carelessly.
"A braw bit o' a pebble," I answered.
"It can gae on mither's shelf." An wi'
that we hurried on to the wark that
waited us.

But many times that day I drew forth
the stane an leukit owre. That it was
nair than a pebble I had kenned at first
glance. If it was really a diamond, who
was its owner? There were lairds an
ladies nae sae far awa', an they often cam'
to walk along the bonnie Allan. Perhaps
a hue and cry wad be raised about the
lost jewel. Or it might hae lain for
weeks, juist where I foun it, and there
wad be na further question. I the latter
case I could gae to Edinburgh an sell my
lucky find, an sae get a start i' life, such
as I had lang hoped for. I didna stop to
think how wrang it wad a' be, for I had
but my ain selfish advancement in view.

"Where's the pebble you foun for
mither, Jock?" askt fayther that night.

"I maun hae lost it again," I stammered,
for it was my first lie to either him
or mither. I wanted to tell them the
truth then an there, but yet I kep'
it back because I was sae placeless, for
they wad laith say, "Your pebble may
prove a diamond, an you maun find its
rightfu' owner, Jockie Blacklock!" But
that wasna at a' to my notion, an I stole
out under the moon an stars instead,
to be alane wi' my struggle 'tween recht
and wrang. An ivry ance an awhile I
wad leuk the stane in my pocket owre.
"W'at a sparkle it had! Perhaps it was
worth a hundred pounds or mair! An
whose was it? Weel, I hoped then that
I might never ken."

But the vera next night, as I cam'
slow from a brow along the Allan, I saw
a man i' a wark velvet plaid seerchin'
the spot where I had foun my stane.
He had a blackthorn stick i' his han,
an he was scatterin the beech leaves
recht an lef'. A second glance tauld
me it was auld Laird Kinross, o' Edin-
burgh, who had a shootin box near by.
He didna leuk up at my approach, an I
jist stood an watched him i' silence. I
wanted to pass on, but somehow I
couldna do it, for the brecht thing he
seerch for was in my pocket. Conscience
whispered, "Be honest an true, Jock
Blacklock!" But satan shoutit: "Keep
the auld laird's stane! He has many
anither, an this ane will gie you a stert
i' Edinburgh." Sae I hesitated for a
spell.

But Laird Kinross leukit up at las'.
"My gude lad," he said kindly, "I hae
lost a diamond o' mooch value. It was
yestermorn when we cam' through to the
hunt, an it was recht here by the Allan.
Perhaps you hae heard o' its findin'."

An the gude God aboon gie'd me
strength to answer, "I hae, my laird."

His keen gray een quickly leukit me
owre. "You may hae foun it your ainsel."

An I answered again: "I did that, my
laird, an here is your precious stane. It
has been a load on my heart an conscience,
though licht as a bit feather i'
my pocket."

"You wanted to keep it?" he speirt as
he tuk it frae my tremblin han.

"Yes, my laird."

"But you hae been an honest lad for a'
that, an I shall reward you as you de-
serve. W'at is your name?"

"Jock Blacklock, my laird."

"Aye, mayhap a descendant o' the puir

poet Burns' gude friend, Dr. Blacklock."
"I dinna ken. I fear na," I returned.
"I ara juist the son o' my fayther, James
Blacklock, an he is Dunblane born."

"How wad you like to gae to Edin-
burgh?" he speirt next.

My heart gie'd a great bound. "It's the
ane wish o' my life!" I cried.

The old laird smiled. "Ane o' my
frien's there is a banker. He needs an
honest lad o' your ain age, an you shall
hae the place as sune as you wish."

I fell on my knees i' gratitude, but he
bid me rise at ance. "Hae you a mither,
Jock?" he speirt again.

"Aye, my laird."

"Then tak' me to her an we'll arrange
about the Edinburgh matter."

I led the way to oor cottage wi' falter-
ing footstep. I had led to fayther about
the "pebble," an how could I confess it
a' to mither? She met us at the door-
stane wi' wond'rin een, courtesyin low,
as was her humble fashion.

"I am Laird Kinross," the auld noble-
man began. "Your son Jock foun an re-
stored to me the diamond I had lost, an"

But juist here my ain fayther stepped
oot. "Was it the pebble you lied to me
about, Jock?"

An I had to admit that it was. Oh,
the shame an sorrow o' w'at wad other-
wise hae bin the proodest minute o' my
life.

"It was a sair temptation," said gude
Laird Kinross. "Dinna be hard on the
lad. He is as honest as you an his mither
would wish him, an I hae come to tak'
him awa' to Edinburgh, wi' your consent."

Fayther leukit at mither, mither leukit
at fayther, an then they bairn leukit at
Laird Kinross. But I couldna leuk ane
o' them i' the een, because o' yestreen's
falsehood.

"Ye want Jock?" he stammered. "Oor
puir, weak Jock. Ye wad trust him
aifter a'?"

"Yes," said Laird Kinross, "a gude
place i' an Edinburgh bank awaits him
if he will but tak' it, wi' your permis-
sion."

"Oh, Jockie!" sighed mither, "I wad
hae staked my ain life on your trowth,
but noo!"

"He shall mak' a fresh start!" pit i' the
gude auld laird. "An you maun trust
him again for his youth's sake!"

"That we will, mither!" cried fayther.
"Jock's a steady goin lad, but the findin'
o' the diamond turned his heid. It was
his first lie, an"

"It shall be my las'!" I cried, wi' a
burst o' tears.

Mither kissed me then, an Laird Kin-
ross tuk frae his pocket a heavy purse,
also pittin a han fu' o' gowd on the ha'
table. "It's for Jock's outfit an his find-
in o' my diamond," he said. "Dinna re-
fuse it! The laddie deserves it a'; an on
the morrow he shall gae wi' me to Edin-
burgh."

Sae fayther an mither thanked him
heartily, but I couldna say a word.

Laird Kinross pit his unglowed han on
my worthless heid at parting—"Puir
laddie," he said. "It will be a gude
lesson to you, an one you will niver forget.
God keep you a' till the morrow!" An
wi' that he ganged awa', his braw plaid
flyin back on the stiff mornin breeze.

Then I turned me quick to dear fay-
ther an mither. "Forgie!" I cried. "I
hae deceived you bairn! But it shall na
occur again! I promise to be true an
honest to the day o' my death an ne'er
disgrace the name you hae given me!"

"You hae our blessing to tak' wi' you
to Edinburgh," said fayther. "Mither
an me will forgie an try to forgie if we
can, but it was a lie you told me, Jock;
always remember that. When you are
tempted again say to yourself, 'I told
fayther my first an las' lie. I canna
tell anither!'"

"Nor will I," I cried sadly, as mither
kissed me ance mair.

I went to Edinburgh the next day wi'
Laird Kinross, as agreed upon. Mr.
Brayham, the banker, proved a gude
maister. My position at the first was a
lowly ane, but step by step I rose, as
any ither laddie can an will. Laird
Kinross' generous handfu' o' gowd kept
fayther an mither free frae want till I
was able to help them my ainsel. I
cam' to America at las', and they didna
hesitate to come wi' me. I prospered
here also an am noo called a mon o'
means. But the foundation o' my suc-
cess was laid the autumn mornin I re-
stored to Laird Kinross his braw dia-
mond against my own selfish desire.

Fayther an mither died five years
apart, an they bairn died blessing me.
"You hae been a gude son," they said
i' turn, "honest an true, as you promist.
God keep you, Jockie, to the end!"

An their loving blessing follows me
still like a constant benediction. Surely
they are watchin and waitin aboon. An
I maun meet them there.—Mrs. Finley
Braden in New York Observer.

Proper Ventilation of Rooms.

There are various contrivances for
ventilating rooms, all of which are more
or less expensive and a large majority of
them quite worthless. The best way to
ventilate a room is by means of open
fires. However, open fires are not suf-
ficiently warm in winter, and there are
few houses that are provided with the
ideal heating arrangement of modified
steam heat with grates. Lacking this
and indeed under any circumstances, a
sleeping room or a sitting room should
be, so to put it, washed out with pure
air every day.

Whatever the temperature outside,
every window should be opened, and the
outer air allowed to pour through it
from ten to twenty minutes each day.
As a rule rooms are kept too warm. No
room should be kept heated beyond a
temperature of 68 degs. The system of
a person living in a superheated at-
mosphere becomes so vitiated that it shivers
at the slightest change and takes cold on
the least provocation.—New York Tele-
gram.

One Test of Economy.

The Husband—You're not economical.
The Wife—Well, if you don't call a
woman economical who saves her wed-
ding dress for a possible second marriage,
I'd like to know what you think economy
is.—Exchange.

PRICE REFUNDED IF

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD

3 FEEDS FOR ONE CENT

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD

CURTIS & BATES EDWARD B. SHAW, Regimental Blacksmith, HAS OPENED A BLACKSMITH SHOP ON MARSHALL STREET, Opposite Bullard's lumber yard and in O'Neil's carpenter shop. I Will Cure Interfering Horses & Contracted Hoofs or no Pay. I ALSO HAVE A FIRST-CLASS WAGON :-: MAKER. I will give you value received or no pay. Prices reasonable.

SHILOH'S CURE.

25 CENTS THE GREAT TAKE THE BEST COUGH CURE 25¢ 50¢ & 75¢

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lane Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shiloh's Vitalizer SAVED MY LIFE. I consider it the best remedy for debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 15 cts.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will relieve and Cure you. Price 50 cts. This In-
jector for successful treatment is furnished free. Shiloh's Remedies are sold by us on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

KARL'S GLOYER ROOT PURIFIER.

IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR SKIN. CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN, BRUISES, & COMPLEXION. 25 CENTS FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE.

KO NO An Elegant TOILET POWDER for the Teeth and Breath—25c.

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.

MRS. H. D. COLBY, 237 Indiana Ave., Chicago, says: "Was cured of cancer of the breast in six weeks by your method of treatment." Send for treatise. Dr. H. C. Dale, 366 3/4 St., Chicago.

Buy the Best Machine Oils at Chenery's City Drug Store.