

For Mayor, JOHN E. KELLEY. For City Clerk, EDWIN J. WILCOX. For City Treasurer, CLARENCE B. GRAY. For Police Judge, HENRY H. BERRY. For City Engineer, CHARLES A. YONT. For Councilman, First Ward, HARVEY P. SUTTON. For Councilman, Second Ward, JOHN H. MOORE. For Board of Education, JAMES A. RITCHIE, FRANK C. STUBY.

POLITICAL prudence is an unknown quantity to Paranoic Pete. He ought to be driving hogs for a living.

GOVERNOR WAITE of Colorado seems to be more nearly in the right in the Denver embroglio, than the opposition is disposed to admit. A good deal more.

ONE of the provisions of Iowa's new mulct liquor law is the prohibition of the sale of liquor to anyone who has taken any of the recognized cures for drunkenness.

POLITICALLY Colonel Peterson promises better things for Mayor Brewer. But it would hurt our feelings irreparably to have Charles Theodosius put up for the slaughter as a candidate for representative, next fall.

THE profoundest sympathy of the local press, and in fact of the entire press of this section of Nebraska, goes out to C. W. Barnes of the Times-Democrat in the deep sorrow that has so suddenly come into his life in the death of his beloved brother Bert.

ONE of the fatal diseases which has recently become quite common is appendicitis, which is an inflammation of the vermiform appendix—that little anatomical freak which the doctors claim has no known use whatever in the human system; but is, on the contrary, often productive of great annoyance and positive danger. The surgeon's knife seems to be about the only remedy.

THEY now say that Professor Andrews, the man who made so gallant a fight against McKeighan, is an all around candidate for secretary of state.—Fairfield News-Herald. Nothing of the kind Bro. Randall, you have been misinformed. Mr. Andrews has never thought of such a thing. Just keep your eye on the congressional fight in this district and see what you will see.—Hastings Nebraskan. Professor Andrews, if he is nominated by the republican party, will be elected. He is not, however, the only man in the district of whom that can be said.—Red Cloud Belt.

KENTUCKY chivalry bleeds at every pore as the testimony of Col. Breckenridge's side of the case is introduced at the wind-up of the celebrated case. The male cravens who came in social contact with the plaintiff in the case seem to rejoice in the opportunity of wreaking vengeance on the young girl who didn't like the style of their courtship years ago. Where is Kentucky honor? When one of the sneaks comes into court and testifies that he was engaged to be married to Madeline once, or wanted to be, and that he "took liberties with her" at the time, human nature revolts at the spectacle.—Journal.

HOPE FOR THE COUNTRY.

There is hope for the country and it comes from an unexpected quarter. The committee of New York capitalists and speculators who wired the president they were going over to Washington and wanted fifteen minutes' conversation with him on the seigniorage bill were doubtless surprised at the President's response requesting them not to come.

The country at large was also surprised. But there was a great difference in the way the surprise affected the committee and the country. The chagrin and mortification which doubtless covered the committee as with a mantle was in great contrast with the pleased satisfaction of the people when they read the President's response. After the understood close relations of the administration with Wall street and New York bankers no one dared hope that a committee representing the latter would meet with such a rebuff from the White House.

It would look as though the president had heard from the people and seen a new light that dimmed the light from the money bags. That is the way the people construe it, and that is why we say there is hope for the country.

There was little hope—there was nothing for it to live on—so long as Wall street dictated the financial policy of the government and the bond sharks were in the ascendant in the ante-chambers of the White House. To have reason to think for even a moment that this is no longer the case gives hope that the cause of the people will be heard, and that truth and sentiment may outweigh the gold bags with which it is attempted to load down the nation.

It is time that not only the occupant of the White House, but all representatives of the people at Washington, began to throw away the theories of the brokers' shops and give heed to the condition of the people that is spread before them like a map. There never has been a time when real statesmanship was more in demand than now, and we are sorry to see so little manifestation of it.

Let not the rejoicing be too great or too much be staked on the hopes raised by this rebuff of Wall street. Habitués of that place know what "flesh pots" are, and having tasted of White House viands it will be hard to keep them away. They know their power, too, and the man over whom they once gain influence, though he may resist once in a while, can only escape them by a miracle. It is therefore only a hope that comes from the White house, and it may be blasted before twenty-four hours. But cling to it while you may, for it is darkness to feel that the house from which Jefferson and Lincoln governed for the people is now under control of those who are against the people.—Inter Ocean.

THE annual report of the Burlington system of railroads shows that the annual 5 per cent. dividend was paid to the stockholders. The decrease in the surplus is marked; but at the same time, the fact that the company paid its usual dividend in spite of the loudly proclaimed depression proves that the company is not upon the verge of bankruptcy. It must be borne in mind that the earnings of the road netted a dividend of 5 per cent., not upon the actual investment of the shareholders, but upon the fictitious investment. If the water could be squeezed out of the railroad systems of the United States last year's business, depressing as it was, would have paid a net dividend of several times 5 per cent.—Bee.

DEATH THROUGH A KISS.

While Caring for His Grandchild the Old Man Inhaled a Hair Which Killed Him. It was a joyous company of young, middle aged and aged people who congregated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Larkin in Susquehanna, Pa. They met in honor of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of their host and hostess, who had passed their allotted threescore years and ten and were still in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Several sweet faced, laughing grandchildren were present to contribute their share of sunshine to the occasion. Little 5-year-old Mary Edwards, with her bright blue eyes and light tresses, was there. After kissing her grandmother affectionately she sprang upon her grandfather's lap, exclaiming, "Grandpa, I have lots of kisses and a bear hug for you."

Then the old man pressed the sweet face of his favorite grandchild to his, fervently remarking: "God bless you, Mary. No company would be complete without you. You are the embodiment of sunshine itself, and I trust you will grow to be a noble woman."

"Tell me how much you love me, grandpa," said the child, "and then I will give you the kisses and the bear hug."

"I cannot tell you how much I love you, child," answered the old man, "but I can assure you it is a big lot."

Then Grandfather Larkin imprinted a kiss upon the ruby cheeks, and the child, delighted at the manifestation of affection, returned the compliment, and then, throwing her little arms about the old man's neck, gave the promised "bear hug." She then crawled down from grandpa's lap and busied herself for a time among others of the company. An hour later, and just before the joyous party were about to partake of dinner, the same little Mary approached her grandfather, remarking, "Grandpa, I want to give you one more kiss before dinner, and then I want you to sit by me at the table."

The old man smiled and lifted the little girl in his arms. Two minutes later he felt a tickling sensation in his throat and realized that in returning the last kiss a hair had caught in his mouth and been sucked into his windpipe.

This immediately produced hard fits of coughing, and before relief could be obtained a blood vessel was ruptured, and death resulted instantly.

Consternation reigned for a time, and the aged partner of the unfortunate septuagenarian, overcome with grief, fell in a swoon. She rallied an hour later, but it is thought her great grief will cause her death in a short time.—New York Herald.

NOW A DESERTED VILLAGE.

Virginia City, Nev., Once Gay and Prosperous, Rapidly Falling to Ruins.

"A poet could write on 'The Deserted Village' with Virginia City as a subject and surpass Goldsmith's immortal production on the same topic," said E. L. Hearne of San Francisco to a Globe-Democrat man. "The first time that I was ever there the population of Virginia City was greater than that of the entire state now. Everything ran wide open. Magnificent hotels and opera houses, palatial residences, stores that would have done credit to New York, millionaires who spent money freely, maintaining a society that for brilliancy and gayety could not be equaled in the United States. I was there a short time ago. The hotels and opera houses are closed, the residences empty, the stores removed to other and more prosperous places. Dwellings that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars are given over to the bats, and the broken panes of glass, the shutters hanging upon a single hinge or flapping in the wind, give a grewsome sense of loneliness. In years to come it will afford magnificent spectacles of ruins, and even now in some sections of the town there is a sense to the beholder of being in a city of the past. Millions were made and lost, and the history of Virginia City would be one of the most thrilling stories ever written."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Savages in Modern War.

It was curious to see the effect of the seven pounder and hotchkiss shells upon the Matabeles when they were retreating. On the shell bursting among them we could see through our glasses the Matabeles turn round and fire at the place where the shell had burst, thinking it was some diabolical agency of the white man. From information we received after this fight we learned that the enemy had intended attacking us at 10 o'clock the previous night, but owing to the rocket having been sent up to recall Captain Borrow they were afraid to do so, thinking that we were holding communion with our gods by shooting at the stars and bringing them down.—London Telegraph.

A Fatal Blunder.

Blunders that are literally worse than crimes are not uncommon. Such a one was committed in 1886 by a New York druggist, who, by putting up the wrong prescription, caused the death of two girls named Holtz by morphine poisoning. But the consequences of the terrible mistake did not end there. The betrothed of one of the girls, Dr. Lowenthal, whose prescription was misread, went insane. And now their father, Christian Holtz, has died abroad, where he retired, broken hearted, as soon as he could close up his large business interests in New York.—Rochester Herald.

Boston's Crowded Tenements.

In the most crowded precinct of Boston, the recent tenement house census found the average number of persons in a house to be 17.81, and the average number of persons in a room 1.63. In the most instances, the average number of persons to a room was 3.30, but in all Boston there were found but 656 persons occupy tenements in which the average number to a room was three or over.—Boston Commonwealth.

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List of Patents.

Received at the McCook United States land office on March 27th, 1894:

Brennan, William. Baurel, Wm. A. Clark, Isaac. Davies, John G. Dick, James A. Droege, George. Gleason, William. McMillan, Alexander. Rogers, Peter. Spooner, John A. Teal, Wilber G.

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