

REAPPORTIONMENT BILL

Representative Evans of Lancaster Introduces the First Measure.

WHAT IS PROVIDED BY THE BILL

Reapportionment bill to be introduced... Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 12.—The first reapportionment bill to be introduced...

State Capital Observations.

Expressions Emulative for the Good of Republican Supremacy.

LINCOLN, Jan. 14.

At this writing the senatorial situation seems to be as far from a solution as it was before the legislature met.

Diversified interests, state, personal and otherwise, are in evidence, and the average legislator who will be in the fight to the end is hardly able to decide which way he will jump.

It is conceded that there are many of the members pledged to support and use all honorable means to secure the election of certain men, but not all of them are bound.

It is a question whether any of the present aspirants can win. The situation each day seems to get more complicated, and is fast approaching a tangle that may only be unraveled by the throwing overboard of every one now dead set on being elected.

While the partisans of each candidate are extremely anxious the man should win, a desire superinduced by the hope of "getting something," the average Nebraskan is interested most in having the state represented in the senate by able and pure men, who will not only be able to do something tangible for the state, but also reflect credit and honor upon the commonwealth through dignified and conscientious efforts to legislate for the people of the nation in all matters which may arise in the senate.

An attempt was made last week to secure a second meeting of the six leading candidates for United States senators, but resulted in partial failure.

Four of the six held a second meeting. Those present were D. E. Thompson, George D. Meiklejohn, Frank M. Currie and Edward Rosewater.

The meeting of the republican state central committee, which was to have been held this week, has been called off.

Charles Penn, ex-sheriff of Custer county, has been appointed commander of the soldiers and sailors' home at Milford by the board of public lands and buildings.

After an exceedingly warm session the state banking board made its appointments for secretary, clerk, stenographer and four bank examiners.

After the decision of the contest, Ed P. Smith and W. F. Gurley were feeling pretty good.

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"Of course," she flushed painfully—"the Wilмотs are in a very good position here, and it would not do for it to be known any one connected with them had to keep a school, so I promised Mary I would never mention the relationship.

"Can you tell me the way to Mrs. Tanner's school—Woodlands, the house is called?" asked Beryl anxiously.

"The young woman behind the counter was better informed than the fawcett people, for she answered without any hesitation:

"It's the last house on the front. The name's not up; but you can't be mistaken because there are no more houses."

"This was conclusive; but Beryl felt positively sinking from weakness and fatigue.

"The fire's out, I expect. You can have a glass of milk and a plate of bread and butter, if you like."

"I think you're hard on the place," said Harold. "There's a very good beach and a splendid air. I suppose people are to be found who can do without niggers at the seaside."

"Ah, but they'd want decent roads and tolerable comfort," objected Kitty; "and you know when it rains Easthill-on-Sea is almost a swamp, because no one has made up the roads.

"You do look tired!" she concluded. "But it's not much further now. The end of this street leads to the front, and Mrs. Tanner's is the last house on the right."

Beryl found the house easily; but her heart sank as she looked at it. It was so new that at the back the place of waste ground called a garden was not yet fenced off.

"You're to come this way," said the child—she really was very little more. And Beryl followed her across a good-sized hall to a small sitting-room at the back, the door of which her guide opened encouragingly.

"You go straight in," she commanded. It was a very small room, and rather sparsely furnished; but what Beryl saw first was a tall, slight woman in widow's weeds, who came forward to meet her with such a frightened face that the girl felt compelled to take the initiative.

"I am afraid I am later than you expected, Mrs. Tanner; but it is a long walk from the station, and I came slowly so as not to lose my way."

"You look cold and tired," said Mrs. Tanner gently. "Sit down and warm yourself. Rhoda will bring tea soon; I waited for you."

"It was very kind of you." Beryl began, and then she broke down helplessly and cried as though her heart would break. Of course it was behaving disgracefully; it was most unsholeastic and childish; but those few kindly words had been the last touch.

"Mrs. Tanner did not seem in the least angry. She took Beryl's hand and held it for a minute or two, then she said gently:

"I don't wonder at your being upset, my dear. When I first came here in January I loathed the place quite as much as you can do. I came from a pretty country rectory, with a dear old garden and trees that had stood the test of centuries, and this bleak, desolate place seemed terrible to me; but, Miss Lindon, work is the best cure for sadness, and even Easthill-on-Sea seems brighter when one is busy."

"Please forgive me!" said Beryl, pleadingly. "Indeed, I am not discontented; it was only that you were so kind to me."

"Did you expect me to be an ogress?" asked Mrs. Tanner. "When you have had some tea and feel rested I will tell you all about things. I am afraid you will find plenty of rough places at Woodlands, but they won't be of my making."

Tea was delightful. With curtains drawn and the lamps lighted, the room seemed quite a snugery; and Mrs. Tanner saw that Beryl had plenty of the fare provided.

"I would rather tell you everything before you see my sister," she said, when Rhoda had taken away the things. My husband died last November. He was the best and kindest man who ever lived, but he wasn't businesslike, and when all the expenses were paid I had only £20 and the furniture to keep myself and the children. Of course I knew I should have to work; but I had never had to earn my

living, and I did not know how to set about it. My sister is the only near relation I have. She is very rich, and she likes to manage. She decided I had better keep a school, then the twins could be educated for nothing. Her husband has a good deal of property round here, and they offered me this house rent free for three years.

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LOVE IS BEST

By Florence Hodgkinson

CHAPTER IV—(Continued.)

And then Harold amazed them by the question:

"Is there a school at Easthill-on-Sea? I never heard of one."

Easthill-on-Sea was about two miles from Easthill proper, in the opposite direction from Dynevor Manor and the Uplands. Within the last few years some speculators had got possession of land there, and were trying hard to convert what had been a fishing hamlet into a watering-place.

"Kitty really don't know, Harold; I hardly ever go to Easthill-on-Sea. There may be half a dozen schools; but I hope not, for their proprietors' sakes, for I can't imagine that any one would send children there."

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