Thoughts For Old Timers.

We have before us a copy of the Nebraska Register, printed at "Rulo City", August 11, 1871, loaned us by Mrs. J. R. Wilhite, from which we have copied the following items, which we think will be of interest to some of our old residents:

"Sheriff Faulkner gave us a pleasant and agreeable call on Tuesday last.

Judge Dundy, of Falls City, was in the city on Tuesday last. He was the guest of W. D. Scott.

Some twenty car loads of wheat have been shipped from this point since harvest time. Thus far only three cars full have been shipped from Falls City, which are only straws, etc.

United States Marshal J. T. Holle yesterday arrested Benjamin May, a storekeeper in this town and escorted him to Omaha to answer to the charge of selling whiskey to the Indians.

Geo. P. Uhl, who went to Lincoln a few days since, to see to the injunction matter, returned on his way home today, after a futile trip, as Judge Mason had been bought up before Mr. Uhl arrived in Lincoln.

We have a specimen of wheat in this office which is the largest that we have ever seen anywhere. It was raised by Judge Wm. Vanlue, on his farm, some two and a half miles from this city. The average yield to the acre was forty-two bushels, which is probably more than any other field in the West.

The Nemaha Valley "Journal" is trying to soft-soap Hon. P. B. Miller of Arago, by calling him the "next County treasurer". Mr. Miller, though, knows as well as we do, that in case he should get the nomination for that office on the Republican ticket, Stretch would stick for Holt. Mr. Miller sees the point.

There is a report in the city that Jacob Jennewein, the leader of the Arago brass band, who hired himself on the steamer "Fontinelle", at Arago on Sunday last, on her down trip, was accidently drowned. There is some talk of foul play, the truth of which we cannot state.

The father, mother, brother and sister-in-law of Mr. Louis Phillips, of this city, were all on the ferryboat which exploded in New York on the 12th ult. The father and mother were killed instantly, and the brother and his wife are now in a critical condition. The latter had two of their children aboard, a boy and girl, who were killed instantly. Mr. Phillips will shortly start for the east. The people here sympathize deeply with Mr. Phillips in his sad bereavement.

Next week sometime the voters in every precinct in the county will have the opportunity of signing a petition, praying the County Commissioners to call an election for the removal of the county seat from its present location to that of Salem. A two-thirds of the signatures of the legal voters of the county is necessary for the success of the undertaking. Let every one sign it, so that the question will be settled to the satisfaction of all. If the people are determined to keep the county seat at Falls City we ought to know it in order that a respectable court house may be erected. It is a shame that the richest and best county in Nebraska should have the poorest public buildings. Let every body sign the petition as it will certainly be to their advantage to know what the feeling is.

Stretch thinks that Arago is the strongest point if the county seat should be moved, and concludes by saying the "Germans know it," The Germans know that their favorite man, Aug. J. Falsken, was removed from office by a set of Falls City thieves, because he was a "Dutchman" as they said. The Journal nor any of the rest of the small potatoes in Falls City can make the Germans believe that they have any friends in that town. The Germans will vote to move the county seat to Salem, and no flattery from dead-beat politicians will change their minds on that subject.

The Defendants in the injunction matter, petitioned Judge Mason to dissolve the injunction which had been sustained by the Probate Judge of our county. Lawyer Uhl, of Falls City, started for Lincoln on Monday last, but before he had arrived at Lincoln mother Mason had already dissolved it. Mr. Uhl appealed the matter to the Supreme Court of the State, and if the thieves ain't got enough money to buy up the court, the probabilities are that they have to pay for a building that the taxpayers did not want erected. With Mason in his present position we think it doubtful if the thieves will get their reward.

Mrs. S. Joyce, Claremont, N. H., writes, "About a year ago I bought two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy. It cured me of a severe case of kidney trouble of several years standing. It certainly is a grand, good medicine, and I heartily recommend it." Kerr's pharmacy.

Fall City is an island surrounded by water—has been so for nearly three weeks. It is a case of water everywhere and nothing else to drink for those who usually trade in the saloon town.—Hiawatha World.

Gossip.

The trouble with gossip is that nine-tenths of it is not true. It may be that when people do bad things, other people have a right to talk about them, but the trouble is that many victims of gossip are not guilty. There is so much danger of injustice in spreading gossip that most decent people have resolved not to do it. There is a rule in the best newspaper offices that sensational things should not be published until there is a shooting, or a case in court, and the rule would be a good one for general adoption. The best people don't talk gossip if they know it is true; it is a waste of time, and can only result in disgusting people with humanity in general. But to talk it indiscriminately is to aid malicious persons in injuring the innocent ones. The favorite weapon of malicious people is gossip; you aid them to punish deserving people by repeating their talk. A man or woman guilty of an offense is likely to accuse others of the same offense upon slight provocation. The people mostly given to gossip are usually guilty themselves. This rule very seldom fails. The cleanest and best people do the least gossiping. We do not believe in reveling in a scandalous story, but it is a crime to repeat gossip or hearsay, for the reason that you are apt to injure innocent people. Nearly every one has knowledge of scandalous stories that are untrue, but the stories are talked about with great vigor, in spite of the fact that they injure innocent people. This is worth remembering in every case of gossip: it may be untrue. The chances are nine to one that it is untrue. If people realized the harm gossip does innocent people they would quit it. Starting stories is the meanest weapon of the meanest people, and good people should not encourage them.—Hiawatha World.

An "Extra"

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

(Copyright.)

All the passengers in the rear sleeper had been killed, but as yet few bodies were identified. Only two or three names were given. A rough cut of a shattered, burning car, with "Terrible Wreck" in huge billboard letters took up half the page.

She never forgot how that page looked; at any time in her after life she could have reproduced it, even to the blurred lines under the heavy black type. The paper was fresh from the press, and the odor of printer's ink was ever afterward associated with that hour.

The newsboys were crying the extras on the street below, and now and then came the sound of a distant hand-organ.

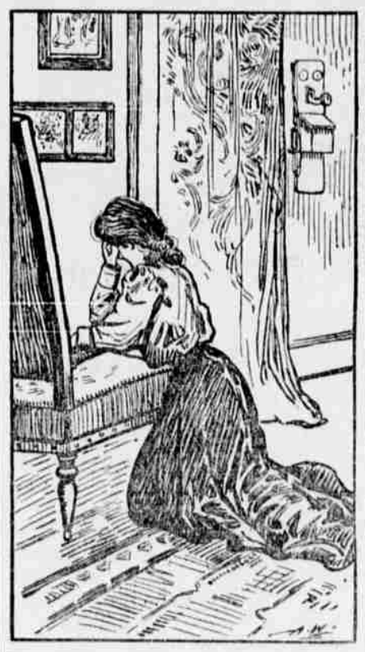
There were two other trains he might have taken—and this one. From the moment she had first glanced at the paper she felt with a fearful certainty that it had been this one.

And now all the unkindness and coldness and intolerance that she had ever felt for him was burning itself into her brain.

Only yesterday, her birthday, he had brought her a great box of roses. Awkwardly and clumsily as was his way, he had given them to her, and she had lain them aside with perfunctory thanks and an impatient disdain of his awkwardness.

And then she thought of the letter she had written her younger sister a few days before—"Mary Jack Craig if you want to. He is clever, brilliant, fascinating—and, after all, those are the things that count. He may be a scoundrel, a drunkard, a rake—oh, Madge, it doesn't much matter what he is—if only he isn't a fool! You can forgive a man you love everything but stupidity. That is the one hopeless, unpardonable thing. There is no wretchedness so great as that of a woman married to a man that she knows is a fool."

That she had not sent the letter gave her little comfort, for she had destroyed it through no sense of loy-



She Slipped Down on Her Knees Beside the Chair.

alty to him, but from the same instinct which prompts us to conceal our wounds.

The telephone bell in the hall rang out sharply. There was a little pause and then it rang again—a loud, impatient ring. But she did not move; she sat with clasped hands, her eyes staring vacantly toward the hall. They wanted to tell her of his death. She would not let them. She knew it already, she would not hear it put into words.

The bell rang again and yet again with angry persistency, and she listened with a curious sense of defiance. When at length it ceased she pictured them bringing him home to her—still and lifeless, and so piteously cold.

A sickening wave of remorse swept over her. Oh, that she might kneel beside him and kiss his hands—the hands at which in her heart she had so often sneered. What if they were large and thick and awkward—they were kindly, honest hands, and now, perhaps, they were burned and crushed beyond recognition. If she might only have a chance to atone, to make some restitution for all these years of coldness and indifference. And it had been worse than indifference, it had been derision and disdain, so thinly veiled that she could not but know how often and how deeply she had wounded him.

How relentless had been her cruelty! She who could never bear that any creature-thing should suffer, whose heart went out to every friendless dog, to every poor old dray horse—yet to this man, this kindly, simple man who loved her, she had been without pity.

She slipped down on her knees beside the chair. It was hardly a prayer—those half-formed, incoherent sentences that she murmured. It had been years since she had prayed; but now she was following the primitive instinct that is in us all—the seeking of some supreme power in the moment of greatest need.

A long time she knelt there, only vaguely conscious that the chair arm was pressing painfully against her cheek and that her nervous, trembling fingers were tearing the braid of the upholstery.

There was a loud closing of a door, and the sound of steps in the hall below. Slow, heavy steps—her husband's!

She stood up straight and still. The steps came nearer. Now they were on the stairs. Amid the whirl of emotions that swept over her, she was clearly conscious of but one thing—a desire to escape, to gain time. The reaction had been too sudden, she could not face it now. With a quick movement she thrust the paper behind the couch and threw herself down as though asleep.

The door opened. There was a moment's pause, then the gentle closing of the door and a careful tiptoeing across the room—the ponderous tiptoeing of a heavy man. Another pause, then a moving of things on the mantel, a search for cigars and matches, more tiptoeing and the creaking of a chair. And now she listened with curious expectancy for the striking of a match. But the silence was profound.

She looked up through half-closed lids. He was patiently holding the cigar, fearing to light it lest he waken her. The heavy, florid face, the awkward set of the shoulders, the great, ungainly figure—she closed her eyes with a sickening sense of faintness. It had all come back. That one swift glance had brought it all back—all the old impatience, the old intolerance, the old disdain. With all her strength she fought it, struggled fiercely against it. She tried to think of the things she had thought of as she knelt by the chair—his kindness, his patience, his never-failing tenderness. She tried to feel again the pity and remorse she had felt then. She lashed herself with reproaches and accusations. But even as she did it she knew it to be hopeless.

She sat up quickly—an involuntary movement, a physical protest at the intolerable pain of her thoughts.

And then her eyes fell on her husband. He was asleep—his head thrown back against the chair, his mouth half-open, and an expression almost of idiocy upon his face. She had never seen him look like that—not quite so repulsive at that. No—no—not loathing! She had never loathed him—it had only been disdain—not loathing. Oh, no—no—he must not look like that! She put her hands before her eyes. "John! John!" it was almost a shriek.

He started up. "Why, my dear, what it is?"

"Oh—I—I had such a frightful dream, and I awoke and saw you there—I was so frightened! I thought you were going to Albany."

"Dear, you had better lie down again, you are trembling so."

He came over by her and stroked her hand awkwardly. She drew it away, as though to arrange the pillow at her back.

"Don't you want this other pillow?"

She shook her head.

"No, I didn't go to Albany, we were very busy at the office, and fortunately I put it off. The 2:30 train, the one I would have taken, was wrecked just 40 miles out."

"Wrecked?" she repeated it dully.

"Yes—a horrible wreck. I was afraid you would see the extra and be frightened, so I tried to telephone you that I hadn't gone, but could get no answer. You must have been asleep."

"Yes—I must have been asleep."

He took a paper from his pocket and began reading her the headlines. Could she ever forget them—those headlines? The corners of her mouth twitched as she thought how glibly she could repeat them and how astonished he would be if she should.

He laid the paper aside. "It was a horrible wreck—the worst that road has ever had."

"Yes—it was horrible."

"I am glad you were asleep and did not see the extra. You might have been worried."

She smiled faintly, her eyes on the torn braid of the chair.

"Yes, I might have been worried."

Shelley's Edinburgh Home.

One of the two Edinburgh houses associated with the name of Shelley is in process of demolition. Though there is a little uncertainty as to Shelley's first house, the house in which or from which he was married to Harriet Westbrook in September, 1811, a correspondent thinks the evidence is almost conclusive in favor of 60 George street, the "handsome front parlor" in which Shelley spent his honeymoon being now a shop.

Of the second house, however, there is no uncertainty. He lived in it for nearly three months in the autumn of 1813, and addressed many letters from it, putting the fact beyond all doubt. They are headed "36 Frederick street," and this is the house which is now being pulled down to make room for large buildings.

Here Shelley, with Harriet and "the blue-eyed Tanthe," spent many happy days, and here also Shelley wrote his "Refutation of Deism," and became known as the author of "Queen Mab"—privately printed in the summer of 1813.

Money in Savings Banks.

According to the bureau of statistics in its Statistical Abstract of 1906, 91,273,881 thrifty people have $801,220,500 on deposit in the postal and other savings banks of the world. The accounts average $129.29 each, and represent $13.58 per capita of the total population (868,897,000) of the various countries. Some Asiatic countries are not included, notably China, whose financial affairs generally are not yet statistically available. In postal savings banks deposits alone the totals are 34,308,269 depositors and $1,790,886,058 deposits.