

THE FALLS CITY TRIBUNE

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Taft buttons and Taft clubs will soon be the order.

There are more prominent democrats in Falls City, who are opposed to Bryan in this campaign than ever before.

Can it be that it was this evil man James W. Guffey of Pennsylvania who furnished that stained glass window for Bryan's residence at Lincoln?

Is it not time for the News to pick from its rubbish heap the head line, "No question is ever settled until it is settled right," that it ran at the head of its paper so many, many months after 10 to 1 was shot to pieces?

One of the first things to be done by the next legislature is to repeal our absurd, unnecessary and expensive primary law. Both parties have gone off half cocked on this law and the first opportunity should be embraced to repeal it.

It is time for aspirants for political honors this fall to erect their political lightning rods, or for their friends to do it for them as all names must be filed not later than August first, or their names will not be printed on the primary ballots. The Republican party wants no partial ticket this fall. Let us have good men for every office.

We are sorry that our contemporary, the News, is so troubled about the course of the Tribune. If it would only shout for the News, uphold it in its course of vilification of Republicans and the general government and would stop to ask its advice as to how this paper should be run, no doubt the News would be much better pleased. We are not yet in need of its advice, neither do we fear its criticism.

Bryan denounced Sullivan of Illinois for his corruption, and since made friends with him. He gave James W. Guffey of Pennsylvania such a scolding for his many faults as but few men get from other public men, and said the Democrats of the old Keystone State re-elected Guffey as National committee man from Pennsylvania. He has not yet turned fourth his wrath upon a Democracy of New York. Will the News please tell us why?

What has been going on in the past four years, haven't you? Are you quite sure that you want a change? If the train were running smoothly and you were approaching your destination with reasonable dispatch, what would you think of the fellow who would advise pulling up a rail just to see what would happen?

The late Judge Parker of New York seems to have been the bad boy of the Denver convention. He had prepared a resolution eulogizing President Cleveland for his services in protecting the financial integrity of the nation. In as much as the convention was about to nominate a man whose most ardent friends would not accuse of having any sympathy with financial integrity, it proceeded to abuse Parker for his intended insult to Bryan. It certainly is going some when a party nominates a candidate with a record so vulnerable that such a resolution is considered an insult.

A DOLLAR SAVED IS A DOLLAR MADE!

No matter how large, no matter how small, bring your savings to this bank. We will furnish you with a pass-book in which every transaction will be recorded.

We pay 4 per cent interest on Time Certificates of deposit and 4 per cent on children's accounts.

Falls City State Bank

There is considerable agitation in favor of the opening up of Barada street, which would lead from the north part of town directly past the Park to the Missouri Pacific depot. It is only a question of time when this street will be opened up, and it will prove a great source of convenience to the public not only in going to the park during times of picnics, chautauqs, and times of other large gatherings, but it will open up a direct route to the M. P. Depot for the people from the north of this city. The present city administration is probably too busy with the construction of the new water and light system to undertake the work this year, but it is to be hoped that the matter will be taken up and pushed to completion before the close of another year.

George D. Carrington, Jr., of Auburn, Neb., is being very strongly urged by his friends for the nomination for State Superintendent of public schools. He is a resident of Nemaha County and has made a splendid record as county superintendent of schools of his county. He has great capacity for work, is well educated and has had many years of experience in school work. He is a pleasant man to meet and no one can help but like him after having once come in contact with him. The Republicans of Richardson County could not do better than to cast their vote for George D. Carrington, Jr., for State Superintendent at the primary election and later at the November election.

Every thing is shaping around nicely and it will now be but a short time until work will be begun in dead earnest upon the new system of water works and electric lights. The summer season is rapidly flying by and it is to be hoped that the new well may be completed, the new water mains laid, the new stand pipe erected and the new lighting plant completed, before the working season shall have gone by. There is much work to be done and the task is no small one for those who are in charge of the work.

The names of Taft and Sherman appeal to all men who believe in Republican principles. With such men at the head of the Republican ticket, the country is assured of a continuation of the Rooseveltian policies. Roosevelt's ideas were never more popular than they are to day, and the president has said that Taft is the one man in the entire country best qualified to carry out those ideas. Will you entrust the carrying out of those policies to the friends of the administration, or to its enemies?

THEN AND NOW.

Will the heaven born ratio of 10 to 1 get into the democratic platform?

Nay, nay! The democratic party under the leadership of Bryan is trying to forget it.

Will militarism rear its hideous head at Denver, and will the patriots again work overtime in telling of the ruin of our liberties to be accomplished by a standing army?

Well, not this year, brother. Will imperialism again seek

the destruction of our republic and the 4th of July be relegated to the shelf of has beens?

Not if William knows himself, and he thinks he does.

Will government ownership of railroads be pushed into the limelight as the latest member of the ever changing paramount issues?

Not as long as Bryan believes in the dead past burying it's dead.

Unkind as it may seem to thus refer to past indiscretions, we cannot refrain from reminding our readers that it is to the above that Bryan owes his present position both politically and financially. In all these things he and his party were wrong and the platform will acknowledge the error by its silence.

In all of these things the republican party was right and is proud to refer to the position it took.

Again does Bryan and his party appeal for votes that he may control and manage the affairs of government.

If he was wrong then, is he right now?

Wedding Rings

There are many persons who are unaware of the full significance of the wedding ring. In the early history of the race when warriors and rulers thought it degrading to know anything in writing, every great man owned a signet ring upon which was engraved some emblem peculiar to him alone. With his ring he put his stamp on edicts and documents. The giving of this ring to anyone was the sign of the greatest love and trust, and endowed a receiver with all the powers of the owner. Sometimes when men were absent or suffering from illness, they entrusted their rings to their wives, so that they might transact their business for them, and this custom continued until the ring became a symbol of wifehood. Gradually the ring lost its original signification of authority, and became more and more a token of affection. The romance began to weave poetic fancies about the symbol. It must be made from pure gold, the purest of metals, to signify the lasting devotion between husband and wife; it must be a perfect circle, the figure which was used by the ancients to denote eternity. It must be placed on the left hand to show that the wife was subject to the husband; and lastly it must be worn upon the third finger, because in olden times it was believed that a certain nerve led from that finger to the heart.

Notice.

SEALED BIDS, (MARKED BIDS FOR BONDS) will be received by the board of supervisors of Drainage District No. 1 of Richardson county, Nebraska, at their office in Falls City, Nebraska, up to 1 o'clock p. m., of August 1, 1908, for the sale of bonds numbered 1 to 20, each of the denomination of \$1,000, maturing \$10,000 each year from 1911 to 1917, being part of an issue of \$20,000 of the bonds of said drainage district, bearing five per cent semi-annual interest, issued for the purpose of construction of ditches, levees, etc.

All bids under former notice were rejected. It is hoped that many land owners will take advantage of the following provision of the drainage law: "Provided, however, that before said bonds are issued as aforesaid, any person, whose lands or property have been assessed for benefits by said district, may pay the total assessment against his property of any tract thereof and the property on which the assessments are so paid shall be released from the lien of said drainage assessment." It is not necessary to bid on the whole \$20,000. If you can buy one bond make a bid. These bonds are considered a good, safe investment and ought to be taken in this county.

DANIEL RILEY, Chairman, Dawson, Nebraska.

A RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS

By SUSAN B. ROBBINS

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There was a heavy frown on Matilda's face and her stern silence was ominous. Her brother and his two children felt her mood and ate breakfast quietly without speaking. All the sunshine and cheer of out-of-doors were shadowed by the clouds within. And though the woodland in view from the dining room windows was glorious in its tints of autumnal coloring, all within doors in the little home was as somber as an empty church.

"What is the use in living!" Matilda burst out at length. "And in such an old, dull place as this. I'd about as lief die. Why can't you sell the farm, Henry, and move into civilization?"

Henry's face wore a hunted look, but he spoke patiently. "I've told you a good many times. It would not bring near what it is worth, and besides, I can make a living on it; and you know I couldn't stand working in a factory."

"A living!" Matilda laughed scornfully. "A bare existence, I should call it. Yes, you needn't speak; I know we all have enough to eat and wear; but we don't live. We just get along from day to day. We never see anyone to speak to from week's end to week's end. I never heard of such a place."

"You must admit that you aren't very neighborly," Henry spoke mildly. "All the women about here have called on you and you haven't been to see any of them once."

"I don't like them. They are countrified and dowdy. The country is no place to live in, anyway. I could stand it in summer, but in winter it will seem like being buried alive. Now when I was earning money in the city I used to live, though I didn't know when I was well off. But there! what's the use to look back? I've got to stay here, and that's all there is about it."

Silence fell again, and when breakfast was finished Henry went out to his work. He stooped a little, and looked tired and worn.

It was the spring before that Henry's wife had died. Matilda was a bookkeeper in a factory at the time. The work was hard for her, and what



"I Don't Like Them."

with the headaches that had begun to trouble her, and the hot weather coming on, the outlook had been depressing. So it was with a feeling of relief that she gave up her position and went to keep house for her brother and his children. For a while, as long as the pleasant weather lasted, she had been contented. The work was not hard, and the change improved her health. She did not care for the neighbors, and held herself aloof. As fall came on she began to be discontented. Henry could not let her have as much money as she had been used to. She had a good deal of sewing to do for the children, and when they went to school she was lonely.

Things had gone from bad to worse till, as she expressed it, she was desperately blue all the time, and explosions like the one of this morning had come to be of frequent occurrence. She went about her morning work in a listless way. The children watched her furtively. The girl put on her things and went out of doors to play till school time. The boy, who was the elder, seemed restless and anxious. At length he spoke. "Aunt Matilda," he said, "is grandpa very poor?"

"No, not very," she answered shortly. "Why do you ask?"

"I was thinking," the boy hesitated and then went on desperately. "If papa should die, I thought Ethel and I could go to grandpa's to live. I knew you wouldn't want us. And then you could go back to the city and earn lots of money and have good times, as you used to."

Matilda gazed at him with dilated eyes. "Who's been talking to you about dying?" she asked sharply.

"Nobody; only the other night heard papa talking in his sleep, and he said he wished he was dead like mamma, and perhaps he would be pretty soon. He didn't know that I heard him, but I did, and I cried all the rest of the night."

Matilda said no more. She was shocked. She noticed the child's face, which looked pinched and worried and careworn.

All the forenoon she brooded over what he had said. Why should Henry

wish he could die? He wouldn't have talked about it in his sleep if he had not thought about it a good deal when he was awake. How unreasonable and ungrateful he was when she had given up all her own plans to come and take care of him. What had he to complain of? She was the one who might be justified in wishing to die.

When Henry came to dinner she looked at him with different eyes. She was surprised and a little frightened to see how ill he looked. He never was very strong, she knew, but he looked worse than usual, and there was such an expression of hopelessness on his face that her heart ached. He hardly spoke, even to the children, and when he did, his voice was as hopeless as his face.

While she was doing the dishes she thought busily. She remembered how the family used to be before Mary died. Henry was cheerful and talkative, the children happy and lively. What was the cause of the change? She tried to think that it was because of Mary's death, but her reason and conscience denied it, and at length she saw it was herself. "Oh," she cried, "I am the most miserable person in the world. I am no comfort to myself, and I make everyone about me unhappy."

She threw herself face down on the sofa and wept long and violently. When she sat up and wiped her eyes she set her lips with determination. "I'll change things, or perish in the attempt," she said aloud.

As she looked about the cheerless rooms and thought of all she must do and undo, a feeling of deep dejection settled over her. She had an intense longing for human sympathy and counsel; but who was there to whom she could turn for aid?

Suddenly she got up, and snatching a shawl and throwing it over her head, she ran out of the house and across the road. She would go and see Mrs. Preston. Henry had urged her to do so again and again.

She knocked at the door and a cheery voice bade her come in. She entered a room which, in spite of the old and dilapidated furniture, still had an air of sunshine and good cheer.

In a rocking-chair beside a table sat a very fat old lady. She did not rise when Matilda came in, but held out her hand and greeted her with a smile. Almost before she knew what she was doing, Matilda had poured out all her troubles to the old lady. She began to be comforted at once.

"But it is such a hopeless task," she said. "Where shall I begin?"

"You must begin with yourself," said Mrs. Preston. "If you feel happy and hopeful, why, the others will, too. You won't have to do anything else, and you don't know what a difference it will make. I've seen that you were making a mistake in keeping so much to yourself. You must go about and see the neighbors. You may not like all of them, but if you try to interest yourself in them you'll get to liking them a little. People are so dependent on each other, my dear. We can't get along alone. We've got to think about other people's joys and sorrows some, or we shall get morbid and miserable."

Matilda stayed much longer than she had intended, and her mind was so full of Mrs. Preston that she talked about her all through supper time.

"I told you you'd enjoy calling there," said Henry, triumphantly.

Suddenly Matilda bethought herself of what she must do to make her home pleasant. She looked at the faces about the table. Then she stared harder. Henry was looking quite cheerful, the children were chattering happily. Could it be possible that the charm had begun to work already?

Just then Henry looked at her, and their eyes met. In his there was an expression of newly awakened hope. She smiled at him a little tremulously.

In the weeks that followed Matilda called on all the neighbors. At the first there was a slight constraint, for her neglect of them had caused some feeling of resentment; but when it was found that she really had a desire to become acquainted, most of them forgave her freely. She did not find many who were entirely congenial—she had not expected it—but she found that there was not one with whom she could not sympathize. There was one young woman who was in the same state she had been in, and Matilda coaxed her out for walks and talked cheerfully to her, finally effecting a cure.

Matilda was still subject to occasional attacks of the blue devils; but she found that a brisk walk in the open air, or a chat with Mrs. Preston, would drive them away, and that when she returned, the trouble which had seemed so gigantic would be reduced to its proper size. In time she came to seem an actual necessity to the neighborhood.

People asked her how she kept so young and happy. "Do you want the recipe?" she would say. "Here it is: Do your duty, take good care of your health and be interested in everybody and everything."

She made such a cheerful, pleasant home that her brother and the children thought it the best place in all the world.

Has Studied Indians.

Mrs. Matilda C. Stevenson, of the bureau of ethnology at Washington, is recognized generally as the greatest authority on the Indians of the southwestern part of the United States. She is the widow of Col. James Stevenson, a pioneer explorer in that section, who, together with the late Maj. Powell, was responsible for the creation of the bureau of ethnology in 1879.

WHY HE WAS ANGRY

HAPPENING THAT SPOILED MR. JONES' ENJOYMENT.

Wife's Little Mistake in Poker Game Enriched Visitor, But Host Said Nothing, at Least Not Just Then.

The Joneses, Mr. and Mrs., went over to spend the evening with the Goitts the other evening, because people get tired of staying at home all the time and just listening to each other's palaver.

By and by Mr. Goitt suggested that they all draw up around Mrs. Goitt's little sewing table and have a nice friendly game of poker for an hour or so.

Everybody wanted to show that he or she was a sure enough sport, all rights!—and then one always has an idea at the beginning of a poker game that just as like as not he can make the evening profitable as well as merely pleasant.

Mrs. Goitt and Mrs. Jones were about even in their working knowledge of the great national game, and the men folks therefore backed them up cheerfully, assuming that they would break about even.

After a half hour or so of play the visitors took the lead, as the sporting editor might say. It was only a penny ante, five-cent limit game, but then people have been known to clean up a first-rate little bunch of pin money in even such a juvenile game as that, and Jones already had his chips stacked up into four cute little cylinders in front of him. Mrs. Jones would reach over and borrow ten chips or so now and again, and a momentary frown would flit over her husband's brow, but he didn't say anything.

By and by Jones took notice of the fact that Mrs. Jones was reaching over into his sub-treasury vaults and picking up chips half a stack at a time and putting them into the pot as fast as she could meet Mr. Goitt's bets and raise him back again.

Mr. Jones looked at her when he saw his hoard of chips disappearing, in a way that inquired plainly: "Are you sure you've got it on him?"

"Got a straight!" whispered Mrs. Jones when she found opportunity to whisper without being observed, and Jones gave her a look that said, "Go as far as you like," for straights had been pretty good that evening, and the pot, after the way it had been sweetened, looked worth while.

Finally Mr. Goitt called her. "All I've got is three ladies," he said in a tone of polite inquiry, laying down his hand.

"Well, I have a straight," gurgled Mrs. Jones. "See—queen, king, ace, deuce, tray!"

Mr. Jones gave her a look that told her something was amiss before anybody had time to say a word.

"Why, the ace comes after the king, doesn't it?" she inquired. "And doesn't the two-spot come after the ace, and the three-spot after the two-spot? I'd just like to know why that isn't a straight!"

Mr. Jones watched Mr. Goitt rake in the pot and didn't say anything—not just then.

Inexorable Chinese Justice.

Hsu Hsi-lin, a Chinese school-master, murdered a government official some months ago and was beheaded in consequence. The North China Daily News prints this item showing how Chinese justice is still pursuing the wrongdoer's family: "The governor of Anhui, Feng Hsu, has been trying to get hold of the wife of Hsu Hsi-lin, the assassin of the late En Min, who is studying in Japan, and has written to the Chinese minister at Tokyo asking him to extradite her and send her back to China. As the woman is charged with a political offense the Chinese minister has replied that he cannot do this and proposes that the Peking government approach the Tokyo government on the subject."

Edison's Advice to Boys.

"I should like every boy interested in electricity to hear what Thomas A. Edison once said to me when I was a boy working in his laboratories," writes Joseph H. Adams in the introduction to his "Harper's Electricity Book for Boys." "I often recall it when things do not go just right at first. I asked the great inventor one day if invention was not made up largely of inspiration. He looked at me quizzically for a moment, and then replied: 'My boy, I have little use for a man who works on inspiration. Invention is two parts inspiration and 98 per cent perspiration.'"

Origin of 'D'Oyley' Linen.

Few know the origin of the word 'D'Oyley'. In the reign of William I, Robert d'Oyley, a Norman knight, was granted an estate at Hook-Norton, which he held on the condition that on every feast of St. Michael he tendered to the king a linen tablecloth valued at three shillings. The ladies of the d'Oyley household embroidered these fine cloths, which were exclusively used at the royal table, and as they were very beautifully worked on the finest of linen they were called 'd'Oyley linen,' and so nowadays the name d'Oyley is applied as then for fine linen cloths.

A Legislative Paradox.

"The representative part of the British parliament is a practical paradox." "Why?" "Because it is a house of commons, and yet peerless among legislatures."