

VALENTINE. NEBRASKA

The man most willing to accept an encore is the one who is permitted to renew his note.

The financial outlook for next season is brighter than usual. Neither the De Reszkes nor Mine Calve will return next year.

Experts on insanity say that lunatics get along better when they work. Other people are also often benefited by that remedy.

The fate of that Ohio boy who "has a bark like a dog" is not so desperate as it might have been. Suppose he had a bark like an oak.

"What others say of you is ever so much better than what you say about yourself," remarks a New York advertising expert. That depends.

The New York World is reviving that old question, "Is marriage a failure?" Why not save time by sending a reporter to interview Lillian Russell?

A dispatch says that an Oklahoma man has been arrested for "having one wife too many." A great many respectable, law-abiding citizens have that.

Yvette Guibert explains to an interviewer that "at last she has found an ideal husband." This is too bad; a real one would have suited her much better.

"Owney," the postal tramp dog, has been killed again. This intelligent animal, from the special correspondent's standpoint, appears to be the legitimate successor of the air ship.

The Philadelphia Inquirer cites an instance of a man who "was struck by lightning and rendered unconscious in Pennsylvania over twenty years ago." Well, he'll probably stay in that State forever.

Year after year every large city in the country has a chrysanthemum show, and yet no one has discovered a way to utilize that cabbage-like blowout for slave purposes. Is Yankee genius decadent?

Some thoughtful genius down East has invented a "sanitary Bible" which may safely be kissed in court. What is needed, however, is some invention which will lead to a more general use of the old-fashioned Bible.

Several medical men in London claim to have discovered an instance in which a young man over there actually "thought himself to death." There is very little likelihood that the disease will become epidemic in London.

A Texas girl in a 50-cent shirt waist is undoubtedly one of the most attractive sights on the face of the earth.—Dallas News.

Always excepting one of our girls, of course, in any old kind of a shirt waist.

A New York wife has secured a divorce because her husband "kissed her in a cold and matter-of-fact manner." Gotham husbands henceforth who want to be on the safe side should boil their osculation as well as their drinking water.

It is often said that "troubles are friends in disguise;" but this can only be so when we know how to avail ourselves of their aid. When we do not know how to do so, it may easily happen that through the darkness in which they encompass us no ray of light can pierce, and out of the bitterness no sweetness can arise.

A Chicago judge has just compelled a man to pay alimony to his divorced wife's second husband. She got her decree and \$300 alimony, and two days later married the second man. When she died the alimony had not been paid, and the new husband, as her only heir, sued his predecessor for the unpaid alimony, and got it.

Words of cheer are words of help; words of gloom are words of harm. There is a bright side and a dark side to every phase of life and to every hour of time. If we speak of the bright side, we bring the brightness into prominence; if we speak of the dark side, we deepen its shadows. It is in our power to help or to hinder by a word any and every person with whom we come into contact.

Southern Forests Disappearing. In Georgia, Florida, Alabama and other Southern States the grand old forests of pine are rapidly disappearing. The destroyers seem to have no thought of the future. They make no steps to replace that which they take away. The influence of forests upon rainfall, moisture and seasons is pretty well understood. The point has about been reached at which it is necessary that something should be done to put a stop to forest destruction. If steps to that end are not taken it will not be a great while before this section will suffer a succession of droughts, floods and severe storms. There should be some way of preserving the forests for the general good. Our people are selling their birthright for a mess of pottage. It is well enough that lands should be cleared up for settlement, but millions of acres of forests are disappearing every year, and very little is coming in to compensate for the loss.—Savannah News.

Before the Emperor William can turn the hands of the clock of the centuries to suit himself he must smash all the printing presses, close all the universities, colleges and schools and put prohibitive tariffs not only upon knowledge but also upon commerce itself. For in every hold and in every freight ear there are the handy seeds of nine-

teenth century democracy. Clearly the time is at hand when the Emperor must either stop the German people from thinking or begin to think himself.

Ambrose Bierce, the California war horse, appears to have been foisted by some careless book reviewer, for he sweetly remarks that "the regulation bookwhacker is the amule, insulso, nuga- cious and heterodoxious fabrication of some celestial faultritarian who sleeping through the six days of creation, awoke to a sluggish activity on the seventh, grabbed the first gob of mud that came to hand, fashioned it into an amorphous Thing, and finding all existing beasts subject to Man bespoke for it a narrow dominion over the tardy mule." Now, will the critics be good!

A curious instance of the effect of a name on the prosperity of a town is reported from Florida. A place there known as Macos remained at a standstill and seemed to be practically dead until one day its name was changed to Trilby, and since that time its growth has been phenomenal. It will be a wanton waste of a valuable mascot, however, if this Florida town is allowed to monopolize the population giving resources of the new name. New York is striving by every means in its power to hold first place among American cities and happens also to be in need of a new name. Why not make arrangements to transfer this Florida name? Why not call New York "Trilby?"

The "new" clergymen are going too far. One of these in New Jersey has put a phonograph in his church and uses it to save himself from the trouble of praying, reading selections from the Bible and asking the divine blessing upon the congregation. He has dismissed the soloists of the choir and the congregation is now regarded by photographic reproductions of the voices of great singers in sacred music. Logically carried out, this would result in the dismissal of the preacher himself and the substitution of Edison's invention instead. Then the worshipers, at a nominal cost per month, could listen to the greatest clergymen of the world and would be relieved of the necessity of pound parties and other drains upon the purse.

The liquor license law of Pomona, Cal., raises saloon-keeping into something of a high art. Only two saloons are allowed and each proprietor is obliged to pay in advance a license fee of \$1,000 and put up a bond of \$5,000, to be forfeited if he fails to obey all the restrictions of the law. The saloons must front on the streets, must consist of only one room, and half of the front must be plain glass unobstructed by screens. Only one chair is allowed and that is for the bartender, who must be a personage of distinction. He is obliged to obtain the official approval of the City Council before he can accept the responsibilities of the position.

That would not mean much in Chicago, but in Pomona the Council sanction is a badge of respectability. There are many other minor restrictions which make it necessary for a man in search of a drink to pass a sort of civil service examination, while the dispenser is justified in assuming the dignified demeanor of a university alumnus.

The exposition which the people of Tennessee have created to commemorate the centennial anniversary of the State should be source of national as well as local pride. Those who have been familiar with all the great fairs which have been held in this country, place none but the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 ahead of the one now open in Nashville. The Philadelphia centennial and the expositions of New Orleans, Atlanta and San Francisco all stand second to this. The fact that President McKinley recognized the importance of the event, and journeyed from Washington with his cabinet and personal party indicates the national character of the fair. Buildings erected by many of the States of the Union and the splendid exhibits from all parts of the country are supplemented by surprisingly pretentious displays from foreign countries. So much for the quality of the fair. It is not failing of recognition. The people of the Southern and border States are flocking to Nashville in special trains over all lines. Northern visitors attend in large numbers and receive a cordial welcome. As to immediate finance, the directors take pride in the fact that within three weeks after the opening of the gates, while much was still incomplete, they began the payment of their debenture bonds, and there is every prospect that the close of the season will show a profit over all expense.

Next longest in point of service at the White House is Col. Crook. He says that title was not won in military service, and carries no strap with it, but that it came upon him gradually and he wears it because he can't seem to get rid of it, but then nobody wants to have him give it up, for it fits admirably. Col. Crook came to act as bodyguard for Mr. Lincoln late in November, 1864. He was a soldier in a Maryland regiment when detailed to the White House, and he found favor at once in the eyes of Mr. Lincoln, who seemed to have singled him out on many occasions. Col. Crook was drafted late in the war, and just a little over a month before the death of Mr. Lincoln, he wrote the following:

"My man Crook has been drafted. I cannot spare him. P. M. G. please fix. —A. LINCOLN.
"March 2, 1865."
Col. Crook did not have to be spared, for the man he had served with such tender devotion was taken. The man so valuable to Mr. Lincoln had been just as much worth to all the other administrations, and so "Col. William Crook" is borne upon the pay rolls of the White House now, exactly as he was thirty-three years ago, only his duties have increased and his responsibilities. He has filled nearly every desk in the office, and was for a time private secretary for President Grant. He is now the disbursing clerk, and has served under nine Presidents, two of them having been there two terms, Grant and Cleveland.

The slight military looking gentleman

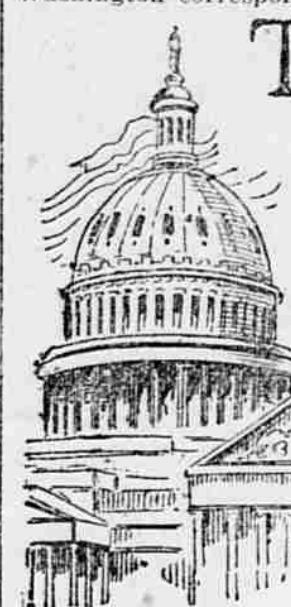
LONG IN THE SERVICE

FIVE OLD ATTACHES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

Employees Who Served Under Many Administrations—Presidents Come and Go, but These Good and Faithful Servants Remain.

White House Fixtures.

Washington correspondence:



THAT this world is not all a fleeting show is evidenced by several people at the White House in Washington, D. C. You meet one of them at the big door as you enter, and he is made known to you as Captain Thomas Pendel, chief doorkeeper.

You meet the second in the person of Col. William Dubois, chief usher. If you succeed in getting past

their vigilante eyes in the person of a

military looking gentleman who stands

guard over the cabinet room and the door

leading to the private part of the Presi-

dent's home. He is Major Loefler.

Up in that region you will also find Col. Pruden, the White House sphinx, and Col. Crook, the all-around generalissimo.

There are others, but these are the ones

who, like Tennyson's brook, go on for-

ever. Presidents come and go, children

who played at egg-rolling on the White

House lawns grow to men and women

and visit the White House with their

children, and there are greeted by the

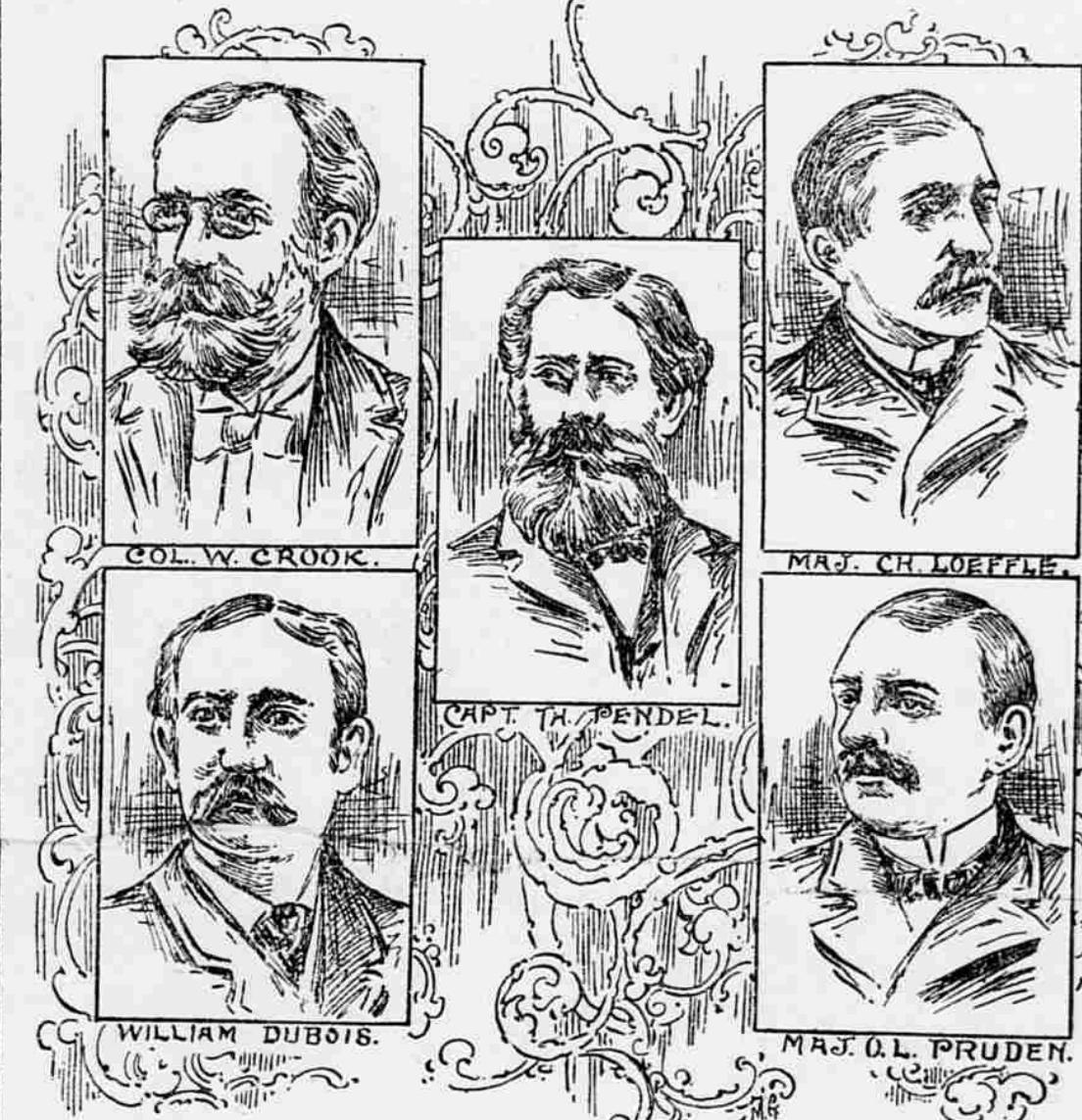
same kindly faces that were about them

in the long ago happy days. Whole genera-

tions of White House children have come

and gone, yet the faithful servitors of

their presidential progenitors are still



A GROUP OF OLD WHITE HOUSE ATTACHES.

there under the historic roof, caring for

the guest of the nation even as some

cared for the fathers and grandfathers

of those who come now.

Captain Pendel Is Senior.

The very oldest in point of service, and of years as well, is Capt. Thomas Pendel, who marks with a star in his memory the 3d day of November, 1864, when he was transferred from the Metropolitan police force, or rather was detailed, for special duty at the White House. Those were troublous days in Washington, and the tired, worried, harassed man who had taken upon his broad shoulders the awful burden of carrying a government through a civil war was facing a future that looked black, and his heart was heavy within him. Captain Pendel was a bricklayer by trade, and served his apprenticeship until he was 21. He was born on what was Analostan island, in 1824, and is now 73 years old. He does not look it, for his abundant hair is coal black, and only a little gray shows at the temples. His grandfather was in the revolutionary war, his father in the war of 1812, and he was himself in the marine service of the Mexican war. He does not know of a creature living to-day, outside of his immediate family, who bears his name. He is married and has several charming daughters, who played in youth with the White House children.

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FATAL TO MAN AND BEAST.

The Little Buffalo Gnats Already Have a String of Victims.

From many places come reports of a plague of buffalo gnats. Near Jeffersonville, Ind., a farmer named Price, while at work on his farm, was stung to death by a swarm that lit upon his face and hands. In western Oklahoma and parts of Texas adjoining several hundred head of horses, mules, and cattle have been killed.

THE BUFFALO GNAT. The gnats resemble small flies. They appear in the spring along the river regions and are carried into the country by north winds. Wherever they bite they cause burning itching. Soon a painful, hard swelling makes its appearance. It may remain for a week or longer. Many such bites close together produce severe inflammatory fever, and in more susceptible victims cramps.

Animals, when attacked by large numbers, grow frantic and seek to evade their tormentors by rolling in the dust, rushing about and whirling round and round. At times they are literally covered with the animated pests. The ears and nostrils are the chief points of attack. The former are filled clear to the tympanum with layer upon layer. An inflammatory fever, with a high pulse, soon sets in. The afflicted cattle soon die of cramps and convulsions. In the dead animal's skin of the entire body will be found covered with numerous minute ulcers.

with the snow-white hair and the keen

eyes who stands guard over the door to

the cabinet room, and also over that which

leads from the public to the private part

of the executive mansion, is Maj. Charles D. A. Loefler, who was born in Stuttgart, but who came to America and entered the regular army as a member of the Second Cavalry in 1858. He campaigned all over the Western frontier before the war, and what he does not know of hardship, hunger and thirst is scarcely worth printing.

The famous Custer was a cadet at West Point when Major Loefler was doing

outpost duty in Texas, and he saluted

Col. Robert E. Lee as commanding officer.

Attached though he was to his command,

he remained in the Union when Lee

went out, and was ordered to Washington,

where he became dispatch bearer and was trusted with many secrets between Lincoln and his generals. He acted

as messenger for Secretary Stanton, and finally became a messenger in the

White House, where for nearly a quarter

of a century he has watched cabinets

come and go, himself a fixture. He is

low-voiced and gentle as a woman, and it

is rarely you can get him to open the

storehouse of anecdotes that he is so rich

in. For many years all the callers upon

the President passed through the doors

which he guards. He knew all the statesmen and office holders in the country, all the military men, and all the dead beats.

He got so that he could turn down a man

so nicely he never knew it till he was

bowed outside of the corridor into the air.

He never made a mistake in letting a man

in to see the President, it is said, and in

that way made himself almost invaluable.

Another White House Fixture.

Gen. O. L. Pruden is another of the White House appurtenances which President McKinley has found checked over to him for nearly twenty-five years.

His office, that of chief executive clerk, comes next to that of the secretary to the

President in importance. Major Pruden

has been called "the administration

sphinx" ever since he assumed his duties

at the desk. He knows a great many

things and knows them very well, and he

is one of the birds who can sing, and