

Her Hired Bracelet

66 EIGHT and twenty years old today!" said Miss Mallandaine, with a shake of her yellow curls. "Dear me, I am really getting to be almost an old maid!"

"Oh, my love, what nonsense," said her mother, "as if you couldn't be married any day that you pleased!"

"But it's so hard to make up one's mind," said Miss Mallandaine.

At that moment Carter, her maid, tripped in.

"If you please, Miss Mary, here's a bunch of violets just come for you. And a card."

"Violets!" cried Mary, with brightening eyes and rosy lips apart. "My favorite flower! How kind of Captain Cleveland to remember my birthday!"

But in less than a minute back came Carter again.

"A parcel for Miss Mallandaine," cried she, breathlessly, "with Mr. Mildmay's card."

"Isn't it nice to have birthdays?" said Mary, laughing and coloring as she opened the little violet velvet case and saw an amethyst bracelet with the one word, "Mary," engraved on the inside. "But, oh, mamma, I can't take anything so expensive as this."

"You can't return it, my dear, without seeming rude," said comfortable Mrs. Mallandaine. "And it certainly is a gem, and quite puts the captain's violets in the shade."



TWO BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

"Nothing is so sweet as flowers, mamma," said she.

"But the violets could have been bought anywhere for 25 or 50 cents, my dear," said Mrs. Mallandaine. "And the bracelet must have cost \$100. Mr. Mildmay is very handsome and agreeable," continued Mrs. Mallandaine.

"But there is something about him that I don't quite like, mamma," he-stated Mary.

And long after her mother had left the room Mary Mallandaine sat with the two birthday gifts before her, looking first at the bunch of violets and then at the broad band of yellow gold in its satin-lined case.

The very next afternoon she met Lizzie Cleveland, the captain's shy little sister.

"Are you going to Lady Haughton's ball next week, Lizzie?" said she.

"I haven't got anything fit to go in," answered Lizzie, "and Frank can't afford me the money for a new dress. An old college companion of his has just died in great distress, and Frank has given all his money to assist the poor widow and children. Dear Frank is always doing such noble things."

When she came home she found a visitor—Mrs. Inglis—waiting for her.

"My dear," said Mrs. Inglis, "I really must show you the bargain I got yesterday at Levison's—a real jet necklace, set in gold, for \$12.50. Only look."

"It is beautiful," admitted Miss Mallandaine. "But isn't Levison—a pawnbroker?"

"The very reason I go there to buy things cheap," nodded Mrs. Inglis. "They do have things so reasonable at Levison's."

"Do they?" said Miss Mallandaine.

"And it's such a dreadfully convenient place, too," added Mrs. Inglis. "I was waiting in the dark end of the dear, mysterious old place, for the clasp of the necklace to be repaired—for, of course, I didn't care about being seen—and while I was there the handsomest young man you ever saw came in to hire a bracelet."

"To hire a bracelet?" repeated Mary Mallandaine in astonishment.

"Yes," nodded Mrs. Inglis. "Wasn't it a curious idea? To hire a bracelet for three months? There was a good deal of joking going on between him and old Levison, and I could hear him declare that he was going to be married to an heiress within the three months, and that this bracelet should be returned at the end of that time,

without fail, and he was to pay \$10 a month and assume all risks."

"How do you know?"

"Levison told me so after he had gone out. Levison was packing the bracelet in a velvet case to send away. I tried to make him tell me where it was going, but he wouldn't. But it was the sweetest thing you ever saw—Roman gold, with—"

Mary Mallandaine opened the drawer of her inlaid secretaire and took out an open velvet case, in which lay the amethyst bracelet.

"Was it anything like this?" said she.

"The very one!" cried Mrs. Inglis. "My dear child, how came you in possession of it?"

"Mr. Mildmay sent it to me yesterday," said Miss Mallandaine, quietly.

"It can't be possible that that young man was Mr. Mildmay!" cried Mrs. Inglis.

"It is most probable," said Miss Mallandaine, with a curious, cold smile.

"And—excuse me, dear—that you are the heiress that he is going to marry?"

"I am the heiress that he is not going to marry," said Miss Mallandaine, with the sparkle of angry tears in her eyes.

And Miss Mallandaine was married to Captain Cleveland after all, and the flowers she wore, with a tulle and white satin dress, were neither orange blossoms nor Jessamines, but simple violets.—London Evening News.

KINDLY ACT APPRECIATED.

Courtesy Shown a Poor Blind Colored Man in a Street Car.

People are so busy nowadays they have often not time to be polite, and a considerate act at once attracts attention. There was such an occurrence a few days ago in the Fourth avenue car.

Among the passengers was a blind negro. His clothes were the veriest rags and were held to his emaciated frame with pieces of wire and bits of string. A broom handle served as a cane. Over one shoulder was suspended a gunny sack, giving him the appearance of a cotton picker.

He continually picked at one hand with the fingers of the other, as though he were playing the banjo, humming softly to himself the while and patting his foot. As his face was wreathed in smiles—not a grin—all eyes were turned in his direction. Many of the passengers looked at him regretfully when the car reached Stanton street and he arose and made his way toward the door.

The hour was a busy one on the Bowery. People wondered whether the old man would reach the sidewalk in safety. A young man standing on the rear platform did more than wonder, however, for he alighted and guided the negro safely to the sidewalk. He then as rapidly as possible ran after the car, which was disappearing down the street.

Several of the passengers who had noticed the incident called on the conductor to stop the car, but as he did not do so one of them rang the bell violently, and the motorman reversed the lever and brought the car to a sudden stop.

As the young man climbed on the platform, says the New York Times, many smiles of approbation were cast in his direction. But he seemed to be almost ashamed of what he had done, and he pulled his hat down over his eyes and continued his ride in silence.

POVERTY AND MARRIAGE.

Long Engagements Not Conducive to Prosperity, According to Some.

All unconscious of the man in the next seat, two girls on a Germantown train the other morning were discussing engagements.

"I don't care what folks would say," remarked the one with red hair, "if I really loved a man and he was poor I would insist upon marrying him at once, rather than submit to a long engagement."

"That's the way I feel," said the girl with blue eyes. "The young man who stays single until he can save enough to get married on is up against it. At least, that's what my brother Jack says. He says that the trouble is that when a fellow is engaged to a girl he wants to show her a good time and the consequence is he never saves anything."

"Jack is right," said the girl with red hair, according to the Philadelphia Record. "I know a case that proves it. The girl has been engaged now for eight years. Her fiancé is in business in New York, but he comes over to visit her once a week. He comes over on Saturday afternoon and goes back on Monday morning. Saturday night he always takes her to the theater, and there's generally a supper afterward. I'm sure that makes a big hole in his salary every week. Now, I—"

But the train had pulled into the Reading terminal.

The Way of Life.

'Tis easy to dispose of debt,
But when, by squeeze and strain,
We extricate ourselves, you bet
We plunge right in again.

—Baltimore American.

Life is full of troubles, and we have noticed that the worst ones come before breakfast.

HOW HE SAVED \$500.

Conscientious Farmer Didn't Want to Cheat Him.

"Speaking of natural oil wells reminds me of a little circumstance," said the man from Toledo, with a sigh to finish off his words. "I was looking for a farm in Ohio a good many years ago and I finally found one to hit my fancy. I bargained for it at \$2,000 and realized that I had a good thing. It took a week for the farmer to get his abstract of title for my lawyer to examine it, and a day was appointed for passing the papers and paying over the cash. The farmer didn't show up on that day or the next, but on the third day he came in and said: 'I didn't mean to keep you waiting, but you have saved \$500 by it.' 'How do you mean?' I naturally asked. 'Well, three days ago when I was working out in the meadow I began to smell a strange odor. I looked all around and pretty soon I found that the little creek running through it was all covered with a nasty black stuff. I followed it up to the spring, and that spring was bubbling up something like tar. It was mighty greasy stuff and barrels of it floating down the creek and smelling clear to the house, and I knew you'd never take the farm with no such stench around.' 'And what then?' I whispered as I realized that the 'tar' was petroleum. 'I was going to send you word that I'd let you off on your bargain, as I don't want to cheat anybody, when a man comes along in a buggy and smells and sniffs and calls out: 'Hello, neighbor, what's this smell?' 'It's tar or soap grease,' says I. 'Where does it come from?' 'From a spring down here.' 'He got down and went to the spring with me and after looking and tasting and greasing his shoes he asks: 'What's your price for this farm?' 'I was asking \$2,000 and had it sold,' says I, 'but owing to this smell I'll take \$500 less.' 'He said he'd take it, and he got a lawyer and we finished up the business in half a day. That's why I didn't show up and that's how you've saved \$500.'"

"It was a natural oil well, of course," sighed the Toledo man, according to the Detroit Free Press, "and I may tell you that it yielded over half a million barrels of oil before it petered out. It was a big thing and a good thing, but don't try to console me. There are no words in the English language that can do it."

A Strong Combination.

I overheard a rather good story the other day in which Bishop Doane figures. The bishop was standing in front of a drug store on Washington avenue nearly opposite the capitol, talking to a well-known surgeon of this city and the proprietor of the drug store. Nearly in front of the drug store was an undertaker's wagon, which the owner had left there for a few moments while he went into a store to make a purchase. At this juncture, as the novelists say, along came a prominent Albanian who was well acquainted with the bishop, the surgeon and the druggist. He was about to stop and pass the time of day with the group, when he happened to be struck with the peculiar combination. Turning to the bishop, he said: "Doctor, druggist, priest and undertaker's wagon—that combination is a little too suggestive to suit me. I'll pass." And he passed along on his way, followed by the hearty laughter of the bishop and his friends.—Albany Press.

Outdoor Weddings in May and June.

It is a growing custom to celebrate country weddings, in May and June, out-of-doors. One of the prettiest of weddings took place last May in an orchard in full blossom, when nature seemed to have decked herself for a bridal. Garlands of foliage suspended from tree to tree marked off the aisle—those of white flowers indicating the place where the bride party was to stand. For a country wedding the invitations should give full information about trains, and carriages or carryalls be sent to convey the guests to and from the station.

After an hour given to their friends the bride and groom retire to dress for their journey, and the formal guests withdraw. The bridegroom awaits the bride at the foot of the staircase with the family and intimate friends. At her appearance she holds aloft her bridal bouquet and then throws it among the bridesmaids. The one to catch it will be the next bride—so say the Fates!—Ladies' Home Journal.

Carried Millions on His Back.

When Baron Rothschild was paying a visit to New York a reception was given him in a certain great house. The affair was in charge of Brown, the famous old Sexton of Grace Church. Another reception was being held the same evening in a house almost immediately opposite, which was also in charge of the Sexton. The Baron wished to attend the second affair, but the street was full of mud, the night was disagreeable and no carriage was at the curbstone. He could not walk across without soiling his boots and evening clothes, and for the moment he was in a predicament as to what he should do. But he was soon relieved of this dilemma. "I'll carry you across myself," said Brown jovially; "now, mount my shoulders," and, grasping him as if he had been a child, he carried the nobleman across on his back.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Pipe Smoked in Public.

The presence of the pipe in public in Paris is not anything like as marked as in England. The French still regard this mode of consuming tobacco as infra dig.

Independent Items

Excerpts From The Nebraska Independent, Lincoln, Nebraska, Made by Direction of the Populist State Central Committee.

Eric Johnson of the Saunders County New Era brings out the name of Jesse Gidley, of Sand Creek, as "very good material for a legislator for either senator or representative." Mr. Gidley is a democrat but Mr. Johnson says "that makes no difference with us, provided he is the right kind of a democrat."

E. A. Brown of the Loup City Times-Independent seconds the Custer County Beacon's motion to nominate Judge Homer M. Sullivan for congress and says "Judge Sullivan is a good campaigner and not only that, if elected would prove a hummer on the floor of the house."

The Red Cloud Nation is still energetic in booming Dr. Damore for governor.

John A. Barker of the Franklin Franklin Sentinel quotes the Free Press saying that "a doubt will insure the re-election this fall of Congressman Shallenberger." Mr. Barker says "the Free Press ventures far enough out of the virgin path of republican journalism to assert that Mr. Shallenberger has served his constituents well."

Edgar Howard in the Columbus Telegram quotes Gov. Savage as stating to the St. Joseph Gazette reporter not long since that "there are not ten men in the state of Nebraska but know where that \$181,000 went. But I am going to tell you. The Omaha National Bank got that money." Of course Millard's bank deposited the proceeds of the sale of that big warrant in the Omaha National Bank but he checked it out to a number of republican politicians in the state. It is probable that Millard got a good chunk of the money but it is hardly likely he got it all.

What can he mean? F. P. Compton of the Greeley Citizen says "The Ord Journal, North Loup Loyalist, Scotia Register, St. Paul Phunnyaf-Press and The Greeley Leader-Independent—five of a kind—a straight flush—six spot high—and the diard robbed."

The Dexter Enterprise says that the fight between Peter Youngers and Charley Sloan for the Fillmore County delegation to the republican congressional convention is just about as warm as political fights ever get in backward spring weather but the first warm days in June it will be sizzling." So far it appears that Youngers has 65 Fillmore County delegates and Sloan 55, and 54 are doubtful. Of course neither Sloan or Youngers stand any show for the nomination. The B. & M. has slated J. D. Pope for the place. And Pope will get it.

"One solid proof" of Meserve's innocence," says R. O. Adams in the Grand Island Democrat, "as declared by a republican judge in the angry play-by-one Ed Rosewater. Another proof to those who know him best is the spasm of virtue Ed Howard imagines has caught him it its cold, clammy clasp."

Horse Play

The State Board of Equalization must report not later than May 15th its action in assessing the railroads and telegraph lines in the state. Some time ago a reporter for the Chicago Chronicle sent an interesting story to his paper to the effect that Gov. Savage expects to insist upon a very material raise in railroad valuation. Later Gov. Savage denied that the Chronicle story was inspired by him. The leading republican papers of the state are now devoting anywhere from a quarter of a column up each day telling what Gov. Savage intends to do and the next day denying the statement printed the day before.

One day it is rumored that Treasurer Stuefer stands squarely by the Governor in his efforts to raise the railroad assessment and the next day close friends of Mr. Stuefer say that he will do quite the opposite at the show down. The fact is that no member of the board will have the nerve to make an attempt to raise the railroad valuation. Gov. Savage is simply indulging in a little horse play for the purpose of coercing the Elkhorn into bringing down a few delegates instructed for Savage. Whether the Elkhorn will submit to this coercion remains to be seen.

It is said that Joe Bartley called on Attorney Ben White of the Elkhorn at Omaha not long since and began to give White instructions as to what he should do in bringing some Savage delegations to the state convention. White promptly ordered him out of the office with the remark, "I don't talk to convicts."

THE REDEEMERS

Adopting Their Old Time Tactics of Misleading the People

The republican bureau of misinformation at the capitol is beginning its tactics of misleading the people of Nebraska regarding the cost of maintaining the state institutions. "Republicans Will Make a Remarkable Showing," is the way the State Journal tells the story in its headlines. It may be that they will—sometime in the dim and distant future, but they haven't made it yet.

Instead of making the comparison of the cost of maintaining these different institutions under republican administration as compared to the cost under fusion rule, they have attempted to show that certain of the institutions in one year have used a little less than one-half the amount the legislature appropriated for two years' expenses. Only ten of the thirteen penal and charitable institutions are shown in the table. The state penitentiary, Kearney Industrial school and the soldiers' home at Millard are not given in the roll of honor of institutions that have used less than one-half of their biennial appropriation in one year under republican government. Evidently these three institutions have used more than one-half in one year, and with the usual republican cowardice and dishonesty they are omitted from

the table. As a matter of fact the two years appropriation for the penitentiary was practically all used up before the end of the fiscal year. And doubtless a similar state of facts exists regarding the other two institutions.

But this table shows nothing at all except that the republicans have, during the first year, refrained from spending one-half of the amount the legislature permitted them to spend in two years. As a matter of fact the legislature of 1901 appropriated many thousand dollars more for current expenses than any other legislature ever did; and if these institutions have expended a little less than their quota for one year they have nevertheless expended much more than was one under fusion administration.

Taking the ten institutions given and comparing them with a year under fusion administration the following will appear:

| | Fusion. | Republican. |
|----------------------------------|-----------|--------------|
| S. S. Home, | | |
| Grand Island, \$ | 35,953.53 | \$ 47,042.14 |
| School for Blind, | | |
| Nebr. City | 22,530.99 | 17,310.36 |
| School for Deaf, | | |
| Omaha | 27,907.55 | 33,518.83 |
| Institution for "Feeble Minded," | | |
| Beatrice | 35,193.88 | 37,159.12 |
| Industrial Home, | | |
| Millard | 9,034.17 | 9,013.40 |
| Industrial School, | | |
| Geneva | 16,015.50 | 14,903.01 |
| Hospital Insane, | | |
| Norfolk | 46,894.73 | 40,728.07 |
| Hospital Insane, | | |
| Lincoln | 59,050.09 | 74,209.33 |
| Hospital Insane, | | |
| Hastings | 72,268.88 | 80,902.19 |
| Home for Friendless, | | |
| Lincoln | 8,037.71 | 14,119.37 |

Total

From this it will be seen that this boasted republican economy is simply a myth. The year under republican rule cost the taxpayers \$28,000 more than the fusion year compared with. It is not claimed that the comparison is fair in every particular because no figures are given showing the number of inmates in each of the institutions during the periods compared; but the republicans have uniformly declined to discuss this question from the records of the Governor's office, which shows the population of each institution, per capita cost for maintenance, and the total amount expended by semi-annual periods.

"Where are We at"

It is high time the people of Nebraska should begin to take their bearings, and in the forceful if not elegant language of the gifted Missourian inquirer, "Where are we at?"

For a good many years it has been painfully apparent that state regulation of railroad charges for transportation of freight is what the brilliant Ingalls characterized as "an iridescent dream." True the result in the maximum freight rate cases was a victory for the principle that the state has an undoubted right to prescribe maximum rates. But it was a barren victory after all. It was the ace of trumps—but the railroads held the "joker." The state might prescribe maximum rates, and might enforce them if they do not violate the Fourteenth amendment and take property "without due process of law." Of course any maximum rate law which does not suit the railroads will always be found to contravene the Fourteenth amendment. So thoughtful people have long since practically abandoned all hope of government regulation of freight rates, and the army of those who believe that the only ultimate solution of the question is public ownership is receiving recruits by the thousands, irrespective of party platforms. The populist party principles have outstripped the party in rapidity of growth.

But until very recently, however, those who despair of government regulation of charges, have cherished the idea that the state in one particular it least is supreme. That it has power to tax. This, too, seems to be only another "pipe" dream, if we are to believe that the Grosscup-Humphrey decision in the Chicago tax cases will be sustained in the supreme court of the United States. That sustained, and the states are powerless to do anything with the great public service corporations which they feel inclined to resist.

For years and years the railroads of Nebraska have been taxed on the basis of a percentage of the actual value of their rails, ties, rolling stock and other physical property. For 27 years the state constitution has declared that these roads shall pay taxes in proportion to the value of their property and FRANCHISES, the value to be ascertained in such manner as the legislature shall direct. The legislature has directed how values of various kinds of property shall be ascertained, but has neglected to lay down any rule for ascertaining the value of franchises. Section 23 purports to prescribe a method of taxing the capital stock of corporations, which, of course, is essentially wrong if the corporations pay taxes upon the value of their property and franchises. The capital stock and bonds of a corporation should not be taxed; but they should be considered in arriving at the value of the franchise. On the one hand, as liabilities of the corporation, stand the stocks and bonds; on the other, and exactly equal in value, stand the corporation's property and franchises—the corporation's resources. Deduct the value of the property from the value of the stocks and bonds, and the remainder represents the value of the franchise. It is true Judge Grosscup says this is unconstitutional, but in a different case Justice Brewer says it is right.

"Where are we at?" It is high time we were finding out. So far as

the railroad property is concerned, it is doubtless true that it has been taxed quite as heavily as other property as a rule. According to the lights they had, the laws they had to enforce, the fusion members of the state board of equalization undoubtedly did what they believed to be just. But the most valuable part of every railroad has always wholly escaped taxation—its franchise, its right to perform public service, to exercise the sovereign power of eminent domain, and to charge "all that the traffic will bear" for serving the public. A railroad must be valued as an entirety, not as a scrap heap of steel rails, ties, and rolling stock. Just as well value a house by computing the market price of bricks and mortar and nails and glass. What is its value as a house—not a scrap heap?

It will be the duty of every populist nominee for the legislature to study this question thoroughly and be prepared to work and vote intelligently for a law which will prescribe in no uncertain language definite rules for the guidance of the taxing power in doing its duty, and this regardless of any pretensions which may be made by the republican party to do something for the relief of the overburdened taxpayers. The men who are nominated must be true blue populists or democrats who have not been previously selected by J. H. Ager; men who have no corporation taints; yet men who will be fair to every interest.

The legislature of 1897, notwithstanding the many good things it did, did not approach the ideal which the people expected. It was too fearful of offending such men as George W. Hoekre. It was afraid somebody might start the cry of "radical," and it wanted to show that it could be "conservative."

The populist and democratic members of the legislature of 1903 must be men absolutely free from corporation leading strings. If the fusion nominees are not men of this kind they deserve ignominious defeat. If the legislature must be corporation ridden, let it be republican, for then the republican party will be responsible. Our members must be men of courage and integrity as well as a high order of intelligence.

The Tax on Bread

The graduate of journalism who does space writing on the local republican sheets undertakes to preach his readers a sermon on tariff tax. He says "the announcement of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach of a duty on grain and breadstuffs fills the old Cobden clubbers with consternation and they prate about the cruelty of a "tax on bread." Every tax is a tax on bread because it takes from you the stuff with which you buy your bread. It doesn't matter a hawbee on what the tax is nominally levied, whether it is on your income, on your chimney or on your poll, if you pay it, it is a tax on your bread buying potentiality. The wise minister does not so much consider by what particular levy the tax is raised as he does the mode of levying it that shall be the most equitable in the distribution of the burden and that shall entail the least expense in its collection."

So far this journalistic graduate has succeeded in opening his mouth one or twice without putting his foot in it. He continues: "A tariff impost possesses usually both these advantages together with the crafty recommendation that you are not looking on when it is collected and are saved unnecessary wear and tear of nerve." This is simply another way of making the statement that the object of indirect taxation is to get the greatest amount of feathers with the least squawking. There is no doubt that the tariff impost does produce more feathers with less squawking than almost any other system of taxation for the reason that no one can ever tell the precise amount actually contributed by any one person to the support of the government. The taxes are always paid to the government directly by persons who are authorized and expected to recover the amount from some one else with interest and a profit upon which the law places no limit. The consumer is really the final taxpayer and no one can tell how much of the money paid by him goes to the support of the government or how much goes into the private purses of individuals. A tariff impost is not only inequitable in the distribution of the burden, but it is always about the most expensive to collect. In many cases not more than one-tenth of the portion paid by the consumer reaches the government.

A tax on consumption must always be an inequitable tax because the necessary expenses of the very poor are relatively a hundred times as much as the necessary expenses of the very rich. Take the tariff on sugar. A family worth five thousand dollars will generally consume as much sugar as one worth one hundred thousand dollars or one worth ten millions.

The inequity of the tax on bread lies in the fact that the poor man must pay just as much as the rich one. Were the tax on their respective incomes it would, of course, in the final result be a tax on bread after all but the poor man's loaf would be taxed very much lower than that of the rich man. As it is, they are taxed alike.

Fusion Conventions

The populist and democratic executive committee met at the Lincoln hotel Wednesday night and selected Grand Island as the place for the next convention and the date June 24, 1902, at 3 o'clock P. M. The on portionment will be based on the vote for Governor Poynter in 1900, and the democratic on that given W. D. Oldham for attorney general. The official call will be published next week.

What is the matter with all the prominent republicans? They are constantly announcing that they will not be candidates for any office "this year." Judge Hamer was in the city last week and very emphatically made understood that the statement was for "this year." After the fusion forces get through with the republicans in the coming campaign, he will probably feel the same way next year.