PROMISED A LIVELY TIME

Mark Twain's Outline of Editorial Policy He Had Made Up His Mind to Adopt.

Mark Twain took the editorial chair on the Buffalo Express in August, 1869, and this is the paragraph in which he made the readers acquainted with his new responsibility: "I only wish to assure parties having a friendly interest in the prosperity of this journal that I am not going to hurt the paper deliberately and intentionally at any time. I am not going to introduce any startling reform or in any way attempt to make trouble. I am simply going to do my plain, unpretending duty-when I cannot get out of it. I shall work diligently and honestly and faithfully at all times and upon all occasions-when privation and want shall compel me to do so. In writing I shall confine myself to the truth, except when it is attended with inconvenience. I shall witheringly rebuke all forms of crime and misconduct, except when committed by the party inhabiting my own vest. I shall not make use of slang or vulgarity upon any occasion or in any circumstances and shall never use profanity except in discussing house rent and taxes. Indeed, upon second thought, I will not even then, for it is inelegant, un-Christian and degrading. I shall not often meddle with politics, because we have a political editor who is already excellent and only needs a term in the penitentiary to be perfect. I shall not write any poetry unless I conceive a spite against the subscribers."

Not Impregnable.

Horace Avory, K. C., just appointed a judge, is one of the mordant wits of the British bar. One day cross-examining a recalcitrant witness he asked:

"What are you?" "A retired gentleman," proudly as-

serted the ex-cheesemonger. "Well," snarled Avery, "when you

achieved the position of gentleman why did you retire from it?"

Worth Remembering. "One of the delegates to the convention of the Negro Business Men's

league in New York was worth \$4,000,000." "Here's a pointer for the colored brother."

"Let's have it." "That delegate didn't make his money shooting craps."

DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.

Seventeen Years the Standard.

Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.

Social Debts.

"She telephones me every day." "What is the reason of that." "I owe her a call and she is determined to collect it."

Truth, like cork, will be uppermost at one time or another, though kept down in the water.- Isaac Taylor.

Good for Sore Eyes,

for 100 years PETTIT'S EYE SALVE has positively cured eye diseases everywhere. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N.Y.

'Tis much to wound a foe; 'tis more to save him and to win a friend .- Eric Mackay.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces in
fammation, allays pain, cures wind coilc. 25c a bottle

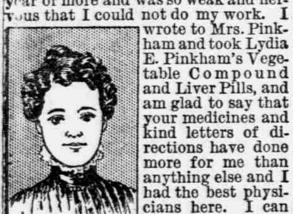
happy .- J. C. Snaith.

Your truly great are notoriously not

AFTER **DOCTORS**

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-ble Compound Cured Her

Knoxville, Iowa. - "I suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more and was so weak and ner-



E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and am glad to say that your medicines and kind letters of directions have done more for me than anything else and I had the best physi-

ham and took Lydia

cians here. I can do my work and rest well at night. I believe there is nothing like the Pinkham remedies."-Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R. F. D., No. 3,

Knoxville, Iowa. The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostra-

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it

not cure you? If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

-Zelda Dameron-

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER XX .- (Continued.) trusted Leighton with no such mes- she was entitled to." sage, for she was on telephonic terms with Zelda, and Morris Leighton was

rand boy. "Mrs. Copeland would never forgive me if I forgot," said Morris, wishing to prolong his moment at the door. "I shall come if I can," said Zelda

raising her voice slightly, so that her father might hear. "And I apologize again for disturbing. But I feared Mrs. Copeland's

"You are a faithful messenger, and formally; but when the door closed on him and she heard his step on the walk the tears sprang to her eyes in her joy at the thought that he had remem-

he was poring over his papers at the

"It was that Leighton fellow. I don't like him," said Dameron, sharply.

"I'm very sorry," said Zelda. "I don't like him," the old man repeated; and he did not raise his eyes, but kept them upon the papers.

"What dreadful liars we are, you and I, Ezra Dameron," she said, going back to her old post my the mantel. "You have used language to me that is infamous, blasphemous, from a child

to a father." "Very likely," she said; "but I can't discuss these things with you any fur

Leighton's appearance had broken the spell; it had given her new courage and assurance, though it had not lifted the burden from her heart. Her father was loath to part with her; there was the extension of the trusteeship to be effect; he was about to memories. make an appeal to her, throwing himself on her mercy, when she said, halfturning to go:

"You need not be afraid-I will sign your deed. And I have not the slightest idea of holding you to account for her eyes filled and her voice broke-"only you must never speak my moth-

er's name to me again!" "Yes; yes, I understand," he said, absently; though it was clear that he

did not know what she meant. She turned and looked at him musingly, with a composure that was complete; but a barrier in her heart broke down suddenly. "My girlhood, the beautiful ignor-

ance of life, has all gone now. It began to go as soon as I came home to live with you; but I wish-I wish-It had not gone-so wretchedly, so cruelly. Good night."

She spoke with difficulty, and he saw that she was deeply moved; and even after the rustle of her skirts had died away in the hall above he stood looking after her, and listening and wondering. Then he opened a bundle of papers containing his computations and over them in deep absorption.

"She will sign it; she will sign it," he repeated, though he did not raise his head.

He went in and closed the door, muttering, "The corn! The corn!"

CHAPTER XXI.

At midnight Leighton sat in the old house in Seminary Square debating the situation with Rodney Merriam.

"What we said to her this afternoon evidently failed to arouse her. She either doesn't understand, or she doesn't care."

"She understands perfectly," said Merriam; "but it's quite like her to wish to shield him. Her mother did his hand. it before her. It's a shame for the money to have gone so; but it was inevitable, and I'm glad it's over now."

Morris was silent. Rodney Merriam was growing old and the thought of it touched him deeply, for Rodney Merriam was his best friend, a comrade. an elder brother, who stood to him for manliness and courage, much as Carr | not fit--represented in his eyes scholarship and professional attainment.

"You never saw Zelda's mother?" asked Merriam, presently.

"Your father and my sister were once engaged to be married," said Merriam. "Your father was my intimate friend, Morris. We were boys together at college-it's your college and mine, too. I'm glad you went there. Your father would have liked it so. Some of the fellows who taught us. taught you. When you saw them you saw gentlemen and scholars. They gave up the chance of greater things to stay there among the elms and maples of the old campus.

"Your father moved here. He was an ambitious man. There was every politics. Then he met my sister. She ready been destroyed. was the youngest member of our family-only a girl at the end of the war. She was a very beautiful woman, Mordon't quite account for them. Her pened." mother was a quick-witted woman. well educated for her day. Zee is more a woman of the world than her moth-

er was and she has more spirit." tacles and studied it intently for a mo-

ment before handing it to Leighton. that they were to be married, though such words to me. We shall make the there was never any formal announce- | deed; no one need ever know that anvment. Your father meanwhile was es- thing has happened." tablishing himself. Then Margaret went East to visit a friend of hers. generous, Zee; but I was mad when I When I got back, a little later, I found asked you to re-create the trust last that it was all off between her and night. I am a bad man; I must face your father. The girl had never been my sins; I have lived a lying, evil life. away from home before, and the peo- I am a thief, worse than a thief." ple she visited put her through lively "My father can't be a thief," she paces. It was easy to admire her, and said. the admiration from strangers went "I am a thief-your uncle will see to her head. Mariona wass't very gay that I am punished. And it will be

in those days, and Margaret had miss-She knew that Mrs. Copeland had in- ed a good deal of the social life that

The old man paused, lost in thought, and Morris was glad of the silence. He of rather heroic proportions for an erwas trying to construct for himself the past-to see his father as Rodney Merriam had painted him, and to see, too Margaret Merriam as she had been when his father knew and loved her.

"There's no use going into it. She stopped writing to your father without any warning that she had changed. She was completely carried away with the excitement of her New York exwrath;" and Morris grinned rather periences. She was not ready to settle down yet a while, she told him. I supposed it would all come right, for I thank you very much," said Zelda, I had faith in her. She was a truehearted, gentle woman, but she was proud and headstrong; and your father had his pride, too. I don't blame him for taking it hard. He closed his office here and went back to Tippeca-When she went back to her father noe. I don't believe they ever saw each other again. I'm not afraid but that you will do what is right. You are the son of your father. I don't believe you take things as hard as he did. Don't do it. And don't remember what I have told you to-night. It's a queer story. And it hasn't any moral at all. Your father missed something out of his life-the fine ardor of his younger manhood, maybe. But he had your mother and he had you. It wasn't he that was punished."

He was silent a moment, and then blurted out:

"What does Zelda think of Pollock?" "I don't know!" Morris rose and walked the length of the room. "What does she think of you, then?"

demanded Marriam, looking directly at "I think she hates me," said Morris.

He turned and left the house abruptly, leaving the old man alone with his

CHAPTER XXII.

Ezra Dameron sat in the sittingroom as he always did, waiting for Zelda to come to breakfast; but as she stood upon the threshold, whence she any of your acts. Only-only"-and had often called her good-morning, he did not look up from the newspaper with his usual smile. She was touched by the pathos of his figure. He seemed older, more shrunken; his profile, as the early light gave it to her, was less hard. His lean cheeks had the touch of color they always wore in the morning from his careful shaving, and his long hair was brushed back with something more than its usual uncompromising smoothness. A certain primness and rigidity in him which had often vexed her, struck only her pity now.

> "Father!" He rose and turned toward her with a pathetic appeal in his eyes. "Good morning, Zee," he said. Hab-

it was strong in him and they usually went to breakfast as soon as she came down. He took a step now toward the dining-room.

"Father, I wish to speak to you a moment," she said, kindly; and he paused. "I am sorry for what happened last night. I was not quite myself; I said things that will always trouble me if you-unless you can forgive me. I was wrong-about everything. You must let me help, if I can

help you-in any way." He said nothing, but stared at her "What angered me was that you weren't quite frank, father. I didn't care about the money. It wasn't that -but if things haven't gone well with you, I wish to share the burden. No-I mean it-that I am sorry-let us be

quite good friends again." She went up to him quickly and took

"Father," she said. "Zee, my little girl-my little girl," he began brokenly, touching her cheeks with trembling hands.

"Yes, father," she said, wishing to help him. "I have been very wicked; I have led

a bad life. I must not harm you: I am "You are my father," she said, and touched his forehead with her lips. wondering at herself.

She led him to the table and talked to him brightly on irrelevant matters The situation was now in her own hands and she would not fail again She usually visited the kitchen after breakfast to make her list for the grocer; but this morning she went back to

the sitting-room with her father. The autumn morning was cool, and she bent and lighted the fire. "Now," she said, rising quickly and smiling at him, "there are those bothersome business matters that we were talking about last night. I wish to sign

He shook his head. "You can't do it, Zee." The deed had likelihood of his taking a high place at | been torn to pieces and thrown upon the bar; and he had, too, a taste for | the kindling in the grate-half had al-

that paper---

"That is probably just as well. shall make a new one," she said, in a matter-of-course tone. "I wish you ris. She and Zee are much alike; but would tell me, so that I may under-Zee has marked traits of her own. I stand, just what it is that has hap-

"It's a long story. I thought I should be able to make a great fortune for you. It was my greed-my greed. What I proposed about the deed was Merriam opened a drawer in his ta- purely selfish-to shield myself. It is bled and drew out a miniature paint- a grave matter-I have betrayed youed on porcelain. He put on his spec- I have betrayed your mother's trust. I have robbed you."

"I haven't been robbed father, and I "It was understood in the family don't intend that anybody shall use

"You are kind; you are more than

better so-if only I did not dres you down, smirch your name." Her strength-her readiness to meet

the situation grew as she saw his "How bad is it, father; have we anything left? Don't be afraid to tell me.

It's concealment you must avoid. If we haven't a thing-" Her tone reassured him; he lifted his

head with more courage. "This house-the place in the country-they are free. They are yours today. My investments"-he hesitated and blinked at the word-"they can not

come back to injure you." "Then this house and the farm are

still ours." "They are yours, not mine. I have wasted so much! It was a fortunenearly half a million dollars when I H. Flowers of Clebourne, Tex.: began throwing it away."

"I don't believe that's very much. When you haven't a million you'reyou're not in it!" and she laughed. 'The loss of anything else isn't worth crying over. And then, you might have made a great deal more out of

He flinched, knowing how culpable he was; but her generosity and kind-

ness were lifting his spirit. "I have given you an option on & piece of ground-you may know itout by the creek, and have received a thousand dollars on account of it. It may be binding on you. It grew out of my necessity. It is not fair for me sixth of one per cent for each person. to talk to you of these things at all. The Texas writer is declared to be out You should take advice of some one else-just as though there were no sort

of tie between us." "We are not going to do it that way," said Zelda, decisively. "We are going to understand this between ourselves. Now this strip of ground that anve on hand in the state treasury in has been practically sold. What is all funds the first of August was

there about that?" "The money should be returned, or offered to them. Balcomb was manag-

ing it--" "Mr. Jack Balcomb?-then of course it wasn't regular."

"It was my fault, Zee." "I don't believe it. He was contriving a pitfall—that is what might have Is \$225,280.64 in the general fund, but been expected of him. And he came to this is needed for current expenses. our house and pretended to be our friend!"

"Yes; he pretended that; but I pretended much more. Deceit is something that feeds on itself."

(To be continued.)

Comb Dries Hair Easily. Numerous devices for drying women's hair have been designed recently, the majority consisting of complicated

electrical fans or contrivances, which proved perfectly satisfactory in every way but entirely impractical in the ordinary home. Some simple arrangement, similar to the one recently devised, serves the purpose much better.

It consists of a comwhich in appearance closecurling irons. The comb is metallic and has a hollow back, fitting into which is the heating iron. The latter is in two place when slipped within the hollow back of the comb. In using this hair dryer the heating iron is held over a gas jet or other flame until hot and in-

serted into the comb. The heat is transmitted to the teeth of the comb, drying the hair as the comb is drawn through it. With this device the hair can be very quickly and easily dried at the same time as the necessary operation of combing the hair.

If Julia Sneezed.

Julia Marlowe once yielded to the insistent demands of an ambitious girl admirer who had deluged the actress with sweet notes begging an interview, and told her to call at the hotel on a certain afternoon, when she

would be glad to see her. "I saw you in Romeo and Juliet last Monday night," said the young woman, "and have just been insanely curious to ask you a question."

"Well, what is the question?" said

Miss Marlowe. "In the potion scene I want to know what you are thinking about when you lie there supposed to be in the

deep sleep from the effects of the drug you took." "I'm not thinking," said the actress; 'I'm hoping."

"Hoping?" "Yes, hoping that I won't sneeze."

Eagle Carried Trap 300 Miles. A few days ago an eagle was killed at the Ellison ranch near Edgewood in the upper part of Siskiyou county. On one of its feet was attached a No. 3 steel trap which had apparently been on the big bird's

talon about two weeks. It has just been learned that on November 22 an eagle got into a No. 3 steel trap belonging to N. Greenslate of Plymouth, Amador county, and carried the trap away with it. It s believed that the eagle killed at Edgewood, which is about 300 miles from Plymouth on an air line, is the same that escaped with Greenslate's trap about ten days before.

Lightning.

Although there is a hidden law underneath, each lightning flash is as freakish and capricious as cynics say of women. Some of the incredible actions of lightning read like mysterious dreams of Poe. Superstitious savants still seem to endow it with a kind of intelligence, an intelligence that seems midway between the rough, lumpish intelligence of the universe and the discriminating intelligence of animals. Keen, capricious, malicious or stupid, farseeing or blind, behold it squirming, writhing, twisting out into space, harmlessly flickering among man and trees, or loaded up to the clouds with instant death and destruction.

Women are like babies; they have to cry for nearly everything they want.



Asks Mr. Cowles for Money. The recent announcement that had Land Commissioner Cowles formulated rules and regulations whereby he would give away his salary is bearing fruit. Mr. Cowles has received the following letter from

"Dear Sir: Having learned you was giving away your money to unfortunates and cripples, please give me a few dollars. I am so needy and it will be appreciated very much if not but a few dollars if you can't give any more."

An inspection of the rules and regulations issued by Mr. Cowles discloses that he intended to give away only his annual salary as a state officer, which is \$2,000 a year, and that this is to be distributed only to Nebraskans, which would be one of the jurisdiction of Mr. Cowles.

State Treasurer's Report.

The monthly statement of State Treasurer Brian shows that the bal-\$785,552.90, and that it was \$649,260.93 at the close of the month. The re ceipts during the month were \$252, 367.31 and the disbursements \$388, 559.28. The treasurer reports \$11, 382.24 cash and cash items on hand and \$637,878.69 cash on deposit. There There is \$101,585 in the trust funds that is uninvested. The total of trust funds invested is \$8,733,910.69, of which all is in bonds except \$143,-214.39, which is invested in university fund warrants. Of the uninvested trust funds \$100,000 is required to pay for Douglas county

To Extradite Convict. Governor Shallenberger has asked the secretary of state at Washington to forward extradition papers to the government of Great Britain for the return of Ernest F. Wright of Red Willow county to the custody of Warden T. D. Smith of the penitentiary of Nebraska. It is alleged that Wright is in Toronto, Canada, where he is bined comb and hair dryer | under arrest for stealing a military rifle. He was sentenced there August ly resembles a pair of 15 for thirty days in jail. He was serving a five years sentence from Red Willow county and had served one year when Governor Shallenberger paroled him to August C. Wiehe of parts, forming a spring to hold it in McCook. Wright violated his parole and went to Toronto, where it is said he intended to be married. He was sentenced in Red Willow county for forging a check for \$19.95.

Stricken With Apoplexy.

John Lyon of Central City, clerk to the chief of concessionaries at the state fair, was stricken with apoplexy while at work at the grounds. He was hurriedly removed to the emergency hospital, but his condition was so critical that he was sent to a downtown hospital. He is reported to be in a very bad way. Mr. Lyon is a large, heavy set man, of apparently thirty-five years of age. He is well known in the state. He was an unsuccessful candidate in the recent primaries for the republican nomination of commissioner of public lands and buildings, being defeated by Commissioner Cowles.

To Be Sociable. Incorporation papers of The Ameri can Brotherhood, an organization of farmers living in the neighborhood of West Lincoln, for charitable, benevolent and social purposes, have been filed with the secretary of state. The incorporators of the society are J. J. McNeill, Jacob Stroheker and W. C. Haggerty. A similar society was organized at Emerald in the spring. The new organization claims a membership

of seventy to eighty.

New Referees in Bankruptcy. The new referees in bankruptcy have been appointed by the federal court for a term of two years dating from August 1. They are E. E. Spencer and E. C. Ames of Lincoln. Robert W. Sabin of Beatrice was appointed to succeed Fulton Jack, who had signified a desire to retire.

Governor Shallenberger has dis missed the complaints against A. L. Rains, county attorney of Jefferson county, and C. M. Hurlburt, mayor of Fairbury, both complaints being filed with a view to having these men ousted from office.

Governor Shallenberger has extradited Charles Brown, who is under ar rest at Omaha on the charge of deserting his wife at Des Moines, Ia.

Employes of the Rock Island railroad at Fairbury are circulating a petition asking that railroads be allowed to raise freight rates. The employes claim that this raise will not affect the cost of living and in turn allow the railroads to grant an increase in wages, which they cannot do under the present railroad legislation. The merchants of Fairbury and others are co-operating with the railroad men in signing the petition, and the same will be presented to the interstate commerce commission.

Makes the skin soft as velvet. Improves any complexion. Best shampoo made. Cures most

skin eruptions. Munyon's Hair Invigorator cures dandruff, tops hair from falling out, makes hair grow. If you have Dyspepsia, or any liver trouble, use Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills. They cure Billousness, Constipation and drive all impurities from the blood. — MUNYON'S HOMEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO.. Philadelphia, Pa.

RY MURINE EYE REMED For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and GRANULATED EYELIDS

Murine Doesn't Smart-Soothes Eye Pain Druggiets Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 Murine Eye Salve, in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00 EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL MurineEyeRemedyCo.,Chicago

DIDN'T "GET" THE QUOTATION

Boston Reporter, Unlike Most News paper Men, Was Unfamiliar With the Scriptures.

The "cub" reporter is the greenest reporter on the staff of a newspaper. When anything particularly stupid happens on the paper, he is the first to be accused, and he is usually rightly accused. The only salvation for him is to improve, which he does in nine cases out of a dozen. The Boston Journal told recently of an amusing "break" of a wholly innocent nature which a certain cub made. If it shows anything, it shows that a thorough training in the Bible is useful in other walks of life than the ministry.

The reporter had been sent to a suburb to report a sermon. He arrived late, near the close of the service, and took a seat near the door. When the last hymn was over, he asked his neighbor, an elderly gentleman: "What was the text of the sermon?"

"'Who Art Thou?'" replied the "Boston reporter," replied the other.

The man smiled. Subsequently he told the preacher, who next Sunday told the congregation—at the cub's expense.-Youth's Companion. "The Wish Is Father to the Thought."

Dr. Rebert L. Waggoner, the presi-

dent of Baldwin university, said, in

the course of an address on pedagogy at Berea, O .: "And one of the most remarkable changes in the last 30 years of teaching is the abolition of corporal punishment. A boy of this generation is never whipped. But a boy of the last

generation-well!" Dr. Waggoner smiled. "The boys of the last generation," he said, "must have believed that their instructors all had for motto:

taught.' " The Enemies. Apropos of the enmity, now happily

"The swish is father to the

Minneapolis and St. Paul, Senator Clapp said at a dinner in the former "I remember an address on careless

buried, that used to exist between

building that I once heard in Minney apolis. "'Why,' said the speaker in the course of this address, 'one inhabitant of St. Paul is killed by accident in the

streets every 48 hours.' "A bitter voice from the rear of the

hall interrupted: "'Well, it ain't enough,' it said." Just Like a Girl.

"Her cooking-school habits are a

"How now?" "She always wants me to taste the gasoline when the automobile isn't working right."

good deal of bother to me."

We reduce life to the pettiness of our daily living; we should exact our living to the grandeur of life.-Phillips Brooks.

PRESSED HARD. Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in a Southern state says: "My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach.

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum. I was so pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal; the whole family liked it so well that we discontinued coffee and used Postum

entirely. "I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using stum for a short time, she felt so

ach better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us.

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but in a more marked degree in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human