

NEBRASKA  
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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

**A Choice Selection of Interesting Items.**  
**THERE is one pauper in every thirty-seven inhabitants in England and Wales.**  
It is officially estimated that no fewer than 170,000 wolves are roaming at large in Prussia and that the inhabitants of the Volga last year killed no fewer than 49,000, and of the Casan district 21,000.

**JAMES HENRY, England's public executioner,** has written a work entitled, "The Men and Women I have Executed." We wonder if the book will have to take a "drop" like the men and women it portrays.  
**An Ironwood minister married a couple and baptized a baby, all under the same roof and during the same evening.** Just as he left the house he was called to preach a funeral sermon, thus running the gamut of his professional duties.

**SO FAR, no other government except that of France,** has given an order for the smokeless powder invented some time ago. Military men of the highest standing claim that the smoke of a battle-field saves hundreds of lives, and that smoke is as much to a battle as bugles and drums.

**A QUICK-FIRING gun, the invention of Mr. Thronson,** was tested recently at Finsping, in Sweden. The results showed that ten shots can be fired within twenty-five seconds, which is twenty-four shots a minute. All the shots were true, and hit the target within a space of nine inches long by six inches wide.

**A girl of only twelve was committed as a "confirmed drunkard"** to an industrial school in San Francisco a few years ago. Her mother stated that the girl would steal, beg or do almost anything to get liquor, and that she had been drinking for nearly a year. All attempts either to reform her or prevent her getting liquor has failed, it was stated.

**GEORGE T. ANSELL,** the Boston humanitarian, suggests drowning as the most painless disposition of kittens. He believes that putting kittens in an ordinary flower pot and then plunging it upside down in a pail or tub of water is about as humane a method as can be found. The air escapes through the hole in the bottom (or rather the top) of the flower pot, and it instantly fills with water.

**THREE nails of the true Cross** have been found in a very singular place, namely, in the ruins of the theaters at Zurich, Switzerland, which was burned down. They were in a little ivory casket of admirable workmanship, together with a manuscript on parchment, and were bricked up within a little cavity of the structure. It is presumed that these relics were hidden by monks during the reformation.

**DURING the American revolution** an English magazine published an estimate of the future population of the North American colonies. Placing the population then at 2,000,000, and assuming that it would double itself every twenty-five years, the writer estimated that in the year 1890 the number would have increased to 64,000,000. As a matter of fact, this is near the present estimated population of the United States.

**Among the Putes the mother-in-law** is appreciated. The married Pute always welcomes her with his broadest grin. The arrival of the mother-in-law gives him a double team, where before he had only one animal. He hails her appearance with delight, and piling a jack-load of wood upon her willing old back, sends her into town with his wife (similarly packed) to peddle out the fuel and bring back to him a supply of money for his favorite game of poker. The Pute father-in-law is of no use as a wood-packer, nor will he gather grass seeds or pine nuts.

**A SHORT time ago** the little town of Draught, Mass., granted a liquor license to a dealer named John Lendon. The town adjoins the city of Lowell, and the saloon was the only licensed place in Lowell or vicinity and drew its patronage from that city and seven surrounding towns, all of prohibitory predilections. Lendon paid \$8,000 for the license. He did a great business on the opening day, but the thirty mob, attracted by his saloon, created a reign of terror during the Saturday night he opened and the two days following. Popular sentiment compelled the closing of the saloon, and the selectmen of the town agreed to refund the license fee, Lendon on his part agreeing to reimburse the license.

**A MYSTERIOUS personage** called Louis Gaven died recently at Derezyny in Hungary. He is known to have taken a leading part in the Polish war of independence in 1830, and to have gone as a refugee to Hungary, where the late M. Gabrielle Lonyay employed him as a librarian. From this post he quickly rose to that of steward of the Lonyay estates, which are very large, and he became the intimate friend of his employer; but although he lived for half a century at Derezyny, he never revealed his true name nor stated what his former position had been. He was a great bibliophile, and devoted almost the whole of the fortune he had amassed to the forming of a library, which is said to be of great value.

**THREE miles across the bay** from Setabal, in Portugal, are the partially submerged ruins of a splendid city which seems to have been destroyed without leaving record of either its origin or fate. Old writings give no account of it, but make only chance references to a place called Cetabriga. The ancient and populous city, evidently brought to modern notice by a fisherman, stood on a strip of land

**CELEBRATING THE FOURTH.**  
An hour passed by. At home, Colonel Demarest supposed that his son, fully clothed, was at the table.  
Along their draping robes and hung from the walls of the library.  
There is a land long lost to me—  
The land of Utopia-to-be.  
A land enchanted—such as swarms from the poets of the Middle Ages.  
Along their draping robes and hung from the walls of the library.  
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**LOVE AND FIREWORKS.**  
BY T. B. ALDERSON.  
"HI! HI!  
Bang! Bang!  
Bang!"  
It was Fourth of July, and the little village of Fordham, in the state of New York, was in the midst of a general celebration. A general one, and a boisterous one, too, for two elderly gentlemen, standing one on the porch and the other in the garden near a quaint cottage at the edge of the town, seemed to be shouting and shouting in a most peculiar way. In fact, the man on the porch was dancing from foot to foot, while the man in the garden was shouting in a most peculiar way.

**THE UNLUCKY "ELEPHANT MAN."**  
Fathetic Story of an Awful Life of a London Freak.  
We can remember no invented tale that speaks so to the heart as one of the cruelty of life and the beauty of human compassion, as the true story, told by a man who was a witness to it, of a man who was a witness to it, of a man who was a witness to it.

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**HE LIVED IN BED.**  
But Was as Well as Anybody—Queer Case of a Physician.  
The death of Robert J. Wright at Easton on Saturday last will recall to mind a very peculiar man, says the Philadelphia Record. Deceased was a son of the late Joseph Wright, of tumbler-making fame, and founder of Wright's Institute, at Frankford. The country seat of the elder Wright was on Powdermill lane, near Frankford, where the son, Robert J., also resided, and for nearly twenty years was scarcely ever seen out of doors. He kept himself locked up in a room from which every ray of daylight was excluded. He also had a doctor to attend him regularly, although he had no ailment. He had a coach arranged by the room upon which he lay, and seldom it was that he was found upon his feet. The hallucination suffered from many years. The late Dr. William Guernsey, of Frankford, was for several years Wright's physician. One day he called upon the doctor, whom he found lying in bed, and said to him: "Mr. Wright, you could not walk if you wanted to, could you?" (Quick as a flash the sick man bounded out of bed and skipped several times around the room "like a rabbit" as Dr. Guernsey said in describing the scene one day—and when he jumped into bed again he said to the doctor: "I ain't there!")

**A SCHOOL GIRL'S GAME.**  
"Swaps" Is the Name Applied to a Gossip- Trading Scheme.  
"I'll do swaps with you," said the girl in the Washington Post; one of those demure, pink-checked bits of humanity, so child-like in their waywardness, that they are called "swaps" by the boys, and "swappers" by the girls. "I'll do swaps with you," said the girl in the Washington Post; one of those demure, pink-checked bits of humanity, so child-like in their waywardness, that they are called "swaps" by the boys, and "swappers" by the girls.

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In summer the warm weather is especially weakening and enervating, and the hot rays of the sun everywhere. The great benefit which people of this season derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla is a perfectly natural way all the weak part, and purifies the blood.  
**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
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The only and best for the cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Spinal Stiffness, Paralysis, and all other diseases of the spine and back. It is the only and best for the cure of all these diseases. It is the only and best for the cure of all these diseases.

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COMPLEXION POWDER  
Because it improves her looks and is the best for the complexion.  
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Because it improves her looks and is the best for the complexion.

**Ask Him! Who?**  
JONES OF BIRMGHAMTON, N. Y.  
What's the reason?  
"He Pays the Freight!"

**WANTED**  
SOMEONE TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE LATE...  
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**FAT & FOLKS**  
THE GREAT...  
Apply to J. B. Matheison, 109 Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

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Best Cough Remedy. Recommended by Physicians.  
Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.  
A lady in South Carolina writes:  
My labor was shorter and less painful than on two former occasions; physician's attendance was not needed. I feel much better. It is worth its weight in gold. Address the Broadfield Bk. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by druggists.