

Journal & Bee.

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Bee & Journal.

Two men were frozen to death in the recent storm at Bryan, Ohio.

The Knights of Labor general executive board decided one night last week to employ eminent lawyers to test the validity of the general bond issue.

The Fremont Tribune's Lincoln correspondent says that Robinson of Lancaster and McNitt of Webster, the youngest members of the state legislature, are two of the strongest debaters.

There are populists who think or seem to think it strange that republicans should agree with them in some things, and not agree with them in all.

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The working people of the United States have \$1,768,000,000 in savings banks, and the average interest realized on it is not 3 per cent.

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National Farmers' Alliance.

The Supreme Council of the National Farmers' Alliance in session at Raleigh, adopted a platform, some portions of which are worthy of note, and will be interesting to many of our readers.

The transportation plank, demanding the government ownership and control of the railroads is so modified as to demand that the government shall own and operate just enough of the competing lines of the country to effectually give the government full control of the freight rates.

Finance was a subject of considerable discussion and resulted in the adoption of a lengthy preamble and resolution. The preamble sets forth that "in a land of boundless resources, blessed in untold measure with heaven's bounties, the soil of the land is rich and fertile."

The resolution declares that, "while standing firmly by all of our alliance demands, we recognize that no other reform is possible until the destructive policy of contracting our money volume is overthrown, and the banks of the country are forced to retire from the government business."

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Fremont and Grand Island, for the city to pass these expenses of their volunteer firemen, and he thought it no more than right that this should be the case, as by such attendance, the volunteer firemen were better fitted for their duties, and while it was of some individual benefit, the main use was for the city.

He also presented the matter of rules. He had compiled rules and had them printed at an expense of \$7.00. If the council did not pay for them, the department he supposed would, and if they did not, he would have to bear the expense himself.

He suggested a fire-alarm system, the city to be divided into five districts numbered from one to five, two on each side of the track, and three on the north side, the taps for fire being from one to five, respectively.

There were some repairs to hose carts that the department felt ought to be made by the city—a committee could look after these.

Councilman Welch inquired if more new hose was wanted, and was answered "not at present."

On motion of Gray, the requests were referred to the committee on fire. When Mr. Killian referred to the prepayment with which the fire department had always turned out on call, especially the last two or three times, Councilman Gray poked a little fun at him by asking if that wasn't because he was chief.

Mr. Killian denied the soft impeachment. [It occurs to us to remark right here that there are many little side plays in the proceedings of public bodies that would be of considerable interest to citizens, and concerning these latter-named individuals (including the writer), it would not be out of the way if they would attend the sessions of the city and county legislatures a great deal oftener than they do.]

The committee on finance, to whom was referred the report of the city treasurer for January, reported that they found it correct, and recommended it be placed on file. Report adopted.

Then came the important work of the evening, and by far the most interesting, as well as unexpected, to the reporters present.

The discussion arose on the consideration of the report of the committee on judiciary, to whom had been referred Mayor Phillips' message with his proposed ordinance amending certain portions of the occupation tax.

In their report the committee, through Chairman Gray, said that after a careful examination of the same, and in considering what would be the revenue derived to the city from the present ordinance and tax levy to the full amount, estimating the expenses of the city, based upon the actual increase during the first nine months of the present fiscal year, the committee were unanimously of the opinion that the receipts would fall below the actual requirements of the city, and recommended that the Mayor's proposed ordinance be indefinitely postponed.

He reported the recommendation of the report by saying that he believed that the city should conduct its affairs on the same principles as a good business man aimed to do in private matters—meet obligations as they come due; not having warrants on the city treasury peddled around, but pay the cash for current expenses, the city could thus make better terms always.

He had a large interest payment to make on bonds the first day of May, and while some money would be coming in before that time, there would be no large sum to spare.

When Mayor Phillips suggested that the passage of the ordinance would not affect the amount in the treasury May 1st, he was promptly answered that next year would be like unto this or more so, or words to that effect.

The mayor was very earnest in advocating his proposed ordinance, presenting quite a long array of figures. He contended that in view of the fact that hard times are upon us every effort should be made to make burdens light; soon we would have to make a levy for creating a sinking fund for the payment of \$25,000 water bonds; that though bonds had been defeated a year ago, the strong probability was that we would have to vote them before long for a new issue, and as his estimate which he considered fair and reasonable of receipts under the proposed ordinance, would be sufficient to meeting the expense of an economical administration, he thought it was unjust to tax business more than it ought to be.

As we gathered from the discussion (and all members were present except Oehlrich) they were all opposed in toto to the mayor's ordinance first, because it laid a license on some businesses such as hotels, restaurants, dry-goods and some others, while it left it off general business and professional men.

Wells didn't see the propriety of taxing a drayman and not taxing Gray or Galley. Second, if there ought to be a reduction it should be made all around, equally on the lines of the present ordinance.

Welch thought we ought to avoid, if possible, paying interest on our warrants. Gray remarked that there was not likely to be any surplus with the law as it stands.

Galley was of the opinion that there would be several less saloons next year, and that would lessen the receipts considerably.

The report of the committee was adopted unanimously, which was followed by the adoption of the ordinance amendment as recommended by the committee, which did not change the amount of license as now rated.

Boettcher \$4.35; C. A. Speicy \$16.45; C. W. Stonerifer \$2.35; Henry Haguts \$27.89.

Wm. Becker, having paid an occupation tax to sell hay, entered a protest against the further allowance, by the authorities, of parties not licensed, to engage in the same business.

On suggestion it was ordered that the names of all doing business without the requisite license be placed upon the list.

An Old Settler Goes. The Madison Chronicle of Feb. 14 contains the following paragraph concerning the death of Benjamin Read, well known to many of our readers, both here and in Harrison county, Ohio, where he lived during some of the best years of his honest and useful life.

"News was brought to town yesterday of the death of Benjamin Read, which occurred Tuesday night at his home seven miles east of this city, in Stanton county, Ohio, nearly eighty years ago, and removed to Illinois in 1862. The immediate cause of his death was stone in the bladder, although he had been an invalid for the past two years and a half, and had not left the house for over a year.

Uncle Benny was a kind old man, generous and well hearted, and numbered his friends by acquaintances he had made. His aged wife, now 73 years of age, five daughters and one son, Mr. A. C. Read, survive him. The funeral services will be held at 1 o'clock by Rev. W. E. Kimball and the remains placed at rest in the (Clayton) cemetery of this city. May he rest in peace.

The Reporter contains this mention, additional to a biographical sketch. He leaves the following children: "A. C. Read, an attorney, formerly of Omaha but living now at home to care for his parents and take charge of the property; Miss Bettie Reed who for the past nine years was a teacher in the public schools at Omaha, but living at home now; Mrs. J. O. Time of Stanton county; Mrs. Wm. Snyder, Schuyler; Mrs. Martin Snyder, Dellwood, Ill.; Mrs. M. Hall, Larned, Kansas.

HEMP SEED TO LOAN!

I want to contract with farmers within hauling distance of Columbus to grow about a thousand acres of hemp. Will furnish seed and take pay out of crop grown. Have two kinds of seed; smallest variety will produce ten to fifteen bushels of seed and 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 tons straw per acre; other more straw and less seed. The hemp stands drouth better than any crop except alfalfa. Improves land almost as much as clover and can be grown twenty years in succession on same land. On good land plowed deep it made fair crop in 1894. For further information apply at my office at mill after 2 p. m.

M. J. JEROME, Columbus, Jan. 24, 1935. To California is a Tourist Trap. The Burlington Route's personally conducted excursions to the Pacific coast are just the thing for people of moderate means. Cheap—respectable—comfortable—expeditions. From Omaha and Lincoln every Tuesday. Through to Los Angeles and San Francisco without change. Experienced excursion managers and uniform Pullman porters in charge. Second class tickets accepted. Cars are carpeted and upholstered and have spring seats and backs, mattresses, blankets, curtains, pillows, towels, etc. Only \$5.00 for a double berth, wide enough and big enough for two. The route is over the "Scenic Line of the World," through Denver, Salt Lake City and Sacramento. All the wonderful scenic excursions to the Rocky Mountains are passed during the day. If you are going west you should arrange to join one of these excursions. They are the best and the very best of the coast. Information and advertising matter on application to the local agent or by addressing J. Francis, Gen'l. Pass. Agent, Omaha, Nebr. 1-Dee-5m

Less bills allowed Feb. 1, 35, not including bill of city treasurer for money advanced on bond. 542.45 Cash balance in hand of city treasurer \$ 31.94 He reported the recommendation of the report by saying that he believed that the city should conduct its affairs on the same principles as a good business man aimed to do in private matters—meet obligations as they come due; not having warrants on the city treasury peddled around, but pay the cash for current expenses, the city could thus make better terms always.

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The committee was given further time to report on cess-pools. Bills were allowed as follows: A.

was to go to San Francisco and stay with her mother and her father, if possible. There were to be no letters, no direct communication of any kind. But, if they were both of the same mind when Evelyn came back—and always supposing Follet was as now—then the Bishop would consider the whole matter afresh. They need not look for an unconditional consent even then. The very promise of reconsideration seemed to suggest conditional consent.

So Miss Methuen went down to San Francisco a month before Christmas, and the Bishop, in his human inconsistency granted her a long interview with Follet on the eve of her departure. Nor did Mr. Methuen's goodness and then or there; he was ridiculously slow to Follet from that time forth.

The very next day he made the young man fetch his trunks from the chaplain's house, where hitherto he had kept them, and he and his wife went forward at the lodge. Both were free, and it was the Bishop, of course, who had paid for those trunks and their contents, not as a present (so he said), but as an advance of salary. He was earnest, he was a member, and the young fellow was his old school-fellow's son. The young fellow, however, had amiable characteristics of his own. More than this, he was of real use to the Bishop, being, in spite of his young man's manner, more than the honest (but indigent) chaplain. A strong mutual affection came into being between the old man and the young one, and daily increased—an attachment apart from gratitude. Follet's gratitude was a thing by itself, something never to be forgotten in word, nor by any conscious look or act. Unconsciously he expressed it every day.

And these bonds were supplemented by one still stronger—that is, on Follet's side—the unimpaired bond of Evelyn's love. The man who had never in his life had the most casual connection, but Follet loved to think of the good old man as Evelyn's father. The bishop, on the contrary, hated to think of Follet as her lover. He knew Evelyn better than Evelyn knew herself.

The girl's letters were naturally mentioned when they arrived, though they never, of course, contained a message. The nearest the pair came to joining hands over Evelyn was, however, in the matter of her letters. It came when the Bishop was busy; it begged him to send her a certain book of poems, and when nobody could find the book the Bishop said, rather testily: "Write, like a good fellow, and tell her it isn't in the way with you, as you say, 'we're all right, but too busy.'"

The Bishop remembered what he was doing, yet he presently added: "Stay! If there's anything to interest her say it will be a letter from Evelyn, and I am very busy." Nor was the inconsistency merely human this time; the Bishop was curious to see what notice would be taken of Follet's letter. Would her next be nominally to Follet direct, in answer, "I don't think I am very busy?"

There was justifiable occasion for the former course; but Evelyn did not seize the occasion; she took no notice at all! Then the Bishop became vastly uneasy and wished with all his heart that he did not know his daughter so well.

This was not until the fifth month of Evelyn's absence, and her friends in San Francisco had been only too delighted to take her for the six; but long before that time the worse for it, the Bishop was upset by a telegram announcing that she was already on her way home. No reason, no explanatory hint was given. He who knew her so well was prepared for anything. It was not until the fourth day, when she did not arrive before the evening following the receipt of her telegram. In his perplexity the Bishop took the news straight to Sam Follet.

"That young man was now reading the contents of Evelyn's letter, and indeed he was reading for the church from early years; but he was a clergyman's son; he had disappointed and been sent to the West—to the dogs, in other words. But now Bishop Methuen was in communication with his rejoicing old schoolfellow, and the boy was to be congratulated. The Bishop, who had been busy reading in his bed-room. This was the first time he had intruded on him there. Follet was seated at a little table touching the wall; from a peg high over the table depended a surprising collection of old garments, crowns by a gray felt wideawake. They interested the Bishop in spite of his errand; he was glad, besides, to curve round to the point; so, as Follet turned round in his chair, he greeted him extemporarily: "Well, in the name of fortune are those things over your head, my dear boy?"

Follet thought a little, tilted his chair backward, eyed the queer garments and rather timidly answered: "They're my old bush toggs. I keep them there for a rainy day—that is, so that I shan't forget 'em."

He stuck. The Bishop hastily changed the subject by coming to his legs. In an instant Follet was on his feet, and he said: "You'll let me meet the coach, won't you?—Oh, I forgot! One of us has to go to Stratford Downs to-morrow."

"You must be the one to see Evelyn first," he added, in a reminding tone, "and become such as to necessitate a constant supply of watches; that from one of these he had broken away, jumping into the river and being drowned, as stated. This was all. The Bishop had been alone with it when Follet had sat night after night for nearly five months.

"Do not sit there, Evelyn." Dr. Methuen had found his voice, but to Evelyn it seemed a new voice. It was harsh, yet it quivered. She rose hastily, and he came such as to necessitate a constant supply of watches; that from one of these he had broken away, jumping into the river and being drowned, as stated. This was all. The Bishop had been alone with it when Follet had sat night after night for nearly five months.

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FEW would have recognized Dr. Methuen in the glance he cast at the recumbent diamond ring. He could have torn it from his daughter's finger and stamped upon it under her eyes. Wholesale, indeed! There was scant need to insist on that extenuating word.

That night the Bishop broke the blow; and Follet took it badly. Later, Miss Methuen had the strength of mind to insist on being himself; and from her he bore it even worse. Miss Methuen must have felt considerable contempt for his weakness. He looked faintly in the room while she reader else that night. The Bishop came to the door; no, in the morning. The Bishop came later; he was sobbing. Later still, however—much later—his breathing sounded easy and even. The Bishop looked at his wife, and his eyes lay down, after intercessory prayer; but early in the morning he went again to the door, and there was no more sound of breathing within. The wind came through the keyhole, no other breath reached the ear; a threat of sunlight marked the bottom of the door. It was a sudden frenzy the Bishop burst it open and stood panting in an empty room, his beard bisected by the draught between the open window and the broken door. The bush clothes had vanished from their peg; those of the reader's were neatly folded on the little table underneath.

The wholesale jeweler was for some time preoccupied by the exigencies of a thriving business. From following Evelyn up country. She had won his grand ring upward of a month, when, while driving with her father in the neighborhood of the river, she described a man lying on his face in the sun, with his hat off. Evelyn pointed with the finger of contempt to this self-evident case of drunkenness; and the Bishop also took characteristic action. He stopped the buggy, handed the reins to Evelyn and jumped out. The man lay flat on his back, which Bishop Methuen covered at the double. He found a fat stone, fixed it under the sleeper's forehead and fixed the wideawake as securely as possible over the back of his head and neck. Then he returned to the buggy, again running, and drove homeward at an unusual rate.

"Which of you?" Evelyn exclaimed. "Which of you?" asked her father, with a sarcasm he would never have employed toward her in former days. "That intoxicated wretch, of course."

Dr. Methuen lashed his horses. "Evelyn," said he between the strokes, "I profoundly wish that you would be less free with your contempt. There are worse sins than drunkenness, which is chiefly shocking. You should pray to avoid those sins—mark me, they are so much the worse for not looking so bad—and try yourself to be becomingly humble."

Evelyn, not unaturally, sulked during the remainder of that drive. She was too much offended to take notice of anything that he said. The Bishop had recognized him; he was unaware that the man was then in the recovering stage and that he had himself been recognized.

He scoured the country. Late in the evening, which was very dark, with a sandy wind, he rode slowly home, completely crestfallen. He bitterly upbraided himself for having spared Evelyn's feelings with a result infinitely more deplorable than any scene he could have created on his road. He had imagined the poor fellow to be incapable for hours to come. Leaving the horse with the groom, he was following round the picket fence to the front gate, as the night was so dark, when a figure rose from the ground at his very feet. Dr. Methuen had no time to draw back. Strong arms embraced him, a heart thumped thrice against his own, and then the Bishop was left standing alone, peering into the darkness and dust and listening to the dying beat of footsteps that should never overtake him.

And this was the last he saw of his old schoolfellow's son. Some few weeks later came the noted night when the wholesale jeweler was a stengah known to be on his way inland to cross the hand that exhibited his merely representative ring. On that night, the Bishop read in the Graziar of the violent death of Samuel Follet, by drowning, many miles higher up the river. It appeared that the young man's companion had become such as to necessitate a constant supply of watches; that from one of these he had broken away, jumping into the river and being drowned, as stated. This was all. The Bishop had been alone with it when Follet had sat night after night for nearly five months.

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