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CHANGE IN ADDRESS—When ordering a change in the address, subscribers should be sure to give their old as well as their new address.

It is about time to resolve upon some good resolutions for the coming year.

President Roosevelt has again assured the American people that he will not accept the nomination for the presidency. People who are in the habit of telling the truth themselves will believe him. Most of our democratic papers will not, of course.

The city of Boston, Mass., has had a democratic mayor for the last year. Last week it elected a republican mayor. Nearly every city in New England had an election last week, and nearly every one went republican and this is a panicky time, too. That doesn't look much like Bryan next year, does it?

For July 7, at Denver, Colorado, the democratic national convention is called. Denver really bought the convention and $100,000 was the price paid. It matters not that the location is not central for such a gathering, it cuts no figure that the hotel and hall accommendations are poor, the poor democratic committee wants the hundred thousand dollars, and we republicans of Nebraska do not kick. It is a foregone conclusion anyway that Bryan will be nominated, and the attendance compared with the republican national convention at Chicago will be like a funeral as compared with a state fair.

When we examine the election returns of the last presidential election and see that Roosevelt had a popular majority over Parker of over two and one-half million votes, and also notice that since that time every election has shown no material change in the political sentiment of this nation, we cannot doubt the result of the coming presidential election. Every northern state will again go republican, Kentucky, Missouri and Maryland will be in doubt, with the chances largely in favor of the republicans, and the balance of the southern states will go democratic. Another defeat for Bryan will not hurt him in the least—on the contrary, he will be in greater demand as a chautauqua orator, and that means gold and silver dollars in his pocket.

There is not a healthier city in Nebraska or in any other state than Columbus. It is true we have had more cases of contagious diseases than usual this season, but not a single fatal case. There has been three or four cases of diphtheria, but all have recovered and at present there is not a case of diphtheria in town. We have had a few families down with scarlet fever, but not one serious case and all on the road to recovery. We had an unusually large number of small pox cases, but not one fatal case. The number of patients is decreasing. Our authorities are enforcing the quarantine regulations and our people should and in most cases do assist them. The school board is frequently having every school building and every room thoroughly fumigated. We make these statements, not to hide anything, but to assure our people and our friends that all rumors about there being so much sickness here in Columbus are untrue or exaggerated.

The Union Pacific railroad company is by far the largest taxpayer in Platte county, it has by far the largest pay roll in Columbus, as Columbus and Platte county are directly interested in the success and prosperity of the company. On the other hand, Columbus is one of the best paying points on the Union Pacific road. The company has excellent paying branches running out of here, and it seems as though self interest if nothing else, would tell the management of the road to have better accomodations for their large patronage at this place. The round house of the company, for instance, is always filled with engines, and often as high as five or six standing outside. It takes but little knowledge of these things to know that engines should not be exposed to wind and weather, and that a larger round house would soon pay for itself. It is astonishing that a company handling the thousands passengers the Union Pacific does here, should have but one small waiting room, and attempt to crowd all the men, women and children into it, rain or shine, hot or cold weather. General Manager Mohler, in his letter to the railroad commission, says the depot is too small because Columbus people make it a loafing place. Mr. Mohler must be a total stranger to Columbus. No sane Columbus person goes to the depot waiting room if they can help it. It is always too crowded with waiting passengers and the atmosphere and surroundings are anything but inviting.

MILLIONS TO SAVE LIFE.

Splendid Record Made by the Union Pacific During the Past Year.

It is often charged that human life, in the present age, is held of little value. Whenever there is an accident in which lives are lost, sensationalists generally bring forward the argument that great employers of labor do not exercise the right care for the protection of life. The annual report of the Union Pacific Railway, shows among other interesting things, how great has been the effort made during the past year to reduce to the minimum the possibilities of accident and of the destruction of human life and personal injury incident to the operation of railways.

During the past year about $2,000,000 were expended in the installation of safety appliances, all for the purpose of reducing to the lowest possible degree the chance of accidents. That this expenditure has not been in vain is shown by the comparative report of the loss of life and of personal injury on account of accident. For the year ending June 30, 1907, the total number of employes killed on the Union Pacific System was 66, and injured 859, out of a total of 27,000 employes, and 95 per cent of the injuries were very slight. During the year 1906, 63 employes were killed. During the year ending June 30, 1907, there were but three passengers killed and 166 injured. In 1906 two passengers were killed and 135 injured. During 1907 those employed as postal clerks, express messengers, etc., one was killed and 39 injured, compared with 3 killed and 15 injured during 1906. Other persons who lost their lives during the past year through railroad accidents of the system number 35, with injuries to 45, against 46 killed and 73 injured in 1906. The total killed in all accidents for the year 1907 was 105. The total injured 1104, against 114 killed and 1983 injured in 1907.

When it was taken into consideration that the increased business handled by this company is indicated by increases of 2.66 per cent in tons of freight carried one mile and 12.87 per cent in the passengers carried one mile, 10.16 per cent in the total train mileage and 5.71 per cent in the total car mileage, the decrease in the loss of life is remarkable.

The principal train accidents during the year, include a collision between a running wild freight car and a freight train near Cheyenne on August 20, 1906, in which one engineer was killed, one fireman and one brakeman injured. This accident was due to failure to properly set the brakes in the Cheyenne yards.

On September 4, 1906, through defective track near Red Buttes, Wyoming, a passenger train was derailed. One trespasser beating his way over the line was killed and another trespasser and ten passengers injured.

On October 9, 1906, a passenger train was derailed by broken rail near Wamego, Kansas. One conductor and forty-six passengers were slightly injured.

On October 10, 1906, freight trains collided at Ridge, Wyoming, owing to overlooking of train orders. Two engineers, one fireman and one brakeman were killed and two firemen injured.

On December 3, 1906, one brake man was killed in a collision between freight trains near Point of Rocks, Wyoming.

On January 2, 1907, at Brule, Nebraska, two passenger trains collided, causing the death of one passenger and injury to seven passengers, four mail clerks and four employes. The cause of this accident was improper flagging and control of trains.

On March 25, 1907, through failure to observe signals, two freight trains collided at Gilmore, Nebraska. There were no persons injured.

On May 15, 1907, freight trains collided at Red Desert, Wyoming, due to carelessness of an engineer and causing slight injury to one engineer.

In all the above cases, employees responsible for the accidents were discharged, after careful inquiry made into the accidents by special boards of inquiry, which have been provided for during the past year, and which consist of officials of the road together with persons of prominence, integrity and reputation who may be selected to fill a place upon the board.

Carefully compiled statistics, the result of close inquiries, during the year, have supplied a basis upon which the management of the road are acting with a view of reducing accidents to the minimum. A system of tests was established three years ago for the trying out of the watchfulness of employees relative to the signal system. These tests are conducted on all divisions. A school of instruction, or a board of examiners passes over the system each six months drilling both new and old employees in the matter of transportation rules so that all may think, know and act uniformly in the performance of their respective duties. With an educational system and with the protective measures that are employed, it is more than likely that during the next year, there will be a still further decrease in the number of accidents, and in the loss of life and personal injuries on the Union Pacific.

USED POISON OF RATTLESNAKE.

Preparation That Made War Arrows of Cherokee Indians Deadly.

An old Cherokee Indian recently gave away the secret how the Indians of olden times used to poison their arrow heads for war purposes or for killing bears, according to the Denver Field and Farm. They took a fresh deer liver, fastened it to a long pole, and then went to certain places where they knew they would find rattlesnakes in abundance. About midday the rattlers are all out of their dens, coiled up in the cooking sun. The bucks would poke the first rattler they found with the liver on the long pole. A rattler, unlike common snakes, always shows fight in preference to escaping. The snake would thus repeatedly strike at the liver with its fangs until its poison was all used up, whereupon it would quit striking and try slowly to move on. The bucks would then hunt up another rattler and repeat the performance, keeping up the work until the liver was well soaked with snake poison. Then the pole was carried home and fastened somewhere in an upward position until the liver became as dry as a bone. The liver was then pounded to a fine powder and placed in a buckskin bag, to be used as needed for their arrows. This powder would stick like glue to any moistened surface and was death to any creature which it entered on arrows.

Troubles of an Amateur.

"I thought you had gone to raising bees," said the man from the city. "I don't see any signs of them around here." "I had half a dozen colonies of the finest bees I could get," answered the suburbanite, "and a whole library of literature on bee raising; but they swarmed one day, and while I was looking through my books to find out what was the proper thing to do when bees swarmed the blamed things flew away, and I've never seen 'em since."

CYNTHIA'S CAREER

By FLORENCE BRIGHT

That I am now engaged to Cynthia, and the happiest man in the world—bar none—I owe to a newspaper discussion. It happened in this wise: When I arrived as usual to spend the afternoon with Cynthia, I found her, to my great surprise, immersed in the paper. She never even troubled to open one as a rule. She was lying in the hammock, a great bush of crimson rhododendrons forming an appropriate background to her dainty blue gown. Her manner was distinctly distrait, and she replied at random to all I said.

"Paper very interesting?" I said at last, rather tartly. I had inquired after the health of her aunt, and Diogenes, the black poodle, and related my own small stock of happenings at the war office.

"Er—um—I beg your pardon. What did you say?" asked Cynthia, looking over the edge of the paper at me, and blinking her forget-me-not blue eyes absent-mindedly.

"How is The Hague conference going? Or perhaps it's the money market you're so absorbed in?" I said, dissembling my feelings, not very successfully. I had looked forward to the customary delightful afternoon with Cynthia, and without undue vanity it was annoying to be so overlooked.

"O, dear, no. But there's something really important in the paper today," and she nodded gravely at me.

"Indeed! You surprise me," I replied, dryly.

"Yes. But it is puzzling. I can't make up my mind. What do you think is the best career for women?"

"To sit in a hammock, wear their prettiest blue frock and make themselves agreeable to their friends," I said promptly, and a special emphasis on the last phrase.

"Oh! That's so like a man when you ask his advice. I see now what you are. You're just one of those men who want women to be dolls——"

"Well! Even that's a career—of sorts—isn't it?" I interjected. She flashed scorn at me, and I immediately regretted my flippancy. "But has anything happened? I don't understand," I hastened to add.

"Of course not. Men never do. Men never think that women want a career—some purpose in life—as well as themselves."

"Oh! well," I conceded, "some women—perhaps. But you—you are surely not thinking——"

"Of a career? But I certainly am. This discussion in the paper——"

"Oh! that's it," I interposed gloomily, beginning to see daylight in the thing.

"——Has been so illuminating—so realizing." She drew a deep breath, and looked far away over my head at the clouds. "I never thought before of the possibilities in life for women. Just think what it must be to a woman to be independent. To be a great doctor—a great writer—or—or——"

She stoped, enthusiasm seemed to choke her.

"Or—what?" I asked, rather brutally. Where did I come in, in all this? Cynthia's had not been the only revelation. "Yes. Or what? Go on," I said.

"I—I'm thinking," she announced, with a little pout.

"Or a great judge, or an engineer, or a statesman? There are so many careers open to women, aren't there?" I added sarcastically.

She at last admitted that their number was rather restricted—at present. "But they'll open up as time goes on," she concluded enthusiastically, and waved her hands in space, vaguely.

I permitted myself to smile in a superior manner.

"Oh! you're too tiresome for anything this afternoon," she cried, springing nimbly out of the hammock.

"I'm sorry," I said. "How can I make amends?"

"Go and get my sunshade out of the hall and tell them to bring tea out here." I hastened to do her bidding, and found her strolling in the shrubbery on my return. She called me to look at a robin's nest we had been watching for some time.

"You know," I said gravely, handing her the parasol, "I'm not sure. But I don't think that women who go in for great careers have men to fetch and carry for them."

"No?" She looked incredulous. "But why not?"

"Well, I scarcely know. But perhaps it's because they haven't got time for the—frivolities."

"Oh! But that would be horrid." She looked quite pained.

"What? Horrid? To be independent. Why, I thought you said just now——"

"Yes, but I didn't mean that sort of independence." She gave a little stamp of her foot. "I think men ought always to do things for women. Don't you?" She looked appealingly at me.

"Certainly. 'Tis the whole duty of man." I paused, then I said, "You propounded a conundrum to me just now."

"I did, sir." She looked at me archly.

"Well! I've guessed it, Cynthia." She did not resent my use of her Christian name—that was a good sign.

I drew a little closer to her. We were quite free from observation by the robin's nest—and stole my arm around her waist.

"If I tell you the best career for a woman, will you promise to adopt it?"

"How can I promise till I know—"

"It is marriage. Will you try it—with me?"

Superlatively Parliamentary.

"There's a motion before the house," says Mme. President, holding the gavel so that her rings came into the foreground. "What is your wish regarding it?" "Mme. President," begins the new member, rising with a flutter. "Mrs. Justine," recognizes the president. "I move that the motion be carried."—Chicago Evening Post.

A LACE HANDKERCHIEF

After seven days at sea we plunged into summer—the glorious blue, glowing summer of the subtropical Atlantic. Tiny white waves lapped the sides of the big ship all day, and now that evening was come, and the awnings rolled back for the sake of the air, pink, purple, orange and gold phosphorescence shimmered all about us.

The evening was too fair to spend beneath the glare of the electric lamps in the smoking rooms, so I remained on deck.

The deck was empty and the lights lowered everywhere, save in the smoking room, which glowered like a hugh jewel through the transparent night. The band had ceased playing. I mused idly and started, with eyes that say nothing, on the gleaming waves of opal fire that leaped in the wake of the ship.

Very gently I moved forward. The whole stern of the ship was bathed in the whiteness of the moon and looked as though snow had fallen on the dack and touched the taffrail with long lines of silver. Behind the ship the fiery seas heaved and plunged, and against all stood one figure.

I caught my breath as I first saw her—tall, svelte, exquisitely molded into a high, tight-fitting bodice of a black silk dress. Her face was toward the moon and the sea, but the lovely lines of her shoulders, that tapered to the waist and then spread again to the rounded hips, told me that I was looking upon no woman of the northern country.

The woman raised a hand and threw aside the wisp of gauze that had veiled her head, and in the white light her hair gleamed like the gold of the sun and I knew that I looked on a Creole girl. I forced all my will into my ardent eyes, hoping to make her turn, but only an elusive perfume floated about me and now and then the blue smoke of a cigarette hung about her like a misty cloud. I must find out who this gracious being was, this young thing that stood in the moonlight, with every supple muscle throbbing responsive to the movement of the ship.

I moved out of the shadow into the light; an absurdly small handkerchief lay on the deck. My lips parted to speak, but she was keener of sense than I, for she heard me and turned sharply around. "Oh! My handkerchief; thank you so much." She put out a hand as white and qink, as dimpled and soft as a roseleaf, and I so contrived that, as she took the handkerchief our fingers met through the filmy lace. "What a divine night," I murmured, foolishly, while my eyes devoured the oval of her face, the tangle of her golden hair, the ripe redness of her parted mouth

She drew a cigarette from a gold case that swung at her side.

"Let me give you a light," I cried, and then had the esctasy for one moment of seeing the smooth grain of her skin and the long curling lashes that veiled eyes which I guessed must be violet by daylight, but that now looked velvet blackness. She spoke but little while we stood there, but I was content to catch the lily perfume from her hair and note the slender lines of the round throat. "To-morrow," I ventured to say, as she tossed the burnt-out cigarette into the waves.

"Perhaps," she answered, and with a bow she left me.

For four days and nights of burning tropical splendor I watched for her coming as the ship plowed on into the heart of the sun and the glow of the heat. We were nearing the equator; the staterooms and cabins were unbearable. Part of the deck was arranged so that passengers could sleep in the open, but I never passed the night there or in the forepart of the vessel, while others sat for hours to catch the faint breeze made by the ship. I always waited on the spot where we had first met, and one night I found her there.

After that night of blue and silver, our evenings on deck were many, and the evenings grew to night, and found us standing or sitting in the shadows and looking at the round red moon that shone in the blue enameled sky like a golden guinea. We talked in whispers, and were too earnest ever to laugh, and told each other much of many things in the past and more of one thing in the future.

Thus many sunsets passed to dawn, when we kissed and parted many times, and stole quietly away to our cabins. Even thus was our last night on board, except that she did not sing, but wept bitterly as I kissed her for the last time, and said the future might be an awakening.

The next day I stood at the head of the gangway to see her land. The English went off first, still too thin, and still laughing; the massive southern women followed, rolling their vast bodies and flashing their fine eyes under absurd hats. I had hoped that she, my lady of the moon and of the phosphorescent seas, would have some message for me as she left the ship. But she never passed, and all that I learned of her was from a note found in her cabin inclosing this tiny bit of lace and lawn, still wet with her tears, and saying that if she landed she would be claimed by a man she could never love, and there would come an end of our delight. The lace and lawn are a little yellow, the tears are dry, the perfume has passed, but one corner keeps the embroidered name, "Carita."

First Idea of the Telegraph.

Long before Prof. S. F. B. Morse had perfected his great invention the word "telegraph" was used for a sort of semaphore. In the French revolution a "telegraph," assisted by telescopes, was devised to carry news over immense distances. Forty years before this time, however, there was published the first detailed scheme for communication by means of electricity. It is outlined in a letter to the Scots magazine, written February 1, 1753, from Renfrew and signed "C. M." This suggestion was to transmit a "charge from the conductor of an electrical machine at the sending station along an insulated wire to the receiving machine, the presence of the charge being indicated by the behavior of a light pith ball or the passage of a spark." Each letter of the alphabet was to have a separate wire, so that any word might be spelled out and any message sent.

"Time, the Great Healer."

A doctor who had treated a patient for a long time without giving relief finally wrote to him that he could do no more, and that tempus edax rerum was the only remedy. The patient immediately went to a drug store and applied for the remedy. The druggist gave him a bottle of some kind of mixture and charged him a large sum for it. After the patient had taken the compound for some time he met his doctor and thanked him for the wonderful prescription, which had cured him. The druggist's trick was discovered and the patient sued him for the money spent on the bogus medicine.