THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1890-TWENTY PAGES.

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OCTOBER WOODS. A. B. Robinson in Chicago Tribune. October woods ! where late the green Of summer's livery was seen, The Frost King laid his fingers cold, And lo? a thousand hues unfold

That vie with rainbow's mingled sheen. The maple stands like Orient Queen Among the cake of somber mien, And indens tint with yellow gold

October woods. The sun looks down with eyes serene Upon the dark earth's gorgeous screen, Wherron is writ in manifold The barsh threat of the winter bold To seize upon your bright demesne, October woods !

FOR ISOBEL.

By Maurice Thompson.

Not long since, it was while yet the public excitement ran high in connection with discoveries made when the old Bauderet house on Bourbon street, New Drleans, was torn down, I was told the story of Augustin Verot.

It was in the year of 1839, that this young man, rich, gifted and handsome, came to New Orleans to spend a winter with Charles Marot Bauderet, whose acqualntance he had formed in Paris. The two men were of the same age, and their tastes were similar. Verot had had been captured by Bauderet's wit, learning and subtile personal charm. In turn, Bauderet's imagination was touched into singular activity and his sympathies borne away by Verot's magnetic genius.

It is rare indeed two young men, poets both, find such an overmastering mutual interest flowing between them. Their friendship became at once a pastion.

When Bauderet left Paris after a yenr's sojourn there, he exacted a prom-ise from his new friend that he should come to New Orleans and spend some months with him. Thus it came about that early in the autumn of 1839, Verot arrived, after a pleasant voyage, and took up his abode in the Bauderet mansion on Bourbon street.

Charles Marot Bauderet, as some of my readers will remember, was a bach-elor orphan, occupying the large, silent old house all alone, save that he was surrounded with many faithful slaves. The house was a low, far-spreading,

gloomy, brick structure, whose immense y thick walls and small windows gave it a jail-like appearance. Vines clam-bered over it from base to roof, and it was embowered in dusky trees, Sur-rounding it was a high brick wall topped with a picketing of iron. The gates were massive, and closed with huge spring locks that could be opened only from within. They were attended by statuesque keepers as black as night.

Bauderet was descended from a family of buccaneers. His wealth was the result of ancestral piracy, murder and rapine. In the young man's blood burned the taint of unbridled passion, and in his brain a lawless imagination held high carousal. His poems were, like those of Poe, Band Jaire and Villon, * suffused with something that suggested madness; but the young man showed no signs of an unsound mind. On the contrary, he was brilliantly, fascinatingly same and logical in hisconversation. He went little into society, and entertained scarcely at all, in the general meaning of the word. A few friends, rarely more than one at a time, were admitted through his portentious looking gates and into his luxurlous twilight parlors and dusk-dim library. He was a connoisseur of wines, cigars and old books; he smoked almost incessantly, rarely drank to ex-cess, read mediaval poetry, and in his conversation was much given to advancing preposterously romantic theories touching almost all the relations of life. When Verot arrived Bauderet met him at the wharf with every outward show of irrepressible delight; but the young Parisian at once felt that some great change had taken place in his At first he was inclined to fear that Bauderet was not sincere in his expressions of affectionate joy over his arrival; but soon enough the mystery was adequately explained. Bauderet was in love. His whole nature was ab-sorbed in the new passion. Mademoiselle Des Champs was the daughter of a retired planter whose home was but a few steps from Bauder-et's gate. Recently the poet had met To meet her was to love her, and now he could find room for no other, thought. Isobel Des Champs was the subject of his most eloquent conversation, his strangely melodious poetry, his curiously brilliant sketches in watercolors. Verot found Bauderet's house a very palace of enchantment; so vague and yet so effective were the impressions made by its rich tapestey, its massive mahog-any furniture, its dim vistas of books and pictures and its solemn silence. The young patrician Frenchman had been accustomed to old houses, but here, in this city of the new world, his creole friend had given him the freedom of one that seemed filled with an antiquity far greater than the Roman buildings of France could boast of-even the most ruined in old Provence. Bauderet was anxious to have Verot see Isobel Des Champs; and, of course, the young visitor, especially after Bauderet's eloquent descriptions, felt guite willing to meet the beautiful girl. it up. Nor was he in the least disappointed when he saw her; indeed, her loveliness so far surpassed expectation, so dwarfed all former visions of maid only attractive ness, that Verot was struck to the heart by her first glance. If Isobel captivated Verot, it was not a loss of love at first sight, for the hand-some Parisian did not fail to impress her imagination in turn. From the moment of their first meeting they were ardent lovers, as everybody could plainly see, save only Bauderet. So lost in the infatuation of absolute devotion was he that he could see nothing of Isobel's dazzling beauty, could hear nothing but the rich, low music of her creole voice. Soon enough Verot was in the seventh heaven of a successful courtship-not courtship, but love-telling and love-listening-while poor Bauderet went right on in blissful enjoyment of his imaginary lordship of Isobel's heart. The autumn sped; the winter wentlike a dream; and out flashed the orange blooms, out poured the mocking-bird songs, heavily drooped the roses by the walls. The breezes from the gulf were sweet and fragrant; the sky was like a great pale violet tent shutting in the world with a wavering mist-dream of The time was approaching for Verot to depart for France, when, one morning, he informed Bauderet that he and Isobel were to be married, and would set sail within a fortnight to make Paris their home. At first Bauderet was stupified by the announcement. He gazed almost vacantly into his friend's eyes, while his face grew deadly white. Not a feature moved, however, nor did the quiet smile quite go from his thin, firm lips. It was an admirable exhibition of that self-control which in those days was so much cultivated by gentlemen who were in the habit of settling all matters of personal disagreement at the point of sword or muzzle of pistol.

thermore, instead of appealing to the code, the host who had been so cruelly robbed took the turn of affairs with a philosophic resignation truly admirable. After the first great struggle against the terrible disappointment which the disaster to his hopes had brought, he drew close to his friend, and wished him great joy. Verot was both touched and awed by

the strange change that came over Bauderet's face and manner. It was a slow, mysterious transformation of the His face took on an inscrutable man. mask of quiet, almost serve resignation, behind which something suggested immeasurable depths of poignant suffer-ing. In his eyes at times burned a light which startled Verot and haunted his dreams at night.

Love predominates everything, however, and the passionate young Parisian was so bewildered and blinded in the rose-mist of happiness, that the deepest significance of Bauderet's conduct was lost to him. He was aware of nothing much bosides his impending nuptials, the tender glory of the semi-tropical spring time, and the wild fluting of the

lusty mocking-bird. About this time (as is now known, Bauderet went frequently to see an old negress, a voudoo charm weaver, and procured from her a phial of hideous poison-a black liquid, thick, rank, frenzy-bearing, made from the heads of snakes, the tails of scorpions and the roots of various deadly weeds all steeped logether for many days. Among the African voudoo workers this liqued was known by an appellation which meant "brain-burner;" it was said to induce madness of the most helpless kind. Its concoction was attended with the most solemnly horrible of rites and incanta-

tions. It was the night before Isobel and Verot's wedding day. Bauderet ap-peared to be in better spirits than usual; he had some rare old wine brought into the library and he and Verot sat up till

late drinking and smoking, while they permitted themselves perfect freedom in converiation. Although, as I have said, their tastes were similar, no two men could have been less allke in personal appearance than were Verot and Bauderet. The Parisian was tall, athletic, fair, with

blue eyes and yellow curling hair, while the creole was dark, slight, black-eyed, mysterious-looking, possessing the singular magnetism of a face once handsome and incrutable. Bauderet's slight-ness was not physical fraiity, however, for he was a noted swordsman, possessed of extraordinary nervous energy. It was late in the night and the lamps were burning low, the flames flickering faintly and faltering in their brazen sockets among the pendant crystal brilliants, when Bauderet arose and

said: Well, my dear old fellow, it is growing late and you must not be drowsy on your wedding-morn. One more cigar-just one-the best that Cuba ever gave the lips of man, and then to your

He fetched from a little hanging cabinet a small ivory box curiously carved and mounted in gold, out of which he took two large oscuros separately wrapped in silver foil. One of these he handed to Verot, at the same time lighting the other. The last two of a priceless lot sent me

two years ago by a friend at Havana,' he said.

Verot daintily brushed the almost black eigar across his nose to inhale its fragrance, and instantly recoiled, for there came from it a strange, insinuating and unbearable stench. That is nothing," laughed Bauderet,

with a hollow, brutal ring in his voice that startled Verot. "When you light it, the smell disappears, and the smoke is exquisitely fine. See!" and he puffed a light cloud toward his friend's nos-"Isn't that incomparable boutrils. quet?" Verot put the cigar between his teeth, and tried to light it, but the thrill of atrocious evil that flashed through his nerves caused him to let it fall. "It is horrible!" he exclaimed. "I can't

stolen slaves while he fine waiting a chance to run them off. Nobody living, save myself, knows that this room exists." He smiled cynically, and lifting the lamp, gazed around at the slime on the

recking bricks. Then he made a little petulent motion, and said: "The swords-the rapiers-I have for-

gotten them. Hold this lamp a moment, AN Verot mechanically accepted the prof-fered light; but as he did so something in Bauderet's look, or in his movement, out him on his guard, or rather startled him a little. "You'll not be afraid to stand here a

moment, while I go fetch the swords, will you? He placed peculiar accent on the word

afraid," and Verot felt his blood tingle in response to the insinuation.

"You shall soon have your test of skill as well as of courage," he responded; "but if you are going back after weapons you'd better take the lamp. I can wait without it." without it.

"This is not a pleasant waiting-room," sneered Bauderet, again letting his eyes slowly sweep the loathesome little cell. He was still smoking the smoldering black eigar, and the pale rings of fragrance slowly strayed in the chill, damp "Don't stand there like that," said

Verot, savagely, "or I'll stamp you into the floor. "A coward would do that," retorted

Bauderet, taking two or three light backward steps, and pausing in the lit-tle doorway. "I have some doubts of the doorway. your honor, or ought to have.' "Fetch the rapier, sir," was all that

Verot said. His terrible anger was mas tering him. Bauderet retreated one more step, then, with a fiendish leer, laid his hand

on the heavy shutter.

"You command, but I shall take my own time to obey," he remarked in a tone of constrained excitement. "How should you like to wait in this little boudoir until your bride comes to you?' Like a flash the meaning and the purpose of Bauderet's words and movements leaped through Verot's mind. Already the door was slowly swinging

shut. So frightful was the thought, with its infinite suggestions of horror, that the tall Parisian stood for a single moment paralyzed.

"Good night, forever, Augustin Verot. May your dreams be sweet," said Bauderet.

Slowly, steadily, the door, which was in reality a hinged section of the massive wall, swung round.

Verot let fall the lamp which, clanging brazenly on the brick floor, re-mained sputtering and burning there with a strange, fantastic light. Some-thing like a death chill shivered through the air.

One long bound the Parisian made, uttering a low, harsh cry of rage and terror as he was caught between the closing door and the jaw of the doorway. There was a struggle like the fighting

of wild bensts, the men growling and panting in the extremity of their brutal tearing and straining.

Presently a body was heaved and flung; it fell in the center of the cell, and lay ghastly and motionless beside the fast-dying lamp flame. Then the ponderous door went to with a dull thump and a sharp click of the hidden spring

spring One of the rivals stood on the outside of the cell panting and quivering, the white froth clotted on his lips; the other lay limp and lifeless within.

The mystery, which for nearly fifty ears had hung over the old Bauderet

MRS. GRANT'S STRANGE DREAM

A Vivid Vision in Which Future Honors Were Beheld.

OVATION IN NEW ORLEANS.

The Story Told by the Widow of the Great General Who Led the Armies of the Union to Victory.

In a beautiful house on Sixty-sixth street, in New York, surrounded by comfort and luxury, the center of a large circle of friends, Mrs. Julia Dent Grant is sponding the declining years of her life. She has sufficient means to provide for herself munificently and enable her to entertain her friends and often large companies of the public, as bacomes the wife of the foremost captain of the age. Every Thursday is set apart for the reception of those who wish to call upon her, and it is said that certain persons, among whom is General Sherman, visit her every week when she is in the city. Her life is varied somewhat by occasional visits to her children who are beyond the sea-Mrs. Sartoris living in England and Colonel Fred Grant in Vienna as minister to Austria-and her son Ulysses,

who lives on a farm about forty miles out of New York. Mrs. Grant is modest and somewhat shy in her nature and no one would suspect from association with her that she was for eighty ears the "first lady in the land;" that later, in company with Genral Grant, she visited every great city in the Union, and received attentions such as a queen might envy and then made the journey around the globe, and was the guest of all the courts of Europe and Asia.

Some time after the death of General Grant, a clergyman, himself an old soldier, was present at a large reception of members of the Grand Army of the Re public, given by Mrs. Grant, and formed her acquaintance, Matters relating to the Grand Army called him to visit her several times afterwards, until he became sufficiently acquainted for her to lay aside, somewhat, her natural re-serve and speak more freely of herself and her illustrious husband than she otherwise would. The clergyman related the following incident of one of hisvisits: "On the last occasion that I visited her house, I ventured to speak of the tender regard with which the old soldiers remembered her husband, when she told of her earnest love for the members of the Grand Army and the lifelong affection with which the general regarded his old comrades. She proceeded to speak of the great friendship of the people of the south for him, saying that just before the meeting of the national republican convention, during General Grant's second term as president, the general used to bring her a large number of letters daily from prominent men in the south, pleading with him to allow his name to go before the convention for a third time. This led her to relate the

which, so far as I know, has not before been made public. It is so interesting that I think it ought to be known by the whole nation. Her story was as follows:

following remarkable circumstance,

"'My early home was in the south in St. Louis, which was a small city at that time, it having attained to its position as one of the great cities in the union in later years. New Orleans was the great commercial metropolis of the south, and with the young people of my acquaint-ance a visit to New Orleans was the great event of a life time. When one of our circle was so fortunate as to be able to spend a few days there he was the envy of us all. My people, being somewhat extensively engaged in business, made the journey to New Orleans nearly every year, and it was the greatest desire I had to visit that city. I turned it over in my mind and became quite absorbed with the wish to make the visit. "'One night I had a dream. In my dream I seemed to be in the city of New Orleans, and the people came out in masses to do me honor. I was invited to dine with all the leading persons of the city, and feted until it seemed that the whole city had turned out to do me honor. The populace brought great rolls of carpeting and spread it on the walks, and the enthusiasm was as great as though a queen was receiving the fealty of her subjects. But all the time it seemed to me that while all this was in my honor, and I was permitted to receive the honors as if no one else shared them, yet another was present, and his presence was the real occasion of the enthusiastic reception that was tendered us.



ママママママママ manners in society; behavior; all told in a chatty manner by one of the brightest writers in the land.

CONTENTS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE: HOW TO LEARN TO TALK WELL; HOW TO BE PRETTY THIS FALL: MANNERS WHEN AT CHURCH;

A MISTAKE YOU MAKE; SAYING "GOOD MORNING;" MY GIRLS' MOTHERS.

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REPOSITORIES,

Of course Verot had counted the cost, and fully expected a duel; but he was pleasantly surprised to find that Baud-aret would not demand a meeting. Fur-

bear it! "O, what womanish qualms!" remarked Bauderet, almost testily, picking up the fallen escuro and handing it to his guest. "Smoke it; this may be our last night together, and-and-

Something in Bauderet's voice ap-pealed to Verot's sympathy, while at the same time it made his heart almost sink. A man lying in his coffin, ready to be buried alive, might have had such a strain in his voice. His face was white, with that ghastliness which comes in extreme moments to a dark countenance, and his eyes, strangely dilated, burned with a dusky, deep-set brilliance.

"You know how I feel, Verot-you know how I feel." Again the Parisian essayed to light the cigar; but the thing was not possi-He flung it aside, after inhaling ble. one intolerable draught of its smoke. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Bauderet. "You have less courage than I supposed; but, then, you Parisians, as I've often told you, are a degenerateset." Verot had risen, and now stood towering above his host, his magnificent frame expanding and a determined look in his fine, fair face.

"That cigar was poisoned!" he exclaimed, with dramatic energy of expression.

"O, surely not!" said Bauderet, with immediate concern, stooping and picking

He put it to his nose.

"Why, that is strangel" he cried. "What can it mean?"

The two men looked steadily, searchingly into each other's eyes; and slowly but clearly read the whole situation. One was aware that his deadly purpose had been discovered; the other knew that death was looking for him in every corner of that gloomy old house. Verot was the first to speak.

"How shall we settle this?" he de-manded, in a hard, dry tone,

Bauderet laughed sardonically and puffed lazily at his eigar, meantime shrugging his shoulders as if the matter were of very light consequence to him.

"I think the best way to settle it is to go to bed and sleep it off," he remarked, with a half yawn.

"Scoundrel, villain, murderer!" exclaimed Verot, permitting for the moment his indignation to master him, 'you shall answer to me now!"

"Oh, certainly, if you wish," said Bau-deret, calmly, "my sword room is but a step from here; follow me if you're not afraid.

Verot followed, but not without a strange sense of insecurity. It was as if some treachery were about to be sprung upon him at every step while they passed through two or three dim cooms and along a low, narrow passage detween damp brick walls, then into a bare windowless little room.

"See here," said Bauderet, stopping close to one of the dismal walls, "this doesn't look like a door, does it?"

He fumbled a moment about a certain He fumbled a moment about a certain spot, pressed a hidden spring, and pushed open a low shutter disclosing another cell-like apartment, dank, grimy and ill-smelling. Into this Verot followed him. They halted, and faced each other, a little lamp carried by Bauderet lighting up their drawn and chastly faces. ghastly faces. "We can settle our little trouble here

without the slightest fear of being in-

homestead, was cleared up when the house was torn down. The laborers came in the course of their work to a low, narrow, hidden room, damp and repulsive; in the middle of which lay a skeleton clothed in rotten garments. This was the body of Charles Marot Bauderet, whose sudden disappearance about the time of the marriage of Isobel Des Champs to Augustin Verot had given rise to so many wild stories. In fact, so absolute had been the mystery, that not the faintest clew to the missing man had ever been found, until this revelation by the workmen divulged everything.

Immediately after the discovery of Bauderet's skeleton, inquiry was begun as to the whereabouts of Verot, who was traced and found, an old man, widowed and childless, penniless and friendless, on the island of Corsica. He told his story, as I have told it to you, and, as if the relief from the long strain of his hideous secret had relaxed his whole being, he fell at once into a state of collapse, from which nothing could rally him. He died in his seventy-fourth year, muttering with almost his last breath:

"Isobel, Isobel, it was all for you! I gave him the grave he meant to give me. It was a close and silent tomb, but at last-at last-it-has-given-ah!up given-its-secret!"

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

Wood Like Iron. The jarrah wood is a species of eu-calptus native to western Australia, says the Kew (Eng.) Bulletin. The main dif-ficulties in connection with its use in this country are the cost of freight for such heavy timber from Australia and its in tense hardness, which makes it difficult for ordinary English carpenters' tools to work it. The tree which produces it grows generally to a height of 100 feet, and sometimes 150 feet. It is found only in western Australia, extending over the reater portion of the country from the Moore river to King George's sound, forming mainly the forests of these tracts. According to Baron Mueller, when selected from hilly localities, cut when the sap is least active and subse-quently carefully dried, it proves imervious to the boring of insects. Ves sels constacted solely of itatter twenty-five years of constant service, remained ersectly sound, although not coppered. It has been tried in three places in Suez canal, and after having been down seven years the trial samples were taken up in rder that a report of their condition might be sent to Paris. From certain correspondence between Kew and some London vestries it appears that jarrah has lately been used by the Chelsen Vestry for paving the King's Road, and by the Lambetb Vestry in the Westminister Bridge Road.

Dr. Birney, nose and throat, Bee bldg. He Died Without Religion.

In the neighboring town of Sandy-ston, N. J. there died the other day a well-to-do farmer named Benjamin D. Hursh, who had reached the ripe age of seventy-five years, says a Middleton, (N. Y.) special to the New York Times. He was an intelligent man, and of strictly upright life, but somewhat eccentric in his opinions. At his death he left these

written instructions to his children: I wish my funeral to be as simple and in-expensive as possible. I do not desire any religious services about my body. I would be taken quietly and silently to my grave, and without ceremony.

The injunction of the deceased was strictly observed. There were no religlous services at the ceremony. George D. Hursh, n son of the deceased, pro-nounced a brief culogy, after which four sons bore the remains of their parent to the grave.

"I married General Grant, and the fortunes of war placed him where his kindness of heart enabled him to place the south, as they thought, under the most lasting obligations, and they never seemed to tire of expressing their grati-

tude. "After General Grant retired from the presidency, as you know, we made a tour of the south. When we visited New Orleans my girlhood dream all came true. The entire populace of New Orleans turned out to do us honor. They unrolled great rolls of carpeton the walks as though the flag stones were not. good enough for us to walk on. We were the guests of the leading men, and of the city itself, and were feted by everybody, as though everyone was trying to outdo the other. Never did any peron receive a greater ovation, and I could not help feeling that it all came from the generous hearts of the people, as a token of their appreciation of the general's kindness to General Lee

and his army,' "In the relation of the story, every point of which is as related by Mrs. Grant, there was no evidence of pride or elation, but simply a manner that showed how she dwells on the memory of her illustrious husband, and what an inexpressible privilege it was to have been his lifelong companion. Mrs. Grant belongs to the American people, whatever concerns her concerns them also, and this simple story, which has not been told before, will possess an in-terest that nothing of romance could

ever awaken, and only because I believe that many will read it with the greatest interest, do I give it to the world."

Dr. Birney, nose and throat, Bee bldg. Bashful, but a Bouncer.

Miss Ella Ewing, a Missouri glantess, s now visiting this city, accompanied by her parents, says a Keokuk, Ia., special to the New York World. She was born in Lewis county, Missouri, on March 9, 1872. Until she was nine years old she was an ordinary child, but since then she has developed rapidly, and now, in her eighteenth year, she is seven feet eight and a half inches tall and weighs 232 pounds. Her father is six feet one inch and her mother five feet three inches. None of her relatives on either side has been noted for extraordinary size. is well formed and rather pretty, but uite bashful and strongly averse to being exhibited as a freak. It takes twenty yards, double width, to make her a dress.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee oldg

Harney and 13th Streets.

FROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, A joint resolution was adopted by the legislature of the state of Nebraska, at the twenty-first session thereof, and approved March 10th, A. D. 1889, proposing an amend-ment to Section Thirteen (13) of Article Six (6) of the constitution of said state; that said section as amended shall read as follows, to-wit:

section as amended shall read as follows, to-wit: Section 1: Thatsection thirteen (3) of arti-cle six (6) of the constitution of the state of Ne-braska be amended so as to read as follows: Section 13: The judges of the supreme court shall each receive a salary of thirty-five hera-dred dollars (\$3,500 per annum and the judges of the district court shall receive a salary of three thousand dollars (\$3,000 per annum, and the salary of each shall be payable quarterly. Section 2: Each person volum in favor of this amendment shall have written or printed upon his bellot the f. Howing: "For the proposed amendment to the consti-tution, relating to the salary of judges of the supreme and district court." Therefore, I, John M. Thayer, governor of the state of Nebraska, do hereby sive notice, in accordance with section one [1] article fi-teen [5] of the constitution, and the provi-isions of an act entitled: "An act to provide the ensure of proposing all amendments to the estimation and submitting the same to the electors of the state." Approved February lith. A. D. 1877, that said proposed amend-ment will be submitted to the qualified roters of this state for approval or rejection, at the general election to be held on the sith day of November, A. D. 1899. In witness wheneof I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the great scal of the state of Nebraska. Done at Lineein, this 30th day of July. A. D. 1890, and the two-ty-fourth year of the state, and of the inde-pendence of the United States the one bun-dred fifteenth. By the Governor. JOHN M. THAYER. BENTAMIN R. Cowpenty. [Seat.] Secretary of State. August Idam wit: Section 1: Thatsection thirteen (3) of arti-

August Idam



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WHEREAS, A joint resolution was adopted by the legislature of the state of Nebraska, at the twenty-first session thereof, and approved February 13th, A. D. 1889, proposing an amend-ment to the constitution of said state, and that said amendment shall read as follows, to wit:

ment to the constitution of said state, and that said a mendment shall read as follows, towit: Section 1: That at the general election to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November, A. D.Benthere shall by sumitted to the electors of this state for ap-proval or rejection an amendment to the con-stitution of this state in words as follows: "The manufacture, sale and keeping for sale of intoxic time lighters as a beverage are for-ever prohibited in this state, and the legisla-ture shall provide by haw for the enforcement of this provision." And there shall also at sald election be separately submitted to the electars of this state for their approval or re-jection an amendment to the constitution of the state in words as follows: "The manufac-ture, sale and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage shall be licensed and ments to the constitution, prohibiting the manufacture, sale and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage shall be licensed and ments to the constitution, prohibiting the manufacture, sale and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage and helping for sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage." or "Against the proposed amend-ment to the constitution, prohibiting the manufacture, sale and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage." or "Against the proposed amendement to the annufacture, sale and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage." There shall also be written or printed on the ballot of each elector voting for the proposed amendment to the constitution, the words: "The manufacture, sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

lot of each elector voting for the proposed rendment to the constitution, the words; or proposed amendment to the constitution at the manufacture, sale and keeping for that the manufacture, sale and keeping for ale of intoxicating liquors as a boverage in his state shall be licensed and regulated by law," or "Against said propesed amend-ment to the constitution that the manufac-ture, sule and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage shall be licensed and regulating by law." See, 3: If either of the said proposed amendments shall be approved by a majority of the electors woting at the said election, then it shall consiste section twenty-seven [37] of article one [1] of the constitution of this state.

[47] of article one [1] of the constitution of this state. Therefore, I, John M. Thayer, Governor of the state of Nebrasia, do hereby give notice in accordance with section one [1] article [15] of the constitution and the provisions of the act entitled "an act to provide the manner of proposing all amendments to the constitution and submitting the same to the electors of the state." Approved February 13th, A. D. 187, that said proposed amendment will be sub-mitted to the qualified voters of the sub-to be held on the 4th day of November, A. D. 1860.

b) be held on the triany of Abrendon, in Sec. 1686. In witness whereof I hereunto set my hand, and cause to be nillyed the great seal of the state of Nebraska. Done at Eincoln this 26th day of July, A. D. 1893 and the 24th year of the state, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred fifteents. By the Governor. JOHN M. THAYER. BESIAMIS R. COWDERY. [SEAL] Secretary of State. August 103m

CIVE UP DON'TS!



PROCLAMATION.

PROCLAMATION.

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tution." Section 4: That each person voting in favor of this amendment shall have written or printed upon his hallot thefollowing: "For the proposed amendment to the consti-tution relating to the number of suprem-indees."

The file proposed and another to be supremy fution relating to the number of supremy indees." Therefore, L John M. Thayer, Gowmorof the state of Nebraska. do hereby give notice in accordance with section one D article of the state of Nebraska. do hereby give notice is accordance with section one D article of the state of Nebraska. The provisions of the act entitled. "An act to provide the nam-er of proposing all animalinents to the con-sultation and submitting the same to the elec-tors of the state." Approved February 13th A. D. F. that said proposed animal use with the presented to the qualified voters of the state for approved or rejection at the recerning the first state of Nebraska. Beau at the recerning of the state of Nebraska. Beau at Liness this 25th day of July. A. B 1895 and the twen-ty fourth year of the state, and of the inde-pendence af the United States the one hum dred fittenth. By the Governor. JOHN M. THAYER DESLAM, Scate, John M. THAYER DESLAM, Scate, John M. THAYER DESLAM, Scate, John M. THAYER DESLAM, Scate States, John M. THAYER DESLAM, Scate States, John M. THAYER Deslam, Scate John M. THAYER, D. State, August 1000





