Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's Advice to Matrimonial Binders.

ARE CLERGYMEN PARTICULARLY CAREFUL

Greatly Reduce the Number of Divorces?-What is Their Responsibility?

If the present generation could realize how their ancestors lived-see their peculiar customs, their quiet sober habits how stupid and undesirable such a life must appear to all who have any taste for the fashionable life or genteel society of the present day What a contrast, with the hurry and bustle, the continual excitement, the constantly changing fashions, and the extravagant entertainments now so common! What! Only one weekly paper! No reporters to look and report the shortcomings of their neighbors or tell of murders, suicides divorces, or the business dishonesty of the town! What a life it must have been, with out sufficient enterprise among them all to furnish and indulge in such luxuries Instead of that each individual selfishly claiming the right to keep their own affairs within the narrow limits of their own fami-Hes. How sorely was the public, the news hunters, defrauded! What could people find to talk about when one small sheet "could carry all they knew?"

But now, what changes have been wrought Instead of one weekly newspaper, we may almost expect one every hour. The power of the press has brought us into close communication with the whole civilized world, and gives such wonderful opportunities for increasing knowledge that we should not complain too carnestly if it has also given those who delight in gossip larger opportunities to intrude somewhat too rudely upon the sweet privacy of real home life.

Every week brings before the public some new topic for discussion or some question to be answered through the now unnumbered newspapers. As this desire to investigate increases, it would be strange if now and then there should not be some questions that seem too unimportant to notice, which one can hardly refrain from feeling were manufactured for the simple satisfaction of seeing the question in print.

Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's thoughts in A book's a book although there's nothing in't

One of the inquiries which has been receiv ing some little attention of late, and perhap deservedly so, has been brought to our notice within a few days, and an answer requested,

—viz.: "Are clergymen, usually, particularly
careful in questioning those who come to
them to be married, and hereby securing
such information as is legally demanded?

Was Mr. Beecher?"

Was Mr. Beecher?"
To us this appears a singular, if not a needless, question, because the law so positively demands such information, and can inflict a penalty for its nonfulfillment. How strictly other ministers are governed by this law we do not know; but in the fifty years of Mr. Beecher's ministry I recall but two or three last the street where there was even a question. instances where there was even a question, or momentary doubt connected with the propriety or legality of any marriage he performed, and these were almost immediately explained, causing—with the exception of

only one instance—not even a "nine days' wonder." In 1880 the Board of Health prepared a "register," which it was expected would be "kept by every officiant," and by it they were to be governed.

Mr. Beecher always used his "register," and kept several copies on hand. Doing so, he could could not fail to be careful. It contained a long list of questions to be asked by the person officiating, and the answer to each question was to be written in the "register before the marriage ceremony was per For instance, the date and place was first

written; then came the following questions:

1. Name of the groom. (The answer immediately following each question.) 2. Residence.

Color. Number of marriages.

Occupation Place of birth. Father's name.

Mother's maiden name. The same questions were also asked of the bride and entered in the same way on the "register" before the ceremony. After the marriage was solemnized the name of the one officiating and the names of the wit nesses were added to the list. A printed marriage certificate—independent of the one given the bride—was attached to every one of these papers in the "Register," and must be sent, with the copy of questions and answers, to the Board of Health within a given number of days. If these requisitions were honestly carried out, there could be little danger of carelessness on the part of the minister or other official.

No doubt most clergymen have a large store of anusing as well as annoying inci-dents connected with their work in this department. But with Mr. Beecher they were rare. At the west, where his first ten years of ministerial labor was spent, as a pioneer's life, in a new and partially unsettled country there were occasionally some few humorous experiences. In his Brooklyn work, I recall ened to cause any trouble or anxiety, and that was of short duration. It went the rounds of the newspapers and furnished gossip for little circles for a short time, but there was so little cause for blaming there was so little cause for blaming Beecher, that unceasing cares and duties of greater importance soon put it out of our minds, leaving in the end so little anxiety that at this late period we can only recall the outlines, which are too meager to risk repeating. All the circumstances con-nected with the marriage of the parties are give Mr. Beecher's explanation of his con-nection with the pitiful story, as told by himself at the request. of his conhimself at the request of his people in a Friday night prayer meeting soon after the event. I quote from an account published

the next day:
"Just before the close of the meeting a dispute arose among the members of the congregation regarding Mr. Beecher's part in the marriage. A lawyer present, a mem-ber of the church, said he thought this the time and place for the church to deny the report that Mr. Beecher was losing his popularity and his people on that account. Upon closing he asked Mr. Beecher to tell those present, as if talking in his own family, among his c his children, the story, which he

'I revolt from scandal, and turned from every form of it as found in the newspapers, and so had read nothing relating to this tragedy, and only knew of it from general public conversation, which I could not avoid hearing, that there was a misused wife, divorced, and a murdered man, who wished to give the shelter of his name to the woman for whom he was dying—as that was all he could do. Mr. Beecher was asked to marry them. He said he always had a feeling of generosity for those in trouble, and willingly complied. 'People say I have made a mistake—as if I had never made one before! Why, I am full of mistakes; and there is only one man on the earth who is infallible—he lives at home. I am cautions in a certain direction. I try to am cautions in a certain direction. I try to keep my heart warm and my conscience pure, and then do not hesitate to do for others what many perhaps might shrink from do-ing. And as for being "careful of my repu-tation," I ask you, Do you want your pastor to be all the time watching how long his shadow is, and where it falls!"

to be all the time watching how long his shadow is, and where it falls!"

One summer, when we were at the Twin Mountain house, a couple came from a distance to have Mr. Beecher marry them. He told them he could not legally marry them, excepting in the state where he lived. They were greatly troubled by his answer; but our good and dear friend, the governor of New Hampshire, being present said: "Now, Mr. Beecher, you make the service as pleasant as you can, and do all but pronouncing these young friends of yours man and wife—that I will do at the proper time."

The guests at the Twin Mountain house assembled, the happy couple were assigned a suitable position; then the governor and Mr. Beecher came forward. Mr. Beecher prayed and then, making a' very impressive address to the young couple before him, told them in a touching manner what duties they

Draperies, Curtains,

Portieres,

Silk scarfs, Silk pillows,

Rattan chairs, Rattan rockers,

Child's chairs,

'Kids'" rockers,

'Kids'" half high chairs,

Costumers,

Mahogany parlor chairs, Maple parlor chairs,

Inlaid parlor chairs,

Gilt parlor chairs,

Parlor lamps, Imported shades,

Curio tables,

Curio cabinets, Fire screens,

Hanging medicine cabinets,

Blacking cases,

Carpets,

Parlor cabinets, China cabinets,

Dressing tables,

Cheval glasses, Dining tables,

Parlor tables,

Card tables, Hall tables,

The Policy of Price Doubled Our November Trade.

Christmas Furniture.

Nothing better can be found for a home present than an article of furniture.

Our stock, this season, is by far the largest we ever carried and our building at present, is filled to its utmost capacity.

Having been obliged to buy a new stock during the months of October and November we found many factories whose fall trade had been light and we bought new stylish goods in many instances from 20 to 40 per cent discount. We therefore have many decided bargains throughout our store.

Having adopted a policy of marking all our goods at a low margin of profit in plain figures, customers cannot possibly make a mistake in price in buying here.

Goods bought now will be held for Christmas delivery if desired. All goods marked in plain figures.

Charles Shiverick & Co.,

Furniture, Carpets, Draperies.

1206, 1208, 1210 Farnam St.

Brass and onyx tables, Parlor chairs, Hall chairs, Reading chairs, Turkish rockers. Fancy rockers, Large comfortable rockers. Gilt chairs, Corner chairs, Divans, Leather lounges, Corduroy lounges, Cretonne lounges, Rug lounges, Tapestry lounges, Hall chests, Hanging hall racks, Standing hall racks, Umbrella racks, Chiffoniers, Brass beds, White iron beds, Maple bureaus, Maple chiffoniers, Shaving stands, Large wide chiffoniers, Small chiffoniers, Wardrobes, Folding beds, Sideboards, Side tables, Buffets, Bookcases, Secretary bookcases,

Sofas,

were now assuming, how truly their usefulwere now assuming, now truly tack deserves and happiness depended upon their loving and faithful performance of those duties. "And now join hands. In the presence of God and these witnesses you have married yourselves, one to the other, and I, as a minister of the gospel, ratify your act." Then Governor Smyth, laying his hands on theirs, added: "And I, as a civil magistrate, pro-

Some forty years ago a friend found a roung girl sitting on the sidewalk of one of the principal streets in Brooklyn, late at night, weeping bitterly. Inquiring the cause, she said her aunt had turned her outdoors, that she was a stranger, but a few days in this country, was destitute and knew not where to go. Whatever the cause for not where to go. Whatever the cause for such treatment, the gentleman felt that the girl could not be left there through the night, and brought her to us, and we gave her shel ter for the night.

nounce you husband and wife.'

In the morning we asked for an explan-ation. After many tears and great reluct-ance she said she had just come from Ireland to marry a man to whom she had been lon engaged. She went to an aust's, by her in vitation, from whose house she was to be married; but this aunt tried to pursuade her to marry a nephew boarding with her, and discard the old lover. Jenny was a very handsome girl, and the nephew made her much trouble; but she would not listen to his solicitations or his aunt's threats. The wedding arrangements were all com

plete, the guests all assembled, when the aunt called Jenny from the room in a state of great excitement, saying she had just received a message telling that the bride-groom, in going on to the boat at the ferry, had fallen and been caught between boat and bridge and killed. She gave the poor girl a short time to recover from shock, while the guests were waiting be shock, while the guests were waiting below and then cruelly insisted that she should marry the nephew at once, and no one be told of the accident. as the guests did not know Robert. Jenny refused. The aunt dismissed the guests: then, making her re-move her wedding finery, turned her out into the street in the night, a stranger in a

strange land:

It was a strange story. We did not believe that her aunt told the truth. The
papers told of no such accident, and learning
where her lover had boarded his landlady
told us that he had gone promptly to the
house to be married, and was met at the door by the aunt and told that Jenny had just been married to her nephew, and would not allow him to enter the house. The landlady said that the next mornin

the poor fellow, nearly heartbroken, gath ered together all he had and left for Nev Orleans, leaving no other address. Through this information we found the girl had not deceived us. Her aunt lived near by. She was compelled to give up all Jenny's clothes and leave the place or risk exposure. The poor child so grievously tormented remained n our family, and then we began carnest efforts to find Robert. Letters innumerable were sent to New Orleans. We could find no ther address. A year passed by and no

Returning from church one Sabbath morn ing, Jenny, laughing and crying, exclaimed, "Robert has come!" Robert has come!" A tall, fine-looking man drew near, a fitting mate for our handsome Jenny, and told us that the week before he stopped, as usual, at the postoffice in New Orleans, and some one coming in called him by name. The postmaster came forward, and after suitable identification gave him probably the largest nail a man ever had at one time. Robert left everything, and came on as rapidly as possible. Each one who reads must imagine, if they can, the meeting between these two who had been so cruelly separated.

Mr. Beecher married them that evening, and none could rejoice with them more truly than he did. Robert left the next morning for the south to settle up his affairs there preparatory to taking his wife west, to a position that had been offered him. Their after life was peaceful and presperous, as their earlier days had been full of sorrow

Mas. HENRY WARD BEECHER.
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Glasgow university in regard to the medical education of women leads all the others. Queen Margaret's college which is affiliated with the university and recognized by the court and the senate as the women's produced and arts has 100 department in medicine and arts has 100 students of whom forty-three are doing medical work.

Topographical Features Seen While Sailing Around the "Dear Little Isle."

LAND OF MOUNTAIN, VALE AND FLOOD

Where Hungry Seas Gnaw the Crags About the Calf-Peel Castle and the Old-Time Capital, Castletown-Characteristics of the Island Peasant.

[Copyrighted, 1892.] RAMSEY, Isle of Man, Nov. 26.—[Corre spondence of The Bee. |-You will always have the Isle of Man clearest as a series o charming pictures in your memory after you have sailed around the Island. It is only a little journey of seventy-five or eighty miles. The steamers bring you from Douglas to Douglas again in only six hours time. Pleasanter still is it to engage a smart little craft and alone or with friends idla along at will with wind and tide, gaining much Manx color and feeling from your grave and seri ous skipper's tales, and coming close to the fisher life of the countless half hid coves and

Besides, in this way, with a good marin rlass you can sean every square foot of Manxland. There is nowhere a greater distance than six or seven miles from highest mountain peak to edge of circling sea. The beautiful topographical configuration of the island is thus made memorable. From a mile or two at sea, off Douglas, which shines from its crescent bay with almost the brilliancy of Naples, the chief mountain range shows at its best. It extends three-fourths of the island's length, almost as centrally as

of the island's length, almost as centrally as a line could be drawn.

And every one of these pleasant Manx mountains is in full view. There is South Barrule, the southernmost. Then comes the Cairn and Greeba. Between these is the great valley pass leading from Douglas, the maritime eastern capital of Man, to ancient Peel, its western port, a fine old fishing town, remiading of Cornish St. Ives. A flood of light seems to break each way flood of light seems to break each way through this deep, wide pass. Between the Cairn and Greeba is the famous Manx Mecca of Druidic origin, Tynwald mount, where all the laws of Manxland are still an nually proclaimed.

Seen While Salling.

Colden, Sartfell and Beinny Phott group closely to the north, and then comes Snae-fell, mountain monarch of Manxland, his only northern rival, giant North Barrule, which breaks into savage Maughold head by pleasant Ramsey bay. It is a strange feel-ing that you can see half the homes of the entire Manx nation at a giance. From the top of Snae-fell you can see them all. Besides, from the same place you can look far into Ireland. same place you can look far into Ireland, Scotland, England and Wales. Coasting to the north the ever changing

canorama of mountains constantly in view first come Laxey bay and village, the lat first come Laxey bay and village, the latter at the entrance to a witching glen, surrounded by noble hills, whose sides are
thickly dotted with stone monuments left by
the earlier inland races. Here is also found
a great cairn called King Orry's grave,
which tradition and dim Manx history
assign to the bones of the Danish prince who
more than a thousand years ago gave the
Manxmen freemen's rights. Older than
Orry's bones are the Laxey mines, the only
ones of importance in Man, which possess
the famous Laxey overshot water wheel, said
to be the largest in the world.

o be the largest in the world.

Perhaps six miles further to the north and your craft will be abreast of Maughold head. your craft will be abreast of Maughold head.
It is a weird and grand old headland, and
the vicinity has for ages possessed a revereatial awe to all seafaring folk. This has
been due to the miracles wrought at its holy
well, and to the odor of sanctity left upon
the place by St. Maughold. The latter was in his early life a gay and wicked Irish prince. Converted by the preaching of the good St. Patrick, he determined to renounce

the world. He put to sea in a wicker boat, extent. Venerable, haunted and hallowed Man," and I warrant you are a score of years giving himself up to the mercy of the winds and waves. He was driven ashore here on the most inaccessible coast of Man. The holy well or fountain burst from the spot where he first gained safe ground.

Saint Maughold Church and Cross.

Then followed the wonderful conversion to Christianity from paganism of the Manx people. The very walls of the curious old St. Maughold church were built by this evangelist; and one of the strangest and most venerable crosses in Britain, the cross of St. Maughold, still standing in the ancient churchyard, was erected to commemorate the saint's deliverance from the sca and his conversion of the Manx people. One side of this remarkable relic contains a carving of St. Maughold; another of the Virgin and Child; and a later embellishment on a third side depicts the crucifixion, to which is joined the arms of man—the three bent legs with the brave motto: "Whichever way thrown (or cast), it stands." The entire dis trict is a bit of unchangeable antiquity bound by primitive customs, enmeshed in the strangest superstitions. Illustrative, the parish clerk is still elected by the votes of only parishioners who "put out smoke," that is, whose habitations possess a chimney; and a near Runic cross by the roadside is a profane old female wool carrier who, for cursin at the wind, was turned to stone. When Maughold head is rounded, th

When Maughold head is rounded, the long reach of Ramsey bay, extending nine miles to Point of Ayre, the northernmost headland of Man gives a scene of unsurpassed beauty and interest. The red cliffs trace an almost vermillion shore line between the blue of the sea and the shimmering gold of the upland gorse. At the center of the bay is the fine old town, its ar dent walls and roofs contrasting strangely with its modern ways and facades. A sleep et bright old face has Ramsey; like so nodding grandam whom hoyden children have stolen upon in her sleep to beflower and beribbon and who, on waking, has as muc mischief in her glad old eyes as in the merr hearts that made the frolic. To the righ and left, villas and villages innumerable and behind, but a mile or two away, the golden gorse is blended with the purples and mists among the heights of North Barrule.

Along the West Coas .

In rounding Point of Ayre you skipper will cease his tales and attend closely to his little craft. It is langerous ocean way. The meeting of the tides causes almost a maelstrom, "the Streen." or strife, contention, the Maux call t. All around the northern coast, which i ow, from sea to sward are strange terrace of sea cobbles; small polished stones a round as cannon balls. They are constantly the waters, and are as treacherous to the foot as quicksands. Between Ayre light house and the northern base of the moun tains, perhaps an eighth of the total area or Man, is an almost level plain. It is the "Curragh." The most primitive Many peasantry are found here; and Celtia affinities are most propounced. In more than a hundred tiny hamlets like the "aulo clachans" of the Scottish Highlands you will find fully nine-tenths possessing the Celtic appellative Ball (town), as Ballavarkish, Ballakinnag, Ballaheaney, and th

All along down the west coast your inte est will be divided between glimpses of strange old Manx hamlets peeping from the mountain bases where lashes of foaming streams tremble like the gorse tops upon the hills, with the splendid mountain views be-hind and above, and the plainly discerned Irish coast where the Mourne mountains through the distance cover with purple their emerald green. But at last here is ancient Peel, Thistie head and St. Patrick isle. Miles of white strand thread along the coast to the brown old nest upon the rocks, like a shining way of faith leading unfalteringly to a dateless antiquity. No cobweb lover will be disgruntled that a broom of progress has modernized Peel. Everything is old and mellow and dim. The hundreds of fishing craft, forming with their old masts an anique tracery before the town seem to be long to a forgotten age. Dark are its walls, narrow its streets, tiny its windows, grave and silent its people.

Peel Castie.

Gray and old and more forbidding than all else is its once mighty castle at the harbor mouth. It stands on Patrick's helm, or St. Patrick's island, seven acres in

all. Hallowed and venerable, for St. Patrick himself raised the beginnings of the church on whose site the half ruins of a great cathedral are now found. Haunted because of inexpressible cruelties and foul murders in crypts and eastle here. Through these lofty pillars, bending arches, hollow galleries and by these dismantled altars one can stride from the nineteenth to the fifth century. In the saddening echoes of the se calls he can hear the moanings of imprisone Eleanor, the curses of Stanley, the triumph ant "Allelujah!" of Germanus that put to rout the Saxons in the bloody Flintshire fields. Haunted, more than all else to Manxland mind, because it is the abiding

place for all time of that most terrible of Manx powers of darkness, the black and dreadful "Moody Dhoo."

From Peel to Port Erin is a matchlessly wild and romantic reach of coast. There is a break in the lofty, precipitous wall. And what a grand spot is this Port Erin and environs! The Manx mountains rise solemn and dark behind. The bay is an almost landiocked cove. Tremendous Bradda head, rising 500 feet sheer from the sea, shuts out the howling northern tempests. Another headland sweeps around and up from the south. Once the ancient port was rich from place for all time of that most terrible of south. Once the ancient port was rich from commerce with Ireland. Now it is a dark antique, sleeping within a bed of myrtle. The fashionable have found it out and soon another gay and brilliant Palermo will hide

Where Wave and Crag Make Ceaseless Wa Now you are sped around the Calf of Man Now you are sped around the Call of Man. Bolder, grander, more grewsome still are its vast sea walls and fearful chasms. Resistless tides knaw at its base. The angry spume is flung to its topmost crags. It is desolate of human life. Millions of sea fowl wheel and shrick above it. But one other such have I seen so typical of furious desolations. spot have I seen so typical of furious desola-tion. Where the Arran island crags receive the ceaseless poundings of the Atlantic and the thunders of the everlasting battle are so great that even the sea gull's shrick is soundless, is another such a needless

Coasting along the eastern shore again first Spanish head is passed and then Por St. Mary. Between these is a typical Manx hamlet called Cregneish. It is a little clus-ter of centuries-old stone cottages. Huge walls connect each. The old habits and dress of the ancient Manx are still preserved by its two score inhabitants. Until recently, the Manx language was solely spoken here. The folk are fishermen, God-fearing, simple good. All the olden fairies still live with them; and will remain until the modern vices come:

Here at Port St. Mary during the fish ing season is the readezvous of the Manx herring fleet. If you are here at that time, it will remind you of the animated scenes in August at Wick in Scotland, or Lerwick in Shetland. The anchorage is crowded with heavily laden fishing smack whose brown sails shine like burnished co per in the sun; while others are constant rounding the point into the bay. Small boat are filled with the shining, silvery fish pass ing to and fro between the smacks and the shore. Buyers' carts drive into the water up to their axles, the readier to receive the fish. Not hundreds but thousands of mer women and children, all in a fine frenzy of emulative industry, scurrying in all dire ions, and clad in strange attire, fill up the picturesque and busy scene

Rushen Castle and Abbey.

These folk are nearly all Wesleyan Method ists. They are as like the Cornish fisher folk of St. Ives as the herring of both; and none of their boats ever put to sea on Satur-day or Sunday; nor do they at any time ven ture upon their sea harvestings without

goodly prayers and psalms.
Allittle further to the north dark and gray lies Castletown now as of old among its darks limestone rocks, with its ancient castle still more somber towering grewsomely above This is the one famous Rushen castle, wit This is the one famous Rushen castle, with scanty remains of Rushen abbey near, and scene of the murder of wicked King Reginald by Ivar the good knight. The Danes founded the castle, and it resembles Elsinor of Hamlet fame. Its uses now as a prison do not detract from its almost ferocious grandeur. The abbey, the last doomed to suppression in Britain, is an offshoot of beautiful old Furness abbey, just across the channel in Lancashire, where the bones of many a king of Man were willed to lie.

Back at Douglas again from such a contem-Back at Douglas again from such a contem-plation as this of the "dear little Isle of

and an hundred years in advantage over him who enters Manxland at the sea gates of its splendid towns, and views its form and folk through the false perspect-ive of fine hotels, crowds of summer or winter idlers, and the misleading gay activities comparing with those of our own Bar Harbor or Newport, or an English Bournemouth or

the strange old closes and wynds of the an-cient part of the city; but Douglas is essen-tially a fashionable watering place the whole year round. Manymen and Their Land.

You must leave Douglas behind to completely know Manxland. This is no venture some task. You can walk to the remotest portion of the island in one day. There never were finer roads. There never were loveller views. There never were quainter more comfortable old inns. And there never were more simple, genial, hospitable people

In most countries I have visited the seasantry are vacuous and listless, or suspicious and resentful of him who comes to spy into their ways and poke among their shrines. The Manx folk take it as an honor. The Manxman is proud of his ancestry, his history, his independ-ence, his changeless customs and laws. Indeed, I often think that much of his goodness to the stranger comes from pity that the stranger was not born in his fair, liberty-And, after all, the real pleasure in knowing

any strange land is in getting close to the heart of its common folk. That is easy here. You will be thrilled by Manxland scenes of mountain and coast. It is a won-derful little land for foaming tor rents, flashing streams, entrancing val-leys and shadowy glens. There is not another so tiny a bit of earth where you may come upon so many curious and impressive monuments of a heroic past. Fisherfolk and Highlanders, each with their distinct cen-turies-old, changeless ways, are close together. The murmurs of the sea can alst be heard from highest mountain peak Contrast is everywhere mighty and close. But it is because Manx folk themselves are or scenes that a loving, contented sense of exultation gladdens every step of your progress through all these pleasan island ways. Edgar L. Waterman.

FROM 'ROUND ABOUT US.

South Sioux City is to have a new flouring The corner stone of the new opera house at Elmwood has been laid. Dora Evans, accused of burning a barn of

an enemy at Ansley, has been acquitted by a

Burglars entered Dr. T. C. McCleery's use at Exeter and secured \$100 worth of The total deposits in the banks of Knox ounty November 5 were \$329,071, 87, over \$33

The house of F. A. Jackson of Bartley was destroyed by fire with all its contents. There was no insurance. Guy Tremmel of Cody, who shot and killed us 6-year-old sister November 14, has been ield under \$1,000 bonds for trial for murder.

A few days ago workmen who were diggin. up the water works mains in Ponca to find a leak found the body of a still-born child in a pasteboard box lying on the main. Nebraska soldiers of '61 to '65 will hold their sixth reunion in Nebraska City, to commence December 15, as per-resolution passed at their last reunion, held in Auburn on Angust 18. Every Nebraska soldier is in-

vited to be present. The annual convention of the Nebraska Dairymen's association meets at Minden De-cember 29 and 22. The people of Minden and vicinity are manifesting great interest in this meeting and the indications are that it

will be one of the most successful conven-tions ever held by the association. Thomas O'Hara, a farmer living about six miles southwest of Battle Creek, left this place about sundown to go to his home. In the morning he was found dead in the road some four miles from Battle Creek. His team was found a mile farther on. It is supposed his team became frightened and ran away, throwing him out.

Andrew Feliers, one of the pioneers of Pawnee county, died at his home in Table

Rock last Monday. For thirty-five years Mr] Fellers had resided on a farm near Table Rock, but he retired from active work six years ago. He was about to resume the fatal illness overtook him. He was 65 years of age and a leading member of the Table Rock Presbyterian church.

Ladies' desks,

Music cabinets

Men's home desks,

The 5-year-old daughter of William Paxton of Arapahoe, while playing with other chil-dren around a pile of burning rubbish, got so near the blaze that her clothes caught fire, which burned her severely about the hips and back before it was extinguished. Her mother's hands were also become the control of the control mother's hands were badly burned in an at-tempt to save her child, who in a few moments more would have been burned beyond For two years the belief has been preva-

lent in Custer county that High Caswell, a farmer, was a thief. So strong was the belief that Caswell was ordered out of the county on pain of death. Caswell left, although protesting his innocence. Last week the property which Caswell was supposed to have stolen was found among the effects of Nick Vincent, the man who had directed suspicion against Caswell. Vincent is now "It's a wise child that knows its own

father' has just had a new illustration in the case of little Kate Murphy of Crawford, the case of little Kate Murphy of Crawford, for whom a writ of habeas corpus was issued at Chadron last week. A year ago last spring Thomas B. Murphy, father of little Kate, left Crawford for Salt Lake City to work at his trade of bricklaying. He left his wife and the baby, less than a month old, in Crawford. He sent them money at intervals, and finally sent \$50 for them to come to Salt Lake. Mrs. Murphy spent the money, gave the baby to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cooke and skipped the country. After all this weary waiting Mr. Murphy went back to Crawford about two weeks ago and found his child. But Mr. and Mrs. Cooke had become attached to the child, and in fact recome attached to the child, and in fact re-garded it as their own. They refused to give the little one up, and the father seeks o recover possession by writ of habeas corpus.



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