

Republican Candidates for District Judges in Nebraska



A. M. ROBBINS, Ord.
Eleventh Judicial District.



S. W. CHRISTY, Clay Center.
Seventh Judicial District.



Photo by Rinehart.
LEE ESTELLE, Omaha.
Fourth Judicial District.



O. A. ABBOTT, Grand Island.
Eleventh Judicial District.



R. L. KEESTER, Alma.
Tenth Judicial District.



L. K. ALDER, Ainsworth.
Fifteenth Judicial District.

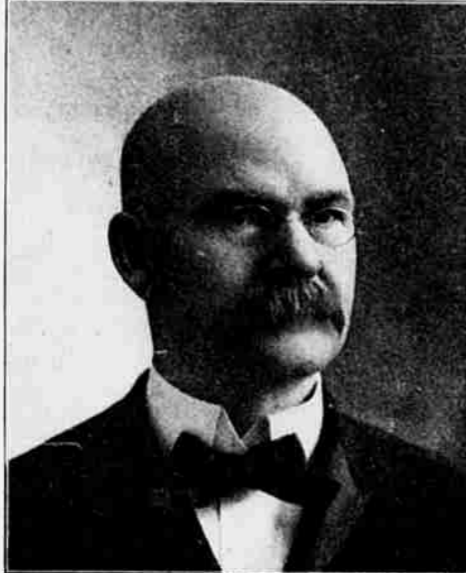


Photo by Heyn.
BENJAMIN S. BAKER, Omaha.
Fourth Judicial District.

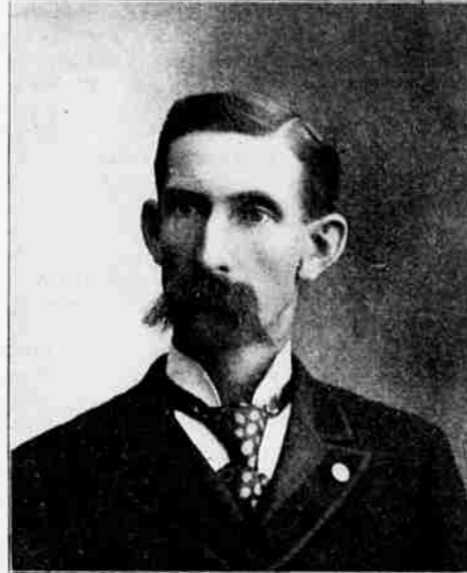
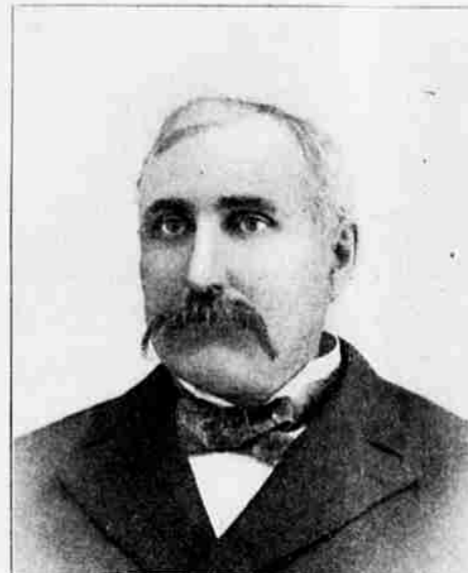


Photo by Heyn.
CHARLES T. DICKINSON, Tekamah.
Fourth Judicial District.



W. W. WOOD, Rushville.
Fifteenth Judicial District.



Photo by Heyn.
W. W. KEYSOR, Omaha.
Fourth Judicial District.

About Noted People

Mayor Price of Macon, Ga., who has held his place for fourteen years, is a great believer in the newspaper as an educator. For years he has, out of his own pocket, paid the subscriptions for a considerable number of papers which he ordered left at the homes of persons who were unable to pay for such a necessity of up-to-date life. Mr. Price is fully convinced that his action has been productive of much good.

"In all the two years and a half that I have sat at the cabinet table," said Secretary Long the other day, "I have never seen President McKinley give the slightest sign of irritation or impatience, even when he was under great stress and in trying circumstances. On the contrary, he has always been patient, and even cheerful. He is the most amiable of men."

Dr. Mahaffy, the famous professor of Trinity college, Dublin, is famed for his many and varied accomplishments. He is one of the leading historians and Greek and Latin scholars in the United Kingdom. He speaks French and German like an interpreter, and not only plays the piano and violin better than most professionals, but possesses such an intimate knowledge of harmony and the theory of music that he is one of the examiners for the musical degree in the university.

Such is Lord Kitchener's reputation as a woman hater that the queen herself felt called upon to ask him, during a recent audience, if what she heard of him was true—that he did not care for any woman. He replied that it was true with one exception. The queen asked him to tell the name of the exception, and the gallant warrior replied: "Your majesty." The queen was amused, but she was also pleased.

Excitement was caused in a church in London during the morning service last week by a loud voice from the gallery forbidding the bans of a couple desirous of getting married, because the woman had a canonical husband living. The voice was that of the famous Father Black, who takes every opportunity to protest publicly against the marriage of divorced persons. Curiously enough, Father Black is well known and popular in English society and is much sought after as a guest in country houses.

Admiral Dewey, though not a total abstainer from liquors, has a horror of heavy drinking among naval officers. "I had rather sleep with a madman," he once said in speaking of a captain who had just been put "on pledge." "I could restrain a lunatic, but not a drunkard. If I had my way no officer in either branch of the service who was once dismissed for drunkenness should ever be restored to the active list unless his reformation was absolutely sure."

Captain Charles N. Otley of the British navy, who has been detailed as naval attaché at Washington, is a comparatively young officer for his rank and he only re-

quires ordinary good fortune to become an admiral in a short time. He gained his early promotion by winning three first-class certificates at college. He was serving in the Pacific squadron at the time of the engagement with the Peruvian rebel turret ship Huascar, in May, 1877, and was a lieutenant of the Monarch at the bombardment of Alexandria.

Ex-Senator Mantle of Montana is a bachelor and regarded as a great matrimonial "catch," and so much surprised society when he recently referred to his "sweetheart." He was pilled with questions about the identity of the lucky woman, but for some time he dodged an answer. At last, however, he replied: "She is not pretty, she's beautiful," responded the senator, finally, his face growing tender, "and she's not very young, somewhere between 70 and 80, and her name—her name is the same as mine—Mantle. My sweetheart is my mother."

Told Out of Court

There was a case on trial before Judge Bowling of Kansas City, Kan., just a few days before he went out of office in which a party was trying to recover \$10 for the

death of a dog which had been killed by the defendant after the canine had bitten the man. The case was nearly through and it was apparent that the plaintiff had made a good case and would recover for the loss of his animal, when one of the witnesses was asked to describe the color of the cur.

"It was yellow," replied the witness.
"Did you say the dog was yellow?" replied the judge, seemingly very much in surprise.
"Yes, sir," replied the witness.
"Well, this court don't propose giving judgment for the loss of a yellow dog, and verdict is rendered for the defendant," said the court, and the next case was called.

Bowling was a deputy sheriff before he became judge and was sent one cold winter night to arrest a very desperate character who had almost murdered a man. He found his man in bed when he reached his home, but after he had made the arrest his prisoner told him that he was too sick to accompany him. The young officer went to another room to get some one to go for a conveyance, that the man might be taken to jail, and when he returned the prisoner had locked the door. Bowling, fearing that the man would escape, burst into the room and upon entering was knocked sprawling to the floor.

He got up, started for his man, and then

a hand-to-hand fight began, which had its ending in Bowling having the handcuffs upon his prisoner.

"I guess you are not so sick as you were," said the officer, "and maybe you can go now without a carriage, or clothes either."

The prisoner objected most earnestly and pleaded humbly, but he was led out into the night in his sleeping robe and made to walk barefooted in two feet of snow to the jail, half a dozen blocks away.

"I had a peculiar case in court the other day," said a police court lawyer to a Chicago reporter. "An old Irishman named Callahan had gotten into a row with his landlord about some repairs and refused to pay his rent. The landlord was a fussy little college professor, totally unversed in the ways of the world, and he was imprudent enough to send word that he would have the family evicted and then called to discuss it personally. He emerged yelling murder and said that he had first met Mrs. Callahan, who told him her husband would do him no harm, upon the strength of which he had waited for his return. When Callahan came in he promptly gave the visitor a beating. The old Irishman and his wife were both arrested and I appeared for the defense. The ugly feature of the case was the alleged effort of the woman to lure her caller into

a trap, but when put on the stand she denied the landlord's story in toto and swore point blank she had warned him that her husband proposed to punch his head. Both parties seemed perfectly sincere in their statements and I was somewhat puzzled. I finally decided to cross-examine the ex-professor.

"Now, repeat to us," I said, "exactly what Mrs. Callahan told you in regard to her husband."

"She assured me positively," replied the landlord, "that he had no intention whatever of molesting me."

"But she didn't say it in those words," I insisted. "What I want is her exact language."

"Well, sir," said the witness, beginning to get flustered, "she gave me to understand—"

"Oh, never mind that," interrupted the judge; "give us her own words."

"Very well, sir! Very well, sir!" exclaimed the little landlord, desperately. "She said, 'When Mike comes home he won't do a thing to you.'"

"When the judge got through laughing he let the prisoners off with a reprimand."

At the Any-

Old-Time Club

Chicago Tribune: "When you work," asked the man in the mackintosh, "what do you follow?"

"Well, by profession," replied the man who had his feet on the table, "I am a printer."

"What are you?" he said to the man with the squint.

"Me? I'm a carpenter—when I work."

"What is your ostensible calling?" he asked, turning to the man with the large Adam's apple.

"I was educated for a surgeon."

"And you?" he continued, addressing the man in the armchair.

"I don't do anything," answered that individual.

"H'mph!" exclaimed the man in the mackintosh, lighting a cheap cigar. "This gang seems to be made up largely of type-setters, saw-setters, bone-setters and set-ers."

Doubts

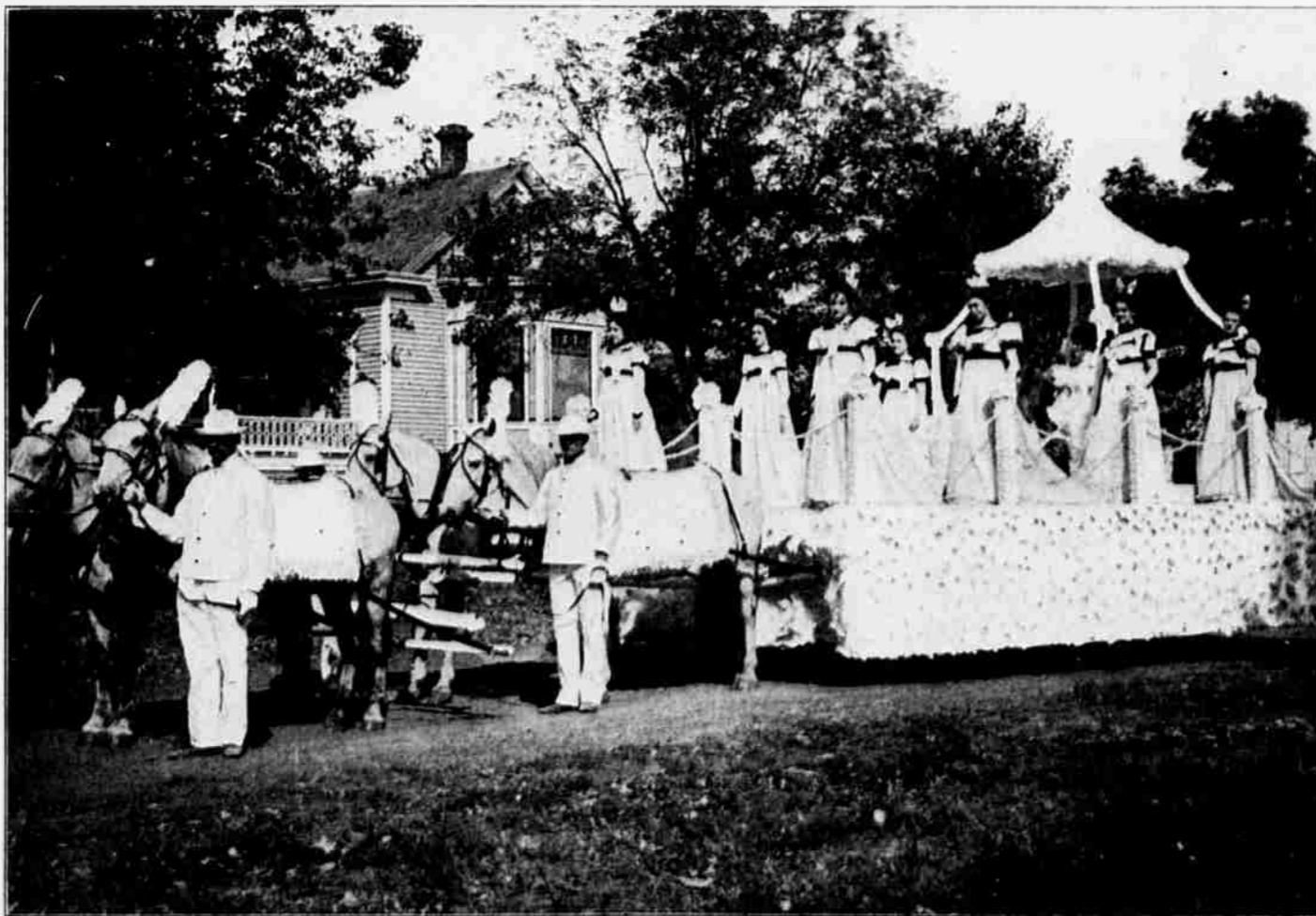
Detroit Journal: "But, after all, ought I to marry him?"

Constance was tortured with doubts.

"It is true," she argued with herself, "that I love him sufficiently to be ready to trust my future to his keeping, but is my love for him of such depth and strength that I would lend him my chewing-gum?"

Science, let it be remarked en passant, had done much, with its bacteriological researches in particular, to shatter the natural confidence of young people in each other.

Moreover, since the Dakota divorce laws now required a residence of twelve—count them—twelve months, one could not be too careful.



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