

RED AND GREEN DEVILS.

The tall young man, who had been standing on the back platform of the car, dropped down on the step and looked out ahead.

"Pull the string a little, please," he said to the conductor; "there's a patch of ice at the corner."

As the car slowed up he swung off easily. An urchin stepped out from the shadow at the corner and whispered, huskily: "Buy a Sportin' Extra, boss, I'm stuck wid a big lot and I want to make de price of a bed."

"You must think I was born yesterday to give me that old game," said the young man, pleasantly.

"Go on boss, buy one," persisted the ragamuffin.

The man tossed the boy a penny and took a paper, opening it as he went down the cross street. As he passed the electric lamp he held it up, glancing hastily over it. Then he let one side go and used the free hand to run down a column. Meantime he had passed slowly on until he had reached the railroad crossing. He came out from the lee of the buildings holding the paper in one hand, and a sharp gust of wind whistled down on him and, slapping his face with the paper, whisked it off up the tracks.

"D—n the luck!" he said, turning up the collar of his greatcoat as he strode across the bridge over the railroad.

Underneath were lines and lines of glistening steel, crossing and diverging and converging, and everywhere green and red and white lights, which changed color suddenly with a faint click. Occasionally a brilliant train rushed out toward the open with a mighty coughing and sneezing.

The newspaper lay in a little ditch between the two tracks. A breath of wind, mournfully sighing through the myriad telegraph wires, lifted it up and dropped it again, a foot further on. The sudden gust of wind from the wheels of a passing express caused it to turn some fantastic somersaults, and left it balancing uneasily on an iron switchrod.

Then a blast descended upon it, and tossed it up in the air, bore it helter-skelter up the track, and, tiring at last, threw its plaything in the face of a round, red light, which was staring like a one-eyed owl very solemnly into the darkness; and the paper, limp and lifeless, clung about the switch light helplessly.

The fast western express was nearly an hour late that night, and Jim Glennan, the engineer, had a clear track and the right of way through to the platform. Not even a green "caution" to bother him; everywhere a bright white light flashed up at him or a semaphore bowed respectfully as he approached.

Just as he went under the bridge a sense of uneasiness came to him. It will come sometimes to every engineer on the box. He did not know exactly what was wrong, but among all of those thousands of lights ahead of him and spreading away on both sides there seemed to be something lacking. All in the same instant he saw, or rather, instinctively felt, another track branching out ahead, and there was no light there. His hand clinched nervously on the reversing lever, and he felt mechanically for the sand lever, but not until the sharp lurch of the engine almost love him from the cab did he strain at both those polished things until they bent.

Grinding and scraping and skidding of brake shoes and wheels he heard; shrieks of men and women and steam together; then devils came—red, green and white one-eyed devils—all yelling with a sharp metallic click, changing every instant, like chameleons, from one color to another. Finally, after years and years of their society, they danced themselves away and it was dark and cold for a time. He passed then, very strangely, through various forgotten

scenes to a hospital—he knew it was a hospital because it smelled so of carbolic and echoed so when a door was shut. A man with a black beard bent over him and said: "He's coming to, I think."

The nurse, in her rustling blue print dress, looked at him a minute and said, "I think so."

Glennan looked intently in the doctor's face and said, quite naturally: "Say, Doc, in the sight of God and man, there warn't no red light on that switch—nor no light at all."

But that night's edition of the penny paper said: "Jim Glennan, the engineer of the unfortunate No. 906, today paid the penalty of his carelessness with his life."

—The Reporter.

HUNTING BIG GAME.

English Tourist—Peculiar—aw—people, the denizens of some of those—aw—wild western towns, don't you know. I awaked a fellah in one bloomin' place, baw Jawve, if there was any big game to be found in those parts, don't you know, and what, baw Jawve, d'ye think he said, don't you know?

Yankee—Give it up, don't you know. English Tourist—He said I could find a "purty siztble" game most any time over at Ten-Spot Pete's "Blue Gun" saloon, baw Jawve.

Yankee—I see. He took you for a pot-hunter.

English Tourist—Fawncy!

LIFE'S SHIFTING SCENES.

"Darling"—His low, thrilling, passionate baritone tones spoke as though they meant it.

"Darling"—His right hand stole deftly round her lithe and yielding form.

"Darling"—His other hand, the only one that was left, was placed beneath her chin and tilted the ripe and glowing lips up to just the proper and most convenient position; and then—

"Aha—a!" They started apart. "We are seen. Let us move quickly, and the scene shifted.

A DECISION.

"Mr. Goslin and I have a controversy, Miss Kittish," remarked Mr. Gurley, "and we would like you to decide it for us."

"What is the question?" "Why do gubls always wead the last chapter of a novel first?"

"They don't." This point may now be deemed settled.

THROWN AT HIM.

Brown—That's a terrible lump you have on your head, old man. Jones—Yes, that's another thing you can do with a chafing-dise.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

She—There's danger in a lover's lip! With microbes science says it's rife! He— I thank you, dearest, for that tip— Make me an invalid for life!



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NOTICE.

[First publication August 29.]

William F. Onley, defendant, will take notice that on the 18th day of April, 1896, Stull Bros., the plaintiffs herein, filed their petition in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against said defendant, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by William F. Onley (single), to George Thompson, and by him duly sold and assigned to Stull Bros., plaintiffs, upon lot six (6), in block eighteen (18), Mills' Second addition to University Place, in Lancaster county, Nebraska, to secure the payment of one certain promisory note, with interest coupons attached, said note dated September 1, 1892, for the sum of \$500, due and payable one year from date thereof. Said note was not paid when the same became due, nor any part thereof, nor has said note or any part thereof been collected and paid; there is now due on said notes, coupons and mortgage the sum of \$600, for which sum, with interest from September, 1, 1894, at 10 per cent per annum, plaintiffs pray for a decree that defendants be required to pay the same, or that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found due. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 5th day of October, 1896.

C. C. FLANSBURG, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Dated August 29, 1896. Sept 19

A comfortable California trip can be taken every Thursday at 10:30 a. m. in a through tourist sleeping car, Lincoln to Los Angeles without change via the Burlington. Remember this when arranging for your winter trip. Depot ticket office, 7th street between P and Q streets. City office, corner Tenth and O streets.

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R. E. MOORE, President. E. E. BROWN, Vice-President, C. H. IMHOFF, Cashier

Forty-first quarterly statement of the Union Savings bank at close of business.

August 31, 1896.

ASSETS.

Loans on Real Estate.....	\$102,083.97
Loans on Collateral.....	72,197.92
Stocks and Real Estate.....	21,578.72
Bank building.....	12,387.61
Warrants and demand loans.....	\$34,452.68
Cash.....	34,656.67
Total.....	\$267,355.57

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in.....	\$ 96,000
Earnings.....	1,994.57
Deposits.....	169,361
Total.....	\$267,355.57

STATE OF NEBRASKA, COUNTY OF LANCASTER } ss

I, C. H. Imhoff, cashier of the Union Savings bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief. C. H. IMHOFF, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of September, 1896.

GEO. L. MEISSNER, Notary Public.

[SEAL]

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