

LOGAN VALLEY HERALD

VOLUME IX. NO. 3.

WAYNE, WAYNE CO., NEBRASKA, FEB. 22, 1884.

WHOLE NUMBER 111.

Business Directory.

Frank Fuller,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WAYNE, NEB.

Will practice in the U. S. and State Courts.

Britton & Northrop,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WAYNE, NEB.

ARMED FORCES. Collections &c.

W. D. AGLER,

Blacksmith,

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For services done on short notice.

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R. B. Crawford, M. D.

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN.

Consulting and Operating SURGEON.

One Door North of Brown's Bank.

WAYNE, NEBRASKA.

J. P. Gaertner,

FURNITURE,



Picture frames, Coffers,

Tables, Chairs,

Wardrobes, etc.

All Work warranted.

Sewing Machines Repaired.

Affidgements furnished for all kinds of
Safe or Combination Locks.

or diamonds, watches, gold, etc.

WAYNE, NEBRASKA.

20.00 ACRES

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WYOMING ITEMS

Exposition & Fisher, of Crab Orchard, have just paid and delivered to Payne Smith, of Cheyenne, the two-year-old colt, and foal, to Alford, for \$1,000. This colt is engaged in western stakes for two-year-olds to run the coming season. Mr. Smith will ship this colt with other horses to New Mexico.

There are some disturbances in Blair over the propriety of opening the public schools in the morning with religious exercises. Some of the parents object to their children receiving any such teachings. One or two of the students remained out until the exercises were over, and the principal informed them they would have to quit school if they persisted in such conduct.

The principal of the school of North Bend was arrested for assault and battery on one of his pupils. The charges against him are quite serious, and it is probable that he will lose his position.

A freight-conductor who obstructed the railroad crossing at North Bend and treated contemptuously his order of official authority when it moved on, was taken before the legal tribunal and made to pay roundly for his obstinacy.

Fremont Tribune: Social circles at Werner have been stirred up by an action which has just been brought in the district court for Otoe county by M. C. Robinson against W. G. Jones, Martha A. Brane, and Adelia C. Spurr. The plaintiff complains that the defendants attempted to extort from his wife, enticed her away, and have statement her in opposition to his utmost possible efforts to obtain her from the defendant's mistreatment, control and influence. Mr. Robinson, through attorneys, M. McLaughlin and C. C. McNab, asks the consideration of \$20,000.

The Douglas grand jury found an indictment of murder in the second degree against Wm. Snell, of Valentine, who shot Leige Snell at Craft's road-house near Omaha. Snell, who had been out on St. On bat, was surrendered by his bondsmen and put into the county stronghold in default of \$4,000 bail, the amount required after his indictment.

A fire at Omaha on the 16th destroyed property to the extent of \$50,000, insurance probably about half.

The citizens of Humboldt are discussing a public library project. At a recent meeting Mrs. Britton's proposition to bonds \$2,000 and \$200 a year toward maintaining it was accepted and a committee appointed to determine how the library can best be conducted.

Valentine Reporter: Mongomery Riddle, of Pine Ridge, was in town yesterday. He is a very old man, and was in the employ of the Hudson Bay company fifty years ago, and assisted in building Fort Laramie. The story of his life would be an interesting adventure of Robinson Crusoe.

Two men by the name of Brennan and Cunningham got into an alteration at the Nebraska City packing house, and Cunningham cut Brennan on the arm near the wrist quite severely.

Two overgrown youths thought it would be tremendously funny to break back hair through the windows of the new Catholic church at Red Cloud, but got busy with the glass when jerked up by citizens of the law and fled \$60 each, besides costs, making \$200 for the two.

The Collection Fund says that already the boom has commenced. Strangers are arriving every day in search of lodgings.

By next fall the Frenchmen valley will be dotted with the residence of thirty farmers.

They will complain stock raising with experience.

Hardy Herald: One of the prospecting shafts sunk at Omaha, filled with salt water to within four feet of the surface. Three gallons of the water were evaporated and produced six pounds of salt. Should this salt prove pure, there is every reason to believe they will have salt works as well as coal at that place.

J. M. Sewell & Co. have shipped over three hundred cars of grain from the town of Holdrege since the cars have been running to the place. This is an indication that the portion of Nebraska not much of a desert after all.

Schuyler Sun: Frank Smith, the eldest son of S. P. Smith, of Coffey president, met with a very serious accident while out hunting on Saturday last. From an overcharge his gun exploded, and a small piece of iron from the lock striking him just above the right eye and fracturing the skull. For a time his recovery was uncertain, but at this date the wound is doing nicely.

Hastings Gazette-Journal: The committee appointed by the board of trade to go to Washington to meet the Mississippi river improvement committee did not go. They were unable to procure transportation beyond Chicago, and thought they would leave Nebraska interests in the hands of the state delegation. Attending conventions at long range is just a little more expensive.

The body of the huge H. W. Shiflett, of Nebraska County, who had been bitten by his dog, so severe of which was given a few weeks ago, went mad, thus establishing beyond doubt the fact that the dog had hydrocephalus. A day or so afterwards a steer and a calf also went mad and were killed.

City Attorney Counsel, of Omaha, is in receipt of a telegram from the clerk of the appellate court at Chicago stating that the judgment of the lower court awarding him \$10,000 damages against the Pennsylvania company has been confirmed.

Deputy United States Marshal Allen, of Omaha, was held yesterday until well into the night in Omaha a few days ago.

Lawyers of Syracuse have a habit of carrying their wives, even going so far as to bring them to the public school.

The county board has decided that the revolver should be imposed.

Within the short space of one week Mr. Johnson, of Omaha, buried a wife and three children from the flood disaster.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

GENERAL

Advices from South Africa report the death of Davy, the famous Zulu chief, after a long illness.

A petition has been presented to the Iowa legislature asking for amendment to the divorce laws, so that the guilty party, divorced, shall not be at liberty to marry again while the innocent party is unmarried.

All buildings in Point Pleasant, Ohio, are under water, and it is feared that the house in which General Grant was born will float down the Ohio river.

U. S. Warner offers a \$200 prize for every discovery of new comets made during 1864 in the United States and Canada.

The main hall of the world's fair exposition building at New Orleans, will be lighted by 10,000 incandescent burners.

In the last yacht race for the championship of America, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Aaron Davis Hazel, of the Poughkeepsie club, won.

No vestige remains of Cochranville, Ohio, a small village in Monroe county, being entirely wiped away by the flood.

A collision occurred between two freight trains on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, on a bridge near Hawthorne, Iowa. Conductor Cummings was killed and Engineer Kennedy severely injured.

The International Working People's association of New York has condemned the assassination of Detectives Bligh and Kilkenny, in New York.

Officials of the Abolition, Topeka and Santa Fe dear the report that a combination has been formed between their road and the Burlington.

Red Cloud Chief: For a number of weeks past there has been a scheme on foot which it was proposed to organize and operate an extensive lumber business throughout the state, with the general office located at Red Cloud. Several plans were discussed at length by the interested parties, which finally culminated in the organization of the company, articles of which were filed with the county clerk and with the secretary of state.

E. S. Gaylord recently sold his Washington farm, consisting of 800 acres, for \$25,000.

A. M. Chadwick,蒙古 judge of Douglas county, died suddenly from heart disease on the streets of Omaha on the 14th, while on his way to attend a wedding at Trinity cathedral. He was 25 years old and had been a practitioner of law since 1878.

Marquette has no churches, but the Presbyterians are talking of erecting a parsonage the coming summer.

O'Neill Frontiersman: An effort was made to seize possession of Kid Wade this week by the Holt county authorities, at the instance of some of the regulators who had promised the Kid that he should not be taken to Brown county. Sheriff Rosenthal, mislead, connections somewhere and the much wanted horse thief was burned over to the authorities of Brown county, and he is now at Long Pine, safely guarded.

An organization of the Knights of Labor has been effected in Hastings. This organization starts out with flattening properties, both to numbers and standing of its members.

Nebbraska farmers expect to furnish a good deal of feed corn for other states this spring.

How J. Sterling Morton has gone to Washington to attend the meeting of the democratic national committee, which occurs on the 22d inst.

The Clermont Dudley, a native of New Jersey, on his way to Colorado Springs, is said to have been held in custody by the Kid to have been held in the Illinois denot a few days ago, holding it up to ransom, upon which he had advanced \$67, waiting for the man he had dynamited to come back.

Palis City Journal: Captain John has written a sensational ghost-story to the St. Louis paper, *Cross-Hatch*, according to his report the old Cathay house is haunted by the ghost of a man named John, who was murdered thirteen years ago for his money. The body was buried on the premises, and afterward thrown into the Missouri river. The ghost did not make its appearance until Colhang had left and other parties moved in. What object it can have in prowling around now it does not say.

THE FALL OF SINKAT.

An Eye-Witness Describes the Disasterous Charge of Texas Boys-Forces.

A correspondent at Shaking Creek, London: "At last the heroic garrison of Sinkat has been battered. For a fortnight they have been fighting more and more, and it was a terrible hand-to-hand combat which made a noble to die amidst the rebel hordes. Texan Red had barricaded his men, saving in Shaking Creek they might sacrifice themselves, the remaining 100 they might die from hunger in a few days. Flight was impossible. The men thus unarmed with their rifles, their bayonets, their sabres, their revolvers, and their carbines, were driven into the water, and the destruction was beyond all estimate. More than half the people are homeless and out of food."

The department commander of New Hampshire appeals to all Grand Army posts for aid for the sufferers by the floods.

Greenleaf, Ky., is completely submerged and great suffering is experienced by the poor.

Dr. George H. Marshall, charged with attempting to blackmail Mary Anderson, was acquitted in the United States district court at Pittsburg.

The glove fight between the heavy weights, Capt. A. C. Daly and H. J. Goodard, a few nights ago, in New York, Ossianbury rules, was a very bad encounter. The fight, which Blackard attacked his antagonist and threw him from the platform, Police then stopped the row.

Tom Allen, the pugilist, was discharged by the St. Louis criminal court on the ground that the old charge of fighting a prize fight in Kentucky, in 1876, was made for the purpose of collecting a debt.

Spokane, Wash.—Dr. W. B. Thompson says: "I am strongly convinced of the efficacy of Brown's Iron Pill and recommend it." The gross receipts of the meetings given by the Mapleton company at Chicago, including Patti and Gerster, for the benefit of the Ohio flood sufferers, was over \$1,000.

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Logan C. New, the well-known attorney, has a challenge to make Marvin Thompson to a \$1,000 to \$2,000 against John T. Sullivan, the champion, for a hard glove fight, the contestants to fight to a finish, ring rules.

The national tenting association has changed its rules so as to provide that original reports of meetings, instead of duplicates, be transmitted to the national secretary. This is to provide against fraud.

Several respectable citizens of Louisville have been arrested for shooting the "queer."

The state stock-breeders' association of Nebraska state at Lincoln on the 19th, one hundred delegates were in attendance. The opening address was made by President Walker. There was interesting discussion on breeds and diseases of cattle.

George Burnett and James Commerford have been arrested in New York for swindling in sending out orders under the name of Cornelius Constock & Co., a commission firm of New York. Commerford has served a term in prison for forging a \$25,000 check. Burnett has also served a term for swindling.

It has been decided to send to Sungkin three British officers, serving in the Egyptian army, to form a battalion of 500 black and Turkish troops, to hold the passes with the English machine. Baker, Pasha and the remainder of his forces at Sungkin will be recalled.

Spies from Sinkat report that the garrison there, having eaten up the camels, cats and dogs, are devouring tree leaves.

C. S. Tolson has closed up all liquor stores which have been infested by officers and soldiers. The British garrison at Sungkin will continue to rise for some time. It is hardly possible to give an idea of the situation. The mass of people can see the great body of the river, as the approach to the banks is cut off on all streams flowing to the river at Sungkin bridge, 100 feet above the water mark, makes but a low arch above the mud.

Miss Fortescue, in the brough of promise action against Lord Garnett, exhibited the damages to her affection at Newport.

Admiral Smythe received a summons after the English cabinet council which directed him to be ready to set out for Egypt at an hour's notice.

A meeting, attended by 15,000 people, was held at Sheffield, England. Religious services were adopted condemning the Egyptian policy of the government as a violation of national honor and prestige.

The Nord Deutsche Zeitung says editorially: "The bill in regard to high products, now before the American congress, is calculated to injuriously affect the Germans, who have national interests at heart. The size of the bill is palpably affected against Germany alone. Germany has always maintained a friendly disposition toward America, and does everything possible to show her friendship, and the sudden anti-German attitude of the part of America comes in us, regret and astonishment. We do not assume that American statesmen are disposed to entertain the opinion that Germany can be induced to retreat in regard to the measures enforced in the interests of public health."

It is believed by officials at Cairo that Osman Digna's force is massing for the purpose of making a desperate stand on Tokar. Some alarm is felt, the defenders being short of ammunition. General Gordon telegraphs: "I have formed a Committee of defense with the well-to-do families of Barka, and a precipitate action may throw them into arms against the enemy. Patience alone is required." He asks the authorities to send guns and ammunition to Barka. The rebels killed 100 men and a number of children.

A duel between M. Laguerre and M. Clauzel, members of the French chamber of deputies, occurred at Paris on the 10th. The former was wounded in the knee.

Help for the Distressed.

The government of Ohio has proclaimed a day of fasting and prayer. The measure provides for the appointment of a committee who shall inquire all useful information upon the subject of labor and its relation to capital and means for promoting the material, social, religious and intellectual prosperity of the laboring men and women. The question of contract and indenture was discussed without reaching a conclusion.

Cheung Woo Tsang, a native of China, has returned and became a resident of Connecticut, he applied to the clerk to be admitted to citizenship. The clerk decided that no record could be given him, in consequence of the act of May 6, 1870, which provides: "That no foreigner of no country shall admit to citizenship."

The house committee on labor has ordered favorable report on Representative Hopkins' bill for the establishment of a department of labor statistics. The measure provides for the appointment of a committee who shall inquire all useful information upon the subject of labor and its relation to capital and means for promoting the material, social, religious and intellectual prosperity of the laboring men and women. The question of contract and indenture was discussed without reaching a conclusion.

At a meeting of the house engineers on bricklaying and plastering, Mr. Polfer was present who proposed to withdraw his own bill, before a committee of 15 per cent. for the new bill, which will probably go to the committee on ways and means.

The house committee on boundaries, having several propositions, designed to end the strife of the members upon the general question respecting the admissibility of congressional legislation.

The bill providing for the regulation of inter-state commerce was decided by 14 to 1, that it ought to be submitted to legislation of some kind.

Mr. C. N. Cole, of Ohio, casting the negative vote.

Comptroller Wyman, on the 12th, received from an Ohio bank two packages containing \$1,300 for the sufferers of the water.

Pennsylvanian being circulated in California requesting Congress to pass a bill to prohibit the sale of whisky in California.

The bill, however, was introduced into the house of representatives by Mr. C. C. Tracy, of New York, and passed.

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A HIGH PENTHESIAL HYMN.

The soft谐諧的 bells have announced the glad fact
That the bright golden sun has been seen,
And the lovers have entered a certain con-
tract.
In the same boat, in pairs to side,
The gleam of gold's sounding its brilliancy
falls,
And hummers each fond, loving heart,
And together they'll feed off the same boil-
ing salsa.
Until death or divorce do them part,
The loving words of the minister fall:
With a chill on each listening ear,
As if awaiting his final doom the knee,
Of their freedom, which lay on the bier
Of mortal life, and feeling of awe.
Seated so stolidly a sad spectator,
And even the cheek of the minister's jaw
Was as dry as the stalk of a bean.
The wild glad notes of the organ peal,
And flooded the church with sound,
As the happy pair came forward and
knocked.
And the bridesmaids circled around;
Then the preacher said what he had to say
To the ring on her finger still
And joined their hands in the usual way.
And the bravely doed was did.

May posies of the brightest hue
Their pathways ever cheer,
And may their love, so warm and true,
Never Weeble out of gear.
May heaven's blessings crown the pair
And the life they've just begun.
And may their long life ever glaze
Like a bald head in the sun.

—Fayville Argus.

TWO PRAYERS' LOVES.

A man is seated on a worn horseshoe sofa, head bent on his hands, sobbing as only strong men whose best and dearest feelings have received a death blow.

At his feet lies a crumpled letter, where he had thrown it in the first pang of the great agony it had inflicted upon him.

There is no need to enter minutely into the details. It is the old, old story of man's love and woman's inconstancy.

Hardly two years before Richard Hamilton had stood before the altar by the side of the woman he loved so well, and she had vowed before heaven to "love, honor and obey" him, to be faithful to him through evil and through good report until death, and now she had broken those vows, and tempted by money, had left her husband, who was only a struggling actor, and fled with a rich man who had been attracted by her pretty face.

For hours Hamilton sat there in his great desolation; then he arose and put his sorrows from him by a mighty effort. No matter how great his grief, the public must be amused—this anguishful fulfilment. He was what is called "utility man" in a touring company, and that night he had to play a rather good low comedy part. He remembered he had been pleased when he first saw the cast, feeling that he was rising at least in his profession; but now what did it matter? Let him rise or fall; who would care?

He played that night as if he were in a dream. His senses seemed dulled, but the dark phantom of his grief seemed to overshadow him. He had studied the part well, however, and he never missed a cue, as the audience were good humored, and remained silent at what they certainly could not applaud.

The other members of the troupe had heard of his trouble, and rallied round him with that cheerful kindness found in the theatrical profession. He had only to play the first scene of his part, another gentleman insisted on playing it for him, which he did fairly well.

The "heavy man" (that is, the villain of all the pieces), who was, by-the-way, a thoroughly good fellow, walked home with Hamilton that night.

"Don't grieve for her," he said. "She's not worth it; no woman is."

Hamilton rested his aching head on his arm as he leaned against the doorpost. He was completely crushed, and made no reply.

"Of course you'll get a divorce, want on my friend, after a pause. "Look here, old fellow! Lawyers won't do the thing for nothing, you know. Cheap justice is out of the question; and as you see, we—the company, I mean—will raise enough to begin with at any rate, and Wiggins is going to let you have a benefit, and, of course, what little you own as you can pay off the damages you recover whenever you like."

"No," said Hamilton, running his hand over his hair, "I will get no divorce. Do you think I know no one in the world as I believe he would marry her if she were free?"

"Perhaps not; but then, if divorced, you would be free yourself."

Hamilton laughed bitterly.

"I would waste no money on myself," he replied. "It don't cost much to live like this."

"But still she bears your name—the name of your family. Don't let her disgrace you further. Never the less, she does bind you, as she has severed all others."

"You are right," said Hamilton. "You will try for a divorce."

Hamilton had no difficulty in obtaining a divorce; indeed the case was uncontented, and he might have been awarded heavy damages, but he would not accept the money, which seemed to him the price of his wife's guilt.

Two years had passed away, in which Richard Hamilton had raised high in his profession. He had studied intensely, now withdrawn his regret that he was born of his race, but fame and fortune had rewarded his efforts, and when we last left him he was touring with his own company, and playing to success.

All that time he had, however, little or nothing of his wife, and could only look back with a sad smile. He was, however, bright dreams that had come to a hollow mockery.

Lonely, however, the gloom that had enveloped him had led to some measure of consolation, and this was particularly the case when he was in the soci-

ety of Muriel Mervyn, the leading lady.

Muriel was a beauty, tall, fair, and graceful, with curling, bright brown hair, sweet, firm mouth, and dark, violet-blue eyes; and, better still, she was a fairy-tale, any of their pride.

She lived with her mother, a woman

what had tempered old age; it all accounts were true, but Muriel kept her home troubles to herself, and went about with a bright smile, giving a helping hand to all who needed it.

Sweet, courageous, gentle, unselfish, all that is most pure and womanly, as she was, who can wonder that Richard Hamilton, weary of brooding over the dead past, turned to her for comfort?

She was a clever actress, too. Always graceful and judicious, sympathetic and tender; there were times when the sweet voice would be raised in pleading or in mortal agony, when the expressive face would become changed, her whole being absorbed in the character she was playing. It was at such times as these that the depths of her heart were revealed, and the firmness and passion that lay as yet dormant therein were disclosed.

The company was playing in a town in the North of Scotland, and the rain was pouring down heavily. Muriel was forced to find occupation and amusement in her soprano "staff" lodgings.

It was evidently a very poor place, in which she rented but one back room,

but it seemed respectable, and Miss Mervyn, whose pity was aroused, said at parting, "Let me call to-morrow to inquire if you are better."

After this she often called, and was soon very much interested in Mrs. Smith, as the woman called herself. She had only been in her present lodgings a few weeks, and was evidently miserably poor, very ill and quite alone. She would never talk of the past, except that once she told Muriel that she had been an actress.

"Miss Mervyn, we may be sure, did not go empty-handed to that poor lodger, and she even persuaded Mrs. Smith to have a doctor."

But all was of no avail, and one day in the middle of May, when Muriel called, she saw a terrible change in the worn, pale face.

"Miss Mervyn," she said, as Muriel entered, "the doctor has told me I shall not live another day down. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, I fear it is true," Muriel said, gently.

"Well, I am glad of it." I have taken

the doctor at his word, and sent for one I should never dare to meet if I were not dying. He may, perhaps, be here soon, for I telegraphed last night; but

if I feel my strength is failing fast, and before he comes (I may have time afterward) I should like to tell you the story of my life. Will you listen?"

"Certainly," said Muriel, gently; "tell me anything if you think it will make you happier."

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"Certainly," said Muriel, gently; "tell me anything if you think it will make you happier."

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"Miss

SCHOOL EXTRAVAGANT HUMS.

The soft marriage-bells have announced the glad fact
That the bright golden tie has been tied,
And the loves have entered a solemn compact.
In the same hour in future to ride,
The gleam of love's sunshine in brilliant rays,
And illuminates each fond, loving heart,
And together they'll feed of the same good tea.

Until death or divorce do them part.

The solemn words of the minister fall

With a slight touch of meaning.

With sounding in their intonations the joyful

Of their freedom, which lay on the tier

Of marital life; and feeling of awe.

Seemed to sink like a ball on the scene,

And even the track of the minister's jaw

Was as dry as the dust of a bean.

The wild glad notes of the organ pealed.

And sounded the church with sound;

As the happy pair came forward, and

knelt.

And the bridegroom circled around

Thus the priest said what he had to say,

The ring on her finger set,

And joined their hands to the usual way,

And the heavenly deed was done.

May posies of the brightest hue,

Their pathways ever cheer,

And may their love, so warm and true,

Never wobble out of gear.

May Heaven's blessings crown the pair,

And the life they've just begun,

And may their love ever throve.

Like a bold head in the sun.

—Byronville Argus.

TWO PLAYERS' LOVES.

A man is bent on a worn horse-chair,
Head bent on his hands, sobbing
as only strong men whose best and
dearest feelings have received a death
blow can sob.

At his feet lies a crumpled letter,
Where he had thrown it in the first
 pang of the agony it had inflicted
upon him.

There is no need to enter minutely
into the details. It is the old, old
story of man's love and woman's in-
constancy.

Hardly two years before Richard
Hamilton had stood before the altar by
the side of the woman he loved so well,
and she had vowed, before heaven to
"love, honor and obey" him, to be
faithful to him through evil and through
good report until death, and now she
had broken those vows, and, temporal
by money, had left her husband, who
was only a struggling actor, and fled
with a rich man who had been attracted
by her pretty face.

For hours Hamilton sat there in his
great desolation; then the arose and put
his sorrow from him by a mighty effort.
No matter how great his grief, the
public must be amused—his baggage
must be filled. He was what is called
"gusty man" in a touring company,
and that night he had to play a rather
good low comedy part. He remembered
he had been pleased when he first
saw the cast, feeling that he was rising
at last in his profession; but now, what
did it matter? Let him rise or fall, who
would care?

He played that night as if he were in
a dream. His scenes seemed dead,
but the dark phantom of his grief
seemed to overshadow him. He had
studied the part well, however, and he
seemed interested—a one, so the audience
were good humored, and remained
silent at what they certainly could not
appreciate.

The other members of the troupe had
heard of his trouble, and rallied round
him with that unselfish kindness found
in the theatrical profession. He had
only to play the first scene of his part,
another gentleman insisted on playing
it for him, which he did fairly well.

The "heavy man" (that is, the vil-
lain of all the pieces), who was, by the
way, a thoroughly good fellow, walked
down with Hamilton that night.

"Don't grieve for her," he said.
"She's not worth it, no woman is."

Hamilton rested his aching head on
his arm as he leaned against the door
post. He was completely crushed, and
made no reply.

"Of course you'll get a divorce,"
went on his friend, after a pause. "Look
here, old fellow! Lawyers won't do the
thing for nothing, you know. Cheap
justice is out of the question, and so
you see, we—the company, I mean—
will raise enough to begin with at any
rate, and Wiggins is going to let you
have a benefit, and, of course, what
little you owe us you can pay out of
the damages you recover whenever you
like."

"No," said Hamilton, rousing him-
self. "I will get no divorce. Do you
think I know as little of the world as to
believe he would marry her if she were
free?"

"Perhaps not, but then, if divorced,
you would be free yourself."

Hamilton laughed bitterly.

"I would waste my money on my
wife," he replied. "I don't care where
I am free or not."

"But still she bears your name—the
name of your family. I won't let her
disgrace them further. Never the less,
she does bind you, as she has nevered
an othe."

"You're right," said Hamilton.
"Yes, I will try for a divorce."

Hamilton had no difficulty in obtaining
a divorce; indeed the case was un-
denied, and he might have been
awarded heavy damages, but he would
not accept the money, which seemed to
him the price of his wife's guilt.

The years had passed away, in which
Richard Hamilton had raised high in
his profession. He had studied more
money—more to drown his regret than
to reward his efforts; and when he saw him again he was touring
with his own company, and playing to
large audiences.

All this time he had heard little or
nothing of his wife, and could only
look back upon his short married life as
a hideous brief, bright dream that had
been a hideous nightmare.

Indeed, however, the gloom that had
descended to him had in some
measure vanished, and this was partic-
ularly true when he was in the soci-
ety of Muriel Mervyn, the leading
lady.

Muriel was a beauty, tall, fair and
graceful, with sparkling bright brown
hair, a sweet, firm mouth, and dark,
violet-like eyes; and, better still, she
was—as fairy tales say of their prin-
cesses—as good as she was beautiful.

She lived with her mother, a some-
what bed-taxed old lady; if all we
could were true, but Muriel kept her
home troubles to herself, and went
about with a bright smile, giving a helping
hand to all who needed it.

Sweet, courageous, gentle, and kind,
all that is most pure and womanly, as
she was, who can wonder that Richard
Hamilton, weary of brooding over the
dead past, turned to her for comfort?

She was a clever actress, too. Always
graceful and ladylike, sympathetic and
tender, there were times when the
sweet voice would be raised in pleading
or in mortal agony, when the express-
ion would become changed, her
whole being absorbed in the character
she was playing. It was at such times
as these that the depths of her heart
were revealed, and the firmness and
passion that lay as yet dormant therein
were disclosed.

The company was playing in a town
in the North of Scotland, and the rain
was pouring down heavily, so Muriel
was forced to find occupation and
amusement in her somewhat "stuffy"
lodgings.

In a cupboard in her sitting room she
found some old volumes of an illus-
trated paper, some nine or ten years
old, and as she sat idly listening, the
tears her eyes fell on the name of
Hamilton. It was Muriel.

"Theatrical Divorce Suit—Hamilton
vs. Hamilton and Dianky."

And then she read the story of Rich-
ard Hamilton's great trouble.

By the time self-made men rise in the
world, the unpleasant stories of their
early lives are forgotten, and Muriel
had never heard of this before. She
knew he had been married, but she had
ways believed his wife to be dead.

With a white face she laid down the
book and walked calmly to her own
room. Once there, she locked the door
and fell on the bed with an exceedingly
bitter cry. Even while she had read
the lines of truth had dawned on her,
and for the first time she realized that
she loved Richard Hamilton.

When at last she left her room all
trace of emotion had disappeared. She
had looked the secret in the depths of
her own heart, and vowed that none
should ever know of her suffering.

How often the Spartan boy-been
shouted a hundred of courage and con-
fidence by those who would seem to
forget the heroes and heroines of every
day life?

Muriel Mervyn had taken up her
cross-burden and gone out to fill her
unaccustomed place in the world, with a
smile on her lips that just before had
uttered such passionate prayers for
help.

That night she avoided Hamilton,
and certainly gave him no opportunity of
speaking to her alone; but on the
following morning when she was out in the
town, they met, and he took his place beside her.

For some time he talked of indifferent
subjects (things theatrical, of course; actors always talk "shop") and then he brought the conversation
round to himself—told her that he had
loved her, and asked her to be his wife.

"Oh, stop!" she said, in a low, start-
led voice. "Remember your wife!"

"But the law—"

"Free you, you would say. My
Hamilton, you both vowed once to be
main true to each other till death, par-
ticularly you."

"In the eyes of the law, of society, I
am a single man."

"Yes, but in the eyes of heaven you
cannot be free. Leave me, Mr. Hamil-
ton; you have my answer."

"Is my life to be one long dis-
appointment?" he asked sadly. "I loved
my wife passionately, but not with the
strong, deep love I have given you, Muriel." That was the romantic pas-
sion of a boy; this is the love of man-
hood.

"Oh, my darling, the world is
so cold to me; don't let your hand be against me, too! Think of
my lonely, wretched life! Will you
not come to cheer me, and help me to
be a better man?"

"Alice," he said, coming forward,
"you see I have come; but why did
you send for me?"

"I ask with my dying breath for
your forgiveness."

"Impossible!" he said, shortly.
"You wrecked my life, Alice, betrayed
my love, dishonored my name! I can-
not forgive!"

"But with my dying breath I ask
you for my sake, forgive my wife."

He hesitated for a moment, and then
crossing to the bed, took one of his
wife's wasted hands.

"Forgive," he said, simply.

"Forgiven—all forgiven!"

And Alice Hamilton sank back upon
the pillow exhausted.

Presently she sank into a deep sleep.
The watchers joined those two, and
just as night began to fall she passed
away.

With a sigh, Hamilton went to
Muriel's side.

"Dearest," he said, "you told me
once that when I could bring you the
proofs of my wife's death I might
speak to you again. She lies there
dead. What do you say?"

Muriel rose and laid her hand in his
with a look of unspeakable love. Thus
is that chamber of death, these two,
so long parted, were united at last.

"Such; then, is the case," she said
quickly.

"What, Muriel—are you mad? You
love him, do you not?"

"No," she said.

And then, turning away with averted
face, she fled homeward, leaving him
stunned by her words and unable to
understand them.

It was a falsehood, and she knew it,
but she had spoken for the best.

"I will go away from him," she
thought, "and then as he thinks I do
not love him, perhaps he will learn to
forget me."

The next week the following para-
graph appeared among the provincial
news of a theatrical paper:

"We understand that Miss Mervyn
has secured from the Hamilton Shak-
pearean company, an amicable arrange-
ment having been come to, and intends
leaving for some time to recover her
health, before accepting another em-
ployment."

Another year has passed. Hamilton
is still on his prolonged tour, and
Muriel is playing at a London theatre.

On a wet, cold night in early spring,
as she was leaving the theatre, her

quick eye saw a woman's form leaning
at the door, against the door.

Thinking she might be the bearer of
some message, possibly for her, Muriel
asked:

"Are you waiting for any one?"

The woman looked up helplessly,
shook her head in reply, and attempted
to move on—but as she did so she stag-
gered and would most likely have fallen
had not Muriel caught her.

"You are ill," she said. "Can I do
anything for you?"

"No," said the woman in a weak,
hollow voice, "I am very ill I know, but
I wanted to purchase some things, so I
had to come out to-night."

"I hope you do not live far from
here."

"No, in John street."

"That is my way," said Muriel.
"You will let me see you home?"

The woman consented—in fact, she
seemed too weak and ill to resist—and
Muriel left her at what she said was the
door of her home.

It was evidently a very poor place,
in which she rented one back room,
but it seemed respectable, and "Miss
Mervyn, whose jilt was aroused," said
at parting. "Let me call to-morrow, to
inquire if you are better."

After this she often called, and was
soon very much interested in Mrs.
Smith, as the woman called herself.
She had only been in her present lodg-
ings a few weeks, and was evidently
imperceptibly poor, very ill and quite alone.

She would never talk of the past, ex-
cept that once she told Muriel that she
had been an actress.

"Miss Mervyn, we may be sure, did
not grudgingly handle to that poor lodg-
ing, and she even persuaded Mrs. Smith
to have a doctor."

But all was of no avail; and one day,
in the middle of May, when Muriel
called, she saw a terrible change in the
woman, pale face.

"Miss Mervyn," she said, as Muriel
entered, "the doctor has told me I shall
not live another day down. Do you be-
lieve it?"

"Yes, I fear it is true," Muriel said,
sobbing.

"Well, I am glad of it. I have taken
the doctor at his word, and sent for one
I should never dare to meet if I were
not dying. He may, perhaps, be here
soon, for I telegraphed last night; but
I feel my strength is ebbing fast, and
before he comes (I may have no time
afterward) I should like to tell you the
truth of my life. Will you listen?"

"Certainly," said Muriel, gently;
"tell me anything if you think it will
make you happy."

"Mine is a life in sin too bad, per-
haps, for your ears," went on the
woman; "but I must tell it. I married,
when very young, a man who loved me
far better than I deserved, for after we
had been married two years I listened
to the sophistry of a man who tempted
me with his wealth, and I fled with him.
There was the usual result. After a
time he grew tired of me, and a year
after the divorce was decreed I found
myself alone and penniless in London.
What my life has been since I must
leave you to guess; and at last I found
myself ill, dying, with a small sum of
money in my possession. I came here, and
by your kindness my path to the grave
has been smoothed. Miss Mervyn,

I have repented, but I cannot die
until I have paid my husband's forgive-
ness. I have telegraphed for him, and
Ah! that it is his step on the stairs!"

The door opened and a man entered.
Muriel suddenly drew back into the
shadow.

"Alice," he said, coming forward,
"you see I have come; but why did
you send for me?"

"I ask with my dying breath for
your forgiveness."

ROUTING FOR PLACE.

Jessamy Among the Ladies at a White House Reception.

A Washington dispatch to the New York World says: People who called at the white house last Saturday afternoon were deeply impressed with the majestic, almost imperious manner of Mrs. Justice Miller, who stood third in the line from Mrs. McCleary during the reception. There was a high, rosy flush on Mrs. Miller's face, and her black eyes fairly snapped. Strangers unfamiliar with Mrs. Miller's manner were much impressed by her stately graciousness as they were presented. It was noticed that whenever a friend of Mrs. Miller's appeared she talked in a very vigorous and emphatic manner, and there were looks of amusement or embarrassment upon these friends' faces, according to their disposition, as they filed by. The reason for this has since been explained by Mrs. Miller herself at several up-town receptions.

It is the custom for ladies invited to assist at receptions at the white house to take their places in line as they are assigned. There have been many disputes heretofore over the exact place certain ladies were to occupy in the blue room, but nothing to equal the incident of last Saturday. Mrs. McCleary was the first lady to take her position. She invited Mrs. Carlisle to stand next to her. Mrs. Frelinghuysen was to have stood third, but she was not well enough to come to the white house to take a position below the wife of the speaker. The third place was then assigned to Mrs. Miller. She is the wife of the attorney-general of the supreme court. The supreme court people have always held that they should rank the cabinet, and when Mrs. Miller, who had just left a ladies' lunch party, where she had been the center of a group of prominent ladies, arrived and discovered this arrangement, she was very much annoyed by it. In one way she resembled her husband. She has a habit of speaking her mind when excited, regardless of her surroundings or the occasion. She began her protest by saying that she had been at the white house since Mrs. Lincoln's time. In all that period she had never been entertained by the wife of the speaker, and she thought it was pretty late in the day for anything of that sort.

These remarks were addressed to Mrs. McCleary, who, being a very modest timid woman, was overwhelmed with embarrassment. The other ladies looked frightened, with the exception of Mrs. Carlisle. She remained very quiet, looking straight ahead of her, utterly ignoring what was said. This appeared to add fuel to Mrs. Miller's rage. Catching the wife of the secretary of war by the hand, she said: "Come, Mary Lincoln, you come here and stand between me and Mrs. Carlisle, for I will never stand next to her."

Mrs. Lincoln is one of the most timid and modest of women. She could do nothing but submit to the impudent display of temper, and so this accounts for her being next to Mrs. Carlisle on that eventful afternoon. Mrs. Miller did not let the matter drop when she had taken the next place, but kept turning to the ladies behind her, asking what they thought of this proceeding. What these ladies thought they did not venture to say.

This unusual incident accounted for the high color in the faces of the ladies receiving, and also for the excessive cordiality with which they pounced upon the first visitors who came in. I may also have accounted for the aged man of Marshal McMillian, who was so thoroughly annoyed with the whole thing that he could hardly get his mind down to the routine work of making presentations.

There is nothing in a social way that has made so much stir in a long time as the president giving Mrs. Cattell five photos on New Year's day. Of course, he had no idea of the effect that would be produced and the stampede was as follows. Mr. Fellinghuyser has mentioned a point about it, that as the dinner on Wednesday night the speaker's wife sat below the heads of the table. As it was a dinner given in honor of the cabinet there was some reason, perhaps, in this, although it has been a temporary in the past for the president to put the wife to the secretary to sit upon his right and the wife of the speaker to his left.

Play Romeo or listen to someone else and you'll write a poem.

Country Butter.

"Talk about creamy butter," said a grocer on Woodward Avenue, "take me the old-fashioned-sweet cream home-made-burned butter in the country, like this, and an inch roll on the counter and presented to butter-some crackers."

"But what's that?" inquired a customer. "Country butter?" said the factotum. "So many crackers were I forced, which ate it greedily."

"How much of that butter have you got?" he asked, wiping his chops with a smirk of satisfaction.

"Find the most of it home to my own family. Mr. M. brought some, and will be after the rest. You see it isn't easy to get June, clover fed cream butter at this time of year. You couldn't find a pound in any other store in town," said the grocer very proudly.

"Send me up the lot," said the customer. "I don't want any creamy buttering after eating that. You can't fool me on genuine butter. I was brought up on a farm, I was, and know good butter when I see it." And he paid for his goods and went out.

"Where did you strike that butter?" asked a man who was eating prunes and pickles near the stove.

"Down at the factory where they make it," replied the grocer slyly. "And the beating of their own hearts was all the sound they heard."

Ex-Senator Thurman's maladies are neuralgia and rheumatism, by which he is closely confined to the house. His body is writhed with pain with every change of the weather. But it was his opinion that was wrong with Payne by the side of the Ohio Senator.

An Elliot Indian Bible sold the other day for \$1,200.

MODERN RESURRECTION.

A Miracle that Took Place in Our Midst Unknown to the Public—The Details in Full.

Extract From Press.

One of the most remarkable occurrences ever given to the public, which took place here in our midst, has just come to our knowledge and will undoubtedly awaken as much surprise and attract as great attention as it has already in newspaper circles. The facts are, briefly, as follows: Mr. William A. Crombie, a young man formerly residing at Birmingham, a suburb of Detroit, and now living at 287 Michigan Avenue in this city, age twenty-four, says that he has looked into the future world and yet returned to this. A representative of this paper has interviewed him upon this important subject, and his experiences are given to the public for the first time. He said:

"I had been having most peculiar sensations for a long while. My head felt dull and heavy; my eyesight did not seem so clear as formerly; my appetite was uncertain and I was uncomfortable. It was an effort to arise in the morning, and yet I could not sleep at night. My mouth tasted badly, I had a faint all-gone sensation in the pit of my stomach that food did not satisfy, while my hands and feet felt cold and clammy. I was nervous and irritable, and lost all enthusiasm. At times my head would seem to whirl and my heart palpitated terribly. I had no energy, no ambition, and I seemed indifferent to the present and thoughtless for the future. I tried to shake the feeling off and persuade myself it was simply a cold or a little malady. But it would not go. I was determined not to give up, and so passed along and all the while I was getting worse. It was about this time I noticed I had begun to bleed fearfully. My limbs were swollen so that by pressing my fingers upon them deep depressions would be made. My glands began to enlarge, and continued to until I could scarcely see out of my eyes. One of my friends, describing my appearance at that time, said: 'It is an abominable something, but I should like to know what.' In this condition I passed several weeks of the greatest agony."

"Finally, one Saturday night, the misery culminated. Nature could endure no more. I became irrational and apparently insensible. Cold sweat gathered on my forehead; my eyes became glazed and my throat rattled. I seemed to be in another sphere and with other surroundings. I knew nothing of what occurred around me, whether I had slept or not. I was learned by those who stood by. It was to me a quiet state, and yet one of great agony. I was helpless, hopeless and lost; my only companion. If remember trying to see what was beyond me, but the mist before my eyes was too great. I tried to reason, but had lost all power. I felt that it was death, and realized how terrible it was. At last the strain upon my spirit gave way and it was a-blank. How long this continued I do not know, but at last I realized the presence of friends and recognized my mother. Then thought it was earth, but was not certain. I gradually regained consciousness, however, and the pain lessened. I found that my friends had, during my unconsciousness, been giving me a preparation I had never taken before, and the next day, under the influence of this treatment, the bleeding began to disappear and from that time on I steadily improved, until today I am as well as ever before in my life. Now no trace of the terrible self-tormenting disease, which so nearly killed me, and all through the wonderful instrumentality of Warner's Salve Cure, the remedy that brought me back after I was virtually in another world."

You have had an unusual experience, Mr. Crombie," said the writer, who had been, legitimately, interviewing the patient.

"Yes, I think I have," said the reply, "but it has been a wonderful blessing to me. I am certainly though there are thousands of men and women in the neighborhood who have the same malady, which seems to mean nothing more than I do not know. I, I believe, however, it is the most descriptive remedy in the world. It comes like a thief in the night. It has no certain symptoms, but seems to attack each one differently. It is quiet, treacherous and all the more dangerous. It is killing more people today than any other one complaint. If I had the power I would warn the entire world against it and urge them to remove it from the system before it is too late."

DR. JAMES GERMAN WORM CAKES are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs and Throat Troubles. Sold only in pills.

Lantern, the father of Lily, Texas hand some as Apollo.

When you come to Omaha, take the Street Cars or Bus for the Metropolitan Hotel. \$2.00 per day. Tables as good any \$3.00 per day house.

DR. JAQUES GERMAN WORM CAKES will not destroy worms and remove them from the system.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SPRAINS AND BRUISES are permanently relieved by Uncle Sam's Nerve and Bone Liniment. Sold by all druggists.

PURIFY THE BLOOD with Elliot's Day-Night Liver Pills. They act directly on the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, being tonic and cleansing but never irritating or painful.

SAVE YOUR HARNESSES by oiling with Uncle Sam's Harness Oil which will make soft and pliable. This is the best oil ever made for leather. Sold by all harness makers.

DR. WINGELL'S TEETHING SYRUP is just the medicine for mothers to have in the house for the children. It will cure colic, colds, sore throat and regulate the bowels. Do not fail to give it a trial, you will be pleased with its charming effect. Sold by all druggists.

WHEN HORSES AND CATTLE are spirited, snappy and fleet, they need treatment with Uncle Sam's Condition Powder. It purifies the blood, stimulates the system, causing healthy appetite, cures COLDS and DISTEMPER. Invigorates the system and will keep the animal in healthy, handsome condition.

STOP THAT TERRIBLE COUGH. Every case of consumption commences with a cough, occasioned by having taken cold, which, if allowed to run its course, will soon make it into bronchitis, pneumonia and then the lungs if not checked by medicine, will eventually kill the patient.

DR. W. H. HALL'S BALM FOR THE LUNGS and advised her to try it. She adopted it as a last resort, and it produced a marked change for the better, and by perseverance in the use of it, your trouble is gone.

Baseball players: A run in time saves the nine.

DR. STRAHORN & CO., LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Union Stock Yards, Chicago.

It will take \$6,250,000 to run the Chicago government in 1900, leaving \$4,000,000 in 1901.

A full feeling after meals, dyspepsia, heartburn and general ill-health relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

A game which is always played on the square is checkers.

A madam effort trying to catch a beau.

He suffered from Stereopticon, Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

Roscoe Conkling declined to talk politics for the ear of the public.

GOOD MAN OR BEAST.—The Army and Navy Liniment cures Colic, Scrofula and other Diseases. For particulars send address.

James G. Blaine is the name of the Postmaster at Martinsville, Ind.

Good Old-Yeller OIL, made from selected Tallow on the one above RECOMMENDED, HAZARD & CO., New York. It is absolutely pure and safe. Patients who have used it can bear it to all others. Physicians have added it superior to any of the other oil.

Champagne Mandie, Face, Fingertips, and Mouth Oil, made by JEFFERSON TAN SOAPS, made by SWELL H. GARD & CO., New York.

For leather tobacco face is preferred to fine leather.

PLAYERS, PLEASE NOTE: No. 1000, W. G. Payne's Hair-Lotion.

Another volume of poems by Vida Lee to shortly be issued.

CONSUMPTION.

There is nothing like the Mexican Mustard Liniment for the cure of Consumption. It has been used for thousands of cases of the disease and a long standing record of success. It is the best liniment for consumption and is a valuable addition to the physician's armamentarium.

HOW TO WIN AT CARD DICE, &c.

A new thing to the public.

Any one can learn to play cards and dice with a few hours practice.

It is a simple game, requiring but a few moments to learn.

W. G. PAYNE'S HAIR LOTION.

Loring Pass.

That General Loring, by his ten years' faithful service in Egypt, where he was a trusted counsellor of the Khedive Ismail, has earned a right to be heard with respect when he speaks about Egyptian affairs, few will have the hardihood to deny. And he writes with the frankness and force of a soldier, whose military career has been long and brilliant. He was but a boy when he took part in the war which followed the separation of Texas from Mexico, and when the fighting ceased in Texas, he sent him back to school. Subsequently obtaining a commission in the United States Army, he served in the Indian war in Florida, and went with General Scott to Mexico in the attack on Vera Cruz; on the glorious days of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco and Chapultepec, young Loring did his fair share, until the very day before the American army entered the city of Mexico, when at the gate of the city he received the wound which cost him his right arm. This loss did not deprive the country of his services, for in the Indian wars which followed, he took an active part, and when the northwestern boundary was settled by the treaty of 1848 with Great Britain, he led an army across the plains—a formidable undertaking in those days—in garrison Northern Oregon. When the Civil War broke out, he thought it was his duty to take the Confederate side. But there can be no impeachment of his honor in the way he severed his connection with the United States service. Always an active command, he fought all around the circle during the Civil War, the result of which was, of course, a disappointment of his cherished hope. To Egypt, which he had visited before, he turned his steps, and there found his great talents and sterling character duly appreciated by the Khedive Ismail, who raised him to the princely rank of pasha. The Abyssinian war, in which General Loring was chief-of-staff, is too recent to need mention. He has enjoyed his leisure, since his return from Egypt, in the preparation of a book on that country which will shortly see the light and will be found extremely interesting.—Town Talk; in The Manufacturing for March.

The One & Only Prospectus
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NOAH ROBITAILLE,**HATTERS**

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KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND
Second-hand Harnesses,
Horse Saddles,
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Bags,
Whips,
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Inc. E SAM'S HARNESS OIL,
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