

LOGAN VALLEY HERALD.

VOL. IX. NO. 51.

WAYNE, WAYNE COUNTY, NEBRASKA, JULY 11, 1884.

WHOLE NO. 463.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

County Directory.

D. W. Britton, Co. Treasurer, Wayne.
T. J. Steele, Co. Clerk, Wayne.
E. Martin, Co. Judge, Wayne.
A. S. Miner, Sheriff, Wayne.
J. S. Hake, Co. Sup't., Wayne.
H. E. Harris, Co. Surveyor, Wayne.
J. W. Bartlett, Coroner, Wayne.
J. J. W. Fox, Co. Com'r., Wayne.
O. F. Crane, Wakefield.
A. T. Chapin, Wayne.

FRANK FULLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Wayne, Neb.

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

BRITTON & NORTHROP, Attorneys-at-Law,

Wayne, Neb.

Also Notary Public. Collections a specialty.

W. A. LOVE, M. D., Physician and Surgeon,

Wayne, Nebraska.

R. B. Crawford, Old resident physician in the Logan Valley.

CRAWFORD & WIGHTMAN, Physicians and Surgeons.

Will promptly attend to calls day or night, or calls by letter or telegraph. Office always open, one door north of Logan Valley Bank.

A. A. WELCH, Attorney at Law,

Wayne, Neb.

REFERENCES: Geo. W. Pleasant, Judge of the Appellate Court, 2d Dist., Rock Island; J. J. Glenn, Judge of the Circuit Court, 10th Dist., Monmouth; J. S. Hinman, County Judge, Henry Co., Ill.; Cambridge; F. G. Welton, County Clerk, Henry Co., Ill.; Cambridge; T. F. Mitchell, State's Attorney, Henry Co., Ill.; Galva; J. M. Brown, Circuit Clerk, Stark Co., Ill.; Toulon; First National Bank, Galva, Ill.

D. W. BRITTON, Auctioneer!

Wayne, Neb.

Will attend to all calls to cry Auction Sales. Charges reasonable.

WELL DIGGING

The undersigned desires to inform the public that he is now prepared to put down

BORED WELLS

18 inches in diameter, at low rates. He will also keep on hand a full stock of

Wood and Iron Pumps

which he will sell as low as the lowest. He is also agent for the

Challenge Wind-Mill.

(Give me a call, or address me by letter, at Wayne.)

L. L. ALLEN.

Meriman & McMakin,
House, Sign and Carriage Painters,

GRAINERS, CALCIMINERS,
AND
Paper Hangers.

GRAINING and
DECORATIVE
PAPER HANGING
A SPECIALTY.

Shop on Second Street, east of
Morton's Livery.

WAYNE, NEB.

Flour, Feed, Grain and Wood

—AT—
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

CASH Paid for GRAIN.

PEAVEY'S ELEVATOR,

WAYNE, NEB.

J. K. RYHER.

E. C. PALMER & CO., Wholesale Grocers

Sioux City, Iowa.

School Books, District Books, Blank Books, Webster and Worcester's Dictionaries, Writing Desks, Albums, Gold Pens, Stationery, Hand Satchels, Pocket-books, Organs, Accordions, Violins, Flutes, Guitars, etc.; Sewing Machines, Machine Needles, Machine Oil. Agent for Talcott Bros.' School Books, also for Lydon, Blackman, Taylor & Co.'s School Books. M. S. DAVIES, MAIN STREET, WAYNE, NEB.

PIONEER Millinery and Notion House.

Silks, Satins, Velvets,
FRINGES, LACE, RIBBONS,
FLOWERS, FEATHERS,
PLUMBS, TIPS,

And all the leading styles of
MILLINERY,
At all times. Valenciennes, Gimpure, Torchon and Silk Spanish Laces, Ladies' and Children's Fancy Hose, Lace and Kid Gloves and Mitts, Zephyrs, Saxony and Germantown, Yarns, Canvases, Card Board, Silk and Linen Floss, Warner's, Ball's and Duplex Corsets; a

FULL LINE OF HAIR GOODS.
Also a full line of

Ladies' Fine Jewelry.

SOLE AGENT FOR
Mme. Demorest's Reliable Patterns,
Improved Wheeler & Wilson
SEWING MACHINES.
Headquarters for Sewing Machine Supplies.
MRS. M. P. AHERN,
Wayne, Neb.

CITY Meat Market

TWO DOORS NORTH OF CHASE'S STORE.

SEARS & ROCK, Prop's.

We keep constantly on hand a full supply of
**Choice Beef, Pork, Mutton,
Corned Beef, Salt Pork,
Smoked Beef, Hams, Shoulders and Bacon.**
Poultry, Bologna (by the lb. or cwt.).
We pay cash for

Hides, Pelts and Furs.

American House,

WAYNE, NEB.

WM. G. VROMAN, Proprietor.

This House is
CONVENIENT TO THE DEPOT.

Has good stables in connection. Tables as good as any house in the city.

Give us a trial.

CHAS. M. WALTERS

House, Sign, Carriage

—AND—
Ornamental Painter

CALCIMINING,
GRAINING and
PAPER HANGING.

All work promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Shop on Third Street, one door east of Henry Ley's.

F. E. MOSES. COLLECTOR & CONVEYANCER,

Wayne, Neb.

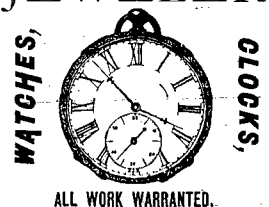
Teachers' Examination.
I will hold a public examination of teachers in the school house, in Wayne, on the third Saturday of every month, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. A fee of \$1 will be charged for every examination, or for a certificate endorsed or renewed. Saturdays are office days.
JESSE S. HAKE,
Co. Sup't. of Public Instruction.

H. G. LEISENRING, M. D., Physician and Surgeon,

Wayne, Neb.

Office on Main street nearly opposite Court House.
Local Surgeon of C., St. P., M. & O. R. R.

W. I. HARRIS, JEWELER



ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Sewing Machines Repaired
and attachments furnished for all machines.
Safe or Combination Locks
cleaned or repaired. Store one door north of the Logan Valley Bank.

Logan Valley BANK,

WAYNE, NEB.

Oldest Established Bank in the County,
and Successors to the
Wayne County Bank.

Provided with Large Fire-Proof Brick
Vaults, Burglar-Proof-Safe
and Time Lock.

We pay interest on Time Deposits and
Loan Money on good security at customary
rates. Present rate on improved farms is
8 per cent, annual interest—no commissions
or deductions—full amount paid.

COLLECTIONS MADE.

Of Drafts, Notes, Coupons, etc., in all
parts of the United States and the
Old World.

We buy and sell exchanges on all parts of
the United States and Canada, and on all
the principal cities in Germany, Ireland,
Great Britain, France, Spain, Belgium,
Holland, Italy, Switzerland, Norway,
Sweden and the Orient.

And for travelers we issue Letters of
Credit available in all parts of the civilized
world.

We sell passage tickets to and from Europe
via the

Hamburg, Italian, Rotterdam and Cunard Line of

Ocean Steamers.

Write Insurance in the

Phoenix, Hartford, Conn.
North American, Brooklyn, N. Y.
German, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mutual Life, Freeport, Ill.
New York.

JOHN T. BRESSLER, Ex-Co. Treas.
D. C. PATTERSON, Atty-at-Law.
BRESSLER & PATTERSON.

Real Estate Brokers.

We have for sale thousands of acres of
unimproved lands, situated in every vale
and valley in

WAYNE,
DIXON and
CEDAR COUNTIES,

all of which are carpeted with the most
luxurious and nutritious grasses. These
lands range in price from \$3 to \$15 per acre.
For sale to all buyers of business con-

In addition to our list of wild lands, we
have many improved farms for sale cheap,
among which are

ALSO—
A number of 160 and 80-acre farms.
For further particulars in regard to these
or any lands, or

If you want to mortgage your farm,
If you want to sell your farm,
If you want to rent your farm,
If you want to buy a farm,
Call on or address us.

Taxes Paid

in all parts of the state.

TWELVE YEARS' RESIDENCE in
Wayne county enables us to give full in-
formation to land seekers. Have full facilities
for transacting all kinds of business con-

connected with Notary Public's Office, In-
surance, Real Estate Transfers, Land Sur-
veying, Conveyancing, etc.

MR. S. HAYENS, SPRING BLOSSOM

has entirely cured me! All the unpleasant symptoms
of Rheumatic Gout, Indigestion, Constipation,
Headache, Nervousness, etc., are all gone. I feel
like a new man. Sold by all Druggists. Price, 50 cents
per bottle. Trial bottles, 25 cents.

YOU OR I.

If we could know
Which of us, darling, would be first to go,
Who would be first to breast the spellbinding
tide,
And step alone upon the other side—

If we could know!
If it were you,
Should I walk softly, keeping death in view?
Should I may love to you more or express?
Or should I grieve you, darling, any less—
If it were I?

If it were I,
Should I improve the moments slipped by?
Should I more closely follow God's great
plan,
Be filled with sweeter charity to man—
If it were I?

If we could know!
I cannot, darling, and 'tis better so.
I should forget, just as I do to-day,
And walk along the same old stumbling
way—
If I could know.

I would not know
Which of us, darling, I'll be first to go.
I only wish the space may not be long
Between the parting and the greeting song;
But when, or where, or how we're called
to go—
I would not know.

OPHELIA.

"Now, remember, Lord Grayton,"
said the doctor solemnly, "all I told
you. You are very welcome to come
to our ball, though as a rule, we only
ask a certain set of wise men and maid-
ens who know our ways and their ways.
Still, you are good-looking, humorous
and chatty, and if you are sensible you
can enjoy yourself, and, maybe, do
them a world of good. I believe in
electricity as a curative agent—not the
quick nonsense of belts and chains and
musical boxes, but the real electricity
of animal spirits, the tonic of good
health."

"I shall do exactly as I am bid,"
said Lord Grayton, a handsome, florid,
muscular young man, strong as a
horse, buoyant as a balloon, just back
after a self-imposed exile of five years
in India with the big game.

"Are you quite sure of that?" said
the doctor, grimly; "the rule is simple.
Be civil and don't contradict. If I told
Crackton that you play chess, play
He's a good player, and will beat
fairly if he can; if he can't he'll make
a false move and call 'checkmate,' and
you must resign. If poor Snobly thinks
you are the prince, and 'Sirs' you all
over the place, and throws out hints
about being asked to Sandringham; if
you are asked to attend to the chiming
clock in Baker's interior, or to avoid
some one else because he's glass and
might break, you must do your best to
be courteous to them all, and on no ac-
count laugh at their fancies."

"Sounds rather jumpy. And the
ladies?"

"I'll see to that and introduce you to
the nicest, and tell you what to avoid
speaking about. 'You men will make
the talking for themselves; the women
don't talk much.'"

"Sign of insanity, I suppose. And
what am I to talk about?"

"Everything save some one thing—
the empress of Austria, or the stage,
or white roses, or Mr. Matlock, or black
stockings. I'll give you the cue—never
fear; only it may happen that one of
them will ask you to dance, and then
you must stand as best you can; the
society or art on chance. My own
girls and their friends get on famously
with the male patients, and you must
be off and dress;—nine sharp, mind, as
they all go to bed at midnight."

Gray had many strange adventures
that evening as he strolled about the
pretty hall-room of the Copewood pri-
vate asylum. He was duly deflected at
chess by the venerable Crackton, who
deliberately slid back a captured queen
on the board, and performed prodigies
of valor with her. He sympathized with
the gentleman who had swallowed
a crocodile, and he noticed the pale,
cadaverous man who amused himself
by counting the lights on each side of
the room and singing softly to himself.
"Sorry I can't admit it, sorry I can't
admit it!" He had been an acrostic
editor once upon a time. He noticed
the fussy little man with a pale-blue
shaven face, who wanted to stage man-
age the sixteen Lanciers, and who
piteously entreated the dancers to "go
back over all that again, please, and
try and get it crispier." And the erratic
journalist who wrote paragraphs on his
shirt-cuffs, and many other strange
folks that passed by in the motley pa-
geant of unsettled reason.

"There's King Lear!" whispered the
doctor, as a very foolish, fond old man,
four-score and upwards, passed him
muttering of "Brighton's As"; "you
know who he was, and he was called
a name in Grayton's ear that made
that nobleman whistle softly."

"And are there any Ophelias, whose
young maid's wits should be as mortal
as an old man's life?" asked Grayton,
showing that he knew his Shakespeare
as well as the doctor.

"Yes, but we keep their secrets. Now
go and dance," and the doctor took
King Lear off for a cup of coffee.

So there were Ophelias here! More
like Andrees, he thought, as he watch-
ed some rather uncouth gamboling in
the corner. His eyes wandered round
the room, and at last rested on a face.
It was an exquisite oval face, some-
what sad and wistful in expression, of
that rare delicate olive color, one of
the South, with skin of fine lines
textured that the red flush springs up
through the vein-tracery at a moment's
excitement; the large brown eyes were

soft and dreamy, the chiselled mouth
was half-parted, and the dark brown
hair, looking black as night, was worn
Greek fashion, close to the head, sweep-
ing in undulating lines past the tiny
rose-tipped ears.

It was a girl, a girl, a girl, a girl,
with both hands. She wore a simple
white frock, just mysteriously frilled
round the little white column of a
throat, and a great black rose nestled
in her breast. One little light, high-
arched foot, in peach-netted silk, kept
swinging to the music. No one seemed
to talk to her except the doctor, who
smiled pleasantly as he passed her and
said something to which she answered
with a nod.

"Ophelia at last," said Grayton to
himself; and in melancholy vein he
wished he were Hamlet and could lie at
her feet and watch the play.

"Poor Ophelia! divided from herself
and her sister's judgment! Ophelia was
irresistible. I wonder what sent her
here—some brute of a man, or a
soldier-lover killed at Kansas. Gracious!
I hope this terrible Meg Mer-
rides is not going to ask me to dance!"
and he moved away, as he saw a wild-
eyed woman bearing down upon him,
to a seat somewhat nearer the pale girl
with the black-red rose.

For a time he watched her; then he
tried to magnetize her. At last their
eyes met; he stared her full in the face.
She never shrank from his look, only a
sort of pitying light seemed to glow in
the sorrowful eyes. A moment passed,
and then she rose quietly and with per-
fect self-possession, grace walked over to
him, to his intense astonishment and
down quietly by his side, and said in a
soft musical voice:

"You seem sad to-night; I am sorry."
For a moment he was tongue-tied;
then he recollected his instructions and
pulled himself together.

"Well, I think I was sad because you
were looking sad."

"Was I? I suppose I always do
then. Of course, being here naturally
makes one feel sad. But we won't talk
of that," she added quickly. "Do you
care for dancing? I'll dance with you,
if you like."

"Dance? with you?"

"O yes, if you like; many of the
others dance, you know."

"How calmly she seems to recognize
her state!" thought Grayton, as he
stood up and passed his arm round
poor Ophelia's waist, wondering how
she would "jig and amble." They
were playing the "Dream-Faces," and
as they swung in undulating rhythm to
the pretty song he felt that few slips of
sane seventeen could come up to her.

"That's right," said the doctor, en-
couragingly; "that's a good example!"

"Means I am to be a tonic, I suppose,"
thought Grayton; so he carried off
Ophelia for an ice. "There now,
there's a spoon and a wafer; now you
feel comfortable, don't you? Isn't that
a lovely waltz?"

"Yes, I'm fond of 'Dream-Faces'; the
people one meets in dreams are gen-
erally really nice;—the real folk!
I have many dream-friends."

"Have you?" she said looking
amused, "tell me of them."

"Well, you know, I think I'm mar-
ried to a dream-wife—just like Gilbert's
Princess Toto, you know, with her
dream husband. And she comes to me
sometimes and scolds me if I've done
anything wrong in the day, and some-
times she's very loving and sometimes
she's cross and doesn't come near me
for weeks."

He felt as if he were telling a fairy
tale to a child.

"How charming! Do tell me more
of her. Is she beautiful? What is she
like?"

The fanciful conceit seemed to amuse
her, so he went on drawing pictures of
an ideal woman; then growing uncon-
sciously vague, he butted out, "Ah, if
one could only meet her alive, what a
wife she would make! A very second
self, aiding, sympathizing, helping,
loving—at once the cheeriest of chums
and the most idolized of idols."

She had flushed a little as he spoke,
but she went on. "What a pretty pic-
ture! Where did you get your pretty
thoughts about marriage?"

"I suppose my dream-girl taught
me."

"Is she pretty?"

Grayton wondered if a deliberate
bare-faced compliment would be a
tonic for a lunatic. Yes, beautiful.
She has large brown eyes, wonderful
hair, a low voice, an olive oval face,
she dances superbly, and she wears a
black-red rose in her white dress."

Ophelia looked a little frightened.

"Forgive me, I didn't mean to be
rude, but she is—really, you are not
angry with me?" and he laid his hand
gently on hers.

"Oh, no," and then there was a
pause.

"Come, let me show you some pic-
tures; I'm something of an artist my-
self; and she led him into the log gal-
lery, and talked art so sensibly and
sympathetically that here, at all events
he felt there was a very pleasant meth-
od in her madness.

"Talking art" is a recognized method
of interchanging sympathies.

He was no bad judge of a picture;
but he preferred to affect ignorance,
and asked the stupidest questions sim-
ply for the pleasure of hearing her talk.
There was a kind of innocent dignity
about her that fascinated him. She
was more like a Vestal virgin than a
Bacchante. So the evening passed all
too quickly till he suddenly beheld
himself that there was an important
division in the Lord's that night, and
that he was bound to be a "not con-
tent" before the clock struck eleven,
and after that he was due at Lady Con-
gleton's dance.

"Must you go away?" she said,
"why?"

"Well, you see, I'm one of those
much abused people that the radicals
call hereditary legislators, and I am not
abolished yet; I must be in our House
at eleven."

Of course she could not have under-
stood a word he said, for she mur-
mured to herself, "Poor fellow! so
young too!"

He robed and held out his hand.
"Good night; thank you for a very
charming evening."

"Good night," said Ophelia tenderly.
"I should like a little memory of this
meeting; will you give me that rose?"
I've been longing for it all the even-
ing!"

"Of course I will; why didn't you
ask for it before!" and she took it from
her dress and fastened it in his coat.
"I shall see you again; there will be
another dance here soon. How is it
that I never saw you dance before at
one?"

"This is my first dance here," he said
gravely.

Why is it that Ophelia's eyes sud-
denly filled with tears he couldn't un-
derstand, but she left him with a quiet
bow and went back to the dancing
room.

"You've been enjoying yourself, I
see," said the doctor, as Grayton came
to say good-by, "though I must say it
was rather selfish of both of you."

"Selfish! why, I did all I could for
her, poor dear girl!"

"Poor! why, my dear Lord Gray-
ton, she has six thousand a year of her
own."

"Dear me! and what is done with it?"

"She does what she likes with it; she
helps all the charities, and she helps
me and Copewood in particular, and
she generally does a lot of good to our
poor people—picks up some one else's
fancy, and cheers him up a bit. She's one of my best tonic, and
she's the first time I have noticed that
she never danced once with a patient;
that was your fault, you know."

"Good gracious! then she isn't—
a patient herself?"

The doctor laughed till tears rolled
down his jolly face. "Bless my heart,
no! That's Lady Mary Pettigrew,
daughter of old Lord Polonium, and
she's just one of the cleverest and sweet-
est girls in the world. I thought you
knew her."

"Not! She came over and spoke to
me, and—"

"I see it all—look you for a patient!
O this is too lovely," and the doctor
was positively boisterous in his mar-
ried content.

Grayton bolted to the house, and
having just recorded his vote against
the bill sent from common for colored
farming grounds instead of shooting
them, betook himself in a strange state
of bewilderment to Lady Congleton's.
His hostess welcomed him warmly, like
the prodigal that he was, and insisted
upon introducing him to some one in
whom she seemed to have special in-
terest.

"Really a delightful girl, Lord Gray-
ton, quite after your own heart, de-
voted to art and philanthropy, you
know."

Grayton was too full of thought to
protest, so submitted meekly. What
were girls to him just then? He was
thinking over Copewood as his hostess
took his arm and they set out on a pil-
grimage.

"Ah, here she is! Lady Mary Pet-
tigrew, Lord Grayton. I'm sure you two
will get along capitally," and her lady-
ship was off, leaving Grayton staring
vaguely at his fascinating lunatic.

Lady Mary could hardly suppress a
scream as she turned her head and
blushed as deep as the rose he still
wore in his button-hole.

"How—how did you get out?" she
asked awkwardly.

"I never was in, Lady Mary, the
fact is, I'm afraid there has been a lit-
tle mistake on both sides. I only found
out from the doctor as I left that you
weren't a—"

She put her feathered fan up with a
warning "Hush!" and then said,
"What brought you there?"

"Curiosity, and you?"

"I often go there and try to do some
good. I cheer them sometimes, but to-
night! O, how wrong and stupid of me!"

There was a little pause as he looked
at her with his frank, kindly eyes.

NO. 2, 1927. LEY'S BRICK CORNER STORE

Home Heraldings

POSTSCRIPT

Gov. Cleveland, of New York, was nominated on the first ballot, the announcement being received with tumultuous demonstration of applause. Hendricks moves that the nomination be made unanimous. McDonald will be given the second place.

DIED.—July 3d, near Wayne, Danna, infant son of J. E. and E. J. Glass, aged 14 months.

A CARD.—To the neighbors and friends who so kindly lent their assistance during our recent bereavement, we tender our sincere and heartfelt thanks.
J. E. Glass.
E. J. Glass.

BORN.—July 4th, 1884, to Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Ellis, a son.
Mr. Ellis is now the father of two boys, both of whom were born on Independence day, while his only daughter was born on election day.

ACCIDENT.—As Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Giddings accompanied by Rev. Pittenger, were going home from Wayne on Tuesday evening, their horse stumbled and fell, upsetting the wagon and throwing all three out. Mrs. G. was severely bruised, though not seriously injured, and the others escaped unhurt.

JUNE APPROPRIATION.—The June appropriation of \$1,322.93 school money, and \$19 fines has been apportioned to the several districts of Wayne county as follows:

1.	\$12.36	11.	\$8.36	20.	\$8.36
2.	21.28	12.	4.28	21.	4.28
3.	56.27	13.	25.23	22.	25.23
4.	25.74	14.	26.72	23.	26.72
5.	71.84	15.	26.72	24.	26.72
6.	34.12	16.	48.32	25.	5.00
7.	52.85	17.	26.60	26.	42.25
8.	38.60	18.	40.12	27.	25.23
9.	22.25	19.	42.08	28.	25.23
10.	44.02				

FOUR HORSES IN SIOUX CITY.—We are informed that when the new timetable goes into effect, a mixed train will be run from Norfolk to Wakefield, at which point the Harrington train will take the freight of both trains, and the Norfolk train will then run as a straight passenger, arriving in Sioux City at 11 o'clock, and leaving there again at 3 o'clock, giving passengers four hours in which to transact business at the metropolis.

DISSOLUTIONS AND CHANGES.—The firm of Crawford & Flickinger was dissolved this week. Dr. Crawford taking the business, which he will continue at the old stand. Mr. Flickinger will devote his time to his profession. The real estate firm of Lindley & Gamble was also dissolved. Mr. Lindley retiring, and Mr. Gamble continuing the business. Mr. Welch has moved his law office into Dr. Crawford's real estate office for the present, and Mr. Goshorn having rented their old office, Mr. Gamble will have to look for quarters elsewhere.

WHERE THEY ARE.—At a special meeting of the Board of County Commissioners and Town Hall Association, held on Saturday afternoon, arrangements were made whereby the county clerk is provided with temporary quarters in the Logan Valley Bank, the county treasurer in the Citizens' Bank, the county judge and sheriff in F. M. Skeen's office, and the county superintendent in Lindley & Gamble's office; all of these parties having offered the gratuitous use of their buildings. Mr. Goshorn moved the plant of his paper first into I. P. Martin's building, and afterwards into the old Logan Valley Bank building.

AN ASSAULT CASE.—On Thursday evening last, W. R. Town, a carpenter and painter who came to this city this spring, enraged at being refused more whisky at the saloon, threw a heavy leaden knuckle at Geo. Board-shear, barely missing his head, and smashing a hole in the wall. Mr. Board-shear swore out a complaint charging Town with assault with intent to kill, and after a preliminary hearing, Justice Mears held him in \$500 bail to await the action of the grand jury. Unable to procure bonds the prisoner was remanded to the care of the sheriff, from whom he escaped on Sunday evening, and the sheriff now offers a reward of \$25 for his arrest and detention.

A large line of nobby new corsets at Johnson, Smith & Son's.

Texas Ranger tapers.

Wind does not sell goods, but prices will, and the place to get low figures is at the old Pioneer Store of Johnson, Smith & Son.

The best decorated stores in town on the 4th were those of Linn Bros. and Witter & Co., which were covered with flags and the national colors.

Wait for the improved sash balance—the best thing of the kind ever invented. Takes the place of sash weights. A full stock in a few days.

For the next 30 days we will sell you goods lower than the lowest, in order to save transferring the stock now on hand to our new building.

Johnson, Smith & Son.

An Eventful Fourth!

The Nation's 108th and Wayne's 3rd Birthday Appropriately Celebrated.

Ending with a Disastrous Conflagration in the Evening.

The Court House Burned, But the Records All Saved.

At an early hour on the morning of the 4th, people began to arrive in Wayne from all parts of the county, coming on foot, on horseback, in bugies and in farm wagons, and by ones, twos, threes and dozens, until at 9 o'clock the streets were filled with the multitude of patriotic spectators. About this hour a light shower came up, which delayed the formation of the procession until 10, when Marshal D. W. Britton assisted by his aid, Peter Gyle, formed the procession in the following order: Wayne Cornet Band, Casey Post, No. 5, and other old soldiers; Wagons containing impersonations of Uncle Sam and the Goddess of Liberty and 38 young ladies representing the 38 states, escorted by ladies on horseback. Carriage containing the speaker, reader and chaplain. Citizens in carriages and on foot. Ragamuffins. The procession was then marched to the grounds east of the village, where spacious pavilions had been erected, and where the usual literary exercises took place. Lieut. Norris, the orator of the day, was introduced, and delivered one of the finest 4th of July orations we ever listened to here; being but little of the "spread eagle" about it, but a great deal of common sense, his theme being the influence which the Declaration of Independence and American Institutions had exerted on the world's history, and his reference to the Monroe Doctrine, and the necessity for enforcing the same on this continent, was long and loudly applauded. Mr. Norris is a very effective, forcible and pleasant speaker, and the Harringtons hope to have the pleasure of listening to him again during the present year.

THE BEAN DINNER was now served by the Post, and was thoroughly enjoyed by those who partook, but we noticed that the "hard tack" found few admirers, except among the veterans who ate it eagerly while their thoughts reverted to the days when even a worn hard tack was eagerly sought for.

AT TENNIS SPORTS. The sports advertised for the afternoon now began, opening with a potato race for the boys, 30 potatoes being placed about half a yard apart, and the prizes to go to the one picking them up and depositing them in a basket one at a time, the quickest. The first prize was awarded Dick Hagelin, and the second to Gay Emerson.

For the sack race, six entries were made. W. H. McNeal taking first money and Emerson second.

Dick Hammond won first money in the foot race, and W. H. McNeal second.

In the pony race I mile heats, best two in three, Warner & Cyle's pony, White Stockings won first two heats and first money, and John Lawrence's Bob, was awarded second money. For the half mile single dash, there were five entries, and all started. The horses passed under the string in the following order:

- 1st, Warner & Cyle's White Stocking.
- 2d, Ted, Perry's Gyp.
- 3d, Whit, Tomp's sorrel pony.
- 4th, John Lawrence's Bob.
- 5th, Ran, Frazier's "Unknown."

As the horses in the race, passed the stand, the Cooper pony bolted the track and ran into the ground, knocking down a gentleman named John Ruppert, a land-owner from Pennsylvania, and one or two others, and throwing his rider, and for a time it was feared that Mr. Ruppert was seriously injured, but beyond the soreness and bruises incident to the fall, he escaped without injury.

An exhibition trot was now made by the Hambletonian Stallion, Meshier, driven by his owner, the horse showing himself to be possessed of the qualities which have made the Hambletonian family world-renowned.

This concluded the days sports and the multitude, which good judge, estimated at 1,500 returned to town. For the rollerskating contests, there were three gentlemen and six lady contestants, and the prizes were awarded as follows:

- Miss Wye, best lady skater,
- Miss Myers, second.
- W. H. McNeal, best gentleman skater, O. A. Buchanan second.

The committee on Ragamuffins awarded first prize of \$3 to Stewart Johnson and second of \$2 to Hudson E. Fealder.

During the day there was little drunkenness, although one arrest was made, and the next morning was fined in the usual sum by Justice Mears for being "drunk and disorderly."

THE DANCE AT THE RINK. held fair to be a grand success, 75 tickets having been sold, when at about 11:30, the alarm was given that the court house was on fire, and the

ball-room was deserted in a moment. On arriving at the court house it was found that the partition between the sheriff's office and the printing office, and the ceiling overhead was on fire. Buckets were obtained and water carried in such quantities that the fire below was soon extinguished, and it was hoped the building could be saved, but the flames had caught between the outer and inner walls in such a manner that it was impossible to get at it, and it soon became apparent that the building was doomed. All hands now turned their attention to saving the contents, and in a few moments, all of the records were removed and deposited in a secure place, and Mr. Goshorn's newspaper plant was also removed, the presses being carried out entire, nothing being left but some rollers and a small keg of ink. Some sorts, however, were knocked down on the floor and burned. A corner of the building was torn down, and the safe in the county clerk's office, removed in good shape. The plank sidewalks were also removed. All of this time, a force of men were at work on the roof keeping the flames in check, and it was not until nearly 2 o'clock when the walls fell in, leaving the three chimneys standing like grim sentinels to guard the ruins. The

ORIGIN OF THE FIRE. remains shrouded in mystery. At first it was supposed to have been set by the "drunk," who was incarcerated in the sheriff's office, but this theory was exploded by the fact that he was chained to the wall in such a manner that he could not reach the partition where the fire is supposed to have originated. His story is that he was awakened by the fire, which he thought came from the stove in the room, and immediately crawled out of the window, and shouted fire, and when the first corner arrived he was found standing at the window, with his chained arm resting on the window sill. It is doubtful now if it ever will be known how the fire originated. The building was erected by the Town Hall Association, at a cost of nearly \$4,000, on which there was an insurance of \$2,500.

From the hall proper, a few of the school desks, a few chairs, and half-a-dozen seats were removed, about 50 chairs belonging to the Town Hall Association and an organ belonging to the M. E. church being burned.

This was Wayne's first disastrous fire, but during the day, the roof of Slater's new house caught fire, but the shingles being wet and green, it was extinguished before much damage had been done. The village authorities ought to take warning by this fire, and at once proceed to take some measures for fighting fires, before the town is burned. When the horses have all been stolen, there will be but little use of looking the stable door. Wisner has just voted bonds in the sum of \$4,000 for the purpose of providing a system of waterworks, and the same amount judiciously expended would give us good water works; and ample protection in case of fire. What shall we do about it?

Personal.

R. P. Sheldon, of Lyons, has been in town this week. We'll back Sheldon against the world for talking "movers reapers and binders."

Frank Dyer came up from Athens to spend the 4th in Wayne.

Mr. William Dyer came in from Bancroft, and Sunday at the Boyd.

Mr. A. T. Witter is on the sick list. Joseph Boiler of Walnut, Iowa, was at the Boyd yesterday morning.

Mrs. Charles Woodruff came up from Seribter with her uncle, J. O. Milligan, on Sunday, returning on Wednesday. Mrs. W. is doing a very successful millinery business in Seribter.

B. J. Agler, who has been spending some months with friends in this county, left for his home in Paw Paw, Ill., on Wednesday last.

Major Hammond, of this city, was well acquainted with Blair, a boy, who is a father having boarded with his family at the National Hotel, kept by the Major, while the elder served as prothonotary of Washington county, Penna.

George W. Waitt and wife of Wakefield, were in town yesterday, and took their dinner at the Boyd.

Council Bluffs Nonpareil; Mrs. B. F. Talbert, of Wayne, Neb., who has been visiting friends in this city several days, left for home last evening. Mrs. Talbert is in the millinery business in Wayne, and while here purchased a stock of goods.

Dr. Leisenring made a trip to St. Helena this week.

Mrs. B. F. Talbert spent the Fourth at Omaha and Council Bluffs, returning on Monday.

Miss Addie Fuller, of Washington, D. C., arrived last night, on a visit to her brother Frank Fuller, Esq.

W. B. Warrington of the Logan Valley Mills, called on THE HERALD yesterday.

A. B. Slater spent the 4th in town.

Mrs. Henry Ley will start for her old home in Minnesota on Tuesday next, expecting to be absent about three weeks.

More Mentions.

School district bonds at this office. Star Tobacco at Johnson, Smith & Son's.

Dr. Crawford has moved into his new house.

Fresh ground corn meal at Johnson, Smith & Son's.

The frame of the new school house was raised yesterday.

Isn't it about time to have a meeting of the Pined Knight Club?

Commissioners' proceedings unavoidably crowded out of this issue.

THE HERALD has no apologies to offer for its seven columns of local news this week.

The receipts of the station at this city for the month of June amounted to \$2,280.

The blanks for the money order business of the post office have just arrived.

Walter S. Anderson lost a valuable bull on Wednesday evening last, which he supposes was struck by lightning.

Frank Pelleren, a farmer living about 4 miles northeast of Wayne, lost a valuable horse on Thursday last week.

Go to Johnson, Smith & Son's to buy your Butter they keep it always on ice and sell only that which is choice.

From the way the harvesting machinery is being taken away from town, there must be some small grain in the country.

The circus at Wakefield drew a large number of people from Wayne, every rig in the two liveryies being in use in the evening.

Taylor & Wachob's addition is being dotted all over with houses, and it is filling up more rapidly than any other part of the town.

Notwithstanding the prediction of croakers, the small grain is turning out to be more than an average crop, while the prospect for corn is immense.

The new church in the German settlement, northeast of town was completed this week, and will be dedicated on Sunday next. The church is a fine structure and reflects credit upon its builders.

W. B. Wetherbee has sold his wool clip this year to J. S. Smock, for 16 cents a pound. He sheared this year 1019 sheep, and the total clip was 7,698 lbs. being nearly 74 to the sheep.

During one of the heavy showers of last week, lightning ran in on one of the wires of the telegraph office, and terminating at the switch in a ball of fire, but beyond scorching the side of the wall, did no damage.

Notwithstanding the fire, and the consequent disarrangement of books and papers, the commissioners completed the settlement with the treasurer in a little over a day, which speaks well for Mr. Britton as an official.

The post office has been taken away from La Porte. That was formerly a promising town, the county seat of Wayne county. It lost its grip, however, when Wayne blossomed out, and has gone down to a mere cross roads. Such is often the fate of western towns.—Ponca Journal.

In Dakota county the apple crop is expected to be large this season. Colonel Warner will have 1,000 bushels, John Finnerty 2,000 bushels, numerous others will have from 500 to 1,000 bushels. If Dakota county do so well in the fruit line, Dixon, Cedar, Wayne and Knox can do the same.—Ponca Journal.

Johnson, Smith & Son's Weekly Price List.

No. 1. Butter, per lb.	10 cts
Eggs, per dozen	15 "
Potatoes, per bushel	80 "
Beans, per bushel	250 "
Hams, per lb.	10 "
Bacon, per lb.	14 "
Old Reliable, Patent, Rise & Ship Flour, per cwt.	\$3.30
Snow Drop Flour	3.00

An Old Soldier's

EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas, May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a very cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the Pectoral constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases.

J. W. WINTERLY.

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchitis and lung affections, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

WAKEFIELD DEPARTMENT.

REGULATOR STORE.

John T. Marriott,

Dealer in

General Merchandise, Grain and Feed.

WAKEFIELD, NEB.

COOK & COOK,

ALL THE LEADING

LUMBER MERCHANTS

of Wakefield.

We keep constantly on hand a full stock of all selected fine lumber, and all kinds of BUILDING MATERIAL. HOUSE BILLS A SPECIALTY!

Call on us and we will give you a CASH DEAL.

COOK & COOK, Wakefield, Neb.

YARDS AT

Shawway & Everett, CONGO D.

Dealers in

Lumber WAKEFIELD

And All kinds of Building Material.

LYONS

C. E. Hunter & Sons,

Headquarters for Gen. Merchandise

And Good Bargains,

WAKEFIELD, NEB

TOWN TALK.

New American Sewing Machine at Hunter & Sons. Don't buy till you see them.

W. L. Mills has the contract of building an addition 16x16 onto the back end of Dixon's store building.

W. W. Cook, of Harrington was in town Monday.

Monday we were invited to visit the residence of Dick Lambert to inspect the painting of the same. A. H. Cross was the artist and we can safely say that it is one of the best finished houses in town. Mr. Lambert has just completed an addition to his old house which gives him five large rooms, two of which have just been grained by Mr. Cross and speaks well of him as an artist in wood.

The south side of Third street, west of Main, is being treated to a new sidewalk.

At a meeting held at John T. Marriott's, Monday, July 7th, G. W. Waitt, James Mack, T. J. Barto, Chas. Rice and W. A. K. Neely were appointed trustees to superintend the erection of the Presbyterian church at this place.

Henry Luth's team ran away Friday, but fortunately no damage was done.

A good deal of credit is due the ladies of Wakefield for the interest they took in decorating the Hall for the entertainment on the 4th.

J. W. Cook returned from the pioneer at Wisconsin Friday, where he has been to lay in a new stock of lumber. "Hot" Hammond went east last week to buy his stock of furniture. He will occupy the Dixon building until a larger and more commodious building can be provided.

Miss Marnie Benn returned from her visit to friends in Columbus last week.

The Willing Workers have decided to hold regular meetings but once a month. The next regular meeting will be held at the residence of Mrs. C. Anderson, Tuesday, July 13, at 3 p. m. All are urgently invited to meet with us even though they do not wish to join the society.

Mrs. A. M. Neely, Pies.

Mrs. J. T. Marriott, Secy.

January and May came together on Monday morning in a style that reflected neither credit nor good judgment upon either party. May gave January a side-whip and the squatter maximized which caused January's thermometer to suddenly advance 41 degrees. May then beat a hasty retreat with January in hot pursuit, and as May shut up like a jack-knife and disappeared under

January let her next A No 1 boot by placing it upon his anatomy in the immediate vicinity of his postal pocket. May finding that part of his person too much exposed, made a flank movement and again came upon the heels of January, and this time it was May's shoe that beat Francis' thermometer to suddenly advance 41 degrees. May then beat a hasty retreat with January in hot pursuit, and as May shut up like a jack-knife and disappeared under

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PRESCIENCE.

The nocturnal sun beats fiercely down.
Sweet scent of locust fills the air,
The breezy breeze through field and town,
And life has lost its sense of care.

And stretched near the panting flock
That huddle in the loudest shade,
They watch at the sails that rock
All idly in the track of trade.

The white, white sails that fly
They watch, but never seem to see,
Their eyes are full, they sadly sigh,
To-morrow must our parting be.

"To-morrow, love, may, do not fear,
To-morrow is a world of hope,
And faith will keep your vision clear,
Where love alone would only grieve."

"Ah, man, your talk but idly rolls,
All words of cheer must idle be,
The presence of some gentle souls
Is deeper than philosophy."

She heard the drowsy hum of bees
Around them in the locust bloom,
But over all she sees or hears
There vaguely falls a sense of doom.

"Dear love," she says; tears down the
rest,
He tries to still her vague alarms,
Her head sinks on his loyal breast,
He holds her in his loving arms.

Nest morn upon the strand they part,
She hears the languid sea complain,
Ah, listen, press your aching heart,
You shall not see your love again.

He may not come while ocean rolls,
And so I hold it true to be,
The presence of some gentle souls
Is deeper than philosophy."

FANNIE'S SACRIFICE.

"Now you must do some credit
to my nursing, and get strong and well
again."

As Fannie Pleasanton spoke, she put
beside the bed over which she was leaning
a great bunch of fragrant violets,
moist, breathing their sweet stories
of shady nooks in deep woods.

"Oh, how good you are. Oh, they
are like home, my own dear home."
Great tears rolled down the pale
face.

"Tell me about your home. How
came you to leave it for this city?" said
Fannie.

"My father died, and the farm was
sold to pay a mortgage. I had a little
money, and I thought I could find work
in the city. Besides—"

Barbara Golding stopped, and a faint
crimson blush rose upon her pale
cheeks.

"Hm," thought Fannie, wide in
twenty-two years of city life and education,
"a love story." She asked no
questions, but pretty soon Barbara
said:

"You have been so kind, I will tell
you. Perhaps you can tell me what to
do."

"I will help you in any way that I
can."

"Two years ago, the summer that I
was seventeen, father took a lodger.
He was a lawyer, and his health had
failed from studying too hard. I think
he was about twenty-six or eight, and
handsome, but so gentle and good that
we all liked him from the first. And he
would come into the garden with me,
and help me with my vegetables and
fruit, because father left that to me;
and would carry the milk up to the
dairy for me, and talk about books and
the city, and—oh, Miss Pleasanton,
don't you know?"

"He made love to you?"
"Yes," in a faint whisper.
"And you loved him?"
"Yes," again. "I could not help it.
When he went away he promised to
come back the next summer, and told me
when he made his fortune he would
come to ask me to share it."

"Did he come?"
"Father died the next spring, and I
came here. I thought I should find
him, but I did not see him for a long
time, and when I did I had become so
poor, so very poor, I could not force
him to stay. I worked as well as I
could, but this summer I became sick
and but for you I should have starved."

"Do you think your lover is still true
to you?"
"I cannot tell. I would not trouble
him. Sometimes, after I found out
where his office was, I would pass by
after dark and peep in. It was beautiful
furnished; so I hope he is making his
fortune, but I only whispered, 'God
bless him!' and came home."

"Will you tell me his name?"
"Fennox—Cyrus Fennox."

Fannie Pleasanton turned her face
abruptly from the little seamstress, who
had been the object of her charity for
the last six weeks, and walked to the
window.

Lifting the soft, white curtains she
had placed there, she looked into the
street, while ringing in her ears was
the voice of Barbara Golding had just
spoken.

"Cyrus Fennox."
She was very pale when she came
again to the bedside. But her voice
was steady and sweet as ever, as she
said—

"I must leave you now, Barbara, but
I will come in again this afternoon. If
you will, I will tell you the whole
story."

"Yes, she is very kind. But you
will come again?"

"This afternoon. Try to eat a few
of the strawberries I have brought you."
But instead of driving to the shop
where she had intended to make final
purchase for a nearly completed wed-
ding outfit, she told the coachman to
drive home.

Cyrus Fennox, the girl had said.
Fannie Pleasanton, looking around
her luxurious room, saw a pleasant con-
fusion of dresses, new gowns, loading
table, and wardrobe drawers over-
flowing with dainty finery, open trunks
waiting to be packed. And the prepara-
tions were all for a wedding in one
short week, and the bridegroom-elect
was Cyrus Fennox.

What was this story the little seam-
stress was found slaving in the attic had
told her?

The landlady of the small house had
been a servant in the Pleasanton fam-
ily, and came to Fannie, who was rich

and generous whenever any distress
came to her notice.

And Fannie had gone at her last call,
to find Barbara Golding tossing in delir-
ious fever, evidently overworked,
poorly fed, and stifling in the little at-
tic chamber.

She had paid for a better room on a
lower floor, had sent a doctor, had sup-
plied medicines, food and care, had vis-
ited her often till the doctor pro-
nounced her on the road to recovery.

And in return she had heard that Cyrus,
her own betrothed husband, was the
lover of Barbara Golding.

"Does he love her yet?" the girl
thought, pushing back the hair from
her pale face, and looking in the mir-
ror. "I am far handsomer. She is
pretty only, sweet and fair. I am
handsome and accomplished. She is a
pamper, I am wealthy. Cyrus is not
poor now, since his aunt died. He will
rise to eminence with my wealth to aid
him, while she will be a burden on
him. Only one week. Long before Bar-
bara can recover, what to do on our
way to France and he will soon forget
her. Why did he seek me if he loved
her? It was only a request of his aunt's,
not a command, that he should marry
me if I consented. But he came to me,
and I love him—I love him! Can Bar-
bara give him better love than mine?"

I can give him money, to return to her
aid, she thought. "Well, but if he
loves her, Oh, Cyrus, do you love her
and not me? I cannot doubt, I must
know!"

"If in answer to the thought, a ser-
vant rapped at the door, and opening
it, Fannie was handed Cyrus Fennox's
card.

"I will come down at once," she
said, taking off her hat and smoothing
her disordered hair.

She was not sorry he had called
while the first excitement of her dis-
covery hurried her with a fictitious
strength to endure any words he might
speak.

She came to him quietly, dignified as
ever, but very pale, so pale he asked
anxiously if she was well.

"Well, but direct," she answered: "I
have been out this morning."

They talked of different matters, for
a short time, when Fannie said, ear-
nestly—

"Cyrus, I have a craving desire to
ask you one true woman's question.
Will you promise me a sincere an-
swer?"

He hesitated a moment, and then
said—

"I will answer truthfully whatever
you ask."

"Did you ever love any other woman
before you knew me?"

"Do you not think it enough to know
I love you now?" he said.

"You promised me a sincere answer,
and you give me an evasion," she said,
reproachfully.

"Because you asked me to tear open
an old wound your love is healing."

"Yet, even if it pains both you and
me, I beg you to tell me of your first
love."

Fannie's lips were parched and stiff,
but she spoke calmly.

"Since you insist," Cyrus said,
gravely, "I will tell you. Two years
ago, in a farm house where I was
employed, I met a woman, or rather a girl,
sweet, fair, maiden whom I loved. I
was a poor man then, Fannie, and she
had a happy, pleasant home. So I
bade her farewell, hoping to return the
next year and bring her home to the
city. When I did return, the farm was
sold and Barbara had gone away. None
of the neighbors could tell me anything
of her."

"It was your place to seek her."

"I did, faithfully. But I could find
no trace of her—whereabouts. In the
autumn my aunt died. She had loved
you for years, and her last wish was
the hope that you would one day be my
wife. It was a sweet sorrow to me, even
in my sorrow for her loss and pain at
Barbara's disappearance, to have your
sympathy. But I soon found there was
no room in my heart for a true, tender
love. You cannot believe I would
have asked you to be my wife had I not
loved you."

"But, if, even now, you found Bar-
bara?"

"I have long ago ceased to seek her."

"Yet if she came to you?"

"You are my betrothed wife."

"Yet if Barbara came to you, poor,
friendless and sick. If she had told
you she had come to the city seeking
you, hoping to find you and had sent
under her burden of loneliness and toil.
If she told you that, ragged, footsore
and weary, she had looked in at you in
your cosy office, and turned away un-
willing to throw the burden of her pov-
erty upon you. If she had struggled
till she fainted and fell sick, with no
future before her but a future of poverty
and grief. If Barbara came to you, so,
Cyrus, would you love her?"

But only a pallid face, with great
beads of perspiration upon the broad
forehead, was lifted in speechless agony to
meet her eyes. Only large brown eyes,
wistful and suffering, appealed to her
womanly heart.

"There was a deep silence in the room
for a long time.

"Thou art a hoarse voice said—
"You have seen Barbara?"
"Yes, I have seen her."
"As you describe."

"And you despise me as faithless to
her and to you?"

"No, I do not despise you. I am
sorry that you did not know your own
heart better when you came to ask me
to be your wife."

All her pain and love was well hidden
in the cold, proud voice which Fannie
Pleasanton assumed, to cover her break-
ing heart.

But after a moment she said, more
gently, "Barbara has been very ill, and
she is now weak and needs great atten-
tion. You must be patient and leave
her to me. When she is well enough
you shall see her."

"Fannie, you will break our engage-
ment? You will dare the gossip that
will be the result of any change now?"
"You will not trust me to tear out this
old love, and be ever true and faithful
to you?"

"I am not so weak but I can do
so, if you will let me."

"But I will not," was the quiet re-
ply. "I will marry no man whose heart
is not all mine. I will have no memory
of another love for my constant rival."

We can still be friends, Cyrus, but
never again lovers."

He had no words to meet the steady
resolution of her voice, but yet he took
no coward's plea for shelter.

He would not say, even to his own
heart—

"She never loved me; she is glad to
throw me off."

He knew she had loved him, being
too purely womanly to give her hand
where she had not already given her
heart.

He knew the sacrifice she was mak-
ing.

He took both her little cold hands in
his, lifted them reverently to his lips,
saying—

"May God bless you for your good-
ness to her. I will come again when
you send for me."

So he left her, taking the dream of
future happiness she had carried six
months next her heart, with him.

She would not trust herself to think
of him. The girl's persistence,
she brought Barbara to her own solitary
home, and nursed her back to health,
restoring her to her lover, but telling
her nothing of her own sacrifice.

Before the winter snows came there
was a quiet wedding, for the doctor had
strongly urged a warmer climate for
the invalid.

She was very happy, this pale little
girl, who had sheltered by her hand-
some love, she took leave of her kind
friend, and went away to seek the soft
air of Italy, to court health in balmy
breezes.

She was very happy in her husband's
tender care, his caressing affection in
the winter months, when even the
warmth and fragrance of the foreign
air could not bring back the lost
strength.

Little by little she faded away, always
happy, even when she lay faint and
dying, in her husband's loving arms—
never guessing that any divided love or
duty had ever threatened to separate
them.

Gently and painlessly, as a babe sinks
to slumber, little Barbara sank into
the last earthly sleep, her head upon
her husband's breast, his tender words
caressing her, his loving touch caress-
ing her.

Softly they laid her under the ever-
green verdure, and Cyrus turned his
face homeward, widowed and sorrow-
ful.

Two years later Fannie Pleasanton
returned from her continental trip,
taken immediately after Barbara's wed-
ding.

A little paler, and a little graver, Cy-
rus found her when he called at her
home.

Never to living ears did he tell the
secret he learned in his brief married
life, the secret that Barbara, sweet, gen-
tle Barbara, whose girlish beauty had
won his love, whose suffering had stirred
his deepest pity, was not the soul
wife he had hoped to find.

Gentle, loving, suffering, she ap-
pealed to his protection, his pity, and
he gave her both in full measure.

But he knew, only too soon, that she
could never meet his heart to heart as
Fannie could.

But he sought Fannie with a lover's
earnestness, a life's devotion, and Fan-
nie, loving him with her whole heart,
knew it was no divided home he of-
fered her, when for the second time he
asked her to be his wife.

She had made her sacrifice, and knew
that she had soothed Barbara's passage
to the grave, not hastened it.

With a clear conscience, a deep,
abiding love she once more put her
hand into that of Cyrus Fennox, and
became his faithful, dearly loved wife.

Immigration Statistics.

Immigration to the United States
during the eleven months ended May
31, 1883, fell off 65,084 from the like
period ending May 31, 1884, the totals
being 464,296 and 529,380, respectively.

About 85 per cent. of the immigrants
came from Germany, 25 per cent. from
the British Isles, 12 per cent. from the
Dominion of Canada, 8 per cent. from
Sweden and Norway, 3 per cent. from
Italy, 2 per cent. from Austria, and
1 per cent. from all other countries.

The census was taken in June,
1880, upwards of 2,600,000 immigrants
had settled in the United States—a
population larger than that of the en-
tire state of Missouri, and equal to the
aggregate of the nine least populous
states of the union.

The high tide of immigration was
reached during the fiscal year ended
June 30, 1882, when the total reached
531,183. The total for the current fis-
cal year will be one-third less.

Although the absolute immigration
since June 30, 1880, has been greater
in each year than in any single year
preceding that date, the relative im-
migration to the United States was great-
est in the five years from July 1, 1849,
to June 30, 1854, when over 4,900,000
immigrants were landed, a total equiv-
alent to eight per cent. of the then
population of the United States.

During the current year, as for some
years previous, the Dominion of Can-
ada has sent, in proportion to its popu-
lation, a greater number of immigrants
than any other country. During the
last five years the number of persons
who have settled in the United States
from Canada is nearly equal to one-
tenth of the whole population of the
Dominion.

The Monk Seal of the West Indies.
Science (June 20) contains a descrip-
tion of this rare animal—so rare that it
is believed that the specimen now in the
National Museum at Washington is
the only one to be found in any col-
lection. This specimen was recently
taken on the coast of Cuba, and is of an
intense ebony black, with very short
and stiff hair. It is about four feet
long and three feet in circumference
just behind the fore-feet. Dampler, in
1875, was the first to notice this seal.

The sight of seals in tropical waters
surprised him so much that he made
full notes of them. He then started the
slaughter which has brought the spe-
cies so near to extinction that it has re-
mained almost unknown to naturalists.

Gypsy queens almost live to be 100
years old, and they preserve their beau-
ty to the last. Gypsy queens never
age. [Philadelphia Call.]

LOVE-BUDDS.

Does the pain that throbs and rings
All through the world's key notes
Hinder, blight or fulfil?
The flower yet soon afloat?

Does the calm in the flush of life,
With the music of dead desire,
Bring back at thy voice forgotten days,
Or a touch of the hidden fire?

Tell me, ye buds that crown
Life's memories with a breath,
Does there live beneath thy quiet nook pulse
A germ that is stronger than death?

Will ye last when the eyes loved best
Are closed to this world's decay?
When life that thrilled to the kiss ye gave
Forever have passed away?

Will ye shine as the sun and star,
Unchanged by the rhythm of years,
Till the dawn of a purer love will show
Why ye bloom with smiles and tears?

About Marrying the Family.

"Well, happily," observed Laura,
"one doesn't have to marry the whole
family."

"Yes, you do though," said Lou,
quickly.

"Then I'll marry an orphan," said
Laura.

"You don't, unless you marry a wid-
ow with children, or a deceased wife's
sister," pronounced Jo.

"Yes, you do though," Lou repeated.
She had been talking so much non-
sense, and was always so full of fun, that
we all stopped work to look at her, to
make sure that she was serious. She
was bending over her sewing with a
grave face.

"But every man hasn't as pleasant a
family to introduce his intended to as
Mr. Cameron has. I can't see that a
girl is bound to marry the whole
brow."

"I do then," persisted Lou, with un-
usual precision. "If you accept him,
you accept his circumstances and his
surroundings, unless he's going on a
mission to Japan, and then you accept
Japan and all. His parents become
your parents; his brothers and sisters
yours. If you try any other way, you
make him unhappy, as well as the rest
of them." This was such a sober
speech for Lou, that she grew suddenly
confused, and beat a hasty retreat.

"That rule ought to work both ways,"
Mary called after her.

"It does, too," was flung back from
the doorway; there's no privilege with-
out duties."

We laughed over it, and said such a
crazy theory might do very well for her,
but wouldn't suit all cases; and that
Ed Cameron was a fortunate man.

But since I have thought it over, I am
convinced that Lou is right. Suppose I
had a brother, and suppose he
were to marry—say, Jo Taylor;
should I like to run in at his house on
the way to market in the morning and
have a little sisterly chat or should I
prefer formal afternoon calls at stated
intervals. Would I wish to feel at home
there, or would I expect the best china
and damask and preserves? If my sis-
ter Dora should marry Phil Kennedy,
as she may some day, would she and
Mrs. Kennedy maintain the most dis-
tinct relations of hand shaking and
"passing the time of day"? Would she
wear her velvet suit, as she does now,
whenever she called on her sisters,
and would they order the carriage for
the return visit? Surely not! She and
Kitty Kennedy would go shopping to-
gether, and Laura would paint her
panels and embroider her draperies in
her sitting room, and keep them there
in safe hiding until Christmas time;
and Dora might send a loaf of cake, or
a glass of jelly to Mrs. Kennedy, who
might perhaps send in return a couple
of the jam tarts Phil is so fond of.

But suppose they are not congenial.
Well, what then? Brothers and sisters,
mothers and daughters, are not always
congenial. Certainly it would be bet-
ter to be distantly polite than to quar-
rel; but is there no other possible
course? Dora would not now choose
Kitty Kennedy for a friend, but with
Phil as a grand common interest, they
would be drawn to each other and find
other interests in common.

What would they say if they saw the
castle I have been building for them?
Phil would not object, I am very sure.
Probably, however, it would be safer to
take Lou as an example.

Lou could not love Ed Cameron very
sincerely without loving his father and
mother for his sake, and she's on the
most sisterly terms with all the broth-
ers and sisters, and the brothers and sis-
ters-in-law of that large family.

Mrs. Cameron call her "daughter,"
and displays with great pride the taseful
cup Lou made for her.

I have heard Mrs. Cameron tell about
her first daughter-in-law. She and
Linda, her eldest daughter, "cried their
eyes out," she says, when Albert told
them he was engaged. As I turned
the engagement being long,
Linda was married first, and the
mother suggested that Albert should
bring his wife home. In this trying
way Mrs. Albert was received into the
family, and slipped into her place
without a jar. She was bright, affec-
tionate, energetic. She took posses-
sion, from the first, of mending-basket
and feather duster, but—was careful not
to interfere with the government of the
household. She was always ready to
sing for the boys, or trim hats for the
little girls. She made plans for the
evenings, which either kept the boys
willingly at home, or took them out to
concert, or lecture, or social call. All
her schemes were submitted to her
approval or assistance. To-day it is to
her, not to Linda, that the younger
children refer as "Sister."

The second daughter-in-law was very
different. She was determined not to
marry the family, so she was polite and
reserved—kept herself to herself. Mrs.
Cameron expressed it. "Charlie was
fond of his family and fond of her,"
but he found it impossible to keep
both, so he let go reluctantly all dear
and old relations, and it was a relief to
every one when they moved to Kansas.
"I don't know," said Mrs. Cameron.
"Charlie's mother loved him for twenty-
five years before Hattie knew him
and did more for him than Hattie can
ever do, yet she was entirely in Hattie's
power, when once the magical words

were said, and when she was robbed of
her boy there was no redress. It was
hardly fair to Charlie, either, to force
him into exile from home and family,
rather than make an effort to reconcile
claims not properly antagonistic.

"There's no two ways about it,"
Grandmother Baxter used to say, quite
unconscious of any contradiction in
terms; "there's no two ways about it;
you've got to do the one thing or the
other." And you must. Either a girl
must marry her husband's family, if he
have one, or she will make her hus-
band, in effect, an orphan. It is not
often easy to "marry the family," but
it is almost always best. As Lou says,
"There's no privilege without duties,"
and it might be well if more
girls were of Lou's opinion.

And, as Mary suggested, it is a rule
that ought to work both ways.

A BEAUTY TAUGHT TO SWIM.

How a Friend Under the Chin Teaches the Art.

New York Journal.
"Oh, I'm afraid!"
"I don't care to!"
"Come on, you silly goose, there's no
danger!"

Such were the exclamations which
greeted a Journal reporter as he ap-
proached the pretty strip of bathing
beach at Glen Island yesterday.

Small breakers that rolled lazily upon
the shore. Several bathers splashed
around in the water, their straw hats
dancing like corks upon the waves.
Two pretty girls attired in the latest
styles of bathing suits, wondrous com-
binations of colors and textures, stood
upon the sand gazing timidly upon the
bathers. They were evidently afraid to
venture into the cooling water, and
their escort, a noble young man with
the build of a champion oarsman, was
endeavoring to coax them to brave the
miniature billows.

"It's no use," exclaimed the tallest
of the beautiful girls. "You know I
can't swim a stroke and I don't want
to crawl along the sand like a mud-
turtle."

"But I will teach you," persisted the
young man. "It's the easiest thing in
the world. Come now, take my
hand."

The young lady at last mustered
courage, and stepped daintily into the
water.

"Strike out boldly!" cried her es-
cort.

She kicked and splashed and was
about to sink when he put one hand
under her chin and held her firmly
above the waves. The effect was sur-
prising. The fair student floated easily
along, used her arms and feet like
an automaton, and in half an hour
could swim twenty feet without assist-
ance. She was then able to swim
about, and was evidently enjoying the
accomplishment, and soon prevailed on
her companion to follow her example.

The effect was equally as successful,
and the young man gazed proudly upon
his two fair pupils rivaling an armenian
in their aquatic skill.

"How is it you are so successful in
teaching the art in such a short time?"
asked the reporter.

"The principle point for the learner
is to have confidence in herself," he
answered. "Any person by holding
their breath and exerting themselves
with their arms can float like a cork. I
simply hold their chin up for a few
minutes, and they acquire confidence
in themselves and soon learn to strike
out with their arms and legs. The great
and usual accomplishment of swim-
ming is then learned, and, with a few
days' practice, most ladies become ex-
cellent swimmers."

"Isn't it hard to make some of them
hold their own chin?"

The young man smiled and said that
he found no difficulty in that respect.
At a free bath on the East river
front hundreds of young girls splashed
around in the big inclosure and per-
formed many feats of aquatic skill.
Little girls hardly ten years old
swam around with a clean strong
stroke and scorned the use of any as-
sistance. They formed pyramids,
jumped off of spring boards, dived
deeply under water and came up ten
feet away, going on like circus acro-
bats in their audacity.

"They enjoy it wonderfully," said
the reporter to the teacher.

"Some of these girls come here five
times a day when it is practicable, and
we have hard work to get them out of
the water. We have ropes suspended
around the bathing house, on which
they hang when first learning, but they
soon discard the assistance. One of

GARFIELD'S MONUMENT.

Award of Prizes in the Competition-Description of the Successful Design.

Trustees R. B. Hayes, J. B. Perkins, J. H. Wade, H. B. Payne, Dr. Robinson, Amos Townsend and J. R. Rhodes, of the Garfield monument committee, awarded to the successful design.

First prize, \$1,000, to the design by architect, Hartford, Conn.; second prize, \$750, to C. F. & J. C. Schweinfurth, architects, Cleveland; third prize, \$500, to Moffit & Doyle, New York City. Before the trustees passed upon the designs, two experts—Calvert Vaux, of New York, and Harry Brant, of Boston—had examined and studied the designs separately, and each with out the other's knowledge. The experts and the trustees unanimously agreed on No. 25—none of them, of course, knowing who the designer was. The designs are now the property of the committee. Architect Keller's design, with a few modifications, has been agreed upon. The following description was submitted by him: The tower rises from broad terraces, which are reached by wide steps forming an approach to the monument. A projecting porch at the base of the tower contains a vestibule, with a keeper's office on one side and a reception room on the other. The vestibule leads to a round, vaulted chamber, the dome of which is of the same material as the columns arranged in a circle around the sculptured tomb, which occupies the center of the chamber. The capitals of the columns and the molded arches between are richly carved, and the pavement is tiled. The whole is lighted by richly-mullioned windows, which throw a softened light on the tomb. An aisle, with the columns surrounding the chamber, the wall of which is decorated with niches. A spiral staircase of stone winds round the tomb and leads to the top of the tower. Four flights of stairs make one revolution of the tower, with the landing at the foot of each flight lighted by triple windows. On the outside of the monument above the portal is a band of sculpture in relief representing the Garfield's career. The center of the tower bears the coat of arms of the different states of the Union. The remains are to be inclosed in a crypt immediately under the curved tomb. Vault for the dead president's family are provided back of the chamber. The designer suggests Ohio stone and buff-colored terra cotta for the construction of the monument. The monument can be built thoroughly and artistically for \$50,000. The dimensions are not given, but from the plans the trustees estimate the base to be about fifty feet square and the monument to be 225 feet in height, surmounted by a figure at the apex. A statue of Garfield of a design not yet agreed upon will be placed at the entrance to the vestibule. From the windows at the top of the monument a magnificent view of the city and surroundings can be obtained, and one can almost see the birthplace of Garfield, eight miles away.

Play's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very objectionable disease.

Playing With a Greenhorn.

At the Michigan Central depot the other day three or four citizens who happened to be waiting for the same train to come in got to talking about confidence men and their victims, and of them pointed out a particularly verdant specimen of young man from the country, and said:

"That fellow would be a ripe subject for the fraternity. The chances are that he could be bamboozled as easy as rolling of a log."

"I dunno," replied another. "Suppose you work on him a little as an experiment. Here is a check which I will fill out, and I'll come in at the right time as your pal."

The idea was entered into, and in a few minutes No. 1 put himself in the way of the greenhorn, and made inquiries about the trains, and ascertained that the stranger was going to Michigan City.

"So? Why, I'm going right there myself. I own a sawmill there."

"Yew dew, eh?"

"Yes, and I'm here looking for a foreman. I have a boss place for a man at \$60 a month."

"That's me to a huckleberry. I've worked in sawmills all my life."

"You can have the place, and I'm glad to get hold of such a man. Consider yourself engaged for a year at \$60 per month."

"Snakes and tom cats, but ain't that luck!" chuckled greeny. "Stranger, you must be an awful good man."

"Well, I have a school and try to live an upright life. Maybe you want a month's salary in advance?"

"Woogie! yew don't say so! No, I guess I can get along, being as I have \$45 in my wallet."

Gastronomic Fancies of Great Men.

Dr. Fordyce, the distinguished English surgeon, ate but one meal a day.

Dr. Parr confessed his love of hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp-sauce.

Pope says: One loves the plump's wing, and one the leg.

The vulgar bore, the learned roast an egg.

Sir Isaac Newton, when writing his "Principia," lived on a scanty allowance of bread and water, and a vegetable diet.

Dr. Paley, having been out fishing for a whole day, was asked on his return if he had met with good sport.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I have caught no fish, but I have made a sermon."

Ben Brummel, speaking of a man, and wishing to convey his opinion of his contemptuous feeling about him, said: "He is a fellow, now, that would send his plate up twice for soup!"

Pope, of Charles II.'s reign, having company to breakfast, mentions: I had for them a barrel of oysters, a dish of neat's tongues and a dish of anchovies; with wine of all sorts, and ale.

Pope, who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days at Lord Hollingbroke's, unless he were told that there were several jumpers for dinner, when he rose instantly and came down to the table.

Franklin at one time contemplated practicing abstinence from animal food; but having seen a cod opened which contained some small fish, said to himself, "If you eat one another I see no reason why we may not eat you."

Dr. Johnson was partial to new hound stews, and when all his lifetime had a voracious attachment for a leg of mutton.

You Can't Make \$500 by Reading This, even if you have chronic nasal catarrh in its worst stages, for although this amount of reward has for many years been offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for any case of catarrh they cannot cure, yet notwithstanding that thousands use the Remedy they are seldom called upon to pay the reward, and when they have been so called upon they have universally found that the failure to cure was wholly due to some overlooked complication, usually easily removed by a slight modification of the treatment.

Therefore, if this should meet the eye of anybody who has made faithful trial of this great and world-famed Remedy without receiving perfect and permanent cure, therefrom that person will do well to either call upon or write to the proprietors, the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., giving all the particulars and symptoms in the case. By return mail they will get good advice free of all costs.

A standard rose, said to have been planted by Charlemagne, is one of the greatest curiosities in the ancient city of Hildesheim, Hanover. Fears have long been entertained that, after its life of a thousand years, the plant was losing its vitality, but recently it seems to have taken a new lease of life, and there is much rejoicing in Hildesheim.

The tumors, rupture, and fistula, radically cured by improved methods. Book two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Alligator skins are now used for watch cases. The leather is fastened to a metal backing and highly polished. It appears in its natural hue and in many tints produced by dyes.

Throat and Lung Diseases a specialty. Send two letter-stamps for a large treatise, giving self-treatment. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

What is a Stayer?

A note written in a delicate female hand has been received at this office inquiring what a "stayer" is. A "stayer" is a man who gets with a crowd and spends his money for liquor he does not want; who staggers up to the bar when he is already full to the chin, and declares that he has a headache; who, when asked for a glass of water, says: "I have a headache; a man who, although nearly dead on his feet, will assert that he is having a good time, and that he wants to keep it up longer; a man who throws his liquor on the floor and says his companions are not "good ones" if they attempt it; a man who vomits up his liquor and then drinks more, in order that he may vomit again, in short, a man who makes a complete and perfect job of himself. Still, we are glad that Atchison triumphed over Leavenworth. If a Leavenworth man should claim to be the champion spitter in the world, we should be glad to announce that he had been downed by an Atchison man.

Papillon Blood Cure is a specific for all diseases of the blood, Liver, Stomach, Bowels and Kidneys—absolutely vegetable, containing only a small percentage of spirit.

A Georgia paper is inclined to believe that the fancy for Jersey cattle is a craze.

Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are cured with Papillon Blood Cure. An absolute remedy.

A clay which can be utilized in the manufacture of pottery has been discovered in Attleboro, Mass.

If David Davis could be induced to go skating he would be "a big thing on ice."—Texas Siftings.

The Lay of the Trump is in the hay mow.—(Waterloo Observer. So is the Lay of the Hon.—St. Louis South and West.

Solid men admire the beautiful, and this accounts in some measure for the thousands upon thousands of bottles of Carbolene, the deodorized petroleum hair restorer and dressing, which have been sold since its invention by Messrs. Kennedy & Co., of Pittsburg, Pa.

Three and four-pound Irish potatoes is what the neighborhood of Tallahassee, Fla., is raising.

A combined finger bowl and flower holder in glass is the latest folly. The bowl containing the water is concealed by the flowers, and the finger bowl is attached to it on its several sides.

PATENTS.

No Patent. No Pay. Send model or drawing. Stoddard & Co., 413 G. Street, Washington, D. C., Patent Attorneys.

A Governor's Reason.

Governor Vance, of Ohio, on coming into office paid a visit to the state prison, where there were about one hundred convicts, and ordered that every man there be permitted to come up and talk to him. The result was a perfect storm of petitions for pardon—every man pleading innocence. One old and grizzled "tough" stood apart and added nothing to the clamor.

The governor called him up: "What are you for?" "I'm a convict," he answered. "You guilty?" "Yes," he said. "The way I make my living?" The governor went back to his office and pardoned the man. When remonstrated with his only excuse was: "Well, I was afraid the thief would contaminate those other fellows."

When you visit New York City, via Central depot, take Baggage Express and \$8 Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite depot. Six hundred dollars in New York City, at a cost of one million dollars; \$1 and a warder per day, European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and cabs. You can get a good deal of business in five better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

How to make money fast—last the best part of your life, and go to work in your old age.

At certain seasons of the year nearly every person suffers to a greater or less extent from impurity of the blood, indigestion, &c., &c. This should be remedied as soon as discovered, otherwise serious results may follow. Sherman's "Purifying Blood" will cleanse the blood of all impurities and restore you to health.

"Madame," said a gentleman offering a rose to a lady: "allow me to present you to one of your sisters."

Save \$2.00 Per Day.

When you visit Omaha and wish to stop at a good hotel, go to the Metropolitan, corner 16th and Dodge streets. There you can get the same accommodations at \$2.00 per day as at any of the first-class hotels that charge \$4.00 to \$5.00. The Metropolitan has first-class tables, its food, both its cleanliness and its service, is beyond compare. For its moderate cost it has no equals in the city. It is the only \$2.00 per day hotel centrally located.

New York City contains more than 100 buildings above eighty feet high.

ROUGH ON DENTIST. Tooth Powder. Cleanses, smooths, whitens, restores. Revivifies.

Ice cream bricks are now made that will retain their substance and flavor for a year.

Allen's Iron Tonic Bitters corrects acidity of stomach. All genuine bear the signature of J. C. Allen, Buffalo, N. Y.

A party of Pacific coast Indians ate fifty sacrificial grasshoppers at one of their recent banquets.

Something that will quiet the nerves, give strength to the body, induce refreshing sleep, improve the quality of the blood, and do this without the use of drugs, is what many persons should be glad to obtain. Carter's Iron Pills are made for exactly this class of troubles, and are remarkably successful. They will cure you of all ailments named above. They are useful for both men and women. Sold by druggists. Price, 25 cents a box. See advertisement.

Verily, it is the hazy man that keeps a careful record of the little failings of his neighbors.

ROUGH ON FAIR. Porous Finer, for Blackheads, Pimples in the Face, Rheumatism, &c.

A Virginia cat is reported to be rearing two foxes along with her litter of kittens.

I have suffered from Catarrh to such an extent that I had to bandage my head to quiet the pain. I was advised by Mr. Brown, of Chicago, to try Ely's Cream Balm. Who is suffering with Catarrh or cold in the head I have never found its equal. Ely's Cream Balm, N. Y. (Apply with finger). Price 50 cents.

I have used Ely's Cream Balm for dry Catarrh (to which every Eastern person is subject who comes to live in a high altitude). It has proved a cure in my case.—B. F. M. Wicks, Denver, Colo. (Easy to use. Price 50 cents).

The bicycle rider is said to be like a South American state, because he is always on the brink of a revolution.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Depression of spirits and other ailments, in their various forms, as a preventive against Fever and Ague, and other Intermittent Fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphate Extract of Callanya," made by Cassell, Inland & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic for all patients suffering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

A man in Birmingham, England, proposes to live a month on cold tea.

A CARD.—"To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a remedy that will cure you. FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a physician in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. J. C. Allen, Station D, New York."

Asland, Pa., has had three grape-jumpers in one week.

SKINNY MEN.—"Wells' Health Renewer restores flesh and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, &c."

Oscar Wilde has written a poem beginning: "Beautiful star with the crimson mouth."

Sprains, bruises, stiff joints, burns, scalds, and rheumatism are relieved by Allen Sam's Nerve and Bone Liniment. Sold by druggists.

Worms cause peevishness, fevers, convulsions and frequently death. A pleasant, safe and certain remedy is Dr. J. C. Allen's GERMAN WORM CAKES. Sold by all druggists.

Headache, constipation, liver complaint, biliousness are cured by that mild, cleansing remedy—Wells' DAYLIGHT LIVER PILLS. Only 25 cts. Sold by Druggists.

An economical man will keep the leather of his harness soft and pliable, which prevents cracking and decay. The best way is to use UNCLE SAM'S HARNESS OIL. Sold by all Harness Makers.

"ROUGH ON TOOTH ACHES."

At the latest accounts the debt of H. R. H. Albert Edward footed up \$1,000,000.

THE MARKETS.

WHEAT—No. 2, 67¢; No. 3, 66¢; No. 4, 65¢; No. 5, 64¢; No. 6, 63¢; No. 7, 62¢; No. 8, 61¢; No. 9, 60¢; No. 10, 59¢; No. 11, 58¢; No. 12, 57¢; No. 13, 56¢; No. 14, 55¢; No. 15, 54¢; No. 16, 53¢; No. 17, 52¢; No. 18, 51¢; No. 19, 50¢; No. 20, 49¢; No. 21, 48¢; No. 22, 47¢; No. 23, 46¢; No. 24, 45¢; No. 25, 44¢; No. 26, 43¢; No. 27, 42¢; No. 28, 41¢; No. 29, 40¢; No. 30, 39¢; No. 31, 38¢; No. 32, 37¢; No. 33, 36¢; No. 34, 35¢; No. 35, 34¢; No. 36, 33¢; No. 37, 32¢; No. 38, 31¢; No. 39, 30¢; No. 40, 29¢; No. 41, 28¢; No. 42, 27¢; No. 43, 26¢; No. 44, 25¢; No. 45, 24¢; No. 46, 23¢; No. 47, 22¢; No. 48, 21¢; No. 49, 20¢; No. 50, 19¢; No. 51, 18¢; No. 52, 17¢; No. 53, 16¢; No. 54, 15¢; No. 55, 14¢; No. 56, 13¢; No. 57, 12¢; No. 58, 11¢; No. 59, 10¢; No. 60, 9¢; No. 61, 8¢; No. 62, 7¢; No. 63, 6¢; No. 64, 5¢; No. 65, 4¢; No. 66, 3¢; No. 67, 2¢; No. 68, 1¢; No. 69, 0¢; No. 70, 0¢; No. 71, 0¢; No. 72, 0¢; No. 73, 0¢; No. 74, 0¢; No. 75, 0¢; No. 76, 0¢; No. 77, 0¢; No. 78, 0¢; No. 79, 0¢; No. 80, 0¢; No. 81, 0¢; No. 82, 0¢; No. 83, 0¢; No. 84, 0¢; No. 85, 0¢; No. 86, 0¢; No. 87, 0¢; No. 88, 0¢; No. 89, 0¢; No. 90, 0¢; No. 91, 0¢; No. 92, 0¢; No. 93, 0¢; No. 94, 0¢; No. 95, 0¢; No. 96, 0¢; No. 97, 0¢; No. 98, 0¢; No. 99, 0¢; No. 100, 0¢; No. 101, 0¢; No. 102, 0¢; No. 103, 0¢; No. 104, 0¢; No. 105, 0¢; No. 106, 0¢; No. 107, 0¢; No. 108, 0¢; No. 109, 0¢; No. 110, 0¢; No. 111, 0¢; No. 112, 0¢; No. 113, 0¢; No. 114, 0¢; No. 115, 0¢; No. 116, 0¢; No. 117, 0¢; No. 118, 0¢; No. 119, 0¢; No. 120, 0¢; No. 121, 0¢; No. 122, 0¢; No. 123, 0¢; No. 124, 0¢; No. 125, 0¢; No. 126, 0¢; No. 127, 0¢; No. 128, 0¢; No. 129, 0¢; No. 130, 0¢; No. 131, 0¢; No. 132, 0¢; No. 133, 0¢; No. 134, 0¢; No. 135, 0¢; No. 136, 0¢; No. 137, 0¢; No. 138, 0¢; No. 139, 0¢; No. 140, 0¢; No. 141, 0¢; No. 142, 0¢; No. 143, 0¢; No. 144, 0¢; No. 145, 0¢; No. 146, 0¢; No. 147, 0¢; No. 148, 0¢; No. 149, 0¢; No. 150, 0¢; No. 151, 0¢; No. 152, 0¢; No. 153, 0¢; No. 154, 0¢; No. 155, 0¢; No. 156, 0¢; No. 157, 0¢; No. 158, 0¢; No. 159, 0¢; No. 160, 0¢; No. 161, 0¢; No. 162, 0¢; No. 163, 0¢; No. 164, 0¢; No. 165, 0¢; No. 166, 0¢; No. 167, 0¢; No. 168, 0¢; No. 169, 0¢; No. 170, 0¢; No. 171, 0¢; No. 172, 0¢; No. 173, 0¢; No. 174, 0¢; No. 175, 0¢; No. 176, 0¢; No. 177, 0¢; No. 178, 0¢; No. 179, 0¢; No. 180, 0¢; No. 181, 0¢; No. 182, 0¢; No. 183, 0¢; No. 184, 0¢; No. 185, 0¢; No. 186, 0¢; No. 187, 0¢; No. 188, 0¢; No. 189, 0¢; No. 190, 0¢; No. 191, 0¢; No. 192, 0¢; No. 193, 0¢; No. 194, 0¢; No. 195, 0¢; No. 196, 0¢; No. 197, 0¢; No. 198, 0¢; No. 199, 0¢; No. 200, 0¢; No. 201, 0¢; No. 202, 0¢; No. 203, 0¢; No. 204, 0¢; No. 205, 0¢; No. 206, 0¢; No. 207, 0¢; No. 208, 0¢; No. 209, 0¢; No. 210, 0¢; No. 211, 0¢; No. 212, 0¢; No. 213, 0¢; No. 214, 0¢; No. 215, 0¢; No. 216, 0¢; No. 217, 0¢; No. 218, 0¢; No. 219, 0¢; No. 220, 0¢; No. 221, 0¢; No. 222, 0¢; No. 223, 0¢; No. 224, 0¢; No. 225, 0¢; No. 226, 0¢; No. 227, 0¢; No. 228, 0¢; No. 229, 0¢; No. 230, 0¢; No. 231, 0¢; No. 232, 0¢; No. 233, 0¢; No. 234, 0¢; No. 235, 0¢; No. 236, 0¢; 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