













**How a Pilot to Lest a Chicago Model Was Frustrated.**

"That reminds me," said a Chicago man in a reminiscent group the other night, "of an old story that is good enough to repeat. Some years ago three bookmakers put up at a Chicago hotel and handed a large package of money to the chief clerk. They told him that they had left it with him every night, and were particular in saying that it was to be delivered only in the presence of all three. It was evident, you see, that they didn't quite trust one another. Well, a week or so rolled around, and one morning one of the trio came down rather early and called for the cash. Without thinking of the conditions of delivery the clerk handed it over and the bookmaker promptly skipped. His two partners were furious, and brought suit against the hotel for \$25,000, the amount in the bundle. A smart young lawyer volunteered to take the defense, which other lawyers regarded as a loss. When the trial came off he waited until the bookmaker had submitted all their evidence, and then arose with a large bundle in his hand. "We stand ready," he said, "to fulfill the letter of agreement you have just proved. This package contains \$25,000 in cash. As soon as the three owners apply for it together we are prepared to turn it over."

**A Judge's Temperance Lecture.**

Three saloon keepers in Chicago were found guilty of selling liquor to minors, and the following is the address of the judge who sentenced them, as reported in the Chicago Tribune.

"By the law, you may sell to men and women, if they will buy. You have given your bond and paid your license to sell to them and no one has a right to molest you in your legal business. No matter what the consequence may be, no matter what poverty and destitutions are produced by your selling according to law, you have paid the money for this privilege and you are licensed to pursue your calling. No matter what families are distracted and rendered miserable; no matter what wives are treated or mourn over the degradation of a parent, your business is legalized, and no one may interfere with you in it. No matter what mother may agonize over the loss of a son, or sister blush for the shame of a brother, you have no right to disregard them all and pursue your legal calling; you are licensed. You may fit up your lawful places of business in the most enticing and captivating form; you may furnish it with the most costly and elegant equipments for your lawful trade; you may fill it with the allurements of amusement; you may use all your arts to induce visitors; you may display your wares and expose to view your choicest wines and captivating beverages; you may then induce thirst by all contrivances to produce a ragging appetite for drink, and then you may supply that appetite to the full, because it is lawful, you have paid for it because you have a license.

**The Raleigh Pearl.**

Councilman J. R. C. McAllister, of the First ward, chairman of the Dewey Day celebration, in a most singular manner has become the lucky possessor of a magnificent pearl of such value that the exact amount has only yet been guessed at by leading jewelers of this city.

Last Wednesday evening, while the officers of the cruiser Raleigh were being dined at the Hotel Walton, Mr. McAllister, by virtue of his office, presided at the board. The first course was clams, of which the councilman is passionately fond. Before the first fork he lost no time in transferring it to his mouth. His teeth closed heavily upon his favorite delicacy, and the equanimity of the table was the next moment started by a smothered ejaculation. All eyes were upon the city father, as, clapping his hand to his lips, he removed a hard, shining object, which imbedded in the body of the clam, had nearly cost him a tooth or two.

**Recollections of Tennyson.**

Glimpses of Tennyson at Farringford are given by the poet in "People I Have Known" in the September Cornhill.

"We sometimes induced Mr. Tennyson to join us in a walk, and he would say, before consenting, 'Where are you going? I won't go to the market-place'—meaning the tiny little bay where a few idlers congregated. His taste was for the fields and downs, and he was always ready to impart to me never now smell the smell of a turnip-field without thinking of these reverend-to-be-forgotten rambles. Although so very short-sighted, he noticed flowers in the hedges which others passed by, and would sometimes stop and say: 'What is that note?' and then name the bird from which it came. And I never felt afraid of asking a question, for he was always ready to impart knowledge if he saw you were interested. He was, indeed, wonderfully observant of nature, as his poems show, and would bring out quite naturally, and as it were by the way, beauties which he saw in our walks and which others less observant would otherwise have passed by. His cloak and hat have been often described and were well known as articles for no sooner did strangers catch sight of them in the distance on the downs than they would make for them, and this publicity was so unpleasant to him that we had to fly in the opposite direction to the intruders!

**Blasts from Rams Horn.**

A sin for the pulpit is also a sin for the pew.

The worst schism in church is false criticism.

A man with an aim will soon be a man with a name.

The best things are not always in the beaten tracks.

Justice is not made for the law, but the law for justice.

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**PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.**

Admiral Dewey is getting a new fashion in Washington. He sends flowers to his fiancée every day.

Little Mary Francis Rowland of Mexico, Mo., now 11 months old, is petted and beloved by nine grandparents. They are: William P. Rowland, grandfather on the father's side, and his wife; William Kent, grandfather on the mother's side, and his wife; C. N. Bryan, grandfather on the mother's side, and James S. Osborn, great-grandfather on the father's side.

**HERALD WRITER.**

Mr. Kruger, wife of the president of the Transvaal republic, is unhand-some.

She is also economical, though her famous husband has a capital of \$25,000,000.

She is so rich that it would take the greatest effort to spend her all in great paying interests. To do this she would have to live in almost barbaric splendor, but, bless you, she even does her own cooking.

It is probable that her acute, subtle husband approves of her style of living.

If he objects, none returning from that far land have ever heard of it. It is more than probable that by just such thrifty methods Mr. Kruger himself rose into his present eminence. But think of it!

A fortune of \$25,000,000 and to do one's own cooking!

To fuss and fume and fret and stew over a boiling stove in a hot, hot land, rather than to spend the money on a maid! And not only to cook, for it is whispered—and loudly in tourist and English circles in Africa—that she very often takes a hand in the washing and that she scrubs and rolls the clothes with the skill and strength of the best of them.

**THE RURAL CRITIC.**

After the well known pianist's concert was over, the rural critic quietly took us aside, and gave vent as follows to his pent-up feelings:

"I tell you, mister, she was a slasher. Our Jennie couldn't hold a candle to her. When she first sat down she looked wild, then with a howl dug up her fingers and let them 'see rough notes and shot 'em like lightning up into the thin ones. Then she paused for a reply, mister. She then commenced at the right-hand side, went scripping down, hand over fist, till she got clean down, making a noise like thunder."

"She then yanked a handful out of the center, and wigged them at the end, then wigged with two fingers, grabbed up another fistful, punched right and left, went ripety-hopety-scotch up and down, and I tell you that 'ere pianist howled."

"She then gave another snort, and when she went she bustled in like mad, raised up off her chair, stuffed her fingers into her ears, and in the corner, gobbled up a few more tunes, and settled their hash in about a minute."

"After that she tackled it with her left hand alone. Between you and me, mister, the man that owned that 'ere pianist went shittin' about on his chair as though he had a carpet-tack under him."—Tit-Bits.

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**DANISH CATTLE STABLES.**

Danish cattle stables are kept always snowily whitewashed without and within, and between the two rows of stalls is a central gangway for the passage of hay cart to distribute forage to the managers. Large stalls accommodate two cows each, the animals being prevented from access, however, to each other's food. In a trough above the manger clear water runs from end to end, and the ventilation and light are excellent. The cattle have two or three hours daily of manure carts. The cupboards are fed with a mixture of rape cake and bran. In summer they are turned out to grass. The calves are equally cared for, and also the multitude of pigs, which fatten on the dairy waste making bason of such superior quality that it is in great demand abroad, 125,000,000 pounds being exported each year.—The Philadelphia Record.

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.**

Mamie, said the father to his 4-year-old child the other evening, "What will you do with the chicken?" "No, thank you," replied the little Miss. "What, no chicken?" exclaimed the father in surprise. "Oh, yes," answered the child, "I'll answer Mamie, 'but I don't want a little piece.'"

"Mamma," said little Willie, "I'm afraid I was awful naughty today, but I'll try to be a better boy than I was yesterday." "Cause I've got an awful stomach ache," answered the little fellow. "Perhaps it was the pig you ate," said his mother. "Oh, no," replied Willie, "the pig was too good to believe in that manner. It must be me."

**THE CHINESE FAR CLEANER.**

In this city of strange and unusual sights there is probably nothing that appears so strange as the sight of a Chinese cleaner pursuing his calling on the street corners. The Chinaman so engaged is provided with a stool and a small bamboo case, in which are inclosed his instruments.

The Filipino is just as sure of having his cleaned on Sunday as an American is of having shave, and in the bye streets and alley ways the line for all the world like a barber shop on Sunday morning, the only difference being the Chinaman can't say "next."

First of all the Chinaman takes a razor which looks more like a propeller blade than anything else, and, wiping the victim's face with a wet rag, proceeds to nip the dirt therefrom. What is taking this part of the proceedings I was surprised at the flexibility of the native nose as demonstrated by the skillful fingers of the operator. To windward to leeward, on its stern, beam and bow the native's nose is rapidly twisted to avoid the aforesaid razor. Having removed the real estate from the nose, the Chinese Chinaman turns to the most difficult task of ear cleaning. The smallest spot of dirt and the finest flesh worm is removed before the operation is complete, and from the "heavenly expression" one would imagine that the operation was anything but pleasant.—The Manila Express.

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS.**

The Sunday school class had just finished singing "I want to be an angel" when the teacher, observing that one of the boys had not contributed his voice to swell the sacred refrain, said: "And you want to be an angel, too, don't you, Johnny?" "Yes'm," answered Johnny, "but not right away. I'd rather be a baseball player a good deal first."

Alfred Krupp, the German gunmaker, has just had the pleasure of seeing the town of Essen, with 100,000 inhabitants, admitted into the ranks of the German cities. The town was made by Krupp gun works, which were started there by the present owner's grandfather in 1810. There are 41,000 employed and there has never yet been a strike.

Twice a widower and 60 years old, the Rev. Benjamin S. Everett, pastor of the New Britain (Conn.) Free Will Baptist church, has become a bridegroom again. As in each of his previous ventures, he is to make a pretty young school teacher his bride. The ceremony will be performed at the pastor's three sons, each of them a clergyman.

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**An Interesting Talk.**

We have a good many things to say to you this week. First about our BISHES. We have as fine a line in pretty patterns, dainty decorations, fancy chinas, as can be found anywhere outside of the large cities. We can give you Iron Stone China, Semi-Porcelain or French and Barbarian China at prices that will suit you.

Our FRUITS are always selected with the idea of having the very best in the market. Our CANDIES are of the finest quality and the greatest variety. Can Goods guaranteed to give satisfaction or money returned.

This year's home-made SORGHUM TABLE SYRUPS, Log Cabin Maple Syrup, BUCK WHEAT, in fact everything to be found in an up to date Crockery and Grocery house.

**EPLER & CO.**

**Now what's the matter . . . WITH YOU?**

Why, I did not buy my goods of W. B. HORNBY & CO's, and now I find that they are selling the best goods for the money that can be found in the country. They have a large stock of clothing that they are selling out at cost to make room for their other goods and it would surprise you how cheap you can get a suit or any part of a suit you need. You will find they have a complete line of boots, shoes, caps, hats and gents furnishing goods, dry goods and groceries, and now they have put in a line of that goods that would make your mouth water to look at, and they always pay the highest market price for produce.

**W. B. Hornby & Co.**  
CARROLL, NEB.

**Cold Chilly Winds**

Will soon be whistling through that summer suit, and they will say "why not buy good tailor-made clothes of the new tailors."

**Tweed & Reed?**

We have a fine line of sample goods to select from, and our prices are going to be very moderate. We guarantee our goods to fit your frame, be you tall fat or lean.

**First to Come**

Will get the best bargains and the best selections. Always glad to meet you and have a little talk on this subject.

**Tweed & Reed**  
The Main Street Tailors, Wayne, Nebraska.

**MILLINERY**

We have just received a new order of

**Winter - Hats**

all kinds of

**STREET - HATS**

Large assortment of Kid Gloves from \$1.00 to \$1.50.

**Miss H. Wilkinson,**  
Opposite Postoffice, Wayne.

**FOR SALE**  
In our exclusive carpet room 200 Samples, one and a half yards in each, for Rugs, very cheap.  
HARRINGTON & ROBBINS.

**BY DAD.**

By dad, we don't do much to the coal dealers if this weather continues.

A certain lady in town watched a certain man in town approach and clap for Chaplain Mailley until she got too mad to use any words in the English language. The morning after Mailley spoke the good woman made a large puddle and putting it in a bandage of generous length and breadth proceeded to the home of her enthusiastic gentleman friend who shouted at sight of McKinley's photo. The gentleman and his wife were both at home, and the visitor promptly told him to hold out his right hand, and getting hold of it deftly proceeded to tie on the poultice. "What are you trying to do there?" cried the surprised admirer of Chaplain Mailley. "Well sir," answered the practical joker, "I am sure your wrist is badly sprained after all the clapping you did at the Mailley meeting last night and I just thought I'd doctor it up a bit." This completely riled up the little patriot and he told her in words much more plain than polite to go and stick it on that portion of W. J. Bryan's anatomy that is not in use when Billy is standing up.

And now it's a bicycle tire trust and the stock is most all wind, but it will not be so easily punctured as the high-priced tires it sells to a sacker public. Lots of trust in the tire, and more tire in the bikist.

Uncle Billy Pearson lives in Kentucky. He is eighty nine years old and his third wife has just presented him with a husky boy baby. There is no question about Uncle Billy's prowess for this is his fourth son born to him since he was eighty. After silently reviewing my own experiences of the past year I can state with much fervor and sincerity that I'm goldam glad I don't live in Kentucky.

"Ohio stands by McKinley," exultingly shouts the administration organ. And here are the figures up to date: For McKinley's candidate, 315,000; against McKinley's candidate, 395,000. If that's "standing by McKinley" I'd like to know how Mac will feel when Ohio stands on him.

Anson A. Welch must feel that he is "down on his luck." Had Allen's appointment to the United States senate just been given him a few weeks ago, what a snap Anson would have had going up against an ordinary adversary in the late election. It's too bad, by dad.

Admiral Dewey refused to be president on the ground that his "physical strength and mental temperament utterly unfitted him for the arduous duties of that high office," and then he went right off and tackled a harder job.

Down at Norfolk, the other day, a banana peel threw a stone walk at a young lady, a very slippery trick.

Norfolk has been banqueting the liquor men and the Daily News has discovered a wonderful magician who turns a glass of beer into a man. I always supposed Bro. Huse must be a peculiarly constructed individual.

A railroad conductor from Washington to Baltimore tells the following: "I found a lady in black grieving profusely. I asked, 'My poor madam, can I lie of any help to you, and what is the matter?' She replied, 'O conductor, conductor, I have my husband's remains in the baggage car, carrying them to Baltimore to be cremated.' 'A little further down the car a lady just as handsome as the other said to me, 'Conductor, what ails that good sister?' 'Madam, I replied, 'she is carrying the body of her husband to Baltimore to be cremated, and I am surprised at her grief as it is her fourth husband.' 'Lady No. 2 began to weep very loudly, and in great surprise I said, 'Madam, you are worse than the other sister. What ails you?' 'O conductor the Lord is not good. I have trusted to the Lord for forty years and never had nary husband, and there is a women with husbands to burn.'"

The Norfolk News thinks "some people have the capacity to make black appear white. It's so with the devil." Well, you were not very successful in posing as his devilship during the past campaign, were you?

There have been a great many sleepy looking people in town this week. They have been staying up nights in an endeavor to see falling stars. My friend Ted Philleo and myself know an easier scheme than that to see 'em.

"It never rains but it pours." After having been whipped to a finish by the popovers, the republican party in Nebraska is called upon to part with their fruits of the '98 election. Next year Nebraska fusionists will make two United States senators, and do it in a walk.

If this kind of weather continues all winter (?) the ice man and the coal man might just as well get into some honest line of business.

The mid-night falling star program is a great snap for the callow youth and coy maiden.

The Wayne Republican man is flooding the county with circulars, offering to give his publication away to cheap people providing they will burden themselves with a whole raft of equally unnecessary literature. The Wayne Herald also comes to the front with the statement that it will "duplicate any subscription offer made by any other paper in the county." Now, tell me, please, what kind of a "prosperity" deal the boys are running in on us; four or five dollars worth of truck for one dollar, paper almost double the price of '96, skilled labor gone up

**THE 2 JOHNS.**  
Why Wear Clothing of Unknown Origin...?

When you buy a Watch, or a Wagon, or a Farm Implement, or a Bicycle, you want to know all about it, don't you? About the first thing that influences you is the maker's reputation, is it not?

Why not the Same with your Clothing

To enjoy the consciousness of having your dress absolutely correct, come to the store and be fitted with garments bearing this label.

This Garment Guaranteed by the Makers  
**B. KUPPENHEIMER & CO.**  
CHICAGO.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Date \_\_\_\_\_

We are showing many special and exclusive styles of the renowned KUPPENHEIMER Make This Week.

There is in them the additional value of knowing they are right, and no more to pay than for clothing of Promiscuous Make.

YOU TAKE NO RISK in buying a SUIT of us, and we take no chance in selling you, for the maker GUARANTEES EVERY GARMENT. What more could you ask than a garment fully guaranteed and prices right. You always get satisfaction at the

**2 JOHNS**  
ONE PRICE CASH CLOTHING HOUSE.  
Speak German and Swede.

lovely and Holcomb was elected—yep. Geo. Peters was on the market with a load of hay Monday.

Henry Lane is as happy as a turtle in deep water for he's done husking corn.

John Reinhardt and wife were in Wayne Monday on business.

Albert Dankuhl is down in Cuming Co. this week husking corn for Adolph Selmeier.

John Finn shelled corn last Wednesday.

Lund and Bonawitz were on the market with hogs last Tuesday.

Some of the young folks sat up till half past three on the night of the 13th to see stars and meteors fly.

Wm. Pfeiffer came down from Hoskins Wednesday to visit his relatives.

Lund and Bonawitz brought in some more feeders last Monday.

Miss Lena Cook from Otoe county, Neb., is visiting her uncle H. M. Damme and other relatives.

It is reported that Abram and Leonard Gildersleepe started for Minnesota this week.

We haven't had much sleep of late because of the squawking of the chickens, for every body was pecking their hen roosts to fill the poultry cage at Wayne.

It is reported that Mose Damme had forty barrels of apples shipped in from Otoe county Neb. last week.

Don't forget the lecture given by Prof. J. M. Pile at Grace M. E. church next Saturday evening.

We have been asked to announce that the Donkey club will meet in regular session at the Grace M. E. church next Sunday, on the platform, and pass remarks about the ladies, and spit tobacco juice all around. Any young man known to escort a lady there and sit with her through the sermon, as a gentleman should, will be expelled from the club.

**CARROLL NEWS.**

We are rejoicing over the fact that the people have been so kind as to give us one county office, that of coroner. Dr. Love the man elected to make a good official, but any one wanting a doctor to hold inquest over their body will want to notify him several days before their services be needed.

There was another horse race in town Saturday and as usual the man with the slowest horse lost his money.

Several who received the most votes for some town office will not be liable to receive any certificate of election because they did not comply with the election laws by filing their names and accounts in proper time.

The arrangements of the ballot cost the fusion candidates several votes in Sherman precinct as the election board did not seem to make much of an effort to determine what the intentions of the voters were.

A. J. Honey is repairing his store building and we understand that he expects to soon put in a stock of goods.

Mrs. Andrews, our hustling druggist has had a new sidewalk erected in front of her store. Several more new walks are needed.

Among the new buildings now being erected is a dwelling for Mrs. Schaffer and a large carpenter shop for Charley Jones. We have been told that there are others but we have not had time to look them up.

Mrs. Yarkan and Mrs. Nairn left Wednesday morning for a few weeks visit with friends and relatives in Iowa.

W. R. Beck is an attorney of North Platte who has been here Monday.

W. R. Beck is the first man to report that he has finished husking corn.

W. B. Grant was a passenger for Wayne Wednesday.

Mrs. Andrews and children visited in Bloomfield Wednesday night.

A. J. Honey and wife are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy which arrived Wednesday. One of those who have see it

**ALL ABOARD!**  
FOR THE  
**Great Toy Emporium.**

**Biggest Best Brightest**  
**Most Charming Most Beautiful Most Durable**

**Holiday Novelties**

EVER HAULED BY THE CARS.

You know the Place Get in the Race . . .

For the first to come shall have the first choice, and prices will go up instead of down. It is to your interest to buy early and buy cheap. We have been

**Buying for Twenty Years; Selling for Twenty Years.**

And you Benefit by our Experience. No use to enumerate Prices or Articles. The Newspaper tenders you the Invitation to Come and See our Goods. If you Accept the Invitation we can do the rest.

**M. S. DAVIES,**  
Book and Toy Store.

**Ladies Wraps.**

Owing to a large shipment of Ladies Jackets, Capes and Collarettes, we are in better shape than ever to please you in this line. Never before have we shown such good values in Ladies Jackets, at \$5.50, 6.00, 7.50, 8.00, 9.50. Also good assortment of Childrens wraps. Now is your chance before the sizes are broken.

**Overcoats**

See our overcoat line for men and boys, they are right, also Fur coats, prices always the lowest.

Yours for business,

**THE RACKET**

**RAILROAD TIME TABLE.**

EAST.	C. ST. P., N. & O.	WEST.
8:00 A. M. Sioux City Passenger		1:00 P. M.
2:30 P. M. Sioux City Passenger		8:15 A. M.
7:25 A. M. Way Freight		1:00 P. M.
ARRIVE BLOOMFIELD BRANCH, LEAVE		
7:00 A. M. Minn.		8:00 A. M.
2:00 P. M.		1:00 P. M.

T. W. MORAN, Agent.  
Corrected June 2, 1897.

Yes, the DEMOCRAT eats turkey—when they are left where we can get 'em.

The female suffragists in town are up to all the tricks of the finished politician. One of them was telling a remarkable story, the other day, to a well interested audience, when another sister broke in with: "Oh, you don't want to believe anything that woman tells you; why she's the biggest liar in the whole state of Kansas."

Ponca Journal: Last Saturday the C. E. society of the Lutheran church gave a very interesting entertainment the main feature of the evening being the reading by Miss Lucy Buffington. Miss Buffington is a very pleasing young lady of charming personality who excelled in impersonating the naughty small boy and gave an attractive entertainment throughout.