

UR now ready to brighten up those dingy rooms with New Wall Paper from the Book Store. R UP THE WAYNE HERALD.

Twenty-First Year.

WAYNE, WAYNE COUNTY, NEBRASKA, MAY 28, 1896.

Number 16.

McNeil & Beale, Publishers.

REPUBLICAN LEADING AND OFFICIAL PAPER OF WAYNE AND WAYNE COUNTY REPUBLICAN.

Subscription \$1.00 in Advance.

WEEKLY ADVERTISING NEWS

On pursuing the stock dealer and questioning the grain and produce merchants today we find that
Wheat is 39 cents.
Oats 10.
Corn 13.
Flax 71.
Butter 7.
Eggs 6.
Potatoes 20.
Hogs, 250.

The Wayne Roller Mills Flour Excels.

Pure Millet Seed for Sale. Call on Philleo & Son.

Iced Rose Perfume at Wilkins & Co's.
Bargains in Millinery at Miss Wilkinson's.

Pants made to order for \$4, \$5, and \$6.
L. O. Mehus.

Mrs. S. M. Sloan has been very sick the past week.

Try Red Roses Perfume, the favorite, at Wilkins & Co's.

Mr. Neely's father leaves for his home in Iowa to-day.

Mrs. T. White entertains the euchre club Friday afternoon.

You can save \$ 3 8 by buying your Clothing and Shoes of Harker Bros.

Miss Lucy Bruner has accepted a position in the Waukon schools for next year.

Mr. C. E. Hartman came up from Omaha Monday evening and is visiting with

Yesterdays news in the cold south at R. W. Wilkins & Co's.

Memorial Day—This week in honor of the old soldiers.

Mrs. A. M. Jacobs served tea to a number of her Wayne friends last Thursday afternoon.

Harker Bros' new Spring Clothing has arrived, and will be sold at extremely low prices. Give them a call.

The crops in Wayne county are immune. Insure them against hail with S. H. Alexander at Wayne National Bank.

The Soda Fountain at R. W. Wilkins & Co's. will be running all day Saturday where you can get sodas of every description.

The HERALD leads; the HERALD will be sent to any address in the county during the coming campaign for 40 cents. Subscribe now.

Fresh vegetables, such as peas, beans, lettuce and cucumbers, also fresh strawberries and cherries at Brooking's opposite the post office.

The members of the High School enjoyed a picnic near La Porte last Saturday. A number of the party came home by way of Wakefield.

W. H. Bradford leads the Y. M. C. A. meeting Sunday. Subject, Christ's Mission on earth. This will interest everyone; you can't afford to miss this meeting.

The Cycle Club will consider it a great favor if all persons driving teams at the fair grounds will drive outside the worn track about 15 feet during the next week.

At the Masonic election of officers Friday night E. Cunningham was elected M. J. Tower, senior warden; J. M. Cherry, junior warden. Henry Ley,

school class, the Sunday school teachers and the Public school teachers last Thursday evening. A very pleasant evening was spent.

Friends to the number of fifty or more assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Bastain last Sunday, the event being the 42nd birthday of Mr. Bastain and the surprise to him was complete.

The most gigantic sale of Clothing and Shoes ever offered to the public of Wayne county. Everything will go. Bargains never before heard of. Don't miss this Stupendous Sale; you will miss it \$ 3 8 by attending it. Harker Bros.

The oil tanks of The Standard Oil Company are being put in position this week by Arch McFetrich who secured the contract. Wayne will sooner or later become a general distributing point for the surrounding towns in a number of lines of merchandise, etc.

Friction from the belt at Turner & Brenner's elevator started a little blaze yesterday about one o'clock which was soon extinguished, but not until an alarm had been given, and people were hastening to the scene, as the wind was blowing a stiff gale. Both fire companies were promptly on hand but luckily weren't needed.

Mrs. J. Ingalls entertained in her own charming and hospitable manner the members of the M. P. F. on Wednesday evening. The rooms were prettily decorated with roses and it was a merry company that sat about the tables and did their best to win. Mrs. Neely took the first prize and Mrs. Crawford the second. At 11:30 the hostess served light refreshments after which a musi-

Pure Millet Seed for Sale. Call on Philleo & Son.

Ice Cream and Pudding.

The graduates of the High School.

Opera House line (Thursday) Evening.

Members of the Class Acquit Themselves In a Very Creditable Manner.

The exercises of the graduating class of '96 of the Wayne High School were over and their work, as far as the school here is concerned, is finished. But throughout life, each of the ten graduates will retain pleasant memories of the happy days spent there and school life.

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WAYNE HERALD

WAYNE, NEB.

GENERAL S. BEERBEE, PUBLISHER

THE CYCLONE'S FURY MADE MANIFEST THROUGHOUT TWO STATES.

Wind and Water Cause Ruin and Desolation in Iowa and Michigan Killed by Wind and Drowned by Cloudburst—Towns Laid Waste.

Many Are Dead.

DRS. MORSE, May 25: Sixty killed and a score fatally injured, about fifty people less seriously hurt and an incalculable property loss—the result, as near as can be ascertained, at present, of tornados and cloudbursts in Iowa, Illinois and Kansas Sunday night and early Monday morning. The greatest havoc was wrought in Iowa. The storm originated near the town of Ankeny, two miles north of Des Moines. As near as can be ascertained from those who saw the sight, two clouds, one from the northwest and one from the southwest, met and then dropped down on the earth and wrought their havoc on all that was loose and fast. Near the town of Bondurant it killed its first victims, the members of the Baile family. All along the course the fences and buildings and crops and trees were completely destroyed.

Pushing onward the storm struck Waterloo, the town whose name seems to have become attached to that of the cyclone. A railroad bridge on the Chicago Great Western was the first object it wrested with. The bridge was completely demolished and the rails were twisted and bent out of shape. The town was almost completely ruined.

The family of Charles Phalen seems to have been the greatest sufferer near this point. It was literally wiped out of existence, together with all their possessions. A pitiful story is told of how two children tried to hold the door against the storm until the house was lifted up bodily. There was some strange pranks played near this town. An old man holding a babe was lifted up and dropped in an adjoining field without the least injury being done to either him or the child.

Leaving the wrecked town the storm moved forward, laying the country bare, wrecking houses and killing the inmates. One observer near Valeria who saw the storm and observed it carefully says that the cloud appeared to be a high balloon of a dark green color, with a light streak in its center. It traveled at a tremendous rate, tearing up the largest trees by the roots and stripping them clean of limbs and bark, driving posts into the earth and twisting buildings in the edge of its track and first stripping hedges and licking the grass out of the fields.

At Ira the cloud did its last damage in Jasper County. Some observers say that there the cloud divided, others that it was lifted upward and sped on in midair with a frightful noise.

Later in the evening a tornado seems to have struck near Manchester, Delaware County, although reports are meager. The total loss of property is hard to estimate. The crops which were ruined can be replanted in many cases, as the season is still comparatively early. The buildings destroyed will aggregate from \$100,000 to \$200,000. Fortunately, only one thickly populated community—Valeria—was in its path. The lives lost as far as tabulated, shows twenty, with at least twenty injured.

Havoc in Michigan.

OXFORD, Mich., May 25: A terrible cyclone struck the village of Oakwood this evening and entirely wiped it off the earth, destroying all the buildings, and leaving death and destruction in its trail. Just west of the village the fields are strewn with dead and wounded, and it is impossible to get a correct estimate of the damage until daylight. The storm also struck the village of Thomas and destroyed about a dozen buildings, including the hotel Johnson, the McDermott and a large single driver and a great many dwelling houses. It is believed that the number of dead and wounded will be very large.

TONTIAC, Mich., May 26: The country in the vicinity of this city was given its first taste of a cyclone this evening, and the little village of Thomas has been wiped from the face of the earth. Metamora and Oakwood were also touched up, and their inhabitants badly frightened, some being injured and a track of devastation left to within three quarters of a mile of Ortonville.

The storm first struck the outer edge of Metamora, but did not do very much damage. It then took a leap and struck a farm house and barn between Metamora and Oakwood, leveling them to the ground. Then the cyclone descended upon Oakwood and leveled every building to the ground. Here fire added its horrors to the terrible work of the storm and completed the devastation. When the train passed through there was not a person to be seen but the flames had nearly completed the work of destroying the wreckage left by the twister.

Mr. Weaver said that the village of Thomas was not entirely wiped out, but so nearly so that but a nucleus of a town is left. Only a portion of the depot building remains and nearly the whole of the grain elevator, across the track from the depot, was carried away. The only hotel in the town had also been razed to the ground and its pieces scattered through the surrounding country.

A man named Doyle was at the station when the train pulled into Thomas and related the details of one of the curious wrecks of the cyclone. He said that his house, a common two-story frame, was not touched, but every other house for two or three blocks in all directions was totally destroyed.

There was one family whose house was so scattered that but small pieces of it could be found anywhere, and of whose members not one had been discovered.

5,000 See Him Hang.

GRAYSON, Ky., May 25: James DeWitt was hanged here in the presence of 5,000 people for the murder of his wife, from whom he parted last November. He did not want his sentence commuted, as he said that, sleeping on waking, his wife's glaring eyes and screams haunted him. She died by strangulation.

China Will Establish a Bank.

The Chinese Government is about to establish an imperial bank controlled by the central bank, which will provide capital to the amount of 10,000,000 taels.

Whole Family Murdered.

ATVA, Mo., May 25: The whole Sawyer family consisting of father, mother and growing son, were discovered in their home one night of this place, foully murdered. Ernest E. Sawyer, the son, had stab wounds in the throat and right breast; had both jaws broken; head and face beaten into a jelly. He had evidently been murdered in the barn and the body dragged to the house. The skull of both mother and father were crushed in. Mrs. Sawyer's left arm was also broken, evidently in trying to ward off the murderous blow. The three bodies were found buried together under a bed and covered with a blanket.

The doors of the small log cabin in which the family lived were both fastened and the window blinds had been drawn down. On the front door was a card, upon which had been scribbled the words: "We are gone to Ozark. Will be back Monday or Tuesday."

This is supposed to have been left by the murderers. The object of the crime appears to have been robbery. The Sawyers came here from Linn County, Iowa, last November and were peaceable, hard working people. They are known to have had about \$50 in the house. This money together with their team and wagon are missing. The murderer is believed to have been committed Wednesday evening the 20th inst. The alleged murderer, El Perry, was arrested near Mansfield and taken to West Plains for trial of mob violence.

Bradstreet's Review.

NEW YORK: Bradstreet's says: The reactionary tendency in prices, shrinkage in railroad earnings, the falling of market clearings and the fact that the present constitutes the beginning of the between-seasons period, include the most conspicuous features of the general business situation. On the other hand, business failures have fallen off sharply.

The most favorable report comes from Kansas City, where the movement of merchandise continues relatively quite active.

Merchandise collections are fair and trade prospects were never better. Improvement is also noted on the Pacific coast, due to the weather, which has rendered the crop outlook more favorable and stimulated purchases in staple lines.

Exports of wheat (flour included) increased from both coasts of the United States this week amount to 1,900,000 bushels as compared with 938,000 bushels last week.

Porte Pays for Jiddah Outrage.

CONSTANTINOPLE: The British, French and Russian embassies here have each received checks for £10,000 as indemnity for the outrages at Jiddah in May last, when the British Consul and Vice Consul, the Russian acting consul and the French consular secretary were attacked and shot by Bedouins outside the town. The British Consul was badly wounded; the Russian Consul had his jaw broken and his nose shot away, and the French consular secretary was severely wounded.

The British Vice Consul died ten minutes after being shot, and while he lay on the ground the Bedouins continued to fire upon him and stabbed him with knives.

For Less Than Three Per Cent.

NEW YORK: The property at Elizabeth, N. J., of the defunct United States Cordage Company has been sold by the sheriff to satisfy a mortgage held by the United States Trust Company of New York. The plant, which was valued at nearly \$1,000,000, was sold for \$33,000. The plant included forty acres of ground in different parts of Elizabeth. It was purchased by H. H. Corbin, acting for a committee who, it is said, will reorganize the company. John T. Waterbury of New York, Frank J. Sturges of New York, and William Barbour of Saddle River are the men for whom Corbin is said to have been acting.

Trial of a Chief Justice.

CHATTANOOGA: The jury in the case against Chief Justice of the Supreme Court David L. Snodgrass, for shooting John R. Beasley, returned a verdict of not guilty. The verdict is condemned in the strongest terms. Last December Attorney John A. Beasley published a card in a local paper reflecting upon the integrity of the chief justice as a judge. Judge Snodgrass met Beasley in an office building and an altercation about the article ensued, resulting in Beasley being shot in the arm. Beasley has been invalid from the wound ever since.

New Motive Power.

NEW YORK: Wm. C. Whitney is authority for the statement that the Metropolitan Traction Company has discovered a new motive power and will put the same into use on the Broadway and other lines of the company here within twelve months. It is believed that compressed air, and not the cable, will be the new motive power introduced.

Chicago Doctor Shot by His Wife.

CHICAGO: Dr. Thomas Ronn was shot and seriously wounded by his wife at Elm and Townsend Streets. The woman fired five times. Two bullets entered the doctor's head and one his left arm. Jealousy is said to have been the cause of the shooting. After firing Mrs. Ronn ran away alone and has not been arrested. It is feared Dr. Ronn will die.

Arbitration Committee.

NEW YORK: At a meeting of the permanent committee of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain, Wm. E. Dodge of this city was elected temporary chairman, and Prof. Mope of Columbian College, temporary secretary. The committee will meet in Washington, when plans for a permanent court of arbitration will be considered.

Over the President's Veto.

WASHINGTON: A bill to pension Private Francis E. Hoover of Ohio was passed by the House on the 21st over the President's veto, 196 to 47.

Noted Pianist Dead.

FRANKLIN—THE MAIN: Madame Clara Schumann, nee Weick, pianist and widow of Robert Schumann, the composer, is dead, aged 77.

Gail Hamilton Very Ill.

Salem, Mass.: Miss Abigail Dodge, "Gail Hamilton" has been taken suddenly, seriously ill. Friends are alarmed at her condition.

THE MARKETS.

Saint Louis—Cattle: Stockers and feeders, \$2.75 to \$3.25. Hogs: Prices ranging from \$2.95 to \$3.05. Grain: Wheat, 43¢ to 50¢; corn, 18¢ to 22¢; oats, 14¢ to 15¢; rye, 20¢; flax, 75¢; hay, \$5.00 to \$6.00; butter, 10¢ to 15¢; eggs, 6¢.

Chicago—Cattle: Beef steers, \$3.40 to \$4.25; stockers and feeders, \$3.00 to \$3.90. Hogs: Prices ranging from \$2.00 to \$3.42. Grain: Wheat, No. 2 spring, 59¢ to 60¢; No. 2 red, 61¢ to 64¢; corn, No. 2, 23¢ to 25¢; No. 2 yellow, 29¢ to 30¢; oats, No. 2, 19¢ to No. 2 white, 21¢ to 21.5¢; No. 3 winter, 20¢ to 21¢; rye, No. 2, 23¢; flax seed, No. 1, 88¢; timothy seed, \$2.25.

Kansas City—Cattle: Beef steers, \$2.85 to \$4.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.00 to \$3.85. Hogs: Prices ranging from \$2.10 to \$3.65. Sheep, \$2.00 to \$4.00.

South Omaha—Cattle: Beef steers, \$3.25 to \$3.65; stockers and feeders, \$3.00 to \$3.80. Hogs: Prices ranging from \$3.00 to \$3.15.

Minneapolis—Grain: Wheat, May, 25¢; July, 28¢ to 33¢; No. 1 hard, on track 6¢; No. 1 Northern, 9¢.

Preparing for Massacres.

BERLIN: The Sultan is suffering from a serious nervous attack. The Kurds are threatening Southern Anatolia and preparing for further massacres.

OF A GREAT STATE

NEWS FROM ALL PARTS OF NEBRASKA.

Judge Marshall at Fremont Refuses to Again Listen to the Troubles Involved in the Damage Suit Against the Elkhorn Road.

Dodge Damage Case Passed On.

Judge Marshall at Fremont overruled the plaintiff's motion for a new trial in the case of Haase against the Elkhorn. His decision was quite lengthy and a careful review of the points of law involved in the case, sustaining the instructions given by him on the trial. The principal objections to the instructions were that the burden of proof was on the plaintiff to show that he was not guilty of contributory negligence, and that all possible steps were taken to prevent the spread of the fire to his property. In the course of the opinion the court intimated that the plaintiff could not recover if the fire, though started by his own act, spread to his property through the negligence of a third party. The decision in this sense will not affect his others.

Henry Walker of Custer County Deliberately Shoots His Spouse.

Henry Walker of Powell Canyon twenty-five miles west of Broken Bow shot his wife with probable fatal results. Walker and his wife have lived unhappy for several years, and he decided to terminate their troubles by killing her. He went to Callaway and borrowed a revolver, and on the following day at noon proceeded to execute his premeditated plans. He shot at her three times. One bullet entered the left side, where it lodged. Another one entered the forehead, the third missed her. The doctors have been unable to locate either of the balls. Mrs. Walker is still conscious, but there is but little hope of her recovery.

Walker's excuse for shooting his wife is that he thought she had tried to poison him, and that he would have to kill her as a matter of self-protection. He is about 32 years old and has three children. He is a man of inferior ability and apparently destitute of moral principle. He was arrested and taken to Broken Bow. Mrs. Walker left him two years ago for his treatment, but soon went back to him. From his own story he is high tempered and of a vicious disposition, and it was within one of his fits that he committed the deed.

Burglar Shot at Alma.

While attempting to break into the store of Willits & Co. at Alma, Dan Hardy, a tramp, was shot and probably fatally wounded by Judge Schmidt. He was standing at a large box trying to pry open a back window of the store and the noise awoke the clerk, who immediately reached for a revolver and shot him. The bullet entered near the center of the abdomen and passed out just above the hip bone. He is a young man apparently 20 years old, and was his home is in Sacramento, Cal. Two other tramps were with him and when he was shot they fled.

Salvationists to Have a Church.

The Salvation Army is planning to erect a building for church and barracks in Fremont. They have secured an option on a lot on Fifth Street and are making a strong effort to raise \$30,000 to purchase the same and erect a church. Several of Fremont's business men who are in sympathy with the work of the organization have subscribed and they feel confident of being able to raise the money. They intend to put up a good sized, commodious building with rooms for the use of the officers.

Looted with Two Girls.

Nell Crosby, employed in a hotel at Ord, fled from that place with Miss Rice and Grace Wampole, two young girls about 16 years old, taking with them the hotel bus horse. Not showing up in the morning, inquiry was made and telegrams sent to the neighboring towns. They were located in Greeley Center, where some men went to meet them, but before Crosby had completed his escape the officers of the law took him in and he will be taken back to Ord.

"Old Glory" Floats High.

"Old Glory" floated higher in the heavens than it has ever floated in the United States before at Junita the other day. L. R. McLean set a string of kites into the heavens some 2,000 feet, which carried an American flag 8x18 feet in size. He sent two large box kites and seven odd kites of large size. He governs them with stout ropes from large windlasses with brake attachments. Mr. McLean will float them on Memorial Day.

Bearrice Saloon Keepers Sued.

Mary J. Butler, wife of Edward Butler, began suit at Bearrice for \$5,000 against Stephen Dodge, E. Longtin, Ben Minzer, Byron Brady and John Dantz, saloon keepers, and their bondsmen. Butler, who at one time was possessed of considerable means, has squandered the greater portion of his money in drink, and is now in the insane asylum at Lincoln. Mrs. Butler claims damages or account of liquors sold her husband.

Fremont Boy Drowned.

Ralph Newton, a 9-year-old son of William Newton, foreman of the Fremont foundry, was drowned in Balding's Lake. He was in bathing with several other boys and got in beyond his depth. The boys were too frightened to help him. His body was found after having been under water nearly an hour and all efforts to resuscitate him were unavailing.

Dull Knife Thwarts Suicide.

Mrs. Matthews, 59 years old, living eighteen miles northwest of Creighton attempted suicide by cutting her throat with a butcher knife. Owing to the dullness of the knife and prompt attention of relatives her life was saved. Despondency, caused by sickness in the family and the death of one child, prompted the act.

Jumps and Breaks a Leg.

A few days since as Harvey Stevens of Bayard was starting for work his team became frightened and ran away. Mr. Stephens, who is about 60 years old, jumped from the wagon, striking the ground with sufficient force to break his leg in two places just above the ankle.

Curfew at O'Neill.

The City council at O'Neill got in line with the rest of the cities and passed a curfew ordinance. Hereafter all children under 10 years of age will have to be at home after 9 o'clock in the evening.

SHE DIES OF GRIEF.

News of Henry Bolin's Conviction Kills His Sister.

One death has followed the conviction of Henry Bolin, the ex-city treasurer of Omaha, which is believed by his relatives to be directly traceable to Bolin's conviction and sentence.

It is the death of Bolin's sister, Mrs. H. Kinne of Cheyenne. Mrs. Kinne has taken a great interest in Bolin's trial and provided him considerable money for his defense. When Bolin was sentenced to jail, he wrote his sister telling her of the sentence.

Word received by her was to the effect that when Mrs. Kinne received his letter she fell prostrate and senseless. This was Sunday evening. Monday morning she died. Bolin is almost prostrated with grief at the loss of his sister.

FORT OMAR BILL PASSES.

Senate Agrees to Lease the Reservation to Nebraska.

Omaha and Nebraska are within sight of what will undoubtedly prove of vast benefit to the state, the acquisition of the Fort Omaha military reservation. The bill passed the Senate late on the afternoon of the 20th, without a single vote against it, and was taken up by unanimous consent.

The passage of this measure means much for the state, for in a few years Congress will give it outright the Fort Omaha reservation should the state realize the intention of the promoters of this enterprise, to establish thereon a great training school for the youth of the whole west.

Electric Lights Again Shine.

One bill is again lit up with electric light after four and one-half months of darkness. A petition was presented to the council signed by eighty-five business men of the city, praying the council to again light the city. The petition was granted. Last December the councilmen decided that owing to hard times the city would have to do away with the street lights, and on January 1 the plant closed. May 1 H. C. Miller of Lincoln resumed control of the plant and it has been in operation since. The city formerly paid \$8.00 a light per month, while now it gets them at \$6.00 per month.

Young Man Burned to Death.

A. L. Dunaway, a young man living three miles west of Adelia, was burned to death in his house. Dunaway, who lived alone, was subject to epileptic fits, and of late they had taken him quite frequently. It is supposed that during one of the fits he overturned a lamp, thus setting the house on fire. The fire was not discovered until the house had fallen in. A portion of the trunk of the body was all that was recovered. He had no relatives there.

Murderer Schmidt Sentenced.

John Schmidt pleaded guilty at Nebraska City to manslaughter and was sentenced by Judge Ramsey to twenty-five years imprisonment in the state penitentiary. Schmidt had been an inmate of the Nebraska state asylum and was discharged, thereafter, from the asylum. He was released on everything except Santa Fe. Miller, his attorney, had agreed to pay his expenses.

It is understood that the House conference stand out most strenuously against that, and will only agree to the appointment of a commissioner to report on the two harbors and let Congress afterward act on the subject.

The most important business transacted in the House was the passage by the overwhelming vote of 195 to 26 of the Barthold-McCall immigration bill, as modified by the Corliss amendment. The Stone committee in session, however, offered as a substitute, was defeated 75 to 131.

The Senate took another long step toward adjournment Wednesday by disposing of the fortifications appropriation bill at a single sitting. Nothing now remains but the deficiency bill and the conference reports on the naval, river and harbor, District of Columbia, Indian, and fortifications bills. The river and harbor and naval bills are still the most difficult ones. The harbor and river conferences made a report Wednesday that they were agreed upon, excepting the Santa Fe. It is understood that the House conference stand out most strenuously against that, and will only agree to the appointment of a commissioner to report on the two harbors and let Congress afterward act on the subject.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

All that day Constance kept to her room. The duke was amazed at this, and late in the afternoon presented himself in his wife's boudoir. After all, fortune favored him; Alice was there alone.

"Where is the duchess? Miss Greybrook?" he asked quietly.

"She is in the adjoining room," returned Alice, uneasily. "And I—think she is asleep. Shall I call her?"

"No," returned the duke, "it is to you I wish to speak. You know, Miss Greybrook, in what high esteem I hold you."

"Your grace, I—should never have left my wife alone," he continued, "above all in London; if I had not found a holy person like yourself to place by her side, to counsel and direct her. Miss Greybrook, you have never yet hidden the truth from me. Never, I—"

"You merit some heavenly recompense," continued the duke, watching her very intently. "Let me beg you to accept this holy cross, brought by me from Rome."

He opened a small packet which he held in his hand and revealed a handsome crucifix. With a smile half of command, half of entreaty, he held this holy gift toward the girl. She hesitated.

"For me, my lord?"

"Pray take it," said the duke. She held forth her hand, then with a shudder attempted to draw it away.

"No; no; I am not worthy," she cried.

"My lord, what are you doing—what do you want?"

"I want the truth," returned the duke, who had seized her hand, and was looking almost fiercely into her face. "Miss Greybrook tell me the name of the man who met the duchess at the ball last night."

With a cry which was half a moan, Alice shrank away.

"If I speak," she murmured to herself, "she is lost; if I lie, I lose my soul. Father in heaven," she cried aloud, "what shall I do?"

"It was the Earl of Harrington!"

The interruption was so sudden and unexpected that they both uttered a cry. The Duke dropped the girl's hand, turned in the direction whence the voice had proceeded, and saw Constance. She was very pale, but quite composed.

The duke's face was black as night.

"Then, madam," he said, "you have met that man again?"

"Yes," returned Constance, quietly. "I have met my cousin again, and you might have learned the truth without putting Alice to the torture."

"Whom else could I question?" said the duke, sternly.

"Me!" returned Constance, proudly.

"No one knows better than you, my lord, my frankness and my sincerity. Listen, my lord. I will give you a further proof of my candor; take me away from England, for, although duty reigns supreme in my heart, the love within it can never die. Do not expose me to temptation; do not compel me to pass through fire, lest at last my spirit fails. But take me away."

The duke drew himself up proudly. "It is impossible!" he said.

"Remember," cried Constance, "it is for your sake I plead. If I am your wife; there is peril here for both of us. Will you take me away?"

At that moment a servant entered with a message from Ferval.

"I will come to him," said the duke, and with a low bow to his wife and her friend he left the room.

"Alice," cried Constance, "you see now that what I told you was right. This Mr. Ferval, who calls himself the duke's secretary, is the duke's spy. I am certain now it was he who told the duke of my first meeting with Frank; he has spoken again, and exposed me to this torture. Well, I know him now, and in future I shall be upon my guard."

There was a hurried knock at the door.

"Come in," cried Constance, and the door opened admitting Ferval.

At sight of him Constance seemed to turn to stone, but he came hurriedly and anxiously forward.

"Madam," he said, eagerly, "I must speak to you."

"I will not listen to you," she cried; "leave me, sir, for I know you; you tried at first to corrupt me by sending me anonymous letters, warning me against the duke. I have cheated you this time. I myself have told the truth. Now, sir, go; and do not dare ever again to enter my apartments."

"Madam!" cried Ferval, who had been utterly taken aback by this unexpected attack; "let me speak; as you love your life, I conjure you to listen."

Without another word she summoned her maid, and when the girl appeared she said very quietly:

"Show Mr. Ferval down."

CHAPTER XIX.

For several days Constance, under the pretense of illness, kept to her own apartment, but one evening both Constance and her friend presented themselves, at dinner. Alice, who had dreaded the meeting between husband and wife, was somewhat relieved when she saw the duke walk forward and "courteously" take his wife's hand. There were several guests present, and Constance welcomed them all. The dinner passed off well—so well, indeed, that after the last guest had departed the duke repaired to his wife's room to thank her for her share in it.

"I am more than pleased," he said. "If you will preside equally well at the reception, we shall be delighted."

"The reception, my lord?" asked Constance, coldly.

"Assuredly," returned the duke. "On Tuesday evening next you give a grand reception; the cards have all been issued, everything is prepared, and for yourself I particularly wish you to look your best that night."

The days passed on, and the eventful Tuesday arrived. The reception was to commence at half-past nine o'clock, and when the clocks were striking nine Constance and Alice sat alone in the duchess' boudoir. The house was brilliantly illuminated, and the great drawing room was filled with choice flowers. Both Constance and Alice were dressed for the occasion.

Then Constance's maid entered the room with a letter, which she handed to her mistress.

Constance took the letter, opened and read it, then she looked up into the wondering eyes of her friend.

"A letter from the duke; he has gone away!"

"Gone away!" exclaimed Alice.

"Yes. Listen, dear; this is what he says: I am summoned at once to Paris to meet the Spanish Ambassador. I am taking Palmatos and Ferval with me. I have made Palmatos communicate with all our guests and put off our reception of this evening. What can it mean, Alice?"

"I don't know, dear; is that all he says?"

"No, there is more," replied Constance, and lifting the letter again, she continued: "For yourself, let me beg you not to spend the evening at home, but to go to Lady Mortimer's ball. I have asked Lady Seafield to call for you. Therefore rest quietly at home until she comes."

"Oh, Constance, what shall you do?" cried the girl in terror.

"Do?" returned Constance, with a look of fixed resolve. "I shall obey the duke's command to the letter. At last he has honored me with his confidence, and I shall not betray it."

The first thing to be done was to have the lights extinguished and stay all preparations for the reception. This Constance proceeded to do. When the servants, having received their instructions, had retired, she sat down and looked again at the duke's letter.

"Constance," said Alice, eagerly, "do you really mean to go to Lady Mortimer's ball?"

"Certainly, my dear, since the duke wishes it."

"But do not be angry with me—should your cousin be there?"

"Do not fear for me, Alice," said Constance, stroking the girl's brown hair.

"To-night, remember, I am the representative of my husband, and I will try to do him some slight service. I am going to the ball for my husband's sake, at his wish. It is strange Lady Seafield does not come," she added, "it is getting so late. Alice, dear, will you send one of the servants to inquire for Lady Seafield? Perhaps she would rather have me call for her."

Alice nodded, and went at once to do as her friend wished, while Constance sank down into a chair beside the window, and remained looking out upon the moonlit park. She fell into a reverie, from which she was aroused by the reappearance of her friend. Alice looked paler than usual, and her manner was full of fear.

"Well, dear, have you sent to Lady Seafield?"

"No. I took the carriage and went myself."

"Went yourself? Why did you do that?"

"I was terrified lest something should go wrong; I am glad that I went; the countess is in deep trouble; her father has fallen suddenly and dangerously ill! She was never asked to come for you; she has received no invitation to the ball! Constance, everything has been done to keep you at home to-night. I see it all now; you would have waited and waited for the countess and never gone forth at all; there is danger for you here, I am sure of it; now implore you to go!"

"To go!" said Constance, "but who will take me? I cannot go alone? Ah, I have it. Monsieur de Santa Fe! He is the duke's oldest and nearest relation. Send him, dear, at once."

"I will not send; I will take the carriage and go myself."

"Very well, dear. I will remain quietly here until you return."

But she was by no means composed. The moment she was alone she walked excitedly up and down the room; wondering whether or not Alice's suspicions could be correct. Could it be possible that the duke had deceived her? and if so, for what motive?

"It will be always the same," she cried; "suspected, watched, mistrusted. Oh, who will deliver me from this life of misery and degradation?"

With a sob she threw herself down upon the couch and covered her face with her hands; at that moment the door of her boudoir opened, and the footman announced:

"The Earl of Harrington!"

CHAPTER XX.

Trembling violently, scarcely able to believe the evidence of her senses, Constance rose and looked toward the door. It was no dream, no delusion; there stood Frank, faultlessly attired in evening dress, but looking almost as bewildered as she was herself.

"Frank," she said in a voice the trembling of which she vainly strove to control, "tell me, what does this mean?"

"Why," he cried, "I came to your reception."

"To my reception?"

"Certainly," said Frank, who was grow-

ing more and more amazed; "did you not send me the invitation?"

"I send to you to come here?" she cried.

"Oh, Frank, you are mad—or dreaming."

"Constance," he cried, "I tell you it is true. I received an invitation to come here this evening. If you did not send it, it came from the duke."

He drew from the breast pocket of his coat a card, which he held toward her. She took it, and saw that it was a formal invitation to her reception, written by Count Palmatos, the duke's nephew.

"It was cowardly, contemptible," she cried; then, turning her flashing eyes upon her cousin, she continued: "I see it all, Frank; it is a trap."

"Impossible," said Frank; "a trap would be more cunningly laid. If I accepted a formal invitation where would my offense be, or yours?"

"I tell you I am right; the whole thing has been planned to entrap us. Leave this house, Frank; I am going out."

"So soon," said Frank, "and Connie, do you send me away like this?"

"Oh, do not speak so," she cried; "I tell you the ground is undermined beneath us. Frank, I entreat you," she cried, growing more and more excited. "See how late it is getting. Alice has gone to fetch Monsieur de Santa Fe to take me to the ball. They will both be here directly, but I will bring you through that door and no one will see you go."

She looked at him, but he did not answer her. His face was ghastly pale; he pressed his hand against his side and seemed about to faint.

"What is the matter?" cried Constance.

"Yes, I am a little faint," he gasped; "my wound."

"Your wound?"

"Yes; did you not know? I was stabbed in the thigh the other night; some ruffian had his clasp knife at the throat of a youth. I interposed and was stabbed in the breast—that is all. Constance, give me some water."

The pallor of his face grew ghastly. Terrified, scarcely knowing what she did, Constance rushed from the room, returning with a glass of water and a bottle of cologne. She held the water to his lips, then took the scent, and gently bathed his forehead. When he opened his eyes he saw that she was crying.

"Connie," he cried, "what is the matter?"

"Frank," she said, "it is nearly midnight. Do not linger now. Since every moment is precious, and Monsieur de Santa Fe does not come, I shall go to the ball alone."

"Alone?"

"Yes; I shall slip in unannounced, and no one will know I went without an escort, and I shall, at least, have fulfilled the duke's commands."

"Don't speak of that man, Constance," Frank cried, "unless you want to drive me to distraction. Ah! I see, your love is dead. I am nothing to you now. Well, perhaps it is better so. Good-by!"

Without another look, without a pressure of the hand, he turned and would have left her. She watched him, and as she did so her heart seemed torn in two.

"Frank," she cried, "do you wish to kill me? Do you not see what tortures I suffer? Have you no pity?"

"Then tell me that you still love me," he cried passionately. "Only once and forever avow your love for me, and I will go in peace."

"Yes, and happy, even though I leave you forever, your words the solace and memory of my life."

She drew back as if he had struck her. Then her breast heaving with emotion, her eyes blind with tears, she looked the love she felt; but he staggered back, and with a wild cry, fell upon the couch. She flushed wildly to his side.

"Frank," she cried, "what ails you? Speak to me! Ah, how pale he is! Frank, can you not hear me? How dreadful he looks, and his eyes are fixed. Frank! He is dead, and I have murdered him!"

(To be continued.)

OLD BIRDS' NESTS HAVE VALUE

Many Feathered Creatures Use the Same Once Year After Year.

"That common expression for worthlessness, 'It has no more value than a last year's bird's nest,'" said a bird fancier to a New York Press reporter, "is often far from correct. The majority of our birds do leave their nests after raising a brood, but many do not, and their nests are used through a succession of years. I have known some

birds to use their nests ten years in succession, and so persistent are they that many times the female will return even after the nest has been robbed and the mate killed. Among those users of perennial nests are the wrens, some of the swallow family, bluebirds, great crested flycatcher, some of the owls, eagles, cichlades and some woodpeckers.

"They repair to the nest each year and often build it over. A little wren has made its nest in a hole in a tree in my garden, and has occupied it for the last eight years. Each year it has piled on new stuff till the hole is almost filled up. Some say that as soon as it becomes crowded the birds will clean it out, I know of a bluebird's nest that has been occupied for several years. It is the same female year after year, for she has two black wingfeathers and is lame."

"Birds that build in exposed situations, like hangbirds, always build anew each season, and some others build anew for every brood. Some never build; they either lay in the nests of other birds or in the sand. The eagle and the owl make a framework of sticks and slight repairs are needed. Many birds' nests that you find have never been used. For instance, the marsh wren builds several with the idea that in the case of disturbance the male will attract attention to the nests other than that in which the female is brooding and so shield her from enemies."

How to Clean Silk.

Silk should never be ironed, as the heat takes all the life from it and makes it paper-like. The silk may be sponged and then smoothly rolled on large wooden rollers that come for the purpose, or, if a roller cannot be obtained, spread papers over the carpet and pin the silk, right side up, to the carpet, drawing it smooth and firm. Let it remain until thoroughly dry.

Sharing a trouble doubles its

TREED BY A MOOSE.

A Prospector's Narrow Escape in the North of Minnesota.

Two pine land prospectors, Ben Jackson and Gustave Herman, have just returned to Tower, Minn., from a trip into the northern part of that State, and among other things they tell of a hairbreadth escape which Jackson had away up near the Rainy River. Coming to an excellent tract of pine land, the two men entered from opposite sides to thoroughly investigate it. Herman had not gone far before he came upon the feeding and breeding grounds of a herd of at least 500 moose. His approach stamped them and they all went off in the opposite direction.

"After having examined the breeding grounds for some time and hearing nothing from Jackson," says Herman, "I started off on the trail left by the moose, which was not a difficult thing to do, as the animals had made a good road through the snow, over which an army could have marched. Small trees were broken and old stumps overturned by the moose in their mad flight, and about a mile from the yard I came upon the mangled remains of a small cow moose. She had, no doubt, fallen as she ran, and had been trampled to death by her companions.

"Just as I was having a bad time of it, I heard a noise like a gun shot, and looking around I saw a moose standing in the snow, looking at me. I started off again, and the moose followed me, bellowing and snorting in anger, pawing, stamping and snorting in anger, was a gigantic bull moose. The animal had been tearing at the tree with his antlers until most of the bark was torn off, and the blows he inflicted upon the tall pine made the woods ring. I fired one shot at the animal, and he made off, as I had intentionally missed him when I fired. At the foot of the tree lay what was left of Jackson's rifle. The stock was broken off and trampled into little bits, while the heavy barrel was bent and twisted in a dozen different ways, and showed plainly the marks of hoofs."

"I was making my way through the woods," says Jackson, "when suddenly a noise like a hurricane coming fell upon my ear. There was no wind stirring, and therefore I was at a loss to account for the sound. Just then the herd of moose, many hundred strong, came into sight, and for a minute I felt sick, for I did not think there was any escape for me, and, knowing that a bullet or two would not change them from their course, I dropped my rifle and went up a tree like a squirrel.

"The animals paid no attention to me for a time, and as they dashed along under me the very ground trembled, and the tree in which I was shook as though it were a sapling. When the herd had got pretty well past an old bull, who seemed to be bigger than all out-doors, took his stand directly under the tree, and until Herman came along kept trying to knock down my refuge."

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Cancer of the Breast.

Mr. A. H. Crosby, of 158 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., says that his wife paid no attention to a small lump which appeared in her breast, but it soon developed into a cancer of the worst type, and notwithstanding the treatment of the best physicians, it continued to spread and grow rapidly, eating two holes in her breast. The doctors soon pronounced her incurable. A celebrated New York specialist then treated her, but she continued to grow worse and when informed that both her aunt and grandmother had died from cancer he gave the case up as hopeless.

Someone then recommended S.S.S. and though little hope remained, she began it, and an improvement was noticed. The cancer commenced to heal and when she had taken several bottles it disappeared entirely, and although several years have elapsed, not a sign of the disease has ever returned.

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Wayne Herald.

Entered at the Post Office at Wayne Nebraska as second class mail matter.

W. H. McNEAL, Editor.

Member of the Northeastern Ne-

braska Press Association

Official Paper of Town and County.

Largest Circulation of any Paper

in Wayne County.

Subscription, \$1.00 per Year.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

ADVERTISING RATES.

The HERALD now has nearly 1000 circula-

tion and is rapidly increasing. Its subscribers

reside in Wayne County. As an advertising

medium it is not excelled by any weekly

paper in North Nebraska.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One column, one month \$1.00

Four inches double column, one month 4.00

Three 3.00

Two 2.00

One 1.00

One column, 1/2 page, one month 12.00

Professional cards, one month 50

Special rates on contracts for space to be

taken longer than one month.

Locality. To regular advertisers 5 cents a

line, to all others 10 cents a line first inser-

tion, and 5 cents thereafter.

Agents for a list of legal rates. Estray

and Company, Attorneys at Law.

McKinley? Yes, an hundred fold.

It's a cold day when a vote on school bonds

have an even tie. The vote on issuing

school bonds Tuesday resulted in a tie.

If any person has any idea that Eugene

Moore is not pretty close to the

nomination for Governor he will find

his mistake later on.

There was a time when candidates

for state offices scarcely knew where

northeast Nebraska was; but did you

notice boys, they all get up this way

now?

Disastrous cyclones visited Iowa,

Michigan and Illinois Monday. Fifty

or more lives were lost and many more

injured and the loss of property

was very large.

Northrop is all right and will be the

next representative from this congressional

district, because there is but

one logical situation to the affair. Did

you notice where Wayne is on the map?

This is Wayne's lucky year.

Democracy gave us "free trade" and

oh! what misery. Not satisfied with

this they now propose to give us "free

coinage of silver" to rub free trade in,

but the great American people will not

be hoodwinked by this attempt to hide

the real issue.

The Ohio delegation to the St. Louis

convention will carry a banner wearing

this device: "No one need be in any

doubt as to what the Republican party

stands for. It stands now, as ever, for

protectionism, high protective tariff,

high protective tariff, high protective

tariff, high protective tariff."

The U. S. Supreme court unanimously

declared that the sugar bounty

was constitutional and thus the bounty

must be paid, and the obligations of

the government upheld. This is a

great victory for Chas. F. Manderson,

especially as the verdict was unani-

mous. Nebraska is in the center of

the United States and is strictly first-

class in every respect.

Brother W. H. McNeal of the Wayne

Herald is mentioned as a possible can-

didate for the legislature from his dis-

trict and he denies that he has any

such felonious intentions. However

the republicans of Wayne and Stanton

counties might search their territory

with fine tooth comb and not find a

better or more deserving man to fill

the place.—Niobrara Tribune.

The Tribune has our hearty thanks

for the above kind words. However

McNeal has no ambition along the lines

referred to. Our duty will be to work

incessantly for the grand old party

and its nominees, whoever they may be.

The People Want McKinley.

The New York Dispatch, published

in the home state of Morton and Platt,

editorially gives the following reasons

why the people want McKinley:

"A high protective tariff is opposed by

the international pawnbrokers be-

cause it results in a constant stream of

gold flowing into this country. In

times of golden influx of the yellow

metal, the international pawnbrokers

are compelled to increase the amount of

gold held in trust for the public, and

therefore the amount of gold held in

trust for the public increases.

protective tariff and the election of Mc-

Kinley. Three hundred thousand idle

railway employees want McKinley and

work to keep their families from star-

vation. When the mills are running,

the farmers have a market for their

produce, which the railways must

also transport. With McKinley and

high tariff, the mills will start setting

skilled labor, now idle, at work; the

railways will drop receivers and re-

employ the idle trainmen and switch-

men; they will be busy providing food

for the people who have lived, under

Cleveland, on fish and other of the

cheapest foods; the mines will again be

put in operation to provide a coin

medium of exchange, and the vast area

of mining industry will, as a natural

result, become a hive of busy labor and

again be a market of food products

and clothes. Herein are the reasons

why the people want McKinley. They

have hibernated, economized and been

idle while the government borrowed all

the money in sight so that but little

could be had to afford them em-

ployment. Americans are an industrious

people. They have to work and provide

their families with necessities and give

their children an education. Under Cleve-

land, bond issues and partial

free trade they could not afford to

send their children to school, and the

youths of the nation have been held

in the bondage of semi-ignorance in conse-

quence. So, McKinley means every-

thing to the masses, that every-

thing of which they have been deprived

these several years and for which all

that is noble, inspiring and ambitious

our people ever strives."

Ex-President Harrison's Prophecy.

Washington Correspondence of the N. Y.

Press.]

When the attempt was made to

"down" McKinley with Harrison at

Indianapolis no thought was given to

the existence of a paper written by the

President that when he left campain

for Indianapolis he had never seen

any paper that had been printed in

the city since he left. He had never

seen any paper that had been printed in

MY PATRIOT BOY.

Did I tell you, O friend, of a proud, sad day
When my beautiful boy went marching away
To a far-away battle-field?
When our country's call was heard by me,
And all mothers whose sons were needed to
Fight for God and our country and the cause of
right?
But my heart stood still and it seemed that
a pain
Wrapped me as the world is wrapped by the
night.
And I thought as I wrought while the days
went by.
And I prayed to my God, whose throne is so
high.
And who carrieth for me to care for my boy,
To bless our land and give us joy
In the light of liberty's sun.
Then victory came, but 'twas purchased dear.
The bells pealed out from far and near,
And I heard loud shouts ring in the air,
And the feet of men rush here and there,
I called aloud: "Is there news for me? What
news for me?"
My tear-dimmed eyes can scarcely see—
And I heard for answer, so like a knell:
"It is well with your boy. It is well."
And then I knew my child no more,
Would come to me as in days of yore,
And that the Father had answered my
prayer.
By taking from earth to the home over there
My darling child, so brave, so dear,
His sweet "My mother" I'll never more hear.
And yet 'twas a glorious death, and he
Died for the life of our dear country,
And your children's children will peace enjoy.
Bought with the life of my precious boy.

WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT.

"Hold up your right hand, my man." The witness held up his left hand, and the judge, believing that he was defiant, said with a show of anger:

"Hold up your right hand and take the oath!"

Again the left hand was raised, and the judge, turning to a deputy, shouted:

"Arrest that man for contempt of court. He refuses to hold up his right hand."

"Judge," said the man, a dilapidated specimen of humanity, "I can't hold up my right hand—I left it at Gettysburg a good many years ago. But I can swear all right with my left hand."

There was a sensation in court. No one had noticed that the artificially stuffed sleeve was tucked into the coat pocket at the wrist, giving the figure that defiant air that had aroused the anger of the presiding officer. Now when they knew that no hand was there, a thrill of sympathy ran through the crowd, and the judge was visibly agitated and even apologized.

"I did not know that you had been a soldier," he said gently, as if that fact were excuse enough for any lapse of duty on the present occasion.

"I am a soldier yet," said the man in the witness box; "once a soldier always a soldier, is my creed. I'm under marching orders and likely to join my regiment any time. It's many years since I first went soldiering. I was a likely chap then."

"Yes, yes," said the judge, who had been staring fixedly at the man white face, flushed and paled with some secret emotion, "but this is hardly the time or place for reminiscences. Your testimony in the case on hand is all that is required now. Counsel for the defense will examine this witness," and the judge turned to other business as if the subject no longer interested him.

But he had not done with it. When he went out of the court house on his way home, the one-armed soldier was waiting for him, and he stopped with an impatient air to hear what he had to say. It was evident that the man had been drinking, and his general appearance was more down at the heels than before.

"Judge," he asked, with tipsy gravity, "might your name be Shields?"

"Yes, my name is Shields. Have you any further business with me? I am in something of a hurry."

"So'm I, Judge Shields. I've been waiting over thirty years to ask you a question and get an answer. You don't happen to know me, judge?"

"No," came the low answer as the judge looked into the face of the soldier with a shifting earnestness, taking in the whole figure in that uncertain way, "I don't think I ever saw you before."

"Think again, my friend—you are my friend, ain't you—did you ever know a young man—a robust, strapping fellow—named Leonard Hurst?"

"My God, man, Leonard Hurst died during the war—he was killed in the battle of Gettysburg, and is buried up in your cemetery."

"Is he? That's news to me, Hiram Shields, and it's a lie. He had a friend—a young man like himself—not like him, for Leonard Hurst would have given his life for that friend, and though it was sacrifice—but the friend didn't enlist. He staid at home, and while Hurst was fighting the enemy at the front, Shields, his friend, won his promised wife away from him, married the girl Leonard Hurst had loved all his life."

"I'll hear the story at another time," said Shields, who was in a paroxysm of nervousness over this strange recital.

"You'll hear it now," retorted the other man, swaying back and forth, yet speak-



"You are excited," said Shields, finding his voice; "come home with me and—"

"You haven't heard it all yet. Maybe you think it was hard to stand in front of a fire of shot and shell, and be torn unscathed by cannon balls. Why, man, that was nothing, to the soldier, to what he suffered when he came home and found himself shut out of the ranks of living men—read his own name on a gravestone, and heard his friends talk of his death. And that was nothing to the fact that the girl who swore fealty to him had married his false friend. When he knew that, the bitterness of death had passed. It was there his first and last real battle was

reverence. He raised his eyes to the blue canopy of heaven, and his lips moved in prayer.

"I have fought my last battle," he said, extending his one poor hand to Shields, "we are friends from this hour, comrade."

"You have called me comrade," said Shields, his eyes filling with tears; "I am no soldier, but I know what that word means. We are comrades for the rest of the march—we will part no more. From this hour my home is your home."

Thus it came about that these two became to each other even as David and Jonathan, united by a friendship surpassing the love of woman. Nor is the unknown soldier who sleeps far from home and friends forgotten. On each Memorial day flags wave and flowers bloom over his dust and a white-haired man and a one-armed soldier sit there to talk over the strange enigma of his last resting place.

"Enough if on the page of war and glory, Some hand has writ his name."

THEY ARE BROTHERS NOW.

The Spirit That Exists Between Veterans of Both Sides.

Although the horrors of war are the more conspicuous where the conflict is between brothers and the struggle is a long and desperate one, the evidences are numerous that, underneath the passion and bitterness of our civil war, there were counter currents of kindly feeling, a spirit of genuine friendliness pervading the opposing camps. This friendliness was something deeper than the expression of mere human instinct; the combatants felt that they were indeed brothers. Acts of kindness to wounded enemies began to be noted at Bull Run, while in every campaign useless picket firing was almost uniformly discontinued, and the men shook hands at the outposts and talked confidently of their private affairs and their trials and hardships in the army.

This feeling, confined perhaps, to men on the very front line, culminated at Appomattox, where the victors shared rations with their late antagonists and generously offered them help in repairing the wastes of battle.

When the Union veteran returned to the North he did not disguise his faith in the good intentions of the Southerner fighting man.

The spirit that moved Lincoln to say in his last inaugural, "With malice toward none," has continued its holy influence. That which must appear to the world at large a startling anomaly, is in truth the simple principle of good-will, unfolding itself under favorable conditions. The war, that is, the actual encounter on the field, taught the participants the dignity of American character.

Their Annual Reunion.

"THE SOLDIER LIFTED HIS SHABBY CAP WITH REVERENCE."

fought, when he conquered himself, and let the man live who had made earth a hell for him."

"Have you no pension?" asked the judge suddenly.

"Pension? Do they pension dead men?"

The judge was trembling violently. As the effects of the liquor wore off, the soldier became more excitable, and erratic lights flashed from his sunken eyes. His whole expression was menace to the man who stood trembling before him. But when his strange companion with a sudden swift motion caught him by the throat, Shields made no resistance, and the other holding him thus a moment, threw him off contemptuously.

"Tell me to my face I am dead," sneered the soldier with livid lips, "you who robbed me of the dearest thing I had in life—and of life itself! Assassin! She too, is dead—perhaps you killed her?"

"Hurst," said Shields, wiping the drops of ghastly fear from his pallid face, "If you are indeed a living man, listen to me. It may be some satisfaction to you to know that Mabel never loved me, although she was my wife. She died with your name on her lips. She believed you dead, and kept your grave green with her tears."

"Say that again!" cried the soldier. "Oh, my God, it pays to have been dead and buried all these years, to know that after all she was true. I had it in my mind to kill you; yes, I meant it when I had my hand at your throat, but those words have saved you! God will settle the account between us!"

"He has settled it," answered Shields solemnly. "He closed the account when he娶ed me. Mabel, I loved when he took her from me as the worst punishment He could inflict. But I honestly believed that you were dead—that it was your shattered form I brought from the battlefield and carried up yonder."

"That gave you a right to love Mabel?"

"No—Shields hung his head in bitter grief and shame—"I had tried to win her before that, but she would not listen to me—she never would have listened, but for your death—and Hurst, that knowledge killed her. She was my wife in name, but her heart was with you."

The soldier lifted his shabby cap with

"CAUGHT HIM BY THE THROAT."

ing with the utmost distinctness. "Leonard Hurst went away with drums beating, and flags flying, and he was gone three years. One of those years he spent in a Southern prison—the fortune of war. He came home a wreath to be buried back to life and strength by those for whom he had suffered—he came home to find himself a dead man!"

The dry lips of the judge worked convulsively, but he said no word.

"His friend had buried him. A stone at the foot of his grave had his name and number, scattered over the prison house. He was dead and buried, and his friend had married his sweetheart."

REMEYNI AND HIS FIDDLE.

It Was Restored by the Skill of John Birch, the F Street Hermit.

"The illness of Remenyi, the violinist, out in Iowa, and the greatest of them all after the famous Ole Bull," said a well-known local musician to a Star reporter, "recalls to my mind a visit he made to this city some years ago. When performing in Paris, his principal violin and the one on which he relied the most suddenly became dumb. It flattened out so in sound that Remenyi could not make its music heard in the large concert halls in which he appeared, and the loss of the instrument seriously interfered with his business. He consulted a number of artists of renown in violin circles as to the cause of the trouble and a remedy for it, but failed to get any valuable advice or assistance. Ole Bull took the violin in hand and tried his utmost to make it speak, but it was no use, the violin did not respond, even at the master's touch."

"Lay it aside for six months," said Ole Bull, "and it will cure itself. I have had the same thing happen to me several times and the rest cure did its cure up any way."

"The only possible thing I can recommend in the case," replied Ole Bull, "is that you take it to the United States and to Washington. There is one man there who can put life into it, if anyone can. I don't remember his name, but the music stores there will tell you his name, and where you can find him."

"Remenyi returned to Paris, finished his concerts and started in less than ten days for this city in search of a man whose name and address were unknown to him. On arriving here he was directed to the haunt of John Birch, a hermit, who had for many years lived in a tumbledown shanty on F street, two or three doors east from 10th street. The rear part of the lot ran down to the old Ford's Theater. The front on F street was a bill board, and was covered up by show bills. In this place Birch and his sister lived for many years. Though the sister, Mary, was now and then seen on the streets, John never put in a public appearance except on Christmas and the Fourth of July. He was generally regarded as insane, though there was not much evidence of it in his conversation or manner, except that he persisted in living the life of a hermit.

"His pastime was music, the invention and repair of musical instruments, though his leisure hours were devoted to the working out a machine for perpetual motion. One of his inventions was a bass instrument, in size not much larger than the ordinary accordion, by which he thought sounds equal in volume to the bass violin could be produced.

"Though Birch had lived in the same house for over forty years, there were but very few persons who had ever seen or ever heard of him.

"In an hour after Remenyi had arrived in Washington," continued the speaker, "he was in Birch's shanty, and had produced the dumb violin from its case. Birch looked it over carefully, and said it could be cured.

"Return in a half hour," he said to Remenyi, "and I'll have it fixed." But Remenyi declined to allow his violin to be long out of his personal control, and urged Birch to fix it while he was present. This Birch consented to do provided Remenyi would not look at him while he was at work on it. In less than five minutes he handed the violin to Remenyi, with the remark, "Now try it, and see if it is not as good as ever." Remenyi did try it, and to his great pleasure he found that it was as good as ever.

"He feared to let Birch touch it again, thinking that possibly he might take the charm of life out of it, but played several of his best selections for Birch. Though Birch had been repairing violins as well as other instruments nearly all of his life, he had never before heard a great performer play. In the enthusiasm and excitement of the moment Remenyi packed up his violin and walked away. In talking about the incident afterward, Birch told me that Remenyi, in his indescribable pleasure, had actually forgotten to pay for his cure.

"That fellow," said Birch, "is the wildest fiddler I ever heard of or saw. The only thing the matter with his fiddle was that the bridge was too high. He had put in a new bridge without thinking of it, and supposed the old bridge was in all of the tune. All I did was to take it out and sandpaper it off at the bottom."

Thousands of Hens on One Raanch.

Some hopeful speculators who have been counting unhatched chickens are about to start a poultry ranch near San Francisco which is to be the largest in the world. It is to reach its full capacity in three years, when it is to put on the market annually 2,000,000 eggs and 90,000 chickens for broiling. The plant will include two incubators, with a capacity of 2,000 eggs each, and no end of houses and pens, which will be contained in a forty-acre ranch. There will be 900 hens laying for the incubators and 10,000 laying for the market.

Russell Sage Safely Guarded.

It is a certainty that not a man alive will ever get into Russell Sage's office to throw another bomb at him. His outer room is furnished like a bank and the visitor's card is shoved through a small hole in the high fence—just such a hole as that through which the paying teller hands money for an honored check. Outside of the fence, against the white plastered wall, stands a long bench, upon which visitors sit.

It may be poor taste, but we like spring onions.

That Tired Feel-

Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physicalills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a complicated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commanded to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

A quarter spent in HIRES Rootbeer does you dollars' worth of good.

Made in The Charles P. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 8 gallons. Sold every where.

RIPANS TABULES

Harry M. Conrad, of No. 1744 Twelfth street, Washington, D. C., says: "I can speak in the highest praise of Ripans Tabules. I have been for years troubled with nightmare (an erroneous expression, but one that thousands are familiar with), and have suffered a thousand deaths, being caused directly by a torpid liver, thence stagnation of the blood. A short while after retiring I would experience the most terrible sensation that human can feel here to such as having heavy weights upon you, seeing horrible animals, burglars, etc., and being unable to get out of their reach. I have tried everything on the market that I could think would be of any benefit, but never struck the right remedy until I tried Ripans Tabules, and since that time nightmare with me is a thing of the past. I am fully convinced that Ripans Tabules are a good thing for suffering humanity, and feel that I could not exist without them. And I will further say for the benefit of others (knowing there are thousands suffering in the same manner), profit by my experience and try them; you will never regret it."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the company, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York. Sample stat. 10 cents.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS.
Washington, D. C.
Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.
During the Civil War, is adjudicating claims, etc.

SPISON'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.
Cures where all else fails.
Best Remedy in the world.
In time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION.

GREAT SEED HUMBUG.

COSTLY TRASH SUPPLIED TO THE FARMERS.

Each Recipient of a Free Package Gets Two-thirds of an Ounce, Not Enough to Be Serviceable, and Uncle Sam Pays \$165,000 a Year for it.

Congressional Extravagance.

HUMBUG, the name is Congress. There never was a better illustration of this fact than the recent controversy over the question of sending out free seeds. Secretly Morton wanted to put a stop to this ridiculous abuse which, in the last twenty years, has cost the Government over \$165,000; but the Congressmen objected because they would be deprived of the privilege of scattering complimentary packages among their constituents.

The boldness of the fraud was strikingly exhibited when a few weeks ago, Secretary Morton proposed to "furnish to each member of Congress 1,000 packages, every one of which should contain one large paper of big corn or corn and bean paper of small seeds. This raised a howl right away, because the legislators said that 1,000 packages would not go around among their constituents. They utilized the Secretary to divide the seeds in packages of five papers, so as to give \$500 to each Congressman. It was made clear to them that the package of five papers each would be too small to be of any practical use, but that objection was ignored. It was not desired that the seeds should be useful to the farmers and other people, but that they should serve the political ends of the Congressmen. Accordingly, the order was changed at a cost of about \$300 for the additional number of envelopes employed.

Not enough to be of Service.

The law prescribes that the seeds shall be of "rare and uncommon varieties." But the Congressmen will have nothing but ordinary garden and field seeds, ranking from nasturtium and pansy to corn and beans. Each package contains five little papers of seeds, amounting in all to about two-thirds of an ounce, and consisting of two-tenths of an ounce of cabbage seed, two-tenths of an ounce of cucumber seed, three-tenths of an ounce of squash seed, three-tenths of an ounce of turnip seed and less than one-tenth of an ounce of tomato seed.

This is as much as any individual gets from the much-advertised distribution of free seed by Congress. It is for this that the Government is paying out \$80,000 this year, without counting the cost of sending the packages by mail. The cost of such a package to Uncle Sam, including the envelope and printing, is 3-7-5. The actual expense of delivering it by mail is 4-6 in addition. For this expenditure the farmer receives a little gift which he could purchase at the country store for from one to three cents. In any such store will usually be found on the counter several boxes of assorted seeds, retailing at from two cents to five cents a paper. They are just as good as those furnished by the Government and the papers are apt to hold about twice as much.

\$165,000 Wasted Every Year.

If every third package of vegetable seeds sent out this year is a paper containing about one-sixth of a pint of peas or corn, imagine how useful that is likely to be to the farmer. But as has been said, it is not intended to be useful to him; it is designed as a compliment from the Congressmen and to please the good wife and the children. The seed contracts enforced by Congress call this year for 10,125,000 papers of seed, costing the Government \$165,000, to which must be added \$80,000 for postal expenses. In other words, the so-called "free seed" this year will cost the people of the country nearly \$165,000, besides inuring the legitimate seed trade to an extent representing an equal amount. The distribution is made in order, as a member of Congress said during the recent discussion, to show the poor tolling farmer at home that Uncle Sam remembers him and desires to assist him in his struggle for existence—to the extent, perhaps, of three-quarters of an ounce of seeds, which he must in the end pay for himself. Congress has increased the appropriation for the seed distribution for next year so as to make possible the purchase of about twice as much seed as will be distributed this year.

DOMESTIC EXPORTS INCREASE.

Gain Also in Imports for the Last Ten Months.

The exports of domestic merchandise during April, as stated by the bureau of statistics, was \$60,318,623, as compared with \$63,058,041 during April, 1885. For the ten months ending April 30, 1886, there was a gain over the same period in 1885 of \$56,673,620. The imports of merchandise during April were \$58,702,239, as against \$57,749,958 during April, 1885. Of the total imports a little less than 50 per cent was free of duty. For the ten months there was a gain in imports over the same months last year of about \$20,000,000. During April the exports of gold amounted to \$3,782,266, as compared with \$2,593,610 for April, 1885.

Sparks from the Wires.

After careful examination the President has approved the report of a naval board appointed to prepare a code of uniform punishments for naval offenses.

Gov. Allard has restored the rights of citizenship to Lyman Waggoner of Peoria, who served fifteen years in the State penitentiary at Joliet for a criminal assault.

The confirmation by the Senate of Frank W. Dophin to be postmaster at Elizabethtown, Ky., terminated a contest that had been in progress for two or three years.

While Dr. A. H. Bradford, of Mount Clemens, N. Y., was offering prayer in Belmont Chapel, a beautiful young girl suddenly three feet long, created in a scene in the center aisle. Students had placed it there.

Jack Campbell Barber, E. M. Pritchard, a laborer, Fred Parks, a politician, Isaac Close, Daniel Neil, Ernest Norton,

and Clara Smith, a domestic, were arrested, charged with murdering Harry Rawlinson, who was found dead in St. Louis.

Courts have adjourned during the evening and put the crowd in splendid condition. Long trials have long since

been bid to rest and the agriculturist looks hopefully forward to a rich reward for his toil. Not only does the farmer expect a good crop this year, but the conditions thus far have been so much more favorable than in several years past that he expects a crop which will fully make up for a few short ones. Nor is the expectation without reason. The weather has been all that could be desired for growing. Therefore if all these signs count for anything, they indicate a year of prosperity throughout the great West. Even before the first week in May almost half the corn was planted with considerable of it showing nicely above ground and doing well. In many localities it was even then several inches high. As the rainfall has been fairly frequent in its visitations during the portion of the season which has passed and fully up to normal, it is but fair to assume that this normal condition will continue, and that the hopes of the farmers will be fully realized. Reports from widely different localities in the great corn-producing States point to the fact that moisture has saturated the soil to a much greater depth than in many previous years. This is particularly true with regard to Nebraska, where the favorable outlook of the present time has not, in many parts of the State, been exceeded even in the opinion of old inhabitants. In fact, the prospect is so encouraging that farmers all over the State are letting go their corn and grain to which they had been holding tenaciously since last harvest, in the dread that the drought period was not at an end. They are now shipping it eastward in big quantities or feeding it to their stock and fattening pigs for the market.

During the past week there has been an exhibition in a window of the city ticket office of the Burlington road at Chicago a sample of rye plucked in Pottawattamie County, Nebraska, toward the end of April. It stood 33 to 34 inches high and was even at that early date nicely headed. Alfalfa about the same time was knee high, and small grains were looking exceptionally advanced for that time of the year. The Chicago newspapers realizing the close tie that binds it to the West, have dilated at frequent dates on the favorable prospect for a bounteous harvest.

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IN A SORRY PLIGHT.

DEMOCRACY KNOWS NOT WHAT TO DO:

A Distressed, Discouraged and Disrupted Party Beating the Bush for a Presidential Candidate—Leaders See No Way to Carry the Country.

What Will They Do?

It would require the gift of prophecy to name the man upon whose shoulders the Chicago convention will cast the burden of distressed and discouraged and disrupted Democracy. Candidates are not plentiful, and those that are mentioned are not well enough known nationally to make any decided impression. The dearth of candidates would be ample indication that the Democrats themselves are fully conversant with the situation, but Mr. Cleveland, by his extension of the classified service to 30,000 Democratic officeholders, by which he secured a reputation as a great and good and true statesman, added additional weight to the mass of evidence that the leaders of that party know there is no possible chance for carrying the country. Mr. Cleveland, having made his use of the classified service, has satiated his appetite for political patronage, leaving behind very little official pap to be distributed by his successor. A magnificent and wholly beautiful reformer he is.

But there is a complete appreciation throughout the country of the total lack of sincerity in Grover Cleveland's civil service performances, and here there can be found a Mugwump or two ready to admit that Mr. Cleveland has acquired a great reputation at no personal sacrifice. The hypocrisy of his action is understood. Therefore it is not of immediate concern. What is more pressing is the question of "What will the Democracy do?" That it will nominate candidates and adopt some sort of a platform is settled, as is the fact that they will enter into the campaign with as much enthusiasm as possible and make a sufficient noise to create an impression that they are really in earnest, whereas they will be performing but a perfunctory duty. They are sad and troubled set of incompetents, to be sure, and were their record not so pitiful bad it might be possible to pity them a little.

Not counting ex-Representative Bland of Missouri, Colonel William R. Morrison of Illinois and Secretary John G. Carlisle of Kentucky, there are now four candidates for the Democratic nomination. Ex-Governor William E. Russell of Massachusetts and ex-Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania have been in the field for a fortnight. The two most recent additions are ex-Governor Campbell of Ohio and Governor Matthews of Indiana. Thus the Democrats have four Governors, three of them "exes," from whom to choose. It is noticeable that three of them, Russell, Pattison and Campbell, have been Governors of Republican States, while one is a Governor of a doubtful State. Probably the fact that these men, under certain conditions, have been victorious, is supposed to add to their availability, but this year, "any old thing" will do.

Mr. Russell carried Massachusetts three times by his personal popularity, though once he was elected by a scratch. That would make him formidable if everything were equal. Ex-Gov. Pattison was elected Governor of Pennsylvania because there was a split in the Republican party in the Keystone State. He was just lucky. Ex-Gov. James E. Campbell, of Ohio, has had a varied career. He wants to be nominated and pants for it impatiently. Campbell has been elected and defeated for Congress and has served as Governor of the Buckeye State for one term and been defeated for re-election twice, once by Maj. McKinley and again by Gov. Bushnell. He is a Democrat of the Hill stripe. With him the word "Democracy" is far more important than the principles it represents. He has run for Governor on a free silver platform, on a straddle and as a goldbug. It's the office he seeks, and "hangs by the issue." Gov. Matthews, of Indiana, is the latest addition to the list. He has had longing eyes on the presidency ever since Minister Gray died in Mexico. For awhile he was retiring, but modesty has disappeared and Mr. Matthews is running a bureau. He is really a silver man, a protege of Senators Voorhees and Turpie, but he is anxious to subordinate finance and to "remake" the party. Bland, of Missouri, is a silver man. He commands attention as such and must not be overlooked. He served in the House for years and was defeated two years ago by a Republican. Morrison, of Illinois, is an agnostic in politics, a man with whom a presidential ambition has been a hobby for years. He is neither a goldbug nor silver man, proposes not to veto any financial measure. Congress passes, and hopes to be taken up on that issue. Carlisle, of Kentucky, is an ex-silverman converted to "sound-money" by Grover Cleveland. He is almost as modest as Russell, but is quite as anxious. The trouble is that his conversion to "sound money" is so recent that no "goldbug" trusts him, while the silver men call him a Judas and hate him. Cleveland is still a possibility, but the Mugwumps are beginning to weaken on him. But "What will the Democracy do?"

X Rays on X Roads.

It took the farmers some little time to appreciate the "arrant lying" in the foregoing paragraph, but the universal clamor for a restoration of prosperity shows that the people have pretty well sized up Mr. Pulitzer's paper.

Know an "Arrant" Liar.

The truth is that the reciprocity clause has not helped the Farmer to a foreign market for any of his products,

and the pretense that it does help him is nothing more nor less than gross ignorance or arrant lying.—New York World, Oct. 19, 1892.

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Free Trade Creates Them.

Free trade offers no protection to trusts.—New York World, April 11, 1892.

Just four years later, under a free trade tariff, the same paper occupied nearly a full page of its issue of April 29, 1896, to describe "Five Great Monopolies that Are Now Raising Prices."

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1892.....\$36.21 Largest on record.

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Hopes it is untrue.

It is to be hoped that there is no truth in the rumor that Mr. Reed will decline a renomination to Congress. His absence from that body would be a favor to the Democrats that he can not afford to grant.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

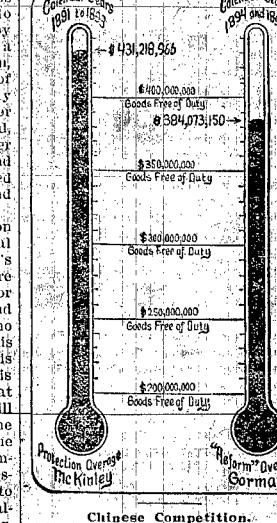
You stand to-day charging that this faction or that faction is responsible.

The President of the United States hurried into the face of the Democratic majority of the Fifty-third Congress, the declaration that you were guilty of abandoning every principle of Democracy, that you were guilty of "party perjury and party dishonesty," and the great redeeming feature of Grover Cleveland's administration—that which will save him in some sort of shape in the future records and pages of history.

—Is the fact that you destroyed a great Republican revenue-raising, industry-propagating law, and when you did it Grover Cleveland, in the face of God and man, said: "My name shall never be disgraced by approving that bill?" Hon. Chas. H. Grosvenor, M. C. of Ohio.

Real Free Trade

Goods Imported Free of Duty



Chinese Competition.

The Chinese Empire possesses in great abundance and variety every natural resource necessary to make her a great producing and manufacturing nation. Her soil and climate and her immense territory are such as to enable her to produce enormous supplies of cotton and wool, as well as other raw material. Her people are equal to the Japanese in respect to industry and in their initiative and adaptative faculty, and superior to them in respect to their powers of application and endurance.

Wages in Japan are ridiculously low as compared with American and European standards, but in China wages are even lower than in Japan. As a fact of much importance I may here state that Japanese manufacturers are even now building cotton factories in China, because they can there get cheaper labor.—Hon. Lee Mantle, U. S. Senator of Montana.

Senator Mitchell's Belief.

The people of this country never have believed, do not now believe, and never will believe, in my judgment, not at least in the next three generations to come, if ever, that a properly devised system of protection to home industries, by which encouragement is given to home labor and home capital, and whereby the labor and products of this country are shielded from the ruinous effects of competition with the cheap labor and the products of the cheap labor, in many instances absolutely servile labor of European and Asiatic countries, is one that will tend to reduce the price of either American labor or of American products of either farm or shop or mine. The undenied facts of history show conclusively that there is no warrant for any such belief. Hon. John H. Mitchell, U. S. Senator, of Oregon.

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Frontier dresses as does the mumer and mostly black cape.

Yet if well planned and constructed like jackets, yet best dressers promptly frowned on the incongruous garments cut like jackets, yet best dressed with buttons and elaborate like gowns.

Now, unless a girl wears an imported all-over it, and that is evidently intended to be as well as a cape,

she wears a close-fitting armlet or

bracelet.

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Tower & Benshoof

DEERING Harvesting Machinery!

Also Dealers in all kinds of

FARMING IMPLEMENTS

Such as the Dandy, the Boy, the
Bradly and numerous other riding

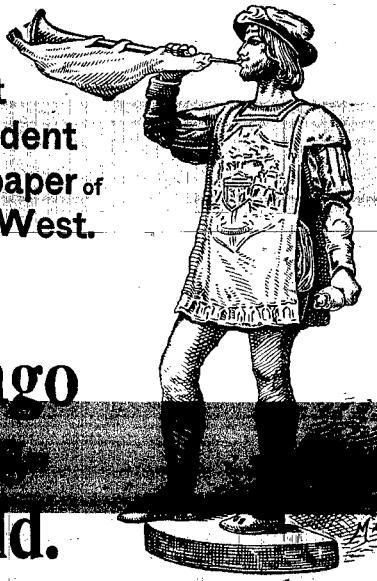
Birdsell Wagons and Columbus Buggies.

South of Railroad Track.

*"The Spirit of Independence
is growing."*

Foremost
Independent
Newspaper of
The West.

The
Chicago
Herald.



Its correspondents have been warned that reports of political mass meetings, conventions, etc., must be written without personal, factional or party bias, and that all candidates, factions and parties must be treated with absolute fairness. It is the aim of The Times-Herald to tell the whole truth, but the truth, and this rule applies to and includes political as well as other news matter.

During the Presidential Campaign The Times-Herald will be especially valuable to all who wish to survey the field of battle and form their opinions from an impartial stand-point.

On the staff of The Times-Herald are found the most renowned writers of the day, some of whom are from the Atlantic coast, others from the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf of America's most progressive, most liberal and most interesting daily newspaper.

Daily Edition.....per month, \$6.00 Daily.....per year, \$4.00

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Smoke Commercial Club!

The Best
to cent Cigar
on the Market.

OUR CHOICE

A first-class Nickle Cigar
Every Cigar Warranted.

E. R. PANKRATZ, Manufacturer.

WAYNE, NEBRASKA

There ought to be a place for such fellows.

Mr. A. C. Van Horn insurance agent, insures against all losses. See him in his office in rear end of Wineland's harness shop.

A nickel plate social was held at the home of Henry Bush last Thursday evening and an enjoyable time was had by those present.

Mr. B. W. Wineland is prepared to do all kinds of harness and shoe repairing. Give him a call when in Carroll. Store on main street.

The social given in behalf of the

For Sale or Rent.

Eighteen room Hotel in Carroll, Neb., doing a good business, all in splendid repair. A good opening for the right parties. F. M. Skeen, Wayne, Neb.

Philleo & Son will ship in a car load of J. I. Case Threshing Machines about June 1st. Parties wishing to purchase these machines must leave their orders at once.

Cash Paid For POULTRY

No Cartage or Commission Charged.

Prices this Week.

Hens, 6½ cents.; Roosters, 3 cts.; Turkeys 7 to 8 cents.; Ducks, 6 cents.; Spring Chicken 15cts.; Guinea fowl 5cts.

W. Moran, Agent.

THE 'BUCKEYE' BINDERS and MOWERS

together with a
Full line of Repairs

For the same will be found this
year as usual at

MARK STRINGER'S

On First street where you are invited to call and get prices before placing your order.

Has proved to be the best draft Horse over all breeds at the Wayne County Fairs.

See the Hackney Stallion

"Trumpet Major."

D. L. STRICKLAND

R. W. WILKINS & CO.,

Wayne Druggists,

WALL PAPER

Stationery and Perfumes.

Prices low. Come and see us before you buy. Prompt and careful attention given to filling prescriptions.

O. H. BURSON,

Dealer in WHISKEY.

Wines and

Schlitz Beer.

WAYNE, NEBRASKA

The Wayne Meat Market!

ROE & FORTNER, Prop's.

New brick west of the State Bank of Wayne - Second Street

Follow the Crowd

Sullivan Bros.

The Best Place to Trade in Town.

Everything Fresh.

L. O. MEHUS,

Successor to Olof Stone.

New Sulking
Constantly Arriving

Merchant Tailor

Workmanship First-class and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

HOSKINS.

Mr. Cadwell of Winside, was in town Monday.

Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Duey are on the sick list.

Ed Shannon went to Norfolk on business Saturday.

M. Case and L. Baker and their wives were at Norfolk Tuesday.

Mr. Wyke of Norfolk, did business in town the first of the week.

Dr. Macomber was called to Hoskins on professional business Tuesday.

Mr. Brasch and wife and sister-in-law returned from Iowa this week.

Dr. Kiesay has been in town the past few days. He talks of putting in a drugstore which is badly needed.

Hoosier Hollow played a game of base ball with the Pilger team. The score was 30 to 3, favor of the Hoosiers.

The Sunday school picnic that was to have been held on Decoration day has been postponed until some time in June.

Carl Jastram came up from West Point Sunday and visited a few days with Wayne relatives.

T. Steele was over from Sioux City Saturday and boarded the train for Chicago in the afternoon.

Durias Pingrey of West Liberty, Ia., was the guest of his brother, J. H. Pingrey of this city, last week.

Rev. H. H. Millard delivered an address at the graduating exercises at Winside last Friday night.

Mrs. W. Y. Quigley, of Parker, South Dakota, was the guest of Mrs. A. P. Childs the latter part of last week.

Ben. Benton, of Minneapolis, was the guest of his old friend Alex Williams of this city, the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Philleo returned from North Carolina Saturday evening. Mr. Philleo is much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Chichester of Plum Creek, are enjoying a visit from their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Panabaker.

Miss Effie Johnson, who has been visiting the family of J. W. Mason, for some time, returned to her home at Ashland, Ohio, Tuesday morning.

HAIL! Farmers, insure your crops against hail. S. H. Alexander, Wayne National Bank.

The "Little Joker" can't be beat and the "Pivoted Dandy" is simply perfection.

The Wayne ball club went to Laurel Thursday and after a two hours struggle brought back a score of 3 to 15.

There were several tramps loitering around Carroll the past few days.

Arthur Swartz is near Wayne this week with his new potato planter and is putting in fifteen acres of potatoes.

There were several tramps loitering around Carroll the past few days.