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Goods are arriving daily. A large and beautiful line of

#### LAMPS

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#### CHINA DINNER SETS

Be sure and see our

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By far the largest line that we have ever shown. Pictures framed to order.

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We don't sell you "something just as good," but we handle the instruments that have a reputation and are well known, and we can save you money on them.

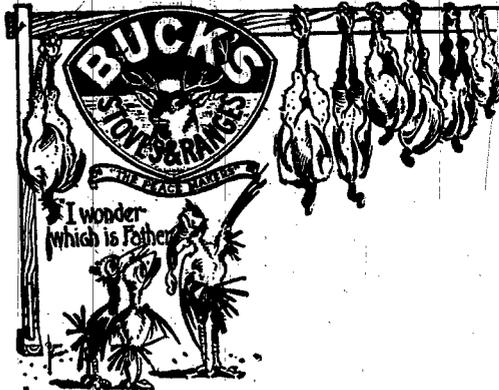
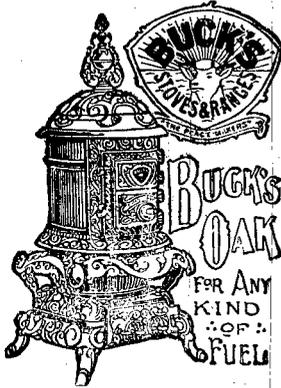
## For Thanksgiving

### Gold Coin Range

To Bake Your Turkey in.

THE "NO BURN" ASBESTOS BAKER AND ROASTER.

Carving Knives of All Kinds.



I wonder which is Father

FOR SALE BY

## Otto VOGET

WHAT WE CAN DO

Buy or sell you a farm in Wayne, Cedar, Dixon or Antelope counties. Make you a farm loan at 5% and a small cash commission, optional payments, and all the other frills you may desire.

Insure your life in the Prudential Life, or that of your children.

Insure your property against loss by fire in the Milwaukee Fire.

Can save you money, if you consult us in regard to our choice lands in North and South Dakota.

Can sell you a choice boarding house, A SNAP.

G. W. ALLBEE,

Over First National Bank.

## E. R. SURBER'S

Regular Excursion to points in South Dakota, North Dakota and Minnesota. Why not buy a farm of your own and pay for it as easily as you pay rent? Why not buy this cheap land as an investment and get the rapid rise in value? Call on or address, E. R. SURBER, Wayne, Nebr

## WALL PAPER

25 PER CENT DISCOUNT ON ALL PAPER SOLD THIS MONTH AND 20 CENTS PER ROLL FOR HANGING

Over Republican Office.

W. C. BONHAM.

## THE GERMAN STORE

### OUR FARMER FRIENDS

appreciate an effort to maintain a high standard in staple articles. Good goods at a fair price, no poor goods at any price. Our outlet for country produce is greatest because we have a reputation for having good butter and fresh eggs when they can be found nowhere else in town.

### A SPECIAL SALE EVERY DAY

of goods you need every day. Our prices are always low—too low to cut in two on "special days."

## THE GERMAN STORE

## COMING ATTRACTION OPERA HOUSE SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22

Like a freshly opened bottle of champagne, the

### "The Beggar Prince Co."

has bubbled and fizzed its way into the hearts of the amusement loving people. Miss Etta Merris portrays the soubrette part with rare charm and refined methods, F. A. Wade the really funny comedian is too well known to require praise and the other members work together in friendly rivalry to make the performance notably perfect. The cordial manner with which the opera and company has been everywhere greeted is so pronounced as to leave no doubt as to their popularity and their appearance at the opera house next Saturday night, November 22, ample evidence that the engagement will be a profitable one. Seats now on sale at P. L. Miller & Son's grocery store.

Rev. C. N. Dawson returned from his Illinois trip Thursday evening.

A very pleasant time was had at the dance at the opera house last Thursday evening.

W. L. Fisher will sell horses, cattle, hogs, implements, etc., at public auction as his home 6 miles south of Wayne on Tuesday, December 2. E. Cunningham, auctioneer.

Her lecture Friday evening.

Be and attend the Landis lecture evening.

A was born to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Henney Sunday evening.

A little girl baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis Wednesday.

Koss Alexander, of Wakefield, was calling on friends in this city a short time Friday.

Miss Grace True returned Friday from a three months' visit with relatives and friends in Iowa.

Roe & Fortner have on sale some of their home made mince-meat that is especially fine. Get some for Thanksgiving.

J. M. Lloyd a well to do farmer residing seven and one half miles north west of this city called a few minutes while in the city Saturday.

Last week Otto Voget was up to Randolph to conduct the orchestra music for the concert held the 12th. He goes up every few weeks to lead the four piece orchestra that Randolph says is the best in the state.

Congressman C. B. Landis will lecture next Friday evening, subject: "An Optimist's Message." This is the first number of the Wayne lecture course for 1902-3 and it will be worth the time and money to attend.

H. T. McIntyre, St. Paul, Minn., who has been troubled with a disordered stomach, says: "Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets do me more good than anything I have ever taken." For sale by Raymond's Pharmacy.

Ladies' Aid Society, of the Baptist church will give a Bazaar and oyster supper next Saturday afternoon and evening in the building formerly occupied by the Wayne Democrat, first door west of the postoffice. Supper 25 cents.

The announcement that the Beggar Prince Company will be seen at the opera house next Saturday evening, November 22, will be received with pleasure to offer sincere commendation to an organization so delightfully free from those features which too often mar farce comedy productions and such an opportunity is offered in speaking of F. A. Wade's Beggar Prince company. This is the kind of entertainment to which people can take their families and the parents and child laugh together in enjoyment. Secure your seats early.

## Our Attractive

## HOLIDAY DISPLAY...

Will give you new ideas in the holiday line. We buy from one of the best houses in the country and when ready will show you an assortment that cannot be duplicated outside of large cities.

M. S. DAVIES.

## Why Is It?

That music teachers or piano tuners cannot get a commission for recommending Chickering?

That competitors who cannot get them to sell are continually advertising Chickering pianos?

That Chickering agents 50-40-30-20-10 years ago are Chickering agents today?

That the largest and finest music stores in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg, Denver, San Francisco and other principal cities are representing the Chickering as their "finest pianos."

That the Chickering costs the most money?

That the Chickering purchasers are always satisfied?

Competitors have spent fortunes in the attempt, yet never been able to duplicate the Chickering Tone?

That Chickering & Sons made more pianos last year than all the other high grade makers combined?

That no one has ever yet purchased a Chickering and worn it out?

That you can buy them for the least money at Johnson's Furniture Store in Norfolk?

Johnson's Furniture Store, Norfolk Nebraska.

# Riverside Oaks

Are best and prettiest Oak stoves. They burn all kinds of fuel and have ash pans.

CRAVEN BROTHERS

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(Incorporated)

CAPITAL AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS, \$100,000.00.

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J. M. STRAHAN, Pres., FRANK E. STRAHAN, Vice Pres.

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WE SOLICIT YOUR TRADE

# Eastover Court House

A STORY OF  
Modern American Life

HENRY BURNHAM BROWN

KENNETH BROWN

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## CHAPTER XIX.

"Maude," Hugh said one night when they were at supper in their own house, "I'm going to the army. I want to ramble about awhile."

"I was in the militia at home," said Maude. "It might not break me; but they pay you fellows, don't they? How long will you be gone?"

"I don't know," Hugh answered. "Do you know that little bird with the name of a bird? I had won the Grand National," remarked Maude. "I didn't know he thought he was beating me. Everybody in town has congratulated me. I must have been with the cracks that day. Fancy Buckingham being beaten by a Comstock. No matter what sort of a man he had up. What a coozer he came out of the post and rail! I shouldn't like to ride with a fellow like that. His old horse didn't seem to mind a bit, though. Well, I hope Buckingham can win next month at Saratoga."

"You'll probably meet Gen. Tazewell and his wife there," Hugh said. "Ah! Fancy! My brother is to be there, too, if he's well enough to ride. He seems to be better. Hope he's going to sail over in a yacht. He's going to ask me with the last dollar in the estate."

A boy entered with the mail, and Hugh opened a letter from Fairfax at Saratoga. He smiled grimly as he read it. "It was so nice of you to remember me. The roses were superb, but as I had so many flowers sent me by people who would be at the ball, I had to wear others. I had yours put in a box at the table, and they were much admired; but roses fade so soon. The general is very little here except for an occasional Sunday. Last week I met some nice English people named Russell, who know your Mr. Maude. He is somebody, after all. I hear his brother, the Earl of Chisbury, is to be here soon. He is unmarried, too. Think of that! And I have a husband. Sad, isn't it? Who knows, I might have been the Countess of Chisbury. They say Mr. Maude rides in the Silver Lake steep-chase here. I hope he will look me up. I think I can promise to be more agreeable than the last time I saw him. I am enjoying myself hugely. Don't work too hard. As ever,

F. C. T."

Carrington crumpled the letter in his hand and threw it into the fireplace. Maude had noticed the name of the militia by this time even to him, and Hugh's manner was not lost on him.

Carrington sat silent, thinking. At last he got up and went to the window and stared out into the moonlit house yard. Fairfax was too glaringly well satisfied with life. The letter marked no sudden transition. The tone of her letters had been gradually changing. They were now only good-natured and friendly. Mrs. Tazewell, the sought-after guest at Newport cottages, and the belle of all the holders at Saratoga, was not the bored and dissatisfied woman of the isolated plantation. Gen. Tazewell had outwitted them through his knowledge of human nature. He knew his wife better than she knew herself. And the future? To picture Fairfax as the mistress of the Dew Hill plantation, with an interest in chickens and the rents in her husband's coat, was impossible. But why had it never struck him before? She was the same woman then as now. The role of player's wife had never been suited to her. He saw now how it had all come about. Uninterested in her neighbors and their bacchanalian pleasures, and thrown upon herself, she had fallen in love for the time being, from lack of anything better to think about. He recalled her figure leaning against a pillar of the porch as she waited for him on his daily visits. He shut his eyes, and the velvet of her cheek crossed against the hand he laid on her shoulder; he recalled the ring in her voice as she sat by his side on the wharf. What dreary play-acting it now looked, this romance that once seemed so real! And yet with the recovery that appeared to him complete on both sides, he was still bound by the solemn vows he had uttered. Hugh clenched his fist with wrath at the whole thing.

Morning dawned clear and bright, and with a suspicion of frost in the air, Carrington heard the swish of water against tin, as Maude spluttered around in his bath, and an interest in the morning walk under the eyes of Maude's English groom, as the two men came out.

"Horse car come?" Maude asked. "Pulled into sidetrack last night," answered the groom. "We load after dinner, I suppose?"

"Yes. Are they all fit, Somers? Remember to put the gray fastest from the door. Mr. Carrington is going to make the running for me this morning, but I want you to give me a lead over the first two jumps. Better ride Top Rail; it won't hurt him. You can rub him well before we load. Let Mr. Carrington have the old mare, and see that Buckingham is ready. Come on, Carrington, let's walk up the stretch and see how soft the going is. I'm feeling as fresh as paint."

The steeplechase course was laid out across the pasture, with two long, low jumps on the sod, then across a well-brushed post-and-rail into the ploughed land; across this to another fence, a stake-and-rider this time; then to a ditch and hedge, and so around a hill back to the pasture again, entering it by a flyer over a stone wall, with a couple of trouble-makers, the material not being handy on the plantation. The stretch was a smooth piece of sod. The course was marked with flags, frayed and torn by the year's wind and rain. The first mile of the course Maude used daily; but only on an important trial did he go over the two jumps and a half with the sixteen-foot ditch and with the solid four and a half feet of stone wall.

At the beginning of the stretch Hugh breathed the stone wall and made a grimace. "Here I pull up," he said. "Or maybe before; I haven't seen that last ditch for some months, and I expect it will wear a strangely forbidding aspect to me. However, I sha'n't be in sight for the last mile, so you won't see me pull out."

"You let the old mare go along," laughed Maude. "But I'll have Charlie make the running at the stretch. He's come some. Somers. But who's that? Oh, I see,

Hugh, how did those fellows know of the trial?"

"I called the sheriff on Chumk, and the long-limbed Terry on a faint half-bred."

"Gentlemen!" was the sheriff's grave salutation. "On time, are ye?"

The stable boys and field hands were thronging up, and two hold-chairs of the steeplechasers as their riders mounted and started to warm them up. Terry strode along by Hugh.

Buckingham was changing leads with his legs, and springing down on the bit and jumping into the air in pure lightness of heart. Maude, hatless, his shirt flapping against his chest, and his muscles showing under the silk, and his shining boots thrust home in his stirrups, entered by. "Come on, Hugh; we might as well be off."

The sheriff was given the post of honor with the starter's flag, and the three horses galloped up. Down dropped the flag. "They're off!" yelled Terry, and tore after them.

Maude pulled in his horse to let the cooler-headed hunter under Soames lead at the first fence, and the groom drew away from the two thoroughbreds and sailed at the low jump with the ease of long practice. Hugh's mare was a little sulky, and looked over.

"Don't let her play the fool. Use your spurs! Dig 'em into her!" called the Englishman. "Go ahead after the next jump," he cried, taking another pull on Buckingham.

Carrington thrust his spurs into the mare's sides and pushed after the groom, gaining on him easily. He puffed his nose, and his post-and-rail bounced up high as a ball in front of him. Buckingham was close behind, running in big bounding strides, working off some of his exuberance, his head tossing high at each jump. Carrington had a curious, helpless sensation at realizing that the mare's fast pace was a mere canter for the horse. He shut his eyes as she rose at the fence, and opened them to find her laboring gamely through the foliage and Buckingham's head at her quarter. He looked back and saw the game hunter rising like a bird at the fence. He was the equal of his competitors at a jump, if they were faster on the flat.

Carrington called on the mare for fresh effort; she responded, and side by side he and Maude rode through the next mile, taking the fences and ditches together.

"Buckingham's beginning to get into his stride," Maude cried as they flew a ditch. "Let the old mare come along. Sit down and ride."

Hugh began to use his whip. Maude still kept a tight pull on the chestnut's bit, for he was beginning to fret at not shaking off his outclassed opponent. A quarter of a mile from the big ditch, Hugh felt that the mare was done, as Buckingham drew away from her. She failed to respond. He pulled her out of the course and cantered obliquely across the hill to the finish. He saw Maude begin to urge Buckingham for the first time, as he came towards the ditch. Faster and faster went the chestnut, and with a mighty leap, leapt over and headed for the stone wall half a mile away around the hill.

"Fly at water and check for timber," Hugh remembered the rule as he saw Buckingham's strides shortening towards the end of the half-mile. Beyond the wall, Charlie, in an agony of suspense, was restraining his bounding two-year-old and keeping his eyes glued on Maude's blowing shirt.

"Now, old chap, once more!" cried Maude, gripping more tightly with his knees. "Steady! steady! Over the coast now, Charlie, come along!" he yelled at the negro boy, who turned his filly loose down the stretch. It was neck and neck for the quarter, but Buckingham, even after two miles, had no idea of being beaten by a two-year-old filly, and, making a tremendous spurt, came in a winner by a neck.

As they passed the finish, Maude dropped his eyes to the watch on his wrist and smiled. "Not bad," he said to Hugh, when he cantered up alongside; "but we didn't get into the pace soon enough. You were too afraid of your neck. All right, boys; take him away!" and he dismounted.

"When is the race, Mr. Maude?" the sheriff asked, taking out pencil and paper. "I'm not going to risk a little on it. I don't believe that horse can be beaten," he added, gravely.

"If Chucky couldn't beat him, no horse can," laughed Terry; "but I don't mind speculating a little myself. Wise us the odds, will you, Maude? Henry wants to know 'em, too." And they rode off.

The horses were loaded on the car before Hugh and Maude returned to the house to pack his trunk. Hugh assisted his friend in stowing away his simple outfit. "Just what are your plans, now?" he asked.

"The hunters are to be shown and sold in New York this week. Then I go to Saratoga with Buckingham and the negroes—I promised them they should see him race. 'Business first, pleasure afterwards'—isn't that what you Americans say?"

Hugh drove him to the train. "I suppose you won't be here, old chap, when I get back," Maude said. "Well, take care of yourself, wherever you are. Thanks, awfully, for helping me this morning. Good by."

"Good by," said Carrington. He drove back to the stable, feeling lonely, never used to mind it, he thought. "Now I can't stand my own undiluted society."

wear 'em here—wish I could. I've been so long out of this thing," glancing down at his coat, "that I feel funny in it. And I think I've gained a couple of inches' girth down in Virginia. Aunt Mandy's a good cook."

"You haven't grown too heavy for Buckingham, have you? I'm counting on winning my winter's supply of gloves on you."

"I had no idea so much depended on me. My horse's coat over quite a bit to let on the race, too. I'm sorry he couldn't be over, but he's worse again. You're not going away, are you?" as Fairfax rose.

"Yes; I've a letter to write; then I'll be back again."

"The letter?" to Hugh. In it Fairfax said something humiliating to tell you this, but I am always truthful, you know. I did care for you a bit. I do still, but not in the way I did. I want to be honest with you, Hugh. Mine, I fear, is a shallow nature that craves excitement. Mine is not the philosophic nature to which external things do no matter. It which music, laughter, society and life. This is a confession. I was free to-day. I don't think I should go back to Virginia. My greatest fear is that I have ruined your life. I do not deserve your forgiveness. I despise myself, but I see myself as I am. You must have known me better than I did myself that wild night on the wharf. Good by."

After Mrs. Tazewell left him, Maude strolled about the hotel, enjoying the lights and bustle and music, and the elation of a crowd again, and the luxury of entire idleness. He amused himself with studying the faces as the throng passed and repassed along the lighted corridor. Among them he recognized Mr. Deingreiff, whom he had met once, and who was riding against him in the steeplechase. He looked him over critically. "Looks soft," he murmured. "Too fat."

After a while he caught sight of Fairfax again, and hurried to her. "You know Algie Russell up here, don't you?" he said.

"Yes, I met him several days ago."

"Keeps asking me if I haven't married an Indian since yet. He seems to think we're quite out of civilization down in Virginia. There, he's coming now. This is the kind of Indian we have in Virginia," he said, turning to Russell.

"Then I don't blame you for becoming so good a Virginian," Russell said, gallantly.

Another man came up and carried off Mrs. Tazewell to dance, and the two Englishmen looked after her with admiring eyes.

"Isn't she a ripper!" exclaimed Russell, enthusiastically. "I suppose you're in love with her?"

"My dear boy, I never spoke with her but twice before to-night—though I'll admit I thought I'd not better risk it again."

"To be continued."

"To CHANGE ONE'S STATURE.

An Actor's Expedients in Making Up to Represent Different Characters.

In one play an actor looks short and "stocky." The following week, perhaps, he figures as the hero of some other play, and seems to have gained several inches in height. A popular "leading man" explains to the New York World that this is "largely a matter of line values," as the painters say, and adds some valuable hints gathered by his experience in dressing such dissimilar roles.

I interviewed the latter first, and the result of our conference was a wide-brimmed hat with bulging crown which, as I idealized its stunting effect, I wore whenever occasion permitted in "The Little Minister."

My shoemaker suggested cutting the heels off my shoes; but he had not taken into consideration the fact that the knee-breeches and gaiters would give me more height than he could take off. So we went to work on those gaiters. Finally we discovered that if we made them loose-fitting and wrinkled it would reduce the apparent length of my legs.

Fortified by these successes, I went to my tailor. The square shoulders that nature endowed me with were made to slope by the simple expedient of lengthening the shoulder seam until it extended about an inch over the arm. I had shortened my legs.

Now I elongated my body. My waist line was dropped and my coat tails correspondingly lengthened.

But in dressing Clay in "Soldiers of Fortune" I accentuated every physical advantage and even the difference in the appearance of a pair of over-gaiters was made helpful. As Clay I wear riding-boots which to the ordinary observer are by no means unusual. If you examine them you will see that I gain an inch by means of lifts on the heels.

But the greatest gain is made by having the boot-tops cut so that they fall several inches below the knee. When strapped in tightly they combine with the tight-fitting trousers to give me the appearance of great length of leg. The rest is a matter of short coats, tight fitting trousers, close-cropped hair and high hats with tightly rolling brims.

Here are some hints for the short man, gained in my stage experience: Don't wear hats with rolling brims. Don't pad the shoulders of your coats. Don't wear double-breasted or high-cut waistcoats. Don't adorn your chest with Acacia, huge in size, loud in color and involved in design. Don't wear high-topped or peaked standing collars. Conform to the prevailing style of trousers, but insist on trimness of cut. Loosely fitting pantalons decrease the height more than any other article of apparel. Don't wear long-skirted coats. Adhere the nondescript cutaway, and have your frock coat short-waisted. Don't wear long sack coat. The military cut adds materially to height. Don't wear high heels on your shoes, for they make your walk ridiculous.

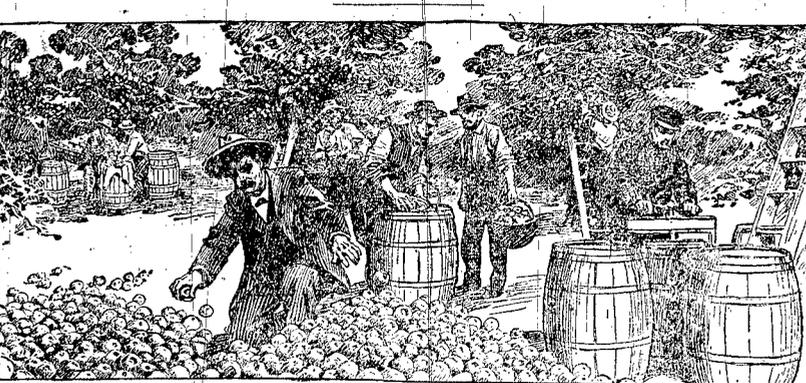
Drawing the Line. A well known judge of a Virginia circuit was reminded very forcibly, says Harper's Magazine, of his increasing baldness.

One of his rural friends looked at him and frowned. "It won't be so very long, judge, 'fo' you'll hear to a string round your head to tell how far up to wash yer face."

Doctors' coachesmen in Berlin wear white hats. This is to enable the public to promptly recognize a physician's vehicle in case his services are suddenly required.

A wise man neither suffers himself to be governed, nor attempts to govern others.—La Bruyere.

## GATHERING AND PRESERVING THE WINTER APPLE SUPPLY.



PICKING, ASSORTING AND PACKING APPLES FOR COLD STORAGE.

AMERICAN apples took the highest prize at the Paris exposition, and the great superiority of our fruit over any raised in Europe has long been admitted. We have, especially in our northern tier of States, just the right combination of soil and climate for producing apples of the finest flavor, high color and good keeping qualities; but the northern grown American apple also owes its fame abroad to the great care taken in packing it for market. Rapid transit, low rates for freight and, above all, ample facilities for cold storage (by means of which fruit may be kept until well into the winter and toward spring, when prices are highest)—all have combined to make apple culture very profitable of late.

When the apple gathering season is at its height, the growers are visited by the agents of city packers, who are in the orchards as soon as the extent of the crop has been determined and ready to contract for the best fruit on the trees. It must be hand picked, ripe and sound, but not mellow. Selecting the grade contracted for, the packer's expert first lays two courses of apples at the bottom of a barrel, his assistant emptying in a bushel slowly without bruising, shaking them up smartly, another bushel and another shaking succeeding, until the barrel is two-thirds full.

The last and third bushel is packed in by hand, two courses being laid above the top of the barrel. The problem then is to fit in the head in spite of the heaped up apples, and this is accomplished by means of a press, a simple but powerful affair constructed of two uprights made of one and a quarter inch steel bent at the ends to fit under the bottom of the barrel and resist the pressure which comes from a screw head fastened to the other end. At the bottom of the screw is a movable pressure bar the exact diameter of the barrel at the top, and beneath this the head is arranged above the apples. Gentle

but persistent pressure is then applied until the fruit is forced into the barrel and the head in place, when it is firmly nailed, and the apples are ready for storage.

For two or three months after packing there is sufficient resistance from within the barrel to hold the head in place, if after that the apples shrink, and at the end of six months, if still in storage, the packer opens the barrel and fills it in its first instance. Expert packing makes the difference between a full and a "slack" barrel, which is also the difference between profit and loss when the fruit is auctioned off abroad, say at Liverpool, for the "slacks" bring only one-fourth to one-eighth the price of full ones.

A barrel costs the packer about 35 cents delivered at the orchard, the fruit to fill it \$1 for No. 1 grade, the cost of sorting, packing, freight from orchard to storage and other incidental charges bringing the total up to quite \$2 per barrel. Freight across the ocean, say from New York to Liverpool, varies from 40 to 70 cents per barrel, to which must be added the cost of commissions and incidentals.

The first American apples are said to have gone across the Atlantic with rare old Ben Franklin in 1758, and their flavor so appealed to the British taste that they were in great demand at fourpence each. More than fifty years ago the famous Newtown Pippins sold in London at \$21 per barrel, the nobility scrambling for them at a guinea a dozen. Just at present the full flavored Baldwins and Ben Davis varieties are in high favor, foreign tastes running to color and shape as much as to fine eating qualities. In foreign shipments, above all, the keeping quality of the fruit is to be considered, as it is well known that a single "mousy" apple will spoil a whole barrel full.

## "TALKED ABOUT."

The neighbors talked about her nearly everywhere they met. They talked about her till she died; they talk about her yet.

The high and low all spoke of her, as did the old and young. And every gossip tossed her name upon her nimble tongue.

'Twas she who kissed the baby first and blest his happy birth; 'Twas she who helped to guide its feet through all the paths of earth; 'Twas she who watched beside the bed whereon the dying lay; 'Twas she who soothed the stricken friends when one was called away.

The neighbors talked about her nearly everywhere they met; They talked about her till she died; they talk about her yet.

They talked about her wondrous hands, And now the angels talk of her who dwells with them above. —Nixon Waterman.

## IN THE DARK

I went one morning to Polisy to see a little house to which I had fallen heir, and, after breakfast, I took my keys to the family attorney. As I was about to leave the office, the head clerk called me to his desk and said: "There is also some money coming to you from your uncle's estate. Six thousand francs. Here it is."

The surprise was most agreeable to me. I took the blue bills and slipped them into my pocket-book without counting them. Because of this delay, I had to hurry to get to the station in time. Fortunately, the train was late. It pulled in just as I stepped on the platform. Seeing an empty compartment, as I supposed, I hurriedly entered it.

As I sat down, I saw that I was not alone. A lady sat in the right-hand corner of the seat facing me. I drew back as far as possible in the left-hand corner, not because of suspicion, as I had already forgotten my windfall, but in order to stretch out and reflect at my ease.

The lady was young, beautiful, and elegant. A dark-blue traveling-dress of a correct cut set off her slender, graceful figure. Masses of golden hair rippled back under a dark-blue felt hat, trimmed with a band of ribbon and a quill. A dainty patent-leather shoe was visible below the hem of her skirt. A watch with some coquettish trinkets hung from her belt, while a bangles bracelet on her left wrist indicated a pretty feminine vanity. A gold-handled umbrella, in its sheath, leaned against a portiere near her. From my observation, I gained an impression of sober luxury, a trifled English in its rigor. A newspaper lay on the lady's lap, and she was reading it with such perfect unconsciousness of my surveillance that I could not even see the color of her eyes.

After we had left the Malsons Lafayette station, the thought occurred to me to read over some letters which I had merely glanced at in the morning. I put my hand in my pocket to get them, and I felt the pocket-book. A feeling of pleasure came over me at the remembrance of my bequest, and I could not resist a childish desire to handle my little fortune. I took the bills from my purse and, in the perfect security of the closed compartment, I counted them without the slightest suspicion of being watched. The six thousand francs were there. I folded the money up, put it back into the pocket-book, and, with my usual heedlessness, laid the purse down beside me with the letters I was going to read. I now took these up, one by one, read them, and tossed them back on the seat.

I was soon made aware, by the vibration of the coach, that we had reached the Asnières Bridge. The young woman folded up her newspaper, and, without glancing in my direction, began slowly and composedly to unlace the glove on her right hand. Finally, she drew it off. We were about to reach our destination. It was not the time for removing one's gloves.

Still the act did not impress me at the time. I merely admired the slim, nervous hand, with its tapering fingers. The girl clasped and unclasped them with marvelous agility, as if they were numb from their bondage. The shadow of the great wall of the Batignolles soon fell upon our car, and I noticed that the lantern was not lighted. A moment afterward, with a confused rumbling of wheels and rails, we entered the tunnel.

Soon I fancied I heard—the sound was barely perceptible in the general fracas—a slight rustling among the papers at my side. Careless as I usually am, it is a wonder that the sound attracted my attention, and still more of one that I thought of my pocket-book. By some intuition, however, I did so.

Not intentionally, but with an instinctive, rough gesture of which I should have been ashamed in the daylight, I forcibly threw both my hands over the scattered papers and pressed them down with all my might. Then, with a start, I felt something more under the pile, like an animal in a trap trying to escape by twisting, turning and pulling. I bore down all the harder. Just then the train whistled shrieked out. The speed slackened and we came to a standstill in the blackness of the tunnel. For a moment, I experienced a veritable nightmare. With a rustling and tearing of papers, the struggle continued, silently but fiercely.

After having wriggled and turned desperately in every direction, like a strangled reptile, the hand, crushed under my palms, lay quiet. I saw nothing, heard nothing, not even a breath. I knew, however, that my companion was on the alert, noting my every movement. Suffocated by emotion and wearied by the tension on my nerves, I waited for the daylight for deliverance.

After a period of time, very short, probably, but the length of which I could not estimate, the train began to move slowly. My relief at this was so great that my whole being involuntarily relaxed from its tension. This was evidently expected, for the hand again tried to free itself, not by violent jerks this time, but by a strong, steady pulling. I felt it slipping along, little by little, under the papers. I imprudently raised my palm a bit to get a fresh hold. When I again bore down, I clasped only my pocket-book. The hand had escaped. I knew not when nor how.

I hastily opened the purse, felt that its contents were there, then put it into my vest pocket and stupidly crossed my arms over it.

At last a gray light penetrated into the compartment, followed by the bright light of day. My first glance was at the lady opposite. She sat in exactly the same place, with the same air of haughty indifference. Nothing about her toilet was disarranged in the least. Not a fold of her dress seemed to have been moved. The newspaper lay folded in her lap, the gold-handled umbrella leaned against the portiere, the patent-leather toe protruded slightly below the hem of her skirt.

She looked pale, however, and her eyes were bent on her right hand, as she slowly lifted up her glove. It truly seemed as if I were waking from a dream. And what proof could I offer to the contrary.

The train stopped and the platform was on my side. The lady rose, dropping the paper from her lap, took her umbrella, and with a perfectly composed and polite "Pardon me, sir," passed in front of me.

Feeling stupid and duped, I put out my arm to detain her. But she was already on the steps, and noticing my gesture, she turned half round, and for the first time I saw her eyes.

They were as blue as the sky and limpid and beautiful in expression. They gazed at me with so much surprise and candor that I was disarmed completely, and I let her go unmolested. Had it not been for the rumpled, torn papers on the seat beside me, I might have been tempted to believe that the mute but fierce duel in the dark was merely a hallucination of a had dream. —Translated from the French for the Argonaut.

## WALK ON STILTS.

A Picturesque Method of Locomotion in Southwestern France.

In southwestern France there is a department known as Landes, bordering on the Bay of Biscay, which is among the most desolate and unproductive regions in Europe. It has an area of nearly 4,000 square miles and a population exceeding 300,000. While the eastern portion of this department is fertile enough to permit of successful agriculture, the western portion consists only of desolate tracts of sand banks, marshes and swamps, covered with heath and dwarf shrubs. The inhabitants live in scattered villages of miserable huts and subsist by fishing and

hunting and the raising of swine and sheep. The latter are of a wretched breed, thus partaking of the nature of their country.

The chief peculiarity of the inhabitants is that they walk on stilts, the use of the latter greatly aiding locomotion on the arid lands and salt marshy plains. Illustrative of this method of locomotion we print a picture from the Illustrated London News showing the peasants on the way to market. The inhabitants are chiefly of the Gascon race, and while rude and naturally poor they are good-natured and hospitable.

HAD A SALARY OF \$50,000.

But He Resigned Office Because He Couldn't Live On It.

One might think that a salary of \$50,000 a year, the sum paid the President of the United States, would be sufficient to keep the wolf from the door of almost any man, even though he held the exalted station of Governor General of the new Commonwealth of Australia. But Lord Hopetoun, who was appointed to that office a year ago last January, when the federation under the Southern Cross began its existence, did not think so, and therefore he threw up his commission and has recently returned to England, says Leslie's Weekly. The explanation given is that the demands upon the hospitality of the Governor General are so great that \$50,000 a year fails to pay the bills, and as Lord Hopetoun did not feel like eking out the balance from his own income, he surrendered the job. If this is true, it would seem as if hospitality in Australia comes higher than it does in most other lands, and much too high for a country just starting out on a path of political independence. Doubtless much of the expenditure is due to needless ostentation. The acting Governor General of Australia, pending the appointment of a successor to Lord Hopetoun, is Lord Tennyson, a son of the famous poet.

A Sorrowing Kansas Widow. In her "card of thanks" a Miami County widow, after thanking every body else, concluded: "I also thank the band for its consoling music and Mrs. Avering's milliner, who furnished me such becoming mourning. My dear husband's farm is for sale as soon as proper legal steps can be taken, and will be sold at a bargain. Oh, death, thou art terrible!"

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## LIGHTHOUSE AT CAPE HORN.

The World's Commerce Is Interested in Chilean Survey.

David E. Hume, late conservator of the River Humber, gives the following extract from the letter of a Chilean naval officer, describing his visit to Cape Horn for the purpose of selecting a suitable site on which to erect a lighthouse. Mr. Hume mentions also that the recently formed hydrographical department of the Chilean government has already materially simplified the navigation of the Magellan straits by erecting a lighthouse at each entrance and by placing beacons and buoys on several of the more intricate parts of the passage.

The Chilean officer writes, says the London Times, as follows: "We were on the cruiser President Errazuriz, under the command of Captain Arturo Cuevas, C. N., surveying the bay that the captain named Allen Gardiner, on the north side of Hardy peninsula, between Cape Jackson and Pack saddle, where the mission station is. We also were exploring the unsurveyed parts of these regions. When in Allen Gardiner we waited for a good day and went to Cape Horn at the rate of fifteen knots. We got quite close to the land and found landing places on the east side of the island and well protected from the west winds, which are dominant in these parts.

"In the first place, it was a question of finding proper landing places: secondly, a well-protected place, solid foundations, good sea view, good altitude, not so low that the waves would interfere and not so high that the clouds would cover it; thirdly, that the island should be fit for living. There are good slopes and valleys on the east side, protected from the winds, with streams of water and big woods for obtaining firewood. Having assured ourselves of these things, it is a very easy matter of making the proper plans and outfitting the lighthouse. If I say easy I do not mean it is an easy task—long way from it—but that it is possible and that there would never be the immense difficulties there were in the building of the Evangelist's lighthouse on the rocks of the Straits of Magellan."

Builds up the system; puts pure, rich blood in the veins; makes men and women strong and healthy. Burdock Blood Bitters. At any drug store.

Lost His Appetite. "What made that man at the last table leave?" asked the proprietor of the restaurant.

"It was this way, sir," answered the waiter. "He came in and asked for sausage and I told him we were out, but if he would wait a little while we would have some."

"Well?"

"Then I went out in the kitchen and accidentally stepped on the dog's tail, sir, and the dog began to howl like he was being killed, sir, and—"

"I see," interrupted the proprietor.—Indianapolis Sun.

No trouble to get breakfast quick if you have Mrs. Austin's famous Panake Flour. Your grocer waits to supply you.

Where His Thoughts Were. Van Buren—Is your typewriter new or second-hand? Washington—Why—er—second hand, I suppose. She's a widow.

Ten thousand demons gnawing away at one's vitals couldn't be much worse



A FLAG RAISING

By JAMES BUCKHAM

Copyright, 1901, by James Buckham

The little white house of the Partridge girls'...

Inside the place was as neat as outside. Nobody ever found the Partridge girls in a mess...

It was a marvelous little home this of the Partridge sisters. The minister once said that it was a composite of Puritan conscience and New England sentiment...

In such a home as this, it would seem, one might retire and be at rest from all the cares and strifes and troubles of the unsteady world...

Yet there is no corner of old earth, however remote and peaceful, where some trouble does not find its way. The skeleton in this quiet closet was chronic difference of opinion between the sisters...

The June sunshine rested like a benediction on the Partridge cottage. The roses in the front yard and the sweet peas in the back yard were in bloom...

What in the world can that be coming?" asked Miss Ellen. "I presume it's our new flagpole," replied Miss Jane the elder spinster.

"Our new flagpole?" cried her sister shrilly. "What do you mean, Jane Partridge? Who said we were going to have a flagpole?"

"I said so," answered Jane. "I ordered it, and it's coming. I didn't say anything to you about it because I knew you would object beforehand, and I thought you might as well do your objecting afterward; 'twould save time. I wanted to have the pole here in time for the Fourth of July. I've been thinking for some time that we ought to be more patriotic than we are, and I couldn't think of any better way for two lone women to show their patriotism than by owning a flag and flagpole. We can't go to war, we can't vote, we can't speak in town meeting and we can't fire a gun on Independence day, but a woman has just as much right to fly the stars and stripes as a man, and you and I are going to do it, and we are going to do it for the first time on next Fourth of July."

Miss Ellen Partridge listened to this long explanation from her sister with a set face. "Old maids have no call to be patriotic!" she snapped when Miss Jane concluded. "It ain't their province; it's a woman's province. I won't have a flagpole in this yard, Jane Partridge, and you may as well understand that first as last. They shan't bring that thing in here if I have to fight 'em with a broom and scalding water. A flagpole's a dangerous thing to have around a house to begin with. The first big wind it may snap off and smash the roof in, just as the college flagpole broke off and smashed the fountain over to Chester. It's more dangerous than a big tree, because it hasn't any roots. Patriotism! Huh! I guess we show patriotism enough, considering our privileges, by paying our taxes!"

By this time the long flagpole, attended by a crowd of boys and village loafers, had arrived opposite the little cottage, and the four men who were seen to be in the trunk disappeared and

proceeded to unfasten the chains that bound it to the wagon. Miss Ellen strode out to them. "You are not to bring that thing in here," she said shrilly.

"The man in charge of the flagpole turned with a grin; but, seeing the expression of Miss Ellen's face, his grin died away in a look of astonished perplexity. "What in tarnation am I to do with it, then?" he demanded. "I was told to bring it here."

"I don't care what you do with it," retorted Miss Ellen. "All I know is it isn't coming in here."

"It's paid for," protested the man in a final shot.

At this juncture Miss Jane Partridge came strolling majestically down the little side path. She had borne with her sister's petulance—even as she used to when they were children—just long enough to be assured that it was of the inflexible sort. It was now time for the elder sister to act. She brushed Miss Ellen aside and laid her hand on the pole.

"I ordered it," she said. "I paid for it, and I paid for its setting up. You may bring it in and set it where I show you."

Miss Ellen turned abruptly and went into the house. She climbed to the garret and got the large brown satchel that her father had owned. Then she gathered together a few articles of clothing and the dearest of her own special treasures and keepsakes and put them into the bag. "This done, she marched out of the front door, satchel in hand, and started for the village depot. Miss Jane was in the back yard superintending the erection of the flagpole and did not notice her sister's departure.

Miss Ellen reached the depot and sat down in the vacant ladies' waiting room. She had not the slightest idea where she was going. There was no relative to whom she could flee from her sister's tyranny. She thought that she would take the first train in either direction and travel until evening. Then she would stop at some hotel and spend the night. After a night's sleep perhaps she would know what to do.

It was late in the forenoon when Miss Ellen reached the depot. The station agent had gone to dinner, and his office was locked up. Noon came, then half past 12, and still no train and no station agent. Miss Ellen fastened her distracted mind upon the situation and presently remembered that no train stopped at Lyndonville between 11 o'clock a. m. and half past 5 p. m.

What would the station agent think when he came back and found her there? She went to the window and looked back up the hill toward the village. Between Putnam's blacksmith shop and the store she could just see on the other side of the village street the lowly roof of the cottage where she and her sister had dwelt for forty years. Something white and slender was just appearing behind it. It rose higher and higher and finally stood firm and straight, and Miss Ellen saw that it was the top of the new flagpole. Jane, then, was still busy with her triumph. She had not discovered her sister's departure, or perhaps she did not care.

Miss Ellen went back to her seat with tears in her eyes. From where she sat she could look into the ticket office through the locked glass window, and on the wall facing her she saw a steel engraving of Abraham Lincoln. How vividly it brought up the days of the civil war, when her younger brother had marched away with the first regiment of Vermont volunteers! The tears rained faster down her cheeks as the flood of memory swept her farther and farther away from her own petty grievances. She remembered the crushing news from the front, the bringing home of her brother's dead body; the picture of Abraham Lincoln which they found hidden in his bosom; the funeral in the village church, with the picture of Lincoln, wreathed in flowers, lying on the dead soldier's breast, and around him and the martyr president were wrapped the folds of the stars and stripes!

Again Miss Ellen rose and went to the window. A cheer swept faintly down the hill. There was a flag flying from the new flagpole over the cottage. Patriotism—had she none of it in her loyal heart, and she the sister of such a patriot as the soldier boy who slept under the faded Memorial day flag in the village cemetery?

With a sob Miss Ellen caught up her satchel and embraced the hill. "Jane was right," she whispered. "I am glad she got the flagpole and the flag. Dear Robert! It was my flag raising too. If heart's feeling counts for anything, it was my flag raising too!"

English in Java. A book published in Java, called "The West Java Travelers' Guide," says of a certain sanitarium: "At the establishment is a physician. The sick may invoke the physician for daily treatment, with use of medicaments. Children below ten years pay for lodges half of the price."

Under "Addresses and Announcements" is politely recommended "the hotel pelerin, with occasion for warm baths, where till now all reconvalescents, as well as Mrs. Physicians and particulars and officials, have found relief to their health. Cures malaria, complaints in the chest and other fatnesses, green sickness, cutaneous disease, etc., and we are assured that "this healthy abode for reconvalescents has also occasion to many delightful idyllic excursions to which saddle horse and tandees are stationed, when before timely ordered."

THE MISSION OF DOROTHY

By EMILY S. WINDSOR

Copyright, 1901, by E. S. Windsor

Cyril Moore, lawyer, was not noted for the suavity of his manner nor the mildness of his glance. Both were unusually severe this morning, and he was not inclined to deal gently with his disturber. He had been interrupted in the consideration of an important matter, but Dorothy Dale's brown eyes never flinched before his deep set gray eyes.

"Please, may I talk to you a few minutes?" she asked in her soft little voice.

"I am very busy," he returned, "and gave orders that I was not to be disturbed."

"The elevator boy showed me your office, and there was no one in the other room, and so I came in," said Dorothy.

The lawyer made an impatient movement, mentally resolving upon the course which Wilson should receive for leaving the entrance to the office unguarded.

Two little red spots had crept into Dorothy's face, but she went on bravely.

"You see," she began, "I—"

The lawyer again moved impatiently and frowned, but his small visitor persisted.

"It is so important, you see." There was a keen note of anxiety in her voice, but the brown eyes never wavered. And what was there in their depths which brought to the lawyer's mind a vague memory and made him look at his visitor with a stirring of interest, then hesitate and finally push aside the papers over which he had been absorbed and say shortly:

"What is it? I can give you a few minutes."

"Oh, thank you," said Dorothy politely. "It is about that position in the Hilton school."

Cyril stared in surprise. What could this little, old-fashioned girl have to say about that? It would be interesting to know. He pushed his papers farther away and leaned back in his seat.

"Sit down," he said, pointing to a chair. Dorothy obeyed with a grave "Thank you," settling herself comfortably in the chair which was so high that her feet were quite a distance from the ground. Her blue felt sailor hat was pushed back on her head, and several soft brown rings of her hair had found their way to her forehead. She lifted her clear eyes to the lawyer, and again their depths vaguely stirred his heart.

"You see, auntie lost all her money in Boston, and so we had to come here to live. Auntie owns a little house here, and she says that is better than nothing. And yesterday Mrs. Pruden told her they wanted a teacher in that school and that auntie must try to get it right away."

"Oh, indeed?" ejaculated Cyril.

"You see," she went on in a confidential tone, "auntie knows a lot of things. She belonged to ever so many clubs in Boston. Every one says that she is so clever."

Dorothy paused to see if the lawyer was properly impressed with the importance of her aunt's acquirements.

"Yes," said Cyril politely.

"Mrs. Pruden told auntie that you could let her teach that school, but last evening a letter came from Mr. White in Boston to say auntie must come to see him right off. You see, he attends to all of her business. So she had to go on the early train this morning." Here Dorothy stopped, out of breath.

Cyril uttered an interrogative "Yes." Dorothy smiled up at him. "And I was afraid she might be too late when she came back, and then it will be such a nice surprise for her when she does come back for me to tell her I came to see you about it."

"Then she doesn't know what you are doing?" queried Cyril.

"Oh, no. I waited till she was gone."

"Where do you live?" questioned Cyril.

"Over on Rose Crescent."

The lawyer did not recognize the locality, but there had been many changes in the old town during those years in which he had been absent from it.

"Auntie will be a splendid teacher. You see, she's so sweet. Won't you please try her?"

In her eagerness Dorothy arose and stood beside Cyril, placing her hand in its woolen mitten on his arm.

The little action thrilled him. A sudden realization of the loneliness of his life smote him, and again the child's brown eyes awoke that memory.

"Please, won't you?" urged Dorothy, with an unconscious pressure of his arm.

Cyril looked down into the eager face with an expression in his eyes that few had seen there during later years.

"I'll see what I can do. I must know more of her qualifications. I mean," he explained kindly, "if she knows all the things that the person who teaches in that school must know I'll do my best."

quets of violets for sale. The scent of the flowers floated up to him, and the memories awakened earlier in the day by a pair of childish eyes were again stirred. Cyril bought one of the fragrant purple clusters, fastening it in the lapel of his coat with a smile. When he had done such a thing?

As he walked along his glance fell upon a lamp-post bearing the name "Rose Crescent."

A sudden remembrance came to him of his little visitor of the morning. That was where she had said she lived. He recalled his promise to do what he could for her aunt. Why not call upon her and find out her fitness for the position? He paused to glance up and down the street.

But the child had not told him her aunt's name or their number. Then it was useless to consider it further. Still he would like to please that child.

He was walking on when he heard a dying of small feet behind him and his name called. He turned around to see his little visitor of the morning.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I was at the window and saw you passing. I thought perhaps you were coming to see us."

"Well," said Cyril, smiling, "you did not tell me your number."

"I forgot," she laughed. "It's in here." They had been walking back, and now she stopped in front of a modest house standing back from the street.

"Come in," she said. "Auntie's just got home. I didn't tell her about it yet."

Cyril followed her up the garden path and into the house. She led him into a room opening off a small hall. A lady seated before an open fire rose at his entrance. She was not very young, and she was very sweet looking, with great brown eyes.

"Madam," began Cyril, "I—"

He broke off abruptly, looked bewildered, then ejaculated, "Rebecca Powers—yes!"

"Cyril! Why?"

"You see, auntie, I went to see Mr. Moore about that school. I was afraid you'd be too late, and"—began Dorothy.

But neither her aunt nor the lawyer seemed to hear her. The latter was saying, "She has eyes like yours."

"You see, auntie," began Dorothy once more, but stopped as Cyril spoke again. "To find you here?" His face was flushed, and his eyes were shining. There was a bright color in the cheeks of Dorothy's aunt (oo. Dorothy was looking at her in surprise. Why, she knew Mr. Moore. Then she would surely get that school.

"Are you still Rebecca Powers? When I saw you last, I thought that you were going to marry!"

Miss Powers interrupted him quietly. "You were mistaken, but I remember you had a bad habit in those days of jumping at conclusions."

"That one has cost me dear—all these lonely years," he said.

He took the bunch of violets from his coat. "I remember you were always fond of violets, Rebecca. Are you still?" He held the fragrant blossoms toward her, and Miss Powers, after a glance into his face, took them from his hand. She held them to her lips a moment, then fastened them carefully in her bosom.

Dorothy was becoming impatient, but to her great amazement just then Cyril stooped down and kissed her aunt.

Then he turned to Dorothy. "I am going to ask your aunt to take charge of one pupil," he said—"one who needs her very much."

"One pupil!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Why, I—"

But again neither her aunt nor the lawyer seemed to hear her.

Not Respecting. No self respecting Persian ever answers a question by a bold affirmative or a blunt negative. He always reserves a margin. Mr. Wilfrid Sparrow, a tutor to the Persian royal children, asked Mirza Saleh, a turbaned linguist, in regard to a servant, Haji Isma'il.

"Is he honest?"

Mirza Saleh was busy with the pages of a dictionary.

"Little—take care—Haji Isma'il's god—money is," said he.

"That is no answer. I want one word. Is he honest?"

Mirza Saleh closed his eyes in meditation, opened them and shook his head, closed them again and then sat buried in thought, his fingers on his eyelids. By and by he looked up, baffled.

"One word, sahib?" said he as one who should assert, "The task is impossible."

"Certainly. One word."

College Notes.

Prof. File was a Wakefield visitor Saturday.

Prof. and Mrs. Gregg took dinner at the college Sunday.

Buy a season ticket for the lecture course. It is a good investment.

Don't forget the lecture, it is the twenty-first, next Friday evening.

The dormitories are fast filling up since the beginning of the new term.

Basket Ball seems to have been dropped as a possible subject since last Saturday.

Misses Kingsbury and Moran were among those who went to Wakefield Saturday to see the basket ball game.

There are so many new faces to be seen since the beginning of the term that it will take a week or so for them all to become familiar to us.

The College Basket Ball team went to Wakefield Saturday to play a return game. We hate to chronicle the result but we think the score was something like ten to thirty-four in favor of Wakefield.

Rev. Birrell of the Presbyterian church addressed a union meeting of Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. at the college Sunday afternoon. He gave us a very interesting talk. It was appreciated by the students and we hope to have him with us often in the future.

Concord.

Mr. and Mrs. John Marrow are visiting relatives in Concord.

Clyde Ecker, of the Allen News, was in Concord last Sunday evening.

Robbie Erwin has recovered from his recent attack of typhoid fever.

Miss Annie Anderson was home Fremont last week. She expects to return there again this winter.

Miss Alberta Budd and Claude Acers were among those who left for the Wayne college at the beginning of the term.

Mr. John Budd and Miss Angie Acers took a drive down to Wayne last Sunday to see their sister and brother, Alberta Budd and Claude Acers.

Union Sunday school will be held at the school house at two o'clock instead of the usual time. Everybody of all different denominations are cordially invited.

Jack Dilley has returned from his western trip. He has been digging gold and has seen a lot of country. Jack has been in nearly every state in the Union.

Rue Foote is working in the printing office and has gotten out posters for business men and for the public school entertainment. He is going to make a printer of himself.

The public schools are making extensive preparations for their school entertainment on Wednesday evening, November 26. After the program a voting contest and basket social will be held. Admission free, everybody invited.

Carroll.

Guy Mannig was in Wayne Wednesday night.

Miss Abigail Manning spent Sunday in Wayne.

Maud Yaryan went to Wayne Friday afternoon.

Miss Maie Williams went to Omaha Wednesday.

A. E. Litell went to Wayne Saturday afternoon.

Rev. Phillips returned from Decatur, Saturday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill went to Wayne Saturday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Stillman returned to their home in Decatur last Wednesday.

Miss Edna Sewell, of Wayne, visited over Sunday with the Misses Williams.

Mrs. Brendenstall and little daughter, Hattie went to Creighton last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Manning have moved into their new home in the south part of town.

Arthur Baker and Prof. John Wilson drove over from Belden Saturday. Mr. Wilson went on to Winside.

Mrs. Doc Averill, of Winside, was a guest of Mrs. G. J. Foster one day the first of last week.

Mrs. Mettlen, of Wayne, was called here last week by the serious illness of her daughter, Mrs. H. J. Candor, who, we are glad to report has nearly recovered at present writing.

Ralph Burbank of the firm of Dendlinger & Burbank went to Lincoln Sunday to accept a very desirable position with a machine company of that city with a salary of \$100 a month.

The fact that a man bought and shipped in here a car load of lumber is no more proof that Hoskins needs another lumber yard than that some people send to Montgomery Ward & Co. for an order is proof that our merchants are not keeping goods or that we need more stores, which we do not; and because once in a while a farmer hauls grain to another town is no sign that our elevators have not the capacity to take care of it or that the agent was not capable of attending to his business, does it go to prove because a Hoskins man does his banking business with a Norfolk bank that the Hoskins bank is not safe, because a man buys farm implements in Winside or Norfolk does not signify that our implement men do not keep a full stock, and so on every line. There are always some people to be found who like to send away for goods or answer every ad in some way. A good plan for Hoskins business men or any one else is to live and let live. We like to see new enterprises come here, but don't like to see them enticed to come here by talk that is merely done to express a little personal hard feelings to invest where there is no chance of a recompense.

Notice of Probate of Will. State of Nebraska.

Wayne County.

At a session of the County Court held at the County Court room in and for said county of Wayne, on the 22th day of October A. D. 1902.

Present, E. Hunter, County Judge.

In the matter of John Elming, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Phebe A. Elming praying that the instrument filed on the 21st day of October, 1902, and purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased, may be proved, approved, probated, allowed, recorded as last Will and Testament of said John Elming, deceased, and that the execution of said instrument may be committed and that the administration of said Estate may be granted to Phebe A. Elming as administratrix with the will annexed;

ORDERED, That November 7th, A. D. 1902, at 2 o'clock p. m., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a County Court to be held in and for said County, and show cause why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in the WAYNE REPUBLICAN, a weekly newspaper printed in said County, for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing.

E. HUNTER, County Judge.

[A true copy.]

Farm for Sale.

160 acres, 3 miles northwest of Carroll, 120 acres under cultivation, balance in pasture. Good house 16 by 24, pump and well of good water, cave, stable 14x16, farm all fenced and cross-fenced. Will sell within next thirty days at \$40 per acre, \$2,500 cash.

W. L. EMBREE, Carroll, Nebraska.

A Conscientious Minister.

Dear Sir:—Having tried your White Wine of Tar Syrup, I believe it to be an excellent medicine, and can conscientiously recommend it to others.—Rev. Wm. Stevenson, Kingsville Missouri.

D. K. Fern was a Sioux City visitor Monday.

F. H. Jones is moving today in the house formerly occupied by W. M. Wright.

For Sale—100x150 lot and house at a right price. Inquire at Otto Vogel's Hardware.

Miss Weber, of Milwaukee, is visiting her brother, Father Weber, of this place.

Rev. Father Healy has been appointed pastor for this parish, and expects to be in Wayne December 7th.

Next Sunday, November 23, will be Rally Day at the Baptist Sunday school and every member of the church is especially urged to be present and help in the good work.

Miss Francis Kromholtz, who has been assisting in the millinery department at Ahern's left for her home this morning, she has won many friends during her short stay who were sorry to see her leave.

The Wayne Circle of the Fraternal Life Association held a most satisfactory meeting last Friday evening taking in at that time eleven new members making this order 142 members and good prospects. This circle was organized in February.

Sheriff Daily arrested Mrs. Jesse Whittemeyer at the Palace hotel, last Tuesday and took her to Wayne at the request of her father, Henry Goll, a prominent business man of that place. Goll claims the girl was not of age and not old enough to marry. The sheriff locked Jesse up for 24 hours, but he was released. He says the girl was of age and that they were married in South Dakota. "Jesse" was going to organize the "Boston Minstrels" here, but threw up the matter when his wife was taken from him. He formerly lived here and has relatives living in Pender.—Pender Times

Bring Your Own. Rundle will fill it with good stout Maple Syrup for all.

Give this trial to all your friends. Your approval will mean much to me.

Our 6-Year-Old Daughter. Our little 6-year-old daughter had a very sore throat, badly ulcerated, and coughed almost incessantly. Gave the White Wine of Tar Syrup according to directions and she began to improve immediately and soon got well. Mrs. Groves and I have recommended it to others and we consider it the very best medicine in use.—Rev. D. E. Groves, pastor M. E. church, Clarksville, Missouri. L. P. Orth.

STORM

Coming! Buy your Storm Doors and windows of . . .

Phileo & Son MAPLE SYRUP

The best quality of Northern Wisconsin Buckwheat and an ABSOLUTELY PURE Canada Sap Maple Syrup are now in stock at the Star Grocery. To get the best of everything in the grocery line at the right prices go and see P. L. Miller & Son.

Resolutions.

Whereas, Bro. D. C. Montgomery, a member of this lodge, has reached the end of life's journey and gone to that Celestial Lodge above, makes it eminently fitting that we record our appreciation of him. Therefore be it.

Resolved by Wayne Lodge, No. 118, I. O. O. F., that in the death of our beloved brother, Rev. D. C. Montgomery, our order has lost more than a member; a thorough student, and a teacher of our principles as laid down for our rule and guide as Odd Fellows. We stand today mourning the departure of our beloved brother. He was stricken down in the discharge of his duties while laboring among the natives of the Philippine Islands, by the wicked, inhuman and cowardly hand of the assassin, in his effort in endeavoring to inculcate into the minds of that people the great lesson of humanity as taught by our loving master; educating their minds up to the high standard of civilization and christianity.

That by the death of Bro. D. C. Montgomery we have lost a true and faithful brother, one who was ever ready to answer the call of the sick and distressed, to give solace and comfort to the needy—we would take a lesson from the life of this dear brother and learn to cultivate a deeper interest in the welfare of our brethren. His life was a clean one, that proved that he was an Odd Fellow in spirit and in truth, he will ever be missed by members of our order. But he has gone from us and thus we only remember his virtues, we know he lived as all Odd Fellows should, his influence was felt among us and we mourn for our dear departed brother. Be it further resolved.

That we extend to his bereaved wife and relatives our fraternal sympathy in this, their deep affliction, that a copy of these resolutions be delivered to his widow, and that they be published in the Wayne papers and Fraternal Review.

J. G. MINES, HENRY LEY, A. B. JEFFREY, Com.

The Public Library.

How many people of Wayne and surrounding country would like to have a free public library started in Wayne? That is what the ladies of the Federation of Clubs are about to do, and all who are interested.—men and women, boys and girls.—are requested to attend a meeting at the court house, Monday evening, Nov. 24 at 7:30 o'clock. An interesting program will be given consisting of music, speeches by a number of citizens etc. Afterwards, the ladies will show you the room which the county commissioners have given the use of for library purposes and which the ladies have had fitted up. Light refreshments will be served, and it is hoped that each person will bring one or more books, old or new, to be donated to the new library. Immediately after this event, the committee of ladies will purchase books with the funds which they have been collecting for some time, and the library will be opened to the public free of charge. It is hoped that enough interest will show, so that from this small beginning, a free public library, of which Wayne may be proud, will be the result, and at no disquiet. Every one attend the meeting and help this cause along.

Our 6-Year-Old Daughter. Our little 6-year-old daughter had a very sore throat, badly ulcerated, and coughed almost incessantly. Gave the White Wine of Tar Syrup according to directions and she began to improve immediately and soon got well. Mrs. Groves and I have recommended it to others and we consider it the very best medicine



## Christmas Games FREE

In each pound package of **Lion Coffee**

From now until Christmas will be found a free game, amusing and instructive—50 different kinds. Get Lion Coffee and a Free Game at Your Grocers.

"D. D. D." the astonishingly effective new

## Skin disease prescription

Eczema, Salt Rheum, Barbers' Itch, Erysipelas—all eruptions, scaly diseases and parasitic eruptions of the skin positively cured in a hurry. A clean, pleasant liquid (non-oily) externally applied—sprung or sopped over the parts. Instantly stops all irritation. Skin cleansed absolutely all affected conditions.

(There is a case cleared away with ten bottles.)



(Case of daughter of Mr. Miss Herndon, permanently cured of all skin diseases after two bottles out of the D. D. D. prescription.)

## I vouch for these facts.

They have been proven to me beyond the possibility of doubt.

**L. P. ORTH, Wayne, Nebraska.**

Some weeks ago the astonishing record of this prescription—reason to me by independent scientific analysis, induced me to give my unqualified recommendation to the public. Since then D. D. D. has cured so many who obtained it from me that its record with me has been fully equal to its previous history. I have not seen a single instance of disappointment. Success has followed every trial. In nine cases out of ten, manifestations of the skin are skin diseases—not blood diseases. Many purchasers formerly miserable, thinking they had a blood disease, have found it was merely a skin affection and have cleared it all away with this prescription.

Among all the known reliable specific medicinal influences for different ailments I know of very few discoveries so certain in effect as this D. D. D. prescription in its quick conquest of skin diseases of all kinds.

### A FEW CURES OF WELL-KNOWN PARTIES.

Chicago, April 7, 1922.  
"About six months ago my daughter began to get the general skin disease and was gradually getting worse. Nothing seemed to help her, although we tried different medicines but without success. She would break out constantly and was a sight to look at. I was asked to try a bottle of your D. D. D. remedy, which I did, and in my surprise I worked wonders on her the second day, and before the bottle was completely used she was cured. I will highly recommend your remedy to any one suffering with skin disease, the best I have ever known of."  
E. KLINKA, 201 Chicago street.

"I am glad to say that the bottle of medicine furnished you to my father has been of great benefit to me. I am now free from the annoying heretofore suffered from eczema on my ankles. I have also cured a friend of mine who had two of these on his face."  
W. J. HORTON, St. Paul, Minn., Vice President and General Manager of Great Northern Express Co.

"That wonderful discovery, the D. D. D. remedy, cured me of a bad case of eczema of long standing which the physicians could not cure. I cheerfully recommend it to all persons afflicted with any kind of skin disease."  
C. W. WALKER, (Ex-Mayor), Cairo, Ill.

The preparation is being used by most of the skin specialists. It is compounded for druggists solely by the D. D. D. Company, 70 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

It is utilized by every general family physician who has taken the trouble to investigate the work it is accomplishing.

It is used in the Cook County Hospital, Chicago.

It will clear off any parasitic break in the skin in from 3 days' to 60 days' time.

If you have a skin disease visit the above agents and see proofs that will make you a happier human being.

\$1.00 buys this prescription—already made up in sealed bottles—with authentic label on each. The above concern will fill mail orders on receipt of price.

### AROUND ABOUT.

The new gas street lights have been put into operation and the general remark is that they are beauties. The ordinary electric lights is not in it with them. They give nice steady light and so bright that people passing under them may be recognized by persons a block away.—Wauka Gazette.

An amusing story comes from Omaha. Late Saturday night a car loaded with crushed stone was run on a switch near the quarters of the dago colony. The night was dark and the stone looked like range coal. Word was passed around among the sons of Italy and they spent most of the night in making provision for the winter. They worked so diligently that long before morning the car was empty and their bins full of stone.

Neigensfeld, the Pierce county murderer, will be held in Lincoln until the date set for hanging. He was brought to the penitentiary yesterday by Sheriff Jones of Pierce county, a new trial having been denied the condemned man. Neigensfeld exhibits no desire to escape, seems perfectly indifferent to his fate and asserts that he would as soon hang tomorrow as on March 13. He has recovered from the wounds received when he was captured.—Lincoln Star.

The Tribune is glad to report that Miss Alice Elliott is improving as fast as can be expected after the terrible ordeal she has gone through. She is gradually regaining her speech, but as yet has said nothing that will give any clue to the terrible accident at the crossing. But this is not to be wondered at for the subject is carefully avoided at home as they fear a too sudden realization of the affair will have a bad effect on her.... A Wayne man lost \$300 election day by not being able to cast the turn on county attorney. The large sum lost because he did not have the sand to bet on Simon.—Winfield Tribune.

On Saturday Nellie Mitten, thirteen-year-old daughter of Asa Mitten, who lives nine miles west of Hartington, came to town on foot on a wager in one hour and twenty-seven minutes. Nine miles in that length of time on foot is going some. Mr. Mitten and a hired man came along with a team and timed her so there is no exaggeration about it. We doubt if this record has ever been equalled here by a woman of any age and there are few men who would contract to beat it. The road for the greater part of the distance is quite hilly. The Herald glories in the grit and endurance of this young Cedar county girl.—Hartington Herald.

In the case of the state vs Max Spahr and J. A. Baird at Madison Monday the defendants plead guilty and received sentence. The crime with which they were connected occurred on the night of the 16th of last month when George Hedges, colored, was found in Norfolk with his throat badly cut. Although seriously injured and unable to speak Hedges, made known his companions and perpetrators of the crime, and Baird, who was a fireman on the F. E. & M. V., was the next morning, Spahr being traced to Higer and arrested the same day. The evidence against them was very strong and they were wise in pleading guilty and throwing themselves on the mercy of the court. Spahr plead guilty to the charge of assault with intent to do great bodily harm and was sentenced to two years and six months in the penitentiary. Baird plead guilty to plain assault and was assessed a fine of \$50.

A farmer living near Calhoun, in Washington county, discovered in a pasture strip near his residence and within 50 yards of two public highways, the remains of a man. The Republican of Blair thus describes the scene: "The corpse was lying in a little hollow in the brush and at the right side was a 38 calibre revolver with cartridges in five chambers and one empty. They judged that the man was at least forty years old, five feet eight inches high, and most of the skull and hands were missing. Had on sack coat, light striped pants and congress shoes. In his pocket were five German pennies, four American cents and five No. 38 cartridges, also the card of some liquor on which was written the name of Henry Tutke. The concluded the man had shot himself through the head, but the skull could not be found. After saving such things as might lead to identification the body was buried where it was found."

He cometh up like a flower and rejoiceth from the race busted. His friends fill him with hopes and atmosphere. He swelleth like a toad and thinketh the earth his. He smelleth upon all mankind and stappeth over with humor. He kisseth the children and scattereth his microbes among the innocent babes. He privately cheweth a clove when he meeteth a preacher, and as he converseth with him he standeth to the leeward and curbeth his breath as with a strong bit. He goeth home late at night to his weary wife with a beery breath and cold feet. He riseth up betimes and hicketh forth without his breakfast saying "I goeth to a man." The deadbeat lieth in wait and pulleth his leg to the queen's taste. He "nasteth a lie," but before the election he runneth out of nails. He giveth liberally to the church, he contributeth to the poor man whose barn was burned, he sendeth a small keg hither and a large keg thither, he yieldeth up his substances with apparent alacrity. After the election he goeth back to the barn and kicketh himself and teareth his hair and calleth himself a Rotterdam fool.—Dixon Herald.

Miss Manning was in Wayne Saturday.... Mrs. Ike Walden visited in

### LOCAL PICKUPS.

Wayne Friday.... Mrs. A. Tuxley visited in Wayne Saturday p. m.... John Hamer and wife were Wayne visitors Monday.... Miss Sarah Davis was up from Wayne to visit over Sunday with her sisters, the milliners.... Chas. and Wendell Nies, Blain Skeen and Fay Payne, were up from Wayne to attend the dance Saturday night.... Ethel Brown, of Wayne, spent Sunday in Carroll the guest of Miss Leona Merrill.... Bob Mellor, of Wayne, was looking after business in town Monday. He is building a house and barn on one of his farms four miles east of Carroll.... Alva Roberts, son of William Roberts, living east of town, was taken to the Samaritan hospital at Sioux City Friday, for the purpose of a surgical operation to remove an abscess from his shoulder. The operation was successful, but Alva will be obliged to remain under the nurse's care for a week or two. The young man was injured in a fall from a wagon about a month ago and has been ailing ever since. While his head was also hurt severely at the time he has almost recovered from all bad effects in that respect. His two older brothers and Dr. Fexley accompanied him to the hospital.... Met Goodyear came up with Mr. Preston from Wayne Monday to paint the interior of the latter's store building on Main street. Joe will cater to the best of the trade with ten thousand good things to eat.—Carroll Index.

One of the most dreadful accidents occurring in this vicinity since the present publisher of the Republican located here occurred last Friday night about a half mile from town whereby Nels Wendell came very near losing his life. He was going to his home two miles east and one mile south of Wakefield, in company with Nels Anderson, when the lines got tangled in some way so that the team started on the run and Mr. Wendell thinking the horses were beyond control attempted to jump from the wagon and as he did his right foot caught in the spokes of one of the wagon wheels whirling him around and around as fast as the horses were going for a distance of a block or more. By this time Nels Anderson succeeded in getting the team stopped but not until the wagon box had been thrown off, lighting on the ground upside down with Anderson underneath it, but he still had a hold of the lines and after crawling out from under the wagon box he loosened the team from the wagon when the horses again started and ran home. The accident occurred about ten o'clock Wendell was immediately brought to town and taken to Dr. Harmon's office where the doctor assisted by Dr. Fleetwood dressed the wound after having taken a handful of bone set of his leg. The leg was a little swollen and between the knee and the ankle numb and cold and the leg will have to be amputated. Besides the above injury the skin was nearly all torn off of his back, his head was badly bruised and he was internally injured. The wonder is that he was not instantly killed. He was taken to his home at ten o'clock Saturday morning and is lying in a critical condition with little hopes of his recovery. Wendell is forty-nine years old and unmarried.

Nels Anderson escaped with a few slight bruises but nothing serious. This (Friday) morning Mr. Wendell is still alive but he is gradually getting weaker, there appearing to be no hopes of his recovery.—Wakefield Republican.

"Mrs. S. White," shoplifter, got off easily and returned to her home at Ponca, Nebraska, with her husband yesterday morning. It has developed that "Mrs. White's" real name is Mrs. Selim Mattison and that Ponca instead of Marienburg is her home town. In the police court she pleaded "guilty" with much promptness. Judge Page informed her that the real value of the goods stolen was \$21.50, but that Davidson Bros. company had very kindly agreed to place the value at \$20 so that the charge of petty larceny might be preferred instead of grand larceny. "One hundred dollars or thirty days" was the brief sentence. Although the police had evidently promised not to divulge the secret of Mrs. Mattison's real name, inquiry at Ponca developed the information. Some papers that she had carelessly dropped furnished the clue. It further develops that Mrs. Mattison's capabilities are not confined to shoplifting line. She is said to be a talented writer and pens special articles and stories for the Omaha papers. After the smooth shoplifter had realized that her attempt to carry off Davidson Bros. department store was likely to land her in serious trouble, she asked Chief Davenport to send for her husband. The chief called him up over the phone. Bright and early yesterday morning the husband of the shoplifting literary woman arrived. He is a mild, harmless looking man with little brown side whiskers. The chief ushered him into the presence of his wife. The officer's were expecting an affecting scene. With the memory of Mrs. Mattison-White's choice of literature, "Two Kisses" and "A Fatal Dower," they were looking forward to the spectacle of Selim clasped to the bosom of his spouse, tears of repentance flowing freely and promises of reform to burn. But the meeting was very ordinary. After talking it all over, Mrs. Mattison walked into the court room and pleaded "guilty" and repented her line. Then Husband Selim started out on a skrimish for money while Mrs. Mattison kept a vigil with the matron, Mattison communicated with the bank at Ponca, where he has some money, and finally he produced the coin. Then he and Mrs. Selim Mattison, of Ponca, started out to gether in the direction of the setting sun.—Sioux City Journal.

### LOCAL PICKUPS.

Take home a loaf of Darnell's bread. W. A. Ivory, dentist, over 1st Nat'l. Daley Cample is reported sick of typhoid fever.

SPECIAL—Whipped Cream Puffs at the Wayne Bakery.

Pure Maple Syrup and all kinds of pure cake flour at RUNDRELL'S.

For treatment of chronic disease or electric treatment go to Dr. Neiman.

Dr. J. C. Clark eye specialist will be at Wayne, Boyd Hotel, December 8th.

Farmers—I am Agent for the Farm Mutual of Lincoln.

GRANT MEARS.

A barrel of apples may save you a doctor bill. Rundell has 'em (the apples) in many varieties at a bargain.

For Sale—Stock of millinery, good business, good location, opposite post office.

4wk MISS H. WILKINSON.

For a bad taste in the mouth take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by Raymond's Pharmacy.

Mince meat in bulk, Pure sweet cider, Quinces and sweet apples. Fresh smoked salmon too, at Brookings' Grocery.

Frank Herndon, of Audobon, Iowa, uncle of Mesdames Kate and Huffed visited for the past few days at the homes of the latter in this city.

Mrs. S. I. Wilson returned from Allen Friday where she has been looking after the merchandise business of Roy Wilson during the latter's illness.

See P. L. Miller & Son for fancy Haviland and German china ware. Their holiday stock will comprise every thing that is desirable for useful gifts.

There are more losses from high wind than from fire. Tornado insurance is cheap. Get a policy from E. R. Surber before your property is damaged.

The Omaha Daily News is going to give another piano to the most popular lady in Nebraska. The Omaha Daily News sends a paper every day in the year, by mail, for \$1.00, including Sunday \$2.00.

Wanted—Intelligent men and women (good penmen) to collect data to be used in the compilation of biographies of personal Military and Civil History of the ex-union soldiers; permanent and profitable employment. Address S. H. S., 334 C St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

"Last year an infant child of mine had the croup in a violent form," says E. R. John W. Rogers, a Christian Evangelist of Piquette, Mo. "I gave him a few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and in a short time all danger was past and the child recovered." This remedy not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the first symptoms appear, will prevent the attack (it contains no opium or other harmful substance and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult.) For sale by Raymond's Pharmacy.

Mrs. Chaon, wife of A. F. Chaon, living five miles northeast of this city, died on Monday of Bright's disease. Dr. Knott, of Sioux City, was called in consultation with Dr. Blair on Saturday night in regard to the case, and all that human hands could do to aid the lady was done, but it was all of no avail and the lady passed from this earth to the great beyond at the time mentioned. The lady was one highly respected by all who had the pleasure of knowing her and her death is a great shock to her sorrowing friends who extend their heartfelt sympathy to the family and relatives in their sad bereavement.

The Gold Medal contest held at the Baptist church last evening was a grand success in every sense of the word. Each number was a treat. The contestants for the gold medal were five in number as follows: Ethel Edgerton, Maude Cook, Ona Abbe, Mrs. Grace Hawkins and Mrs. D. King Hern. "The First Settler's Story" by Mrs. Hern was decided upon by the judges as being of the greatest merit and the medal awarded accordingly. How ever all of the numbers were good and it was no easy matter to arrive at a decision. Mrs. Hawkins stood second with her "Defense of the Drunkard." The music was good and the "small boy" recitations by Messrs. E. B. Philcox, Horace Theobald, A. R. Davis and D. K. Hern were interesting and amusing. The entertainment was, on the whole, a very creditable one and those who neglected to be present missed a rare treat indeed.

The Young Ladies' Sodality of St. Mary's Catholic church, of this city, gave a party at the Ahern home last evening in honor of Rev. Father Weber, who will leave the city Monday after having been pastor here for a little over a year. Progressive high-five was the chief amusement, the prize being awarded to Miss Mamie Moran. Refreshments were served late in the evening and it was near the hour of midnight when the young people returned to their respective homes, all reporting a most enjoyable evening. During the evening the Sodality presented Father Weber with \$50, the proceeds of the social held at the opera house a few weeks ago, as a mark of the esteem in which the good priest is held by that organization. A neat presentation speech was made by Miss Leahy to which Father Weber responded in a few well chosen words, thanking the Sodality and touching upon his sorrow at leaving the many fast friends he has made since his coming to this city. THE REPUBLICAN, in common with the numberless other friends of Father Weber hereabouts, wish for him many another evening such as last, and for his happiness wherever his lot may be cast.

## We Have Many Reasons to be Thankful.

The past year has been one of the most prosperous years we have ever had in business. Our business has grown more than we had reason to expect and we now enjoy the confidence of a large majority of the citizens of this community, for which we are thankful. We have been blessed with health, for which we are thankful. We are thankful that a majority of the men in Wayne county are now wearing Staley all-wool underwear and they have good reason to be thankful, for they are enjoying good health and are not suffering from rheumatism. A great many people ought to be thankful if for no other reason than the fact that they now enjoy life, having bought clothing of us that fits and shoes that do not hurt their feet, and Staley underwear that keeps them warm and well, and all at satisfactory prices. There are still some people that have not enjoyed the comforts of wearing our clothing, but we hope they may have other reasons for being thankful, and we trust before another Thanksgiving they will conclude to wear Staley underwear and enjoy life. Let us all be thankful

Because we are alive,  
Because our neighbors have treated us well,  
Because our wives have not asked for a divorce,  
Because we have not had to go to war,  
Because the 2 Johns' clothing store is located in Wayne,  
Because they sell at one price,  
Because they sell cheaper than other stores,  
Because they sell Staley underwear,  
Because God in his mercy has blessed us with good crops and made us a free and happy people.

Every man should wash his neck and ears on Thanksgiving morning and put on Staley underwear, clean shirt, clean socks, clean collar, clean suit, bright new necktie, polish up his shoes and finish up with a good hat, and put in the day being thankful to God and man for the many blessings we are enjoying. If you find you do not have all the clean clothing you need remember we can supply your needs and we will do it for less money than anyone else. We are thankful to all that for the kind treatment we have received during the past year, and if we have made any mistakes we thank you to come in and we will gladly correct them.

Dutchess Trousers



Staley Underwear

ONE PRICE CLOTHING WAYNE NEB

## Steens Bakery and Confectionery

We carry the finest and largest line of candies in the city. We have the exclusive sale in Wayne of Woodwards pure cream taffy, made by expert candy makers. We receive it every week. Made in all flavors. Please notice our display windows. Our line of bakery goods received fresh every morning. Our home made bread is a winner. We sell full pound loaves. Ice cream and oysters always on hand.

## THE SUREST WAY

To know what's what in Rubber Goods is to get the Lycoming on Candee now being sold by F. O. Davis & Co. Overshoes of all descriptions, Snag-Proof Rubber boots. Half-soleing and repairing done at usual rates.

## THE CORNER SHOE STORE.

## FREE TO STOCKMEN!

Fill Out Blank Below and Mail to

### EVANS-SNYDER-BUEL CO

Of South Omaha, and get a weight book and market report for the winter.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

P. O. \_\_\_\_\_

WHAT FEEDING \_\_\_\_\_

HOW MANY \_\_\_\_\_

### Public Library Meeting.

Court House Hall, November 25, at 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited. After the meeting the Library room will be open.

We hope to see you all with your friend at the Court House Hall. We'll have music and speaking too. Just to show what good literature will do. When properly used, to make us less blue. The library is started for all. 'Tis the need of our town that makes us ask you a book to give us as you enter the door. If you wish you can give many more.

If you can't come to our meeting that evening, please send the book anyway. Following is the program:

Prayer.....Rev. Peter Birrell  
Opening Remarks.....Mayor Ley  
Free Libraries.....Prof. Piles  
Why the Young People of Wayne need a Public Library?.....Judge Moses  
Music.....Male Quartette  
The Public Library and the Public School.....Prof. Snodgrass  
Literature and the People.....Prof. Gregg  
What is a Library?.....Rev. C. E. Weiden

By Order of Committee.



# THE RULES OF THE PRESS

If the Mullah is really mad, why don't the British commit him to an insane asylum?—Detroit Free Press.

Meanwhile, it looks as if it would be wise for the Sultan of Rascod to stand firm under—Hartford (Conn.) Post.

There is evidently a disposition on the part of the diplomatic blenders to kick on King Oscar's nuptials.—Washington Post.

The \$10,000,000 wrong from the beef trust by J. P. Morgan will be labeled "Extract of Beef"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Rabbi Hirsch is going after the story of Mother Eve and the apple. But why make assaults on the dead?—Denver News.

The first Elijah may have been fed by ravens, but Elijah H. Dawie, seems to prefer being fed by gulls.—Washington Times.

Why didn't the Mad Mullah get mad while the beer war was going on? He's very shortsighted.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Uncle Sam can get along without the Danish West Indies, but can Denmark get along without the money?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Senator Jewett of St. Louis says that a man should quit work at 70. He certainly should, especially if he is dead.—Washington Times.

Even if Uncle Sam does not have to settle the bill for keeping the peace in Samoa the practice was almost worth the price.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Somebody says that Mr. Morgan cares nothing for money. Perhaps he does if the article were scarce in the Morgan family.—Tacoma Evening News.

An Iowa judge decides that the value of a baby is \$3,000 in cash. Yet there are lots of people who won't have one at any price.—Atlanta Constitution.

On account of his position of a European federation, Germany laugh at Carnegie, but they dare not laugh at Morgan.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It is reported that the Sultan of Turkey is seriously ill. But few tears would fall from civilized eyes if he were reported to be seriously dead.—Denver Post.

A woman was arrested in Denver for voting three times, and yet men insist that women do not understand the real use of the ballot.—Baltimore American.

Old Uncle Sam will pay the bill saddled upon him by King Oscar's decision in the Samoan arbitration, but he firmly declines to indemnify with his "O. K."—Washington Times.

Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews has refused to allow the Nebraska University to raise his salary. We have always thought there was something wrong with that man.—Atlanta Journal.

Any king who will allow his queen to box his ears, as did the King of Serbia, ought to abdicate and then, as a private citizen, give her what is coming to her.—Atlanta Constitution.

Who does it matter if the Missouri Valley Homestead Association did pass a resolution condemning the kiss? Who cares for kissing in homopathic doses, anyway?—Des Moines News.

Our generals got fixed in a London police court for fast riding in an automobile. The English may be depended upon to find fresh ways of clinching an American's sin.—Atlanta Constitution.

Russell Sage's physician declares that his patient must quit business or he will die. The world—and the millionaires, no doubt, feels that he is between the devil and the deep sea.—Montana Daily Record.

The explosion of a hot sweet potato at Leon, Kan., injuring a woman who sat at the table, proves once more that you never can tell what is going to break loose in Kansas.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

At Cushing, Iowa, the Methodist pastor was the Rev. Mr. Clearwater. His successor is the Rev. Mr. Gim. From clear water, gim is either a serious step for a church to take.—Denver (Ill.) Herald.

In an Ohio town a father named Kohl has named his helpless infant daughter Anthracite. We trust that there will be no great demand for Anthracite Kohl eighteen years hence as there is now.—Baltimore American.

In his petition for divorce a Boston man describes his wife as a "cold proposition." Beware of the cold and the cold propositions of that wife who is taught to believe that all Boston women are that way.—Denver Post.

The injury from which President Roosevelt has just recovered is not expected to leave any permanent effects, although when the doctor bills are paid his leg may be somewhat longer than it really ought to be.—Kansas City Journal.

Spain wants a new navy. She has been looking on the remains of her old one with Dewey eyes.—Baltimore American.

It was a Kansas girl who wrote her love from an eastern college that she had fallen in love with ping pong and received this reply from her father: "Give him my love. They don't do Chinaman marry into this family."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Told in a Few Lines.

Commandant Charles Botha died in Pretoria.

Striking millwrights, Minneapolis, have returned to work.

County court house, Scottsville, Ky., was badly damaged by fire.

John A. Morgan, prominent Democrat, Norfolk, Va., killed himself.

Fireman J. W. Spencer was killed in a wreck, Seven-mile Ford, Va.

J. K. Robinson, Jr., Barborton, Ohio, was snatched and robbed of \$25.

"Corner" in peppermint oil may cause an increase in the price of a "mint" candy.

John A. Logan, general solicitor of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Philadelphia, dead.

Will of the late F. A. Palmer, New York, gives \$30,000 to the Union Christian College, Moscow, Ind.

Consable Caloway shot and killed James Moore, who was attempting to escape, Fayette County, West Virginia.

Count de Leon and M. Gerard Rich, latter being slightly wounded in the right forearm.

A certificate of consolidation has been filed by the Cincinnati and Eastern Traction Company at Columbus, Ohio. The total stock is \$2,600,000.

Fire destroyed the famous Ross-Penton home, west of Ashbury Park, N. J., which was owned by Charles Ross and John Penton, the well-known vaudeville combination.

O. G. Olsen, Alhambra, Minn., who killed his daughter because she wanted to marry a man whom her father was opposed to, was found guilty of murder in the first degree.

# MESSAGE FORECAST.

## THE PRESIDENT'S PROBABLE RECOMMENDATIONS.

### Roosevelt's State Paper Probably Will Ask Restriction of Trusts, Appointment of Permanent Tariff Commission and Arrangement of Reciprocity.

President Roosevelt has his annual message to Congress far advanced toward completion. Although the contents of President Roosevelt's message will be kept secret until it is forwarded to Congress, enough is known as to the way in which some of its topics will be treated to enable a forecast of these features to be made.

That there has been no change in the attitude of the administration on Cuban reciprocity will be made apparent, but whether the message will urge legislation or will promise the transmission of a Cuban reciprocity treaty to the Senate probably will depend upon the progress that may have been made in the weeks toward the negotiation of a reciprocity treaty.

### Probable Action on Trusts.

Interest in the forthcoming message is largely centered in what the President may have to say on the subject of trust legislation. The President will urge Congress to consider this subject carefully, with special reference to the legislation which will regulate the trusts without endangering the industries in which they are engaged.

He has already indicated that he will favor a constitutional amendment, if such an amendment is necessary, to enable Congress to act effectively. He has been advised to have such a capable lawyer as Attorney General Knox take the necessary power already exists, and he will recommend legislation along the lines of the Attorney General's Pittsburg speech.

The message probably will refer to the strike in the anthracite mines and to the progress being made toward an adjustment of the difficulties between the mine workers and the mine owners.

There will be nothing in the message favoring the abandonment of the principles of protection, but this will not prevent him from recommending the reduction, by direct enactment or by reciprocal agreements with foreign nations, of rates of duty which no longer be needed, for purposes of protection.

It has been announced by a member of the cabinet that the message will favor such reductions, and that it will also urge the creation of a permanent commission which can at all times give expert consideration to the needs of the government and of the varying interests, thus enabling it to make recommendations to Congress which will save the communities charged with the preparation of revenue laws a great deal of labor and insure a more intelligent framing of such laws.

### Views on Currency Reform.

Closely allied to the question of revenue is the subject of currency and banking reform. The Shaw is heartily in favor of the establishment of a system of asset banking which would give greater flexibility to the national bank currency of the country, and would enable the banks themselves to tide over many periods of monetary stringency, in which they must now appeal to the treasury for help. If the President does not prefer to make such a recommendation in his message he probably will call the attention of Congress to the recommendations of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The message will indorse the recommendations which Secretary Moody will make in his annual report for the increase and improvement of the navy.

One of the questions which may not be finally disposed of by the President until just before his message is sent to the printers is the reference which he will make to the Panama canal. As a result of the report of Attorney General Knox, he will be able to inform Congress that the United States can acquire an undoubted title to the Panama canal, and, if the negotiations with the Colombian government had advanced as rapidly as had been hoped, he would be able to announce that the way was clear for the beginning of construction work at once. The Colombian negotiations have dragged along in such an unsatisfactory manner, however, that it is doubtful if he will be able to tell Congress that a treaty has been negotiated complying with the terms of the Panama canal act.

### CUT CANCER FROM HIS TONGUE.

Rather than Go on the Surgeon's Table He Operated on Himself.

The friends of Andrew Murray, a well-known Brooklyn veterinary surgeon, are anxiously awaiting the outcome of a remarkable experiment and exhibition of nerve and will which he is undertaking. Murray, who is 50 years of age, has been uniformly good until very recently. A few months ago a back tooth began to ache and he had it pulled. Shortly afterward his tongue and neck became affected. He was a heavy smoker, so he stopped and gave up the growth. His neck and throat increased until he could scarcely eat. Meat and the glands in his neck swelled enormously.

Mr. Murray consulted a specialist and was advised that he had cancer in pronounced form. Mr. Murray was told that he must submit to an operation or succumb within eight months.

Rather than take his chances on the operating table, under ether, Murray resolved to operate on himself. With a veterinary surgeon's knife in hand he stood up before a mirror and, pulling out his tongue, cut into the underpart and side of where the cancer was protruding. His tongue shows the marks of the keen knife and the growth seems removed.

Whether or not the cancerous growth is entirely removed or whether it will again appear soon in more virulent form is the question upon which surgical opinion is divided.

### OLDEST POSTMASTER DEAD.

Roswell Beardsley, Who Was Appointed by J. Q. Adams.

Roswell Beardsley, who was appointed postmaster at North Lansing, N. Y., by John Quincy Adams, and who has held the office ever since, is dead. He was 93 years old, had held office seventy-four years and was born in Lincoln only four months and twenty-three days later. He was appointed postmaster at North Lansing June 28, 1823, when John Quincy Adams was President, John C. Calhoun was Vice-President, Henry Clay was Secretary of State and John McLane was Postmaster General. He lives his appointment to William H. Edwards, who thirty-three years after the appointment of Beardsley, became Secretary of State under Abraham Lincoln.

# YOUNG GIRL'S LIFE SACRIFICED TO OVERSTUDY.



The long search for Miss Peterson came to an end in Chicago when her body was found in the Lincoln Park hotel. Her friends are confident that she committed suicide while her mind was drained from overstudy in Northwest division high school, from which she disappeared after leaving letters indicating that she intended to kill herself.

### BIG GAIN IN EXPORTS.

Compared with 1892, Increase Is Almost 200 Per Cent.

Exports from the United States in the nine months ending with September are larger than for any corresponding period in the history of the country, with the single exception of 1900. The total for 1902 is \$311,302,441, against \$298,060,551 for the corresponding period last year, and \$338,678,243 in the corresponding months of 1900. Comparing 1902 with 1892 the increase is nearly 200 per cent, the figures of 1892 being \$112,000,024; while comparing 1902 with 1888 the growth in nine months' exportations of manufactures is from \$99,840,074 to \$311,302,441.

The temporary reduction in exports of manufactures which occurred last year, due in part to the maintenance in the United States of extraordinary high prices on copper, and to the unusual demand for iron and steel manufactures, has in a large degree disappeared, copper exports having increased \$11,000,000 in the nine months ending with September, 1902, as compared with the corresponding months of 1901, while the reduction in exports of iron and steel manufactures in the nine months of 1902, compared with the corresponding period of 1901 is but \$3,000,000, though the fact that importations of iron and steel manufactures have meantime increased \$13,000,000, the total for nine months of 1902 being \$13,000,000, comparable for the same months of 1901.

Cotton manufactures also showed a marked growth in exportations, the increase being nearly \$7,000,000 in the nine months of 1902, as compared with the corresponding period of last year.

# CROP REPORT SHOWS WELL.

Department of Agriculture Submits Annual Tables of Grain Yield.

The report of the statistician of the Department of Agriculture is 26.5 bushels of wheat, as compared with an average yield of 16.7 bushels in 1901, 25.3 bushels in 1900 and 18.9, and a ten-year average of 23.4 bushels.

The following table shows for all States having 1,000,000 acres or upward in corn, the preliminary estimates of average yield per acre in bushels in 1902, with the final estimates for 1901 and 1900, and the mean of the averages of the last ten years.

States.	1902.	1901.	1900.	Ten-year average.
Illinois	38.7	21.4	37.0	31.3
Indiana	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Kansas	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Missouri	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Nebraska	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Ohio	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Texas	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Virginia	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
West Virginia	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
North Carolina	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
South Carolina	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Georgia	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Florida	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Alabama	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Mississippi	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Louisiana	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Arkansas	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Oklahoma	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Minnesota	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Wisconsin	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Illinois	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Michigan	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Ohio	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Indiana	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Illinois	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Michigan	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
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Indiana	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Illinois	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
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Indiana	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Illinois	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Michigan	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Ohio	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Indiana	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Illinois	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Michigan	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Ohio	32.0	23.0	33.0	29.0
Indiana	32.0	23.0	3	

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WINDOW GLASS,  
PAINTS AND OILS,  
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We have now on display a little bit of the finest line of perfume ever placed on sale in Wayne.

## Holiday Packages

A very complete line of the new as well as the old odors. Prices run from 10 cents to \$7.50. We have something new in a sachet package, a novelty.

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## C. O. FISHER,

the lumberman, invites the prospective builder to consider a few facts. When you build you want good material, you want it at once and you want to buy it right.

## FINE, DRY BUILDING MATERIAL

always at your command is a object for you to consider. We invite you to inspect our stock, get our prices and note that we are selling many of the best buildings of the season.

Red cedar fence posts and anchor posts that will last a lifetime.

W. E. Brown, Pres. P. L. Miller, Vice Pres. B. F. Swan, Cashier

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CAPITAL, \$50,000. SURPLUS, AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS, \$10,000.

Foreign drafts and steamship tickets sold. Money at lowest rates on cattle or other good securities. Interest paid on time deposit deposits. First and second mortgage loans bought or negotiated.

## HOME MADE

# ..BREAD..

Once Tried  
You Will  
Never Buy  
Any Other

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## Darnell's Bakery.

### Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.

Try them

- When you feel dull after eating.
- When you have no appetite.
- When you have a bad taste in the mouth.
- When your liver is torpid.
- When your bowels are constipated.
- When you have a headache.
- When you feel bilious.

They will improve your appetite, cleanse and invigorate your stomach and regulate your liver and bowels. For sale by Raymond's Pharmacy.

### Jumped on a Ten Penny Nail.

The little daughter of Mr. J. N. Powell jumped on an inverted rake made of ten penny nails, and thrust one nail entirely through her foot and a second one-half way through. Chamberlain's Pain Balm was promptly applied and five minutes later the pain had disappeared and no more suffering was experienced. In three days the child was wearing her shoe as usual and with absolutely no discomfort. Mr. Powell is a well known merchant of Forkland, Va. Pain Balm is an antiseptic and heals such injuries without maturation and in one third the time required by the usual treatment. For sale by Raymond's Pharmacy.

### A Magazine Thirty Years Old.

The Christmas (December) number of THE DELINEATOR is also the Thirtieth Anniversary Number.

To do justice to this number, which for beauty and utility touches the highest mark, it would be necessary to print the entire list of contents. It is sufficient to state that in it the best modern writers and artists are generally represented. The book contains over 230 pages, with 34 full page illustrations, of which 20 are in two or more colors. The magnitude of this December number, for which 728 tons of paper and six tons of ink have been used, may be understood from the fact that 31 presses running 14 hours a day, have been required to print it; the binding alone of the edition of 915,000 copies representing over 20,000,000 sections which had to be gathered individually by human hands.

### "Incurable" Heart Disease Soon Cured.

By the Great Chicago Specialist in treating weak and diseased hearts, Franklin Miles, M. D., LL. B.

Will send \$2.50 worth of his personal treatment free as a trial.

To demonstrate the unusual curative powers of his new and complete special treatments by mail for heart disease, short breath, pain in the side, oppression in the chest, irregular pulse, palpitation, smothering spells, puffing of the ankles or dropsy, Dr. Miles will send \$2.50 worth free as a trial, to all who mention this paper.

His treatments are the result of twenty-five years of careful study, extensive research, and remarkable experience in treating the various ailments of the heart, stomach, and nerves which so often complicate each case. So astonishing are the results of his complete special treatments that he does not hesitate to offer all persons a trial free.

Nothing could be more liberal. Few physicians have such confidence in their remedies. There is no reason why all afflicted persons should not avail themselves of this exceedingly liberal offer, as they may never have another such opportunity. No death comes as suddenly as that from heart disease.

Mrs. A. Kronck, of Huntington, Ind., was cured after thirty physicians failed; Mrs. Flora Graeter, of Bristolville, O., after twenty-two; Jas. R. Waite, the noted actor, after a score had pronounced him incurable; Mrs. Frank Smith, of Chicago, after five leading physicians had given her up; Mrs. Julius Keister, after ten; Mrs. R. Parker, after sixteen failed.

A thousand references to, and testimonials from Bishops, Clergymen, Bankers, Farmers, and their wives will be free upon request.

Send at once for free examination blanks, pamphlets and free treatment before it is too late. Address Franklin Miles, M. D., LL. B., 203 to 209, State Street, Chicago, Ill.

### Why Pay Doctors' Bills?

Inexpensive and never failing in its wonderfully quick and sure results will infallibly cure. Cascarine is the remedy endorsed by thousands of those who have been sufferers from constipation, indigestion, racking headaches and lame backs, catarrh of the stomach, flatulency, nervous dyspepsia, dropsy of the abdomen and all diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. If you are afflicted with any of these ailments, take Cascarine. It will cure you. You will see the effects of one bottle. No matter how obstinate or long standing your trouble has been, Cascarine will quickly cure you. It gets at the root of the trouble and quickly puts the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels into a healthy state, and unless this is done your ailments will never leave you, but will rather increase then diminish. We have yet to know of one case, no matter how strong a hold it had taken upon the sufferer, which Cascarine failed to cure. It is recommended and used by some of the most eminent and successful specialists of today.

Get rid of that fetid breath; get rid of that splitting headache; that depression of the spirits; that inability to sleep at night; that belching of wind after eating; that pain in your back and dizziness in your head. They will all vanish and you will quickly become well if you use Cascarine. Buy a bottle of your druggist; price 50 cents. You will quickly see, and appreciate its wonderful effects and begin to thank life worth living.

Sample treatment and book on diet and cure sent free to any address. Res. B. & Co., Louisville and New York.

### Insurance.

For all kinds of Insurance call on GRANT MEARS, Agt.

### To The Public.

Allow me to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I had a very severe cough and cold and feared I would get pneumonia, but after taking the second dose of this medicine I felt better, three bottles of it cured and the pain in my chest disappeared entirely. I am most respectfully yours or health, RALPH S. MEYERS, 648 Thirty seventh St., Wheeling, W. Va. For sale by Raymond's Pharmacy.

### Theodore Roosevelt on "The Presidency."

Before his nomination for the Vice-Presidency Theodore Roosevelt wrote expressly for THE YOUTH'S COMPANION an article on "The Presidency." It will be published in the number for November 6th, this being one of the remaining weekly issues of 1902 sent free free from the time subscription to every new subscriber who at once sends \$1.75 for THE COMPANION'S 1903 volume. When this article on "The Presidency" no one could have foreseen or dreamed that its author would so soon be called upon to take up the duties of the great office. For this reason alone what Mr. Roosevelt has to say possesses extraordinary interest, and will be eagerly awaited by persons of all shades of political opinion. A twenty-eight page prospectus of the 1903 volume of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION and sample copies sent free to any address.

### THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,

144 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.

### Notice to Creditors.

State of Nebraska,

Wayne County.

At a session of the County Court held at the County Court room in Wayne, in said county, on the 10th day of October, A. D. 1902.

Present, E. Hunter, County Judge.

In the matter of the estate of John Elming deceased.

WHEREAS, letters of Administration have his day been granted to Phoebe A. Elming as Administratrix of the estate of John Elming deceased, it is hereby ordered that creditors be allowed six months to present their claims against said estate for adjustment and allowance, and that said Administratrix be allowed twelve months to settle up said estate from the 10th day of October, A. D. 1902.

It is further ordered that notice be given to the creditors of said estate to appear before me at the County Court room of said county on the 10th day of November 1902, on the 10th day of January 1903, and on the 10th day of April 1903, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of each day, by publication in the WAYNE REPUBLICAN, a newspaper published in said county, for four weeks successively prior to the 10th day of November 1902.

E. Hunter,  
County Judge.

[SEAL]

### University News Letter.

Dr. E. E. Blackman of the Historical Department has just received an unusually large spear head from Dr. Palmer, of Blair, Nebr. It was found Washington county by Dr. Palmer several years ago and measures sixteen inches in length and four and one-half inches across.

Mr. A. E. Sheldon, Chairman of the Program Committee for the State Historical Society, which holds its annual meeting next January, is busily engaged in arranging the program for the session. Last year the general topic was "Early Railroads in Nebraska." The subject chosen for this session is "Old Steamboat or Traffic on the Missouri."

Some of the advanced students in botany found some cards recently which were printed eight years ago on the occasion of the celebration of the Quarter Centennial of the University. These set forth the facilities in the department at that time, and the contrast is striking. Then there were about forty-four compound microscopes, now there are eighty; then the herbarium contained forty thousand plants, now about one hundred thousand; then there were thirty-seven periodicals taken in the department, now the number is doubled; then there were ten lines of botanical study, now there are forty open to students, then there were sixty students doing botanical work, now there are three times that number.

On November 10th the first term of this year's school of Agriculture will open at the University. The attendance promises to be better than at any previous year, for the farmers are beginning to realize the advantages offered are practically free for the education of their sons in subjects pertaining to farming. The school is open to any young men or women who has completed the work offered in the common schools. Such subjects as the breeding and judging of live stock, general horticulture of field crops and farm management, injurious insects, practical work in butter and cheese making are given the first year. There are also courses in English and mathematics and each student is required to do some shop work. Later in the course veterinary practice is given and special attention to the care of live stock. All the work is very practical in its nature the aim being to make the young farmer most useful on the farm.

The expenses are not heavy. There is an entrance fee of \$5.00 and an incidental fee of \$4.00 and a small fee in laboratory and shop. Board and room can be had for \$2.75 per week. The total expenses of a careful boy attending the twenty-four weeks of the school of Agriculture will not be more than \$75 or \$80.

A bulletin giving detailed information will gladly be sent you by the University Registrar.

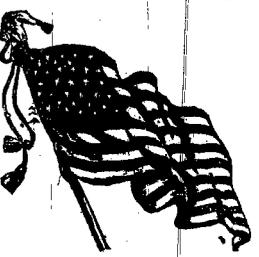
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In each pound package of  
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from now until Christmas will be found a free game, amusing and instructive—50 different kinds.

Get Lion Coffee and a Free Game at Your Grocers.

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Keeps the best workmen and uses nothing but the best stock. Fine Light Harness a specialty. See our stock and get prices.

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ONE DAY ONLY,

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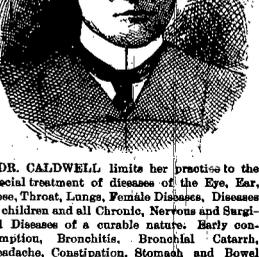
**Blood and Skin Diseases.**  
Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions, Liver spots, Falling of the hair, Eczema, Throat Ulcers, Bone pains, Bladder troubles, Weak back, Burning urine, Passing urine too often. The effects of constitutional sickness or the taking of too much injurious medicine receives searching treatment, prompt relief and a cure for life.

**Diseases of Women as Irrigated menstruation, Falling of the womb, Bearing down pains, Female displacements, Lack of sexual tone, Leucorrhoea, Sterility or barrenness, consult Dr. Caldwell and she will show them the cause of their trouble and the way to become cured.**

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Omaha, Neb. Chicago, Ill.

## Pretty busy Now



Many patrons waiting to be to be measured for their suits, but we will be busier later on. The best work, the freshest goods. Don't wear that old suit.

## Holtz, The Tailor.....

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East: 7:00 A. M., 1:35 and 2:45 P. M.  
West and North: 9:30 A. M. 6:20 P. M.  
Sundays: 1:40 and 6:20 P. M.  
Altona: 10:00 A. M. daily.

OFFICE OPEN—  
Week Days: 7:00 A. M. to 8:00 P. M.  
Sundays: 10:00 to 11:00 A. M. and 6:00 to 7:00 P. M.

MONEY ORDERS—  
No orders issued after 6:00 P. M.

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Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha.

GOING EAST.  
No. 12 Norfolk Passenger.....leaves 7:30 a. m.  
No. 10 Black Hills Passenger..... 9:30 p. m.  
No. 52 Freight and Passenger..... 7:30 p. m.

GOING WEST.  
No. 9 Norfolk Passenger.....leaves 6:55 a. m.  
No. 11 Black Hills Passenger..... 6:40 a. m.  
No. 58 Freight and Passenger.....arrive 7:10 p. m.

Wayne and Bloomfield Branch.

TO BLOOMFIELD.  
Passenger and Freight.....leaves 10:05 a. m.  
Passenger and Freight..... 7:30 p. m.

FROM BLOOMFIELD.  
Passenger and Freight..... arrives 6:55 a. m.  
Passenger and Freight..... 1:45 p. m.

T. W. MORAN, Agent.

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Increasing trade required more help, we have it. You are next. Yours

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Fresh and salt meats constantly on hand. Fish, oysters and game in season.

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