

THE NORTHWEST.

Alasworth is to have a new brick hotel. The Cedar Rapids creamery has closed for the season.

General liquor dealers are being prosecuted at Aurora. District court is in session at Columbus with a heavy docket.

Fifty-five men are at work laying the pipe for the water works at Waboo. Cedar Rapids' new school building, in course of construction, will cost \$120,000.

Pneumonia and diphtheria are spreading in the settlement north of Ta'mage. Seward county will vote November 8 on the proposition to build a \$75,000 court house.

The Hastings opera house has been sold to its manager, Frank D. Targart, for \$75,000. Nelson precinct offers the rest of Antelope county a bonus of \$5,000 toward building a court house.

Peter Loubser, a prominent farmer living six miles from Lindsay, was killed by being thrown from his wagon last week. A lot of gypsies camped in the southern part of Nemaha Saturday and remained until Monday. They were trading horses.

A little girl at B-trice ran through a pane of plate glass worth \$60. The girl was not injured, but no attempt was made to mend the pane. The new flag station recently located five and one-half miles north of Platte Center has been named Burrows. No trains stop unless flagged.

Freight rates on potatoes from Gordon have been reduced ten cents on the hundred to Missouri river points and fifteen cents to Chicago and St. Louis. Frank Myers of Syracuse shipped a car containing 3,000 ducks and chickens last Friday to San Francisco. If this adventure proves successful, other shipments will follow in due time.

OKALOOSA has 2,000 ch'ac in school. Snow flakes were flying at Sac City, Wednesday. The pope's golden jubilee will be celebrated at Emme sburg. The first killing frost of the season visited Grinnell Wednesday.

FAREWELL TO ATLANTA.

The President Of for Montgomery--The Last Stopping Point in the South--His Speech.

ATLANTA, Oct. 19.--The presidential party breakfast with Senator Colquitt this morning. The principal event announced for today is the military parade and sham battle, but mud and rain threaten to interfere with it.

The day was rainy throughout. President and Mrs. Cleveland entered carriages at 11 o'clock and made their way through the mud to the exposition grounds. The procession brought up in front of the grand stand, where it was intended that the distinguished party should alight but the president, after considering the mud, determined not to venture.

There was a delay of one mortal hour before the parade started, although several futile attempts were made to start the procession. Finally the troops, perhaps 1,000 strong, came wading and slipping past in the mud, the president standing up to his carriage with an umbrella to view them. When the column had passed the carriage it was with some difficulty extracted from the mud, and the proposed military reception having been abandoned, the party returned to town.

In the afternoon the president was entertained by Hon. Julius B. Brown, son of Senator Brown. At the same time the most magnificent entertainment since Mrs. Cleveland on the trip, was provided by Mrs. Henry W. Grady. For two hours the ladies of the city called there and paid their respects to the president's wife.

In the evening a general public reception was given at the mansion by Governor and Mrs. Gordon. The great event of the day was the torchlight procession of the Young Men's Democratic League of the state. A marching band was falling, but did not dampen the ardor of the enthusiastic crowd which thronged the streets with singing torches.

When the torch bearers had gathered around the arctican well where the president stood, he said: "I shall not soon forget, my friends, the cordiality and enthusiasm of the welcome of the people of Atlanta and the state of Georgia. I shall remember it not as a personal tribute, but as an evidence of the love of the people of the United States for the efficient and able man occupying this high office. I shall be proud to be the president of the whole people, responding to all their wants and needs, and in the discharge of my duty, I shall be glad to receive the approval of the people of the United States. I am glad to be the president of the whole people, responding to all their wants and needs, and in the discharge of my duty, I shall be glad to receive the approval of the people of the United States.

He especially stated that the president's special train, which is expected to leave Montgomery at 1 o'clock tomorrow, will make no stops on its way to Washington, except possibly at Asheville, North Carolina. It is learned that the engineer in charge of the engine which runs the dynamo of the president's train, was arrested last night and spent the night in the lockup. Means were at once taken to get him at liberty. The churches were open last night and were crowded with people who had no other place to sleep.

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RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS.

Of the Government Increase of the Finances.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.--This is a big country. If any one doubts it let him look over a little volume of sixty pages just issued by the treasury department entitled "Receipts and Disbursements of the United States for the Fiscal Year January 30, 1898."

The total gross receipts for the year were \$371,403,577. That is several millions more than the year before, and in fact is more than any year except war times and in 1883 and 1884. It brings the total receipts of the government since it began in 1789 up to over \$10,000,000,000. Where does it come from? The customs service paid \$218,000,000 of it. The internal revenue \$118,000,000, public lands \$10,000,000, miscellaneous \$23,000,000.

As to the other side, the grand total of expenditures is set down at \$297,000,000. That leaves a net profit for the year's business of over \$74,400,000. Of the disbursements, \$45,000,000 were for salaries, \$68,000,000 for ordinary expenses, \$4,000,000 for public works and \$137,000,000 for "unusual and extraordinary expenses," meaning pensions, war claims head money for soldiers' graves, maintenance of soldiers' homes, etc.

There are some curious points among the incidentals of the expenditures. It shows, for instance, the salaries of the much-proclaimed navy to be less than \$25,000,000 a year, while those of the war department are four times as much as the navy salaries. The salaries and mileage of members of congress are \$2,000,000 a year.

PROHIBITIONIST PREPARATIONS. A Meeting Called to Make Ready for the National Campaign. SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Oct. 17.--There will be an important conference of prohibitionists here October 24, which will be in the nature of a convention to mark the beginning of a presidential campaign of that party. Neal Dow will be one of the speakers.

A Series of Fatalities. LAKE EDWARD, Que., Oct. 17.--Robert Niles' boarding house was burned at midnight. Three of the boarders, Thomas Landon, of North Mills, Vermont, Wm. H. Chapman, of Little River, and Geo. Scotland, of California, were burned to a crisp.

TOLEDO, O., Oct. 17.--The three-year-old daughter of H. W. Compton, superintendent of the Toledo public schools, met with a terrible death Saturday evening. The little one was playing in the parlor of the family residence. Her mother left the room, and in a few moments she heard a scream from the child. Returning she discovered that the little girl had fallen into the open natural gas fire which was burning in a grate. The child was rescued, but was found to be frightfully burned, her face and the upper portion of her body being literally roasted by the intense heat. She died in a few moments.

Criminal Affairs. WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.--In the case of United States vs. Quinn Bonannon, of Nebraska, the United States supreme court today ordered that Quinn Bonannon shall come within the jurisdiction of the lower court by surrender or capture before the end of this term, the case be dropped from the docket.

THE MARKET. LIVER STOCK. Shipping steers... 5.25 @ 5.50. Good to choice... 4.75 @ 5.15. Choice... 4.25 @ 4.65. Suckers... 2.10 @ 2.25. Fat hogs... 4.50 @ 4.60. Packing and shipping... 4.7 @ 5.7. Light... 5.0 @ 4.40. Slight... 2.75 @ 3.10 @ 3.70.

Newspaper English.

The American press of to-day shows a most remarkable improvement in courtesy, liberality and culture when compared with that of thirty years ago; yet the indulgence in allspiced English has grown upon many of the writers who are obliged to turn out so many columns daily.

The influence of the press as an educator is simply immense. There is not a household into which the daily, weekly or monthly visitor comes where the student does not, consciously or unconsciously, strive to attain the style of the oracle he admires. If this be a writer remarkable for the purity and power of his diction, good; but such are nearly as rare as good men in Gomorrah. Not that the American press does not embrace the brightest or most brilliant intellects, but many of them are so given to the habit of writing to meet the exigencies of the occasion, that they have fallen into the slip of carelessness, and oftentimes allspiced, English. To be sure there are journalists which guard their pages zealously against inaccuracies, but a few cannot redeem the many.

If any one can reasonably be expected to write pure, strong English it is the editor who undertakes to cater to the intellect of thousands, no matter how cultured or how untrained that intellect may be; and yet it is a lamentable truth that a large proportion of the editorial fraternity indulges in flippant, slangy phrases, loosely joined constructions, careless metaphors and discourtesy toward one another. Nothing is needed so much as a reform in this direction. It is a most favorable sign to find that many of the foremost journals have already recognized the force of simple and direct language. There are no better examples of varied and equally admirable styles than the New York Sun, the Boston Herald, the Chicago Tribune and the London Standard.

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An Ingenious Advertisement. The cheapest and most ingenious advertisement now visible is that of a Fulton street hatter. Hung to a telegraph pole in front of his premises is a card board sign with the question on it, "Are you color blind?" In the center of the card is the name of the hatter in flaming red, and in the center of the name a white diamond shape edged with black. Below this card is another perfectly black, except for a diamond shaped space in the center similar to the one above. Between these two cards is the information that "if you look steadily for thirty seconds at the diamond in the name and then transfer your gaze to the diamond below for thirty seconds more you will see on the blank card the name you saw on the above. If the name you see the second time is red, your eyesight is all right; if not red you are color blind." This is an infallible test. And of the thousands that daily pass the sign it is safe to say that 40 per cent. try their eyesight and see at the same time a sight that tops the other two--to the effect that not a place in the city can you buy headgear as cheaply as within.

This natural phenomenon, for such it is, caused scientists say, by the bright flame being photographed on the retina of the eye by reflected light and when one looks at a white space the photograph gradually appears to you as if part of the sign. Then as slowly as it came, occupying about thirty seconds to come and go, it fades away, as a photographic plate would were it exposed to the light without first being treated by acids, etc., to render the reflection permanent.

The Fulton street man's test, however, is not infallible, for a man may be able to distinguish red, yet, were he color blind, yellow would appear to be green and blue brown.

The signs cost, altogether, about \$15. The value of the advertising, estimated by an advertising agent, and before daylight. "You are not compelled to live with me," replied the wife, "but as long as you do live with me you'll come home at a proper hour. If I have to go after you with a search warrant."

When they reached home Mrs. B. retired, and counterfeited sleep while B. flung himself into the nearest chair and looked the situation desperately in the face. Should he leave town? Should he get up and smother Mrs. B. with a pillow, or should he get a divorce? Just how the matter was settled never came out, but B. dallies no more with his favorite vice. The neighbor who lives opposite is ready to make affidavit that he comes home at a reasonable hour. Mrs. B. remarked innocently to a friend the other day "I have the best husband in the world now, but I never would undertake to bring in another man."--Louisville Courier-Journal.

Omaha Photographer: You will succeed. "Oh, do you think so?" "I know it." "But you never saw me until this morning." "No; but any one who can assume a natural expression when facing a camera can produce an audience.--Chicago Times.

BROKE HIM IN.

A Brave Young Wife Successfully Reform a Profligate Husband.

Not very long ago a young woman who very long married a man to whom her friends offered many objections. His ways were not the ways of pleasantness, and his feet were unfamiliar with the paths of peace. He had wandered aimlessly through the devious byways of iniquity, and there were those who believed him incapable of appreciating a woman of even average respectability.

Why he should wish to marry at all was the great question among his friends, while the minds of the opposition were haunted by the spectre of a womanhood wrecked and a fortune squandered. But they were married, and in a few months the young wife began to realize the predictions of her friends. Domestic life was too tame for her high-spirited husband. He began to stay out nights. She sat up for him to re-monstrate when he came home. He stayed later and later, hoping to tire her out, and frequently did not get in until daylight. Things were getting desperate. He had gone back to his first love, poker, and the last state of the man was worse than the first. She was a plucky woman and a proud one. Too plucky to be mistreated without a protest, and too proud to complain to her friends. More than this, she was in love with her husband. There were times when he felt that his deserts were small and his offences rank, and at such times he resorted to the aged and transparent subterfuge of sending a note explaining his absence on a business basis. Sometimes these notes were accompanied by a nice hot lunch or a bottle of champagne, as if a woman could enjoy a solitary drink any more than a man. He knew the trick was old and did not work, and he sometimes thought of offering a reward for something newer and better. There were moments in the early morning when a pale, tired face, with large dark eyes, looked mistily between him and the check-post, but he never regarded this as a weakness worthy a man of the world, and steadily pursued his way.

One evening when they had been married just a year, she was sitting alone as usual waiting for him to come to supper. It was the anniversary of their marriage, and she had made preparations to celebrate it in a quiet way. The faintest of suppers was waiting upon the dimly lit tables at the hour when well-regulated husbands are supposed to come to the dining room. Close at hand was the presence provided for the occasion, and while she thought with some bitterness that he should have been on the one to remember, she was determined that no shadow of reproach should intrude upon the enjoyment of the evening. The hours of 8 and 9 o'clock passed, and still the supper sat untasted upon the table. About 10 o'clock the servant brought in a note. "The same old story," said the wife, as she crushed it in her hand. "She tossed it into the fire and after it she threw the indignant present. Turning to the servant, she said: "Don't go to bed, James; I shall need you after awhile."

When James' services were next in demand it was 1:45 in the morning and he was posting toward Jefferson street in search of a hack. His mistress, meanwhile, in hat and gloves, was impatiently awaiting his return. Twenty minutes later the hack stood before the entrance of a fashionable poker room on a street which the evening mail goes upstairs with this message: "Tell my husband that I am here in a hack and I want him to come home." The message was as quietly delivered and as quietly answered: "Tell my wife to go home and go to bed; I'll come when I get ready." As the negro started down stairs his master was hugging a ten-foot and gracefully sliding a stack of chips toward the center of the table.

The operation was scarcely finished when a hand was laid upon his arm and a voice familiar, but unfamiliar, calm and measured in its tones, said: "Mr. B., I am waiting for you." To describe the effect of her entrance upon B. and his companions is a task beyond the average pencil. B. was a man of few words, and he knew when the limit had been reached. He took his wife's arm quietly, but with no gentle grip, and went down stairs. The limitation was complete. That his wife should have appeared in such a place was enough. To be led away in triumph was a little more than the mildest mannered man could endure. Half a dozen plans for revenge and self-protection flitted through his mind, but only one found utterance. "I would not live with you another twenty-four hours for the universe," he said, as they were whirling home. "This night's performance is worthless, and it will be all over town before daylight." "You are not compelled to live with me," replied the wife, "but as long as you do live with me you'll come home at a proper hour. If I have to go after you with a search warrant."

When they reached home Mrs. B. retired, and counterfeited sleep while B. flung himself into the nearest chair and looked the situation desperately in the face. Should he leave town? Should he get up and smother Mrs. B. with a pillow, or should he get a divorce? Just how the matter was settled never came out, but B. dallies no more with his favorite vice. The neighbor who lives opposite is ready to make affidavit that he comes home at a reasonable hour. Mrs. B. remarked innocently to a friend the other day "I have the best husband in the world now, but I never would undertake to bring in another man."--Louisville Courier-Journal.

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ALL MEN EDITORS.

The Man Who Could Not Run a Newspaper Not Yet Discovered.

"Hieronymus Crank" in the Memphis Sunday Times: I have never yet discovered the man who would so bravely risk his neck for a newspaper. He might be willing to acknowledge anything else; he might confess that he had mistaken his calling in becoming a minister; he might say that he was never built for a lawyer, or that medicine was not his taste; he might own up that he could not run a sawmill, a locomotive, a school, a hotel, a steamboat, or a saloon; but he never would admit that he could not make a newspaper a howling success.

I discovered this psychological fact several years ago when a friend of mine took a trip to Europe and asked me to run his paper for him while he was away. Now, if there was any one thing that I thought I could do, then it was to conduct a newspaper; so I promptly acceded to his request and was installed as editor. I determined in the first place I would sound public sentiment, and find out accurately what my readers wanted. Here are a few of their opinions. "Your editorials are too long. People don't read anything longer than fifteen lines nowadays. They believe in paragraphs." "Why don't you give us some editorials? Those short comments are not worth reading. They give us no idea of a subject."

"You ought to give us more personal and society news. Surely the movements of respectable people are of much more importance than the records of the police court." "What makes you fill your paper with all this slush? Nobody cares to read that kind of stuff." "I can't see why you fill your paper with so much trivial local news, when so many important events are taking place elsewhere." "For goodness' sake give us a rest on this foreign news. Nobody here cares what the royal idiots are doing in Europe."

"Why don't you cater more to the ladies? They are the greatest newspaper readers, and it seems to me that you slight them entirely." "Look here! You are making a mistake in publishing a woman's paper. If you expect to succeed you will have to put something stronger in it." "As soon as you quit publishing this infernal base ball news you can renew my subscription." "What's the matter with your paper now? It has no base ball news in it. That's the only department I read, and if you can't give us more than you do, why, you can stop my paper."

"You could greatly improve your paper by publishing art cles of the best humorists occasionally." "I can't understand why you stuff your columns with the alleged humor of Bill Nye, Bob Burdette and the funny papers. Nobody wants to read that kind of stuff." "If you are publishing a red hot prohibition paper now, you will make a great many enemies by embracing that folly." "I hear a good many complaints among the prohibitionists of the lukewarmness of the paper. They say that you have gone back on the cause."

"There's one thing lacking about your paper. You are not spicy and personal enough. People want personalities nowadays. They want to be shocked up." "You ought not to indulge so much in personalities. Maintain a judicial tone, and avoid anything like heat or malice." "If the paper had more sporting news in it, and fewer religious notes, it would be more popular."

Religious people complain a great deal about your filling your paper with sporting news, and neglecting the affairs of the church." "Well, I see where I got it. It was plain that in order to satisfy everybody I had to double the size of the paper or discontinue its publication entirely. I concluded to adopt the advice in sections. I became by turns rapturously religious and sublimely skeptical. I wrote like a literateur one week; and like the correspondent of a sporting journal the next. I constructed ponderous articles on the tariff and an offset penetrated the giddy of the giddy and dashed up an editorial on society. I wrote learnedly about base ball and developed an easy cowboy style in my literary critiques. I noticed every local plank walk that had been laid and every watermelon lawn party that had been given one week; and the next I wrote about the early extermination of Europe. I gave my views about agriculture in a way that infatuated the entire stranger element. I wrote up a public official in a judicial way, and nobody paid any attention to it. I denounced another official in a laud, red-headed style, and contracted a serious case of doctor's bill on account of it.

When I had been an editor for about six weeks I became aware of the fact that if the owner of the paper did not return soon he would find nothing of his journal left except the mortgages on the type and press.

Tobacco in England. "The use of tobacco in this country has been steadily growing," says the St. James Gazette. "From the last inland Revenue report it appears that, whereas in 1841 there was a population of upward of twenty-six millions, and an importation of tobacco of twenty-three millions of pounds weight, the numbers have now grown to fifty three millions of pounds for a population of thirty-seven millions. To put this more clearly, in 1841 we required 13 3-4 ounces of tobacco per head, whereas we now want 1 pound 7 ounces. Since the higher rate of duty was imposed (in 1878), however, the increase of consumption has not grown much faster than that of the population. It is very satisfactory to notice that no case of adulteration of home manufactured tobacco has occurred during the year covered by the report. Some foreign cigarettes are apparently flavored with horceae and glycerine; a fact which will probably be new to cigarette smokers. Another paragraph in the report shows how indifferently unsuccessful are the efforts to cultivate tobacco in the United Kingdom."