

TRAGEDY YERDAY
A VOTING MACHINE.

Several interested persons, among them being attorneys and men of capital, gathered in the office of George W. Sues in the Bee building Tuesday afternoon to witness the trial trip of Albert Sjoberg's somewhat locally famous "voting machine." Sjoberg is a young Swedish newspaper man and won distinction a few years ago by captaining a winning team of giants in a tug-of-war game at the Coliseum. At that time it was not guessed that invention lay in his brain waiting a chance to spread itself.

However, Mr. Sjoberg has really brought into existence a machine which, for ingenuity, is more than remarkable. This contrivance is a mechanical register similar in its purposes to those which "register the amount of your purchase," only that in this instance instead of one purchase being put down, it is an entire electoral ballot.

The machine looks somewhat like the upper part of a piano. It has a number of keys running down the front, and these do the business. It would be foolish for a tyro to attempt to tell the manner in which results are reached, but the simple fact is, that this apparatus yesterday did everything but think, and in these days of voting that is not a requirement. It permits only of honest voting and going on the Australian system it resists every blandishment. It is judge and clerk of election, but bad cigars have no effect upon it and it does not require that the candidate shall send around lunch in the evening, nor is it necessary for the apparatus to go out at frequent intervals for a drink.

The names of the various candidates for the particular offices are bunched in groups, a group for every office. For instance there are three candidates running for sheriff, there are three keys labelled with the various names and it would look at first blush as though the voter would have a nice chance to vote for all three, but when one key is depressed that not only registers that vote but it locks all others in that "sheriff" group, although leaving all other offices to be yet voted upon. In case there are two persons to be elected for some offices, as those of county commissioner, the operation is exactly the same. The machine will let a man vote for two commissioners, but it sticks right there.

This bewilderingly intelligent machine yesterday showed its versatility in another way. The matter of scratching is cared for by it. One man can be scratched for any office, or if there are more than one to be elected for one office, just so many can be scratched. The way is simple, but it would tangle one to attempt to describe it. Taken all in all the machine is a marvel and not the least important of its marvelous features is that it will show the total vote all counted up one second after the polls close. The figures are there in plain sight when the "blinder," which conceals them through the day, is removed.

Mr. Sjoberg made his first machine a year or more ago of wood. It then became necessary to reduce it to metal, and to do that he was obliged to keep one expert machinist on the thing for over a year filing out to proper size the hundreds of intricate pieces of mechanism. It is believed by the inventor and his backers that the machine will certainly succeed the present system of elections, for it carries so many improvements that the old way is out of the question. While the machine costs a fair amount, it is calculated to save on wages to judges and clerks and to counterbalance by its speedy and absolutely honest work. The men who saw it operate Tuesday are greatly taken up with it and many expressed confidence that Omaha would become renowned as the home of the solution of election troubles.

SWEET REVENGE.

When the Lillian Russell Company played "Giroffe Giroffa" in Newark a week ago Thursday, conspicuous in front orchestra chairs sat a gallant Newark youth and his best girl. She was a shy, timid creature on the surface, yet, like the Jersey mosquito, she was possessed of a strong will and a keen appreciation of her own merits. The curtain had been up about five minutes when the blonde beauty who was dancing gracefully and gleefully in the untrammelled freedom of tights in the front rank of the chorus, transfixed the youth with an amorous glance from between her darkened lashes. One look was sufficient. The Newark youth capitulated on the spot, and his heart winged its way to the feet of the beauty.

The maiden heard the sigh, and saw the look of unutterable longing that accompanied it, and distress siezed upon her. Henceforth

her escort had no eyes or ears for her. The stage butterfly absorbed his every attention. His dethroned idol in the adjoining seat bore his neglect in moody silence for two acts, and then, feigning illness, prevailed upon her fickle lover to take her home. No sooner had he seen the girl safely in the house than the youth returned to the theater, and, by dint of scheming, secured an introduction to his charmer, who graciously permitted him to accompany her to New York and expend a week's salary in a supper.

In the first row the next night the smitten youth renewed his allegiance to the lithe-limbed chorus girl, and again was he allowed to repeat his journey and courtesies of the previous night. But the coy Newark maiden knew a thing or two. Her recreant youth's actions were promptly reported to her by the inevitable rival, and the Jersey's maiden's scheme of vengeance was soon concocted. At the minimum cost of 50 cents she purchased a quart bottle of "Catawba wine," warranted to eat holes through seventeen-inch harveyized armor plate. The assistance of a friendly and sympathetic druggist added a liberal dose of ipecac to the contents of the bottle. The avenging maiden's "property plot" called for jalap as the ingredients to be mixed with the wine, but she allowed herself to be persuaded that the milder drug would prove sufficiently effective.

At 6:30 Saturday evening half a dozen chorus girls were congregated in a dressing room playing penny-ante to occupy the time until the night performance. A knock came at the door and a messenger inquiring for Miss — handed her a bottle which bore a card with the simple announcement that it was accompanied by "Willie's love." The proud beauty was touched. Here was a lover who gave thought to her comfort at the proper time. It wasn't champagne, to be sure, but it was "wet," at any rate, and besides, Willie was a Newark youth and not expected to know better. Glasses were quickly procured, and in a few minutes nothing was left of the wine but a horrible taste that clung like leeches to the palates of the girls.

The sufferings of the blonde beauty and her companions were sufficient to gratify the vengeance of even a Newark girl. Six vacancies in the chorus, six pale and bedraggled singers writhing in the dressing room briefly summarized what happened, and when Willie presented himself at the stage door he was transfixed by a stony glare from the stage charmer. He could not understand why.

Gowned in her best bib and tucker and flushed with the pride of victory and the sweets of revenge, the simple Newark girl carried Willie in triumph to church twice on Sunday.

"It has cured others and will cure you," is true only of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The motto suits the medicine and the medicine suits the motto. What better assurance could you have that a remedy will cure you, than the fact that it has cured such a multitude of others?

PLOT FOR A WESTERN TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

Place—Kansas town.
Personae—One rainmaker, several citizens and some rabble.
Properties—Rain-making requisites.

ACT II.

Place—Same.
Personae—Same (excited).
Properties—Dark cloud looming.

ACT III.

Place—Same.
Personae—Same, rabble violent, rainmaker's face and clothes disfigured.
Properties—Cloud of locusts.—Washington Times.

ALL ARRANGED.

Little May—Mamma, which papa will be my papa when we get to heaven?

Mrs. Wilson (of Chicago)—Don't worry child. I have been careful not to marry the kind that are likely to meet us there!—Town Topics.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.