

accounted for the large attendance, the majority, however, preferred hanging around and discussing the matter out of doors to listening to Joe's eloquence within.

"Things have bin gittin' lax fer some time," said Watkins, "and the camp's decided to make a stand, and Waggin's hez got ter git—that's it, he's got ter git. There's three things as Babbit's Find can't stand—hoss stealin', crooked dealin' at cards and bigamy. The camp ain't squeamish, but that's the verdict, and as Dick Waggin's hez deserted his lovin' wife and married Spiggot's widdier, why, in course,

"HE'S GOT TER GIT."

The orator paused for a reply, but befor it could be given, Dick, turning his back on Joe, addressed his judges.

"Five years ago," he said, "I married that painted Jezebel, who left me after she had spent all my money and driven me to drink and despair. Boys, you know what I was when I came here; you know what I am now. What I was then was the work of that fiend; what I am now is the work of this good women. She is my wife in the sight of God and in the eyes of all honest men. Yonder is hell "here," clasping her to his breast, "is heaven. She is my wife, my own, true wife, and damn the law which says she's not!"

A thunder of applause broke out on this speech, in the midst of which Bob Tinnett entered the building.

"Snakes and live lightening!" he exclaimed, as his eyes fell on the deserted Ariadne, who at that moment was vigorously, applauding the speech of ner Theseus. "Are you the deserted wife that infernal hypocrite has been jawin' about?"

"Do you know her?" asked Waggin's eagerly, "If so, you can tell them what sort of a woman, in my boyish folly, I made my wife."

"Not your wife, Dick, my boy, because I'd married her the year before and I was number three."

"Confound you, Joe Watkins," was the unexpected rejoinder of the much-married woman. "A pretty mess you've got me into; but you never were worth your salt—never."

"What! Did you know him before?" shouted a dozen voices, while the advocate of public morality turned from gray to green.

"Know him?" Why, he was my first venture. You may be sure, gentleman, I did not know my own value on the market when I married him. He promised me a pile if I would come along and work this game. He'd got a spite agin' poor Dick and his wife. I hated to do Dick another ill turn. Upon my honor, now Dick, I did; but I'd struck nothing but ill luck for so long—"

"Don't apologize, ma'am," replied Dick, grimly. "What I have just learned makes me feel glad you came. But as for that hound," and he turned on Joe, who groveled at his feet in abject terror.

"Dont shoot, Dick," said Jack Lefroy. "Such vermin are not worth lead. He is saving for hemp. Get up, you cur, and take this charming wife of yours and go. And now, boys, straight for Rand'y."

MIXED.

"In a village near Erie, Penn.," said J. S. Compton, of Cleveland, Ohio, at the Lindell, "a public scandal involving a prominent citizen a Sunday school superintendent, and a lady, both bearing the same name, was narrowly averted recently, and the case afforded an example of how a careless mistake may fasten guilt on innocent parties. It occurred in this way: The lady in the case was a neighbor and friend of the Sunday school man. Her husband was a roving man of the world who often absented himself from home for weeks at a time. He and his wife were practically separated, but she concealed the fact that there was any incompatibility, and accounted for his absence on the ground of business. The other man was in Buffalo on business, and was called unexpectedly to Boston. He telegraphed his wife, 'Darling, I am called away to Boston; will write fully from there in a few days, James.' Simultaneously, almost, came a telegram from New York to the neglected wife: 'It is no use living this life any longer. I am off to Europe and will not return. Your Husband.' The operator got the telegrams mixed, and as both surnames were the same, and one was only signed 'Your Husband,' each lady on receipt of her dispatch thought it was for her. The one who got the 'Darling' telegram thought her recreant spouse had softened and instead of waiting for a letter she posted off to Boston that evening. The other, supposing herself deserted, fainted dead away and fell a victim to brain fever. The telegram lying beside her when she was found told the tale of her husband's alleged duplicity. The scandal spread and was the talk of the whole town. So it went on until the return of her husband. He proved that he was

in Buffalo when he sent the telegram, but the people were not fully convinced until it was learned that the other man had really sailed from New York on the same day."

HERRON VS. AMERICA.

The recent exhibition of Herronism at the commencement exercises of the University of Nebraska has awakened a general outburst of indignation on the part of the state press. Opinion on the Herron address is voiced by the *Norfolk News* as follows:

"Rev. George Herron of Grinnell, Iowa, an educator who holds down a chair of some kind in the Grinnell (Iowa) college, was invited to make the address at the commencement exercises of the University of Nebraska. His subject, or text, was 'The Christian State, or a Political Vision.' The oration of the reverend gentleman reads more like one of Herr Most's harangues than the address of an American citizen to an intelligent assembly. The statement that we are a fallen nation; that our courts are cesspools of corruption; that liberty has been forsaken and all patriotism crushed out of the American heart, and love and respect for the American flag obliterated, is an insult to every citizen of Nebraska.

The idea advanced by Mr. Herron that this nation must be born again, a new form of government adopted, and the old constitution trampled under the feet of treason for the sake of uniting church and state and forming a religious monarchy on the ruins of the republic, will not find many advocates in this land of liberty. The peculiar teachings of the so-called 'deep thinkers' like the rot of alleged social economists who stuff the magazines with meaningless theoretical essays on problems they claim to have solved, will have some followers. The man who walks with bowed head and hands folded behind him is not always a philosopher, although he may be a 'deep thinker'. The successful burglar, the daring road-agent, and the crafty political manipulator and treasury looter, like Boss Tweed are all 'deep thinkers' in their different lines. 'Deep thinker' Herron is doubtless sincere in the ideas he advanced in his address at Lincoln. He knows nothing of the practical affairs of life. He is a bigot, blinded by prejudice and steeped in egotism, who seeks to inflict upon the country, through his mouth, what braver men would seek to accomplish, by a resort to arms, ideas, not conceived from freely mingling with the people or by practical experience and observation, but which are the products of exclusiveness and a mind slightly out of gear.

Mr. Herron's address was a surprise to his hearers. Their intelligence and patriotism were insulted. And when Governor Crouse stepped forward to issue commissions to the cadets there was a hope that he would have something to say in reply. The governor said:

"Young gentlemen the chancellor has kindly asked me to present you with the commissions to which you are entitled by reason of the rank you have attained in the organization of the university cadets. This I do with pleasure and in doing so I may add a remark or two to what has already been so well said by the chancellor.

You no doubt have looked forward to this day with pleasant anticipations and now that they are about to be realized I know that they are not unmingled with regrets. You must rely on your own energy, industry and perseverance. Success or failure lies largely with you.

Owing to a better digestion or other reason, I take a more cheerful or optimistic view of things than the gentleman who addressed you at length, and I feel called upon to repudiate much that he has said as unwarranted in fact, and damaging and discouraging to the youth just entering upon the battle of life.

I don't believe that this country is wholly bad and tottering on the verge of destruction. I don't agree with him that our courts are vile and bad, that they are the cesspools of corruption and the founts of anarchy. Neither do I believe that Coxey and his followers are the highest types of American citizenship. I believe our institutions are the grandest and our system of government the best ever known or devised, and no country offers greater inducements to its young. All avenues of greatness, wealth and distinction are open to the poor and rich alike. All may enter and the most worthy succeed."

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