

STATE NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. S. U. Stevens of Cambridge, last week celebrated their golden wedding.

The White Shield League is the name of a new temperance organization effected at Humboldt.

A party of twenty-eight residents of Tecumseh have chartered a coach and will spend the winter months in California.

Typhoid fever has become quite prevalent in and about Papillion. Severe cases are reported in different parts of the county.

Miss Bertha Shelp, a well known young woman of Tecumseh, was bitten on the cheek by a vicious horse and the flesh was considerably lacerated.

At Lincoln the Burlington confessed judgment for \$1,300 for the death of Arthur Marr, Daisy Marr, the widow, bringing the suit. Marr was killed near Louisville some time ago.

The dead body of Welcome Davidson, aged 65, was found in a field near Foster. The dead man's face was horribly gashed and his feet were entangled in straps.

State Treasurer Mortensen has closed a contract with three bond companies to furnish him a \$1,000,000 bond at a cost of \$2,500, the same as the bond cost last year.

The McDonald Mercantile company's store at Meadow Grove was entered by burglars. Four coats, silk skirts and waists were taken of the value of about \$1,000.

Tecumseh is to have the fifth rural mail route. It will be established on January 2, 1905, and will run east from that city. The route will be twenty-two miles in length.

Frank Donner, convicted of cattle stealing in the district court, broke jail at Neligh. He was confined in the corridor and pried off the bars of the windows with an iron stove shaker.

A new manufacturing company, known as the Tripple Heating Stove and Gas Trap, has been organized in Beatrice. The company has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$100,000.

While on a hunting expedition near Springfield, George Bartels, a young lad, was accidentally shot by John Dolley. Bartels received the contents of a shot gun at close range, but was not severely injured.

The night operator of the Union Pacific Railroad company at Lexington, was held up about 3 o'clock in the morning by a stranger putting a gun through the ticket window and demanding all of the cash, about \$90.

The large flouring mill at Holmesville, which was partially destroyed by the cyclone of last summer which swept over that section of the county, is now in full blast, the building having been overhauled and repainted and new machinery installed.

Dave Rogers, a 16-year-old boy of Saunders county, while hunting, got ice in the barrel of his gun and when he shot it burst, knocking him senseless. He lay for some time, as he was alone. When found he was still unconscious and remained so for some time.

James Yaryer of Fremont, was probably fatally injured while attending his duties at Nye-Schneider-Fowler company's elevator. Yaryer's right leg became entangled in a coil of rope attached to a steam shovel, and the result was that the limb was terribly mangled.

According to the quarterly report of Secretary Royle of the state banking board, loans have increased since the last report and deposits have decreased. This is supposed to be due to the action of farmers in withdrawing money for running expenses while holding their grain and stock for the higher winter markets.

Nebraska is able to pour forth on a foreign foe 119,755 able bodied militiamen in case of necessity. This does not include returns from Blaine, Boyd, Greeley and McPherson counties, whose county clerks have absolutely refused to comply with the law and send reports to Adjutant General J. H. Culver.

There are being fed in the vicinity of Schuyler 25,000 head of sheep and 1,600 head of cattle by various individuals and companies. The amount of corn required for this amount of live stock, about 1,300 bushels per day, together with the normal amount used daily by our local millers, the Wells-Abbott-Nieman Co., 2,800, makes a total daily requirement of something like 4,000 bushels.

A Mr. Vohland, a farmer residing near Shelton, arose the other morning to find his best team, two fine, heavy draft horses, and wagon, valued at nearly \$500, gone. The team was traced in the direction of Grand Island, and finally was found near Alda in a corn field, where it is supposed to have been left by the thief or thieves, to be secured the next night and driven further out of the country.

While repairing a barbed wire fence, Life Nelson, a farmer of Forest City precinct, Sully county, was quite severely injured. After stretching the wire it broke and flew back, the barbs striking him in the neck. The flesh was badly lacerated, the jugular vein being narrowly missed.

Henry Broer, accused by killing his father near Ohiowa on the night of November 11, had a hearing before Judge Patterson at Geneva, and was bound over to the district court on a charge of murder in the second degree. His bond was fixed at \$15,000.

TALK OF MOVING SUGAR FACTORY

Company Claims Not Enough Beets Are Raised.

GRAND ISLAND.—There is a very persistent rumor here, with apparently considerable ground for its repeated circulation, that the American Beet Sugar company is about to take a significant step—the dismantling and removal of one of its Nebraska factories to Colorado. It is again said—for the rumor has been circulated, denied and again become current—that within six months the machinery of the Norfolk factory will have been shipped to Lamar, Colo.

Inquiry of reliable and directly interested parties at Norfolk, some ten days ago led to the information that the proposed action came to the ears of Norfolk's business men over a month ago. The business men took the matter up, made inquiry of the officials of the company, learned that the removal was in contemplation because of the light acreage of beets raised in that section of the state, and set about in an effort to buy or lease the plant. This proved impractical for some reason. It is said that the company then proposed that the business men of Norfolk and the farmers interested, pledge an increased number of acres of beets. So far as the business men of the city were concerned no results obtained from this, the business men not seeing their way clear to make the guarantees. It was stated then, that efforts were being made to encourage the farmers who had raised beets to increase the number of acres contracted and to encourage non-beet raisers to take small contracts. It is to be added that the informants referred to—the disinterested Norfolk parties—the entire position of the American Beet Sugar company was largely in the nature of a bluff, made for the purpose of securing a larger acreage of beets.

The officials of the local company are either not advised very fully in the matter or are disinclined to give out what they know. Nothing pertaining to the matter can be learned from them.

CLYDE LESTER IS KILLED.

Shot By John Lucas on Phelps County Farm.

HOLDREGE.—A fatal shooting affray occurred in the northern part of the county, when John Lucas shot and killed Clyde Lester, a young man, about 22 years of age, who had been working for Lucas, but quit a few days ago.

It appears that Lester went to the Lucas farm and demanded his wages, which amounted to about \$40, which Lucas would not pay, and words ensued. Next morning Lester again started for the Lucas house, but Lucas saw him from the field and ordered him to stop. Lester did not, and Lucas rested his shotgun on the fence and fired, killing Lester instantly. The gun was loaded with buckshot, one charge entering the breast, there being ten shots found in the breast and one in the throat.

The other charge entered his legs. The gun was a new one which Lucas is said to have bought at Elm Creek. The deceased was unarmed, an old knife and a husking peg being all that was in his pockets. Several men were on the Lucas farm at the time and witnessed the shooting. Lucas seems unconcerned over the matter.

Horses and Wagon Stolen.

STANTON.—Two horses, wagon and harness were stolen from the farm of Henry Mathes, one-half mile east of this place. The theft was committed some time between 11 o'clock at night and 5 in the morning.

Barker Makes Complaint.

LINCOLN.—A brief has been prepared in behalf of Frank Barker and filed with the supreme court. Barker is the man who murdered his brother and his sister-in-law at their home near Red Cloud last March in order that he might get their home for his intended bride. He was to have been hanged in September, but a few days before the execution date asked for a stay of execution of sentence in order that he might prepare a petition in error and file it with the supreme court.

Money for the Schools.

There will be divided among the school districts of the state by reason of the semi-annual school apportionment \$272,257.96, against \$255,000 this time last year. It was supposed that the amount would reach \$274,000, but a warrant that was expected to reach the treasurer's office failed to arrive.

The Lincoln Business College has

filed amended articles of incorporation decreasing its capital stock from \$10,000 to \$5,000, all of which is to be paid up.

Receiver Is Appointed.

O'NEILL.—O. F. Biglin, a well known furniture dealer of this town, has been appointed by the district court receiver of the defunct Elkhorn Valley bank. His bond was fixed at \$12,000. The appointment is the result of the request by the state banking board for a receiver for the institution.

There will be eight fusionists in the lower house of the Nebraska legislature. The senate is unanimously republican.

Life

We are born; we laugh; we weep; We love; we droop; we die! Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep? Why? 'Tis we live or die? Who knows that secret deep? Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring Unseen by human eye? Why do the radiant seasons bring Sweet thoughts that quickly fly? Why do our fond hearts cling To things that die?

We toll—through pain and wrong; We fight—and fly; We love; we lose; and then, ere long, Stone dead we lie, O life! is all thy song "Endure and die!" —Bryan Waller Procter.

HIGHER WOMAN'S WIT

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"I reckon I've cured you of your contrariness for good and all," cried Farmer Haines, swinging in at the kitchen door, standing an old shot gun behind the stove and scowling fiercely as he took his accustomed seat at table. His blazing eyes challenged those of a slender girl engaged in emptying the steaming contents of several pots into a line of waiting dishes.

"Why, father, what have you done?" The girl's hand went up as if she felt a clutch at her pretty throat and her eyes flashed back a look of defiance not unmingled with fear. "If you have killed him, finish your mad work and shoot me, too!" she cried, dropping a saucer and rushing for the door. The old man turned to stop her, but, even as his arm was raised, the door flew open and a young man, ministerially garbed and very much out of breath, nervously dabbing at his chubby face with a large silk handkerchief, entered precipitately and confronted the young woman.

"Dora Haines!" he gasped, "you look all worked up. What's the matter? I thought I heard—"

"Ask father—he knows," faltered Dora, breaking from the affectionate grasp of the Reverend Giles Faxon and flying down the pathway leading to the road.

"What—what's happened?" asked the parson, seating himself and gazing with impatient curiosity at the stalwart Haines, as he proceeded to transfer his dinner from the stove to the table. "What—what's Dora so put out about? I thought I heard—"

"You heard nothing," declared the farmer, pausing to level a warning finger at the preacher, "do you understand? You heard nothing!"

"But I certainly—"

Haines in one stride was at the other's elbow. His great fist was within an inch of the reverend nose. "You shut up and let me talk," he hissed. "That Barker fellow has been sniping around here again contrary to my orders. He's after my Dora, and she—the nippy—loves him. Hear that? Loves him!"

"But Barker's a forger—I thought he had left the country."

"Will you be quiet? Dora would have run away with him if I hadn't kept my eye skinned. I warned him that the next time he came around I'd put shot into him, and I guess I've kept my word."

"Oh, I trust you haven't—"

"Never your mind. You've heard nothing and you want to let that stick in your memory or you may come to harm. If you have any idea of marrying my daughter, mind what I'm telling you."

"Was Dora going to him when I came in?"

"Go and see, for all I care—but remember—you heard no shooting."

The Reverend Giles Faxon, in anything but a happy frame of mind, left the house. Several farm hands were coming in from the fields to dinner.



"If you have killed him, shoot me, too!"

His first impulse was to inquire of them as to Barker and the shooting, but he remembered Haines' warning and let them pass unquestioned.

"Perhaps he is lying wounded down there by the creek," he thought, "perhaps—oh, God—perhaps Haines killed him—and it is all my fault. I will go and see. Dora, if she expected him, may be there before me."

Less than half an hour had elapsed

since Faxon, on his way afoot from his school to dine with Haines and his daughter, had heard high words from a clump of trees near the creek by the roadside—words, followed by the report of a gun. He had distinguished the voices but, being of a timid nature, had hastened his steps toward the farm house, not pausing to inquire into the cause or effect of the strange occurrence.

Arriving at a little bridge that spanned the creek, Faxon, leaving the road, tremblingly plunged into the underbrush, calling: "Dora! Dora! Where are you, Dora?"

There was no answer and the young



"Live? Yes! Live to see you well rewarded!"

clergyman floundered around for several minutes without observing any sign of a scuffle. Suddenly he heard a voice and, guided by the sound, soon came upon Dora Haines kneeling beside the prostrate form of a man. Dora appeared not to notice Faxon who, as soon as his eyes fell upon his rival's face against the girl's heart, cried out:

"How can you, Dora? He is a felon—he who forged old man Cotton's name—the man whose arrest is worth five hundred dollars."

Dora turned upon him with scorn in her beautiful eyes. "He is innocent!" she cried. Barker stirred and the farmer's daughter again gave him her attention, calling him by endearing names—names the Reverend Faxon had never before heard from her lips. A sigh escaped Dora's lover and suddenly he sat up, looking longingly into the girl's eyes and then letting his gaze wander to the surprised countenance of the parson. "Dora knows I'm innocent," he said, and then something like a smile brightened his handsome features—a smile of triumph. Faxon made a move as if to withdraw.

"Not yet!" cried Barker, and there was strength in his voice. "Stay!"—and Barker's hand was raised. In it he held a shining revolver. "Dora's father told me, before this little forging incident, that she loved you, so when you stooped to forge another's name—and further stooped to accuse me—old Cotton's clerk—for love of her, believing that she really loved you, I let it appear that I left the country. But I was not very far away. One night I stole to Dora's window to say good-by, and learned from her lips that her heart was mine. Her father interrupted us and, believing the lie you spread concerning me, would have held me to claim the reward. Dora pleaded for my liberty and her father let me go, threatening to shoot me should I again be seen on his place. To-day I came to expose you and to take Dora away as my wife. I managed to send her a message to meet me here, but her father saw me and kept his promise. As for you—you will soon change your ministerial garb for a striped suit."

"You can prove nothing."

"That will come later; just now you have work to do—the last task you will perform as a clergyman, I think for some time—marry us!"

The Reverend Giles Faxon trembled, hesitated and stuttered. Dora hid her face on her lover's shoulder. The point of Barker's pistol rose a trifle and—Faxon did his duty.

"Will he live?" asked Faxon, for Dora and Barker were very silent following the strange ceremony and the clergyman feared—or did he hope?—

that his victim might be passing beyond the power to accuse him to the world.

"Live? Yes! Live to see you well rewarded," cried Barker, springing to his feet.

"Why—why, I thought you were badly wounded," declared the Reverend Giles Faxon.

"He would have been," said Dora, nestling close in her lover's arms, "had I not thought to pat blank cart ridges in father's gun."

One On the Mule.

William H. Taft, secretary of war, weighs 320 pounds. His predecessor in office, Elihu Root, tips the scales at only half that figure.

When Secretary Taft was civil governor of the Philippines his health was sadly undermined. He was laboring under great responsibility in governing the archipelago, where conditions were yet so disturbed as to give Secretary Root and President Roosevelt much concern. Mr. Root therefore requested Judge Taft to keep him advised by the new Pacific cable as to the state of his health. One day this message came to Mr. Root from Gov. Taft at Benguet, in the mountains near Manila:

"Rode ten miles on a mule to-day. Am feeling much better. TAFT."

Mr. Root chuckled and doubled with mirth in the chair which Secretary Taft has since discarded as too small. He dictated this reply:

"Taft, Benguet. Glad to hear it, but how is the mule? ROOT."

She Declined the Seat.

George was a well behaved little boy. He had been especially taught by his father to be polite to ladies and in a crowded car always to give up his seat to one of the gentle sex, regardless of age, social condition and good looks. On a Subway car last Sunday papa had an unlooked-for and embarrassing illustration of how well George had learned his lesson. The car was crowded, but George had preempted a seat. A handsome young lady entered at one of the stations at which the train stopped. There was not a vacant seat.

"Take my seat, ma'am," said little George, as he doffed his cap. She didn't take the seat. She looked fierce enough to box his ears, and the passengers had to laugh in spite of her mortification. George was sitting on papa's lap when he so gallantly offered to give up his seat to the pretty young lady.—Exchange.

The Goddess From the Machine.

Singing for phonograph seems to be as high-paid musical exercise as there is. A phonograph company has offered a prima donna, who sings at the Metropolitan opera house this winter, \$14,000 for four songs. That is, \$6,000 as soon as the songs are sung, and \$2,000 a year for four years as a reward for not singing into any other machine. Great and many are the means of income of a goddess of grand opera. She could live splendidly on what she can get for using a pill, a perfume, a piano, or a phonograph.—With the Procession, Everybody's Magazine.

A Toast.

Let him who will drink to his love, Or pledge a friend in wine; A rousing toast I'll give to thee, O enemy of mine!

Pour forth the amber liquid; fill Your glasses to the brim; Here's to the man whose heart for me Bears naught but hatred grim!

How oft when steep ascents I climb Would I cast down my load, Down with "Miss Evans!" My lagging footsteps goad!

So drink again; your humpers raise And easily clink with me; Here's to the man who hates me well—Down with "Miss Evans!" —Blanche Goodman, in Smart Set.

Italian Judicial Scandal.

A singular judicial scandal has broken out in Naples and the district depending upon the Neapolitan tribunal where the discovery has been made that no fewer than 13,000 public prosecutions, great and small, have during the last few years been allowed to lapse and disappear from the lists, owing to magisterial neglect and corruption. The excuse for the magistrates is that they have only followed a system of long standing.

Edison and Pasteur.

Thomas A. Edison has settled down to the life of a country gentleman under the shadow of the New Jersey mountains. Americans are inclined to forget that his is one of the great names of the world.

Ancient fact, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle, I recall an interview with Pasteur, the immortal French bacteriologist, in which he said, with the simple and unaffected vanity of a Frenchman: "Your Edison is a great man. When the history of our generation comes to be written the two names that will stand out most prominently in science will be his and mine."

Newspapers of the World.

It has been calculated that, taking the population of the whole world, there is one newspaper to every 82,600 persons. The United States supports 12,500 newspapers, of which 1,000 are dailies these being round figures. Germany has 5,500 journals, of which 800 are dailies. England takes second place in the European record with 3,000 newspapers, of which 809 are dailies. France has nearly the same number—namely, 2,819—but of these only a fourth appear daily or twice or thrice a week.

Seek to Lower Death Rate.

German manufacturers have united in a movement to lower the industrial death rate. In Holland there is a museum of safety, which has demonstrated the value of educating the public in the use of safety appliances.

RESULT OF SEEING "DOUBLE."

Convivial Gentleman Feared He Had Committed Bigamy.

"It is remarkable how the after effect of too much strong drink will influence foolish men," said Cornelius Gardiner. "Usually when a man drinks so much that he sees double the remembrance of that fact does not worry him the next day. He considers it as a sort of joke, and is inclined to boast of it. I met a man to-day, though, on whom it had a most remarkable effect. He is an actor whom I have known for some time and who a few months ago married a very pretty girl, to whom he is absolutely devoted. Never was a man more in love than he is with his wife. His only fault is that once in a while he stays out with the boys and takes a little more than is good for him.

"When I met him this morning he looked very worried, almost distracted. It was also evident that he had a little 'hang over' from last night. I asked what the matter was.

"Trouble at home, I'm afraid," he answered.

"Did your wife give you a curtain lecture?"

"I wasn't in any shape to know what was said or happened, but I'm afraid Lilly will get a divorce."

"Why?"

"I don't know how, but I'll bet I've committed bigamy. I can take my oath there were two wives there. No more of the hard stuff for me if I get out of this!"—New York Herald.

A Budding Grafter.

"I have a little boy in my room who is bound to figure in some great municipal scandal some day," said the school teacher. "He's a lazy little fellow and he exasperates me because he can do so well when he does work. Lately I've been giving him low grade marks to see if that would not spur him up a little. But, while it disturbs his father, the youngster himself does not seem to mind his low rank. Yes, terday he came to me with more interest than I have seen in his face for some time.

"Say, teacher," he said, "dad says if I'll get a good rank this month he'll give me \$20. And I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll give me high marks I'll divide the twenty with you."

"It was in vain that I labored with him and pointed out that he had insulted me. He insisted that it was merely a way for us both to make \$10 easily. If he doesn't get a Folk after him some day I shall be very much mistaken."

Honors Were Even.

It was at the Republican State convention in Trenton, New Jersey, that several of the delegates became interested in a discussion on the ethics of bill-collecting in the professions of law and medicine.

"Let's see," said a prominent lawyer to a well known physician, "are you not the medicine man who is so particular about his fee that he always inquires whether or not a patient carries life insurance before accepting the case?"

"Yes, I'm the man," replied the disciple of Hippocrates with a genial smile, "and unless I'm mistaken you are the lawyer that told a young fellow, who asked you if he might sue for the hand of your daughter, that he could if he'd permit you to draw up the papers in the case and give you a retainer of twenty-five dollars."

"The others in the crowd agreed that honors were even.—Chicago Record-Herald.

On Lone Tree Hill.

On Lone Tree hill, in grip of death, Ten thousand soldiers lie, And groans and sobs of agony Assail the leader's eye. War's dreadful scenes of carnage grim, Flashed before him and starting eye, Wild calls for help and prayers to Him Who "heeds the raven's cry."

To Him whose ways were peace and love, Who died forgiving all, Who taught the brotherhood of man, Who "sees each sparrow fall," His tender heart must heed such moan, Such anguish and such woe; He sends his angel Azrael, Bleat messenger below.

Pence vainly prays and veils her eyes; Ah! not alone she sees These sights and sounds of misery, But over lands and seas Are homes bereft and orphans left, And widows' anguished cry; And old, ten thousand mothers' hearts, That break but cannot die. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Boy Fought With Deer.

Willie Stevens, 17 years old, saw a deer come out of a swamp near Susquehanna, Pa., the other day. He crouched down in a quiet corner with a stone in his hand, and as the deer passed hurled the stone and struck the animal, crippling it. The deer tried to escape, but the boy overtook it and struck the beast in the head with another stone. The deer turned at bay and rushed at the boy. The latter dodged and caught the animal by one of its hind legs. Both went down together and rolled over and over in the struggle. Stevens finally managed to get a grip on the deer's neck and with an old pocket knife cut its throat, thus ending the struggle.

Patent All Right.

The delicatessen man was out of bottled milk and his customer had no pail. There was plenty of milk in the big can.

"All right. I got patent," said the delicatessen man. "I figs plenty customers dese way." He put one paper bag inside of another, and into his improvised pail turned a quart of milk just as he handed it to the customer in triumph a little white stream began to spray the inventor. He turned the milk back into the can.

"Going to apply for that patent?" asked the customer.

"Dot patent was all right. But I nefer knew so many holes to come in one place before."