

WEEDS INSTEAD OF FISH

That is What the State is Hatching at the South Bend Fish Hatchery.

VATS FULL OF SICK AND DEAD FISH

Moss, Mud and Poisonous Matter—Saloon Keeper Appointed Superintendent—Supplies Purchased for Hatchery Under Very Unbusinesslike Conditions.

SOUTH BEND, Neb., Sept. 10.—The State Fish Hatchery at South Bend constitutes in itself a sweeping and forceful arraignment of Governor Poynter and the fusion administration. If anything is lacking in impeaching the integrity and establishing the incompetency of the chief executive of the state, this supplies it. Right here may be found evidence of palpable negligence, lax and questionable business methods, a shamefully incompetent management, perversion of the public funds and general decay and ruin of the property.

WEEDS IN PLACE OF FISH.

The condition of the hatchery is such that one unfamiliar with the place would at once conclude that the state was in the business of propagating weeds instead of fish. In fact the work of destruction of the fish supply has gone on to an alarming extent, and by the end of the present year there will be little left of this institution but sad reminders. Already every vat or pond used in the propagation of fish is filled with weeds, moss and swamp products. In most places the weeds rise above the water and almost cover it from view. The reservoirs are half filled with moss, mud and filth, and where the water can be seen at all, the surface reveals the presence of much poisonous vegetable matter. The presence of poison and filth manifests itself in lethargy and death among the finny tribe. In nearly every vat there are sick and dead fish, which combine to endanger the life of the entire habitation of the aquarium. The moss and weeds have grown so high and dense that they are cut with a scythe, a most destructive way of removing the obstruction, so far as the fish are concerned. Thousands of dollars will have to be expended to restore the hatchery to proper condition, and much money and time will be required to place it in that condition where it will be of any benefit to the state.

GROSS NEGLIGENCE AND INCOMPETENCY.

This is but the logical fruition of gross negligence and incompetency. When the fusionists assumed control of the state government the hatchery was in charge of M. O'Brien, who was an experienced and practical man, and who had had supervisory control of it for upwards of twelve years. He was succeeded by his son, William O'Brien, who held the position of superintendent up to last August. The latter was thoroughly schooled in the business and under his management the hatchery prospered. But Governor Poynter and the fusion leaders wanted something besides prosperity. They wanted to use the public patronage as a legal tender for the payment of political debts. This resulted one year ago in the retirement of O'Brien and in the appointment of Adam Sloup, an Omaha saloonkeeper, as superintendent. At that time as now, Sloup knew nothing of the fish hatching business. The only experience he had was in fishing for "suckers" with effervescent wines and liquors. To his credit, let it be said, that he himself, at the time of his appointment, told the governor that he knew absolutely nothing about the duties of the position and did not feel fitted for the place. Despite this, and to placate a ravenous element of the Jacksonian democracy in Douglas county, who demanded the appointment of Sloup, Governor Poynter appointed him superintendent. This was about one year ago. As might have been expected, the last year has been a year of terrible havoc at the hatchery. Another year of such management, and there will be nothing left of the state for the many thousands of dollars expended but ruin and desolation. Superintendent Sloup draws his salary, \$1,200 per year, dresses as princely and fashionable as a gentleman of means and affects to look wise. That is about all he can do. He knows the difference between a fish and a henhawk, but it would be trespassing upon the realm of uncertainty to presume that he could distinguish between a German carp and a black bass. As for the species of fish, the manner in which they propagate, or the particular care which should be accorded, he knows practically nothing. An instance of this may be recited as evidence: Each year it has been the custom for the superintendent to go to Bay City, Mich., for pike spawn or eggs. Up to the present year this has always been done. This year it has not, for the simple reason that neither the superintendent nor any one connected with the hatchery was competent to do it. Had the superintendent gone he was just as apt to bring back the eggs or larvae of some pestiferous insect as the spawn of pike, and, rather than assume the risk, the practice was abandoned. Had prudence and care been exercised in the selection of workmen at the hatchery the blunder in selecting an incompetent superintendent would not have been so disastrous. But again was party expediency consulted, with the result that there is not a man around the hatchery, from superintendent down, who is qualified. There are two workmen at the hatchery in addition to the superintendent. Each draws a salary of \$10 per month. Their names are C. E. Streight and Sumner Barnell. Neither is of much service to the state. Barnell is known as a man who takes the world easy. Were it not for the proper solution of economic problems the mantle of care would rest lightly upon him. This worries him. Before he was placed on the payroll, he had a two-acre farm at South Bend. While the weeds were working out the destruction of his potato crop and produce garden he was abstractly "rain fodder" from "Coin" Harvey—a patron of husbandry he was no less a failure than as fish hatcher. At any rate Barnell sold his "farm" and land-

Local Prosperity.

SAUNDERS COUNTY.

"Prosperity," said F. E. White, cashier of the Ashland National bank, is everywhere in evidence. The farmers are making money and as a rule are not borrowers. How different it was only five years ago. I recall the case of a man who came in and applied for a loan of \$150.

"What collateral have you?" I asked. "One grey team, four and five years old," he replied.

"Any more?" "One mule team, twelve and fourteen years old."

"Any more?" "Four milch cows, four, five and six years old, red polled."

"Any more?" "I'm not certain I could recover the money if I had to foreclose. I hesitate to lend money on such questionable security."

Continuing, Mr. White said: "I did let the man have the money, but it was because I knew him to be honest. I mention the case because it was one of many. Everybody was hard up. Since those days the farmers have paid their urgent debts while the well-to-do have on deposit in this bank double the amount of money then held there. Moreover, the old real estate mortgages of 1897-8 that were taken out on ten years time at 7 per cent interest are being taken up and new loans made at reduced interest of 5 and 5 1/2 per cent."

Near Ashland lives Ole Blom and his two sons. Mr. Blom has several tracts of land in Saunders and other counties. He says: "I have just sold several thousand bushels of corn at 32 and 34 cents per bushel. My cattle bring me large profits and the price for the past three years cannot be grumbled at. I have made money from my land and some condition other than good crops must be the cause."

John Tarpening, a neighbor of Mr. Blom, has a beautiful valley farm and large fields of corn. "I cannot say but my crops have brought me good enough prices for the past few years. I've had bad luck in raising hogs, but that is no fault of management nor of the market. It is certainly remarkable that prices continue so good."

George Senders lives near Ashland on his 15-acre tract. He has several fine farms that he rents for \$2.50 to \$3.00 per acre. "I could not sell land and it was uphill work to rent at good figures five years ago. I am exceedingly well pleased with present market conditions."

George S. Smith, between Memphis and Ashland, has a fine farm and prosperity appears on all sides. Mrs. Smith told her story of pleasant times as the wife of a farmer, and related with no little pride that she "never knows want by reason of profits from her chicken flock and dairy cows. I am enabled to more than furnish the table and clothe the family from my part in the farm work." Mr. Smith recently built a large barn. He has a large corn crop growing. "I am satisfied with the price and feel that my work is not in vain."

William Mullendorff is a renter near Yutan. "I lost too much for my hard work in old conditions prior to four years ago and do not want to see any changes from the present. As a renter I can appreciate the good times."

CEDAR COUNTY.

The prosperous condition of this section is simply phenomenal. No place I know of in the state has made such rapid strides in the last three years as has Hartington, the county seat of Cedar county. It is the terminus of the Wakefield branch of the C. St. P. & O. railway, and claims a population of 1,500, has a good water system and a volunteer fire department, a brick court-house that cost \$27,000, and nine churches in which services are regularly held. In the last three years several large brick business blocks have been built, making Main street almost solid brick on both sides, and more brick buildings are now in course of construction.

Hartington has a handsome brick high school building that cost over \$14,000, and there is another private Catholic school being built that will cost about \$10,000. Senator Robison, E. L. Dimick and others have recently erected beautiful residences costing \$4,000 and \$5,000 each, and probably \$30,000 more has been expended here in the last two years in residences costing from \$1,000 to \$2,000 each. The sidewalks in the business portion are of cement and the street crossings are made of paving brick.

E. L. Dimick, one of the pioneers who erected the first building in this city in September, 1883, is engaged in the real estate and loan business. He says this town went through the hard times from 1893 to 1897 better than many other places, with no bank or business failures, but that not a business concern in the town made a dollar during the four years, on account of shrinkage in values and bad debts. Many men grew gray then trying to save as much as they could of what they had previously accumulated. But in the last three years business conditions are all that could be desired, real estate has advanced about 3 1/3 per cent, interest on farm loans has fallen from 8 to 9 per cent in 1896 to 5 1/2 per cent in 1900. Land is worth twice as much now as it would sell for at forced sale in 1896. The crops in this part of the state were never better, and, with prices good, the farmers were never before in as good circumstances as they are now.

H. B. Suing, county treasurer, says: "The delinquent tax list is reduced one-half and that the interest due on school bond leases is all paid, except in three instances. During the hard times there was a general default in payments." Mr. Fenal, county clerk and recorder, says that nearly all the old farm mortgages are paid off and that the farmers of this county are in excellent financial condition, many of them buying more land and increasing their herd of live stock.

Mr. Nelson, cashier of the First National bank, says that the deposits in the banks here are more than double what they were in 1896, and that interest rates are much lower. This is

quite a cattle country. The stock raisers have been making money fast since the inauguration of McKinley and this condition will be responsible for a number of political changes that have accrued in this part of Cedar county. The change in the prices of grain and live stock has also a strong effect on the farmer.

Every man interviewed, who is engaged in stock-raising and farming, says that times are the best that he ever experienced, and that he is making good money on both his crop and live stock. One of these farmers complained that he had the last payment to make on a loan that did not fall due until 1901, that he wants to pay it now, but the lender would not take it, because he did not know where he could loan the money again.

The hardware firm of Morris & Gould, who do an extensive business here, employing nine clerks, say that no one thing indicates to them the prosperous condition of this farming community so much as the immense sale of buggies and carriages to the farmers in the last two years; that they sold five car loads this year and as much last year and that there was three other firms in the city selling a similar class of vehicles and were doing a good business. A prudent farmer never buys luxuries when he is in debt.

Expansion in the fullest sense the term implies dominates everything here. Sixteen to one is also the ratio of prosperity under McKinley's administration in contrast with the period of the democratic panic. About seventy-five per cent of all the buildings in the city were erected since McKinley was inaugurated. The town of Laurel was founded in 1892; about a dozen buildings were erected in that year. Then followed the panic of 1893, the drought of 1894, the passage of the Wilson free trade bill, and on the heels of that came the free silver craze making a combination that wrought ruin and disaster on every hand. It was a period of contraction, contraction of everything, financial, industrial and commercial. No progress was made by either merchant, banker or farmer; all suffered. The scriptural assertion: "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath," was universally realized. All agree that they were worth less in January, 1897, than they were in January, 1893. Now Laurel is a city of about 600 inhabitants surrounded by an industrial paradise. New homes, new business houses, new hope and renewed in courage and faith. Prosperity is more evident here than at any point in the Logan valley.

This city is situated at the junction in Cedar county where the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha crosses the Great Northern road running from Sioux City to O'Neill. It would be safe to say that no town in the state of twice the population can boast of as many fine residences constructed on lines of modern style of architecture and attractively embellished with points that blend as can Laurel. In the space of two blocks on one street are fourteen new modern residences, each costing from \$2,000 to \$4,000.

Everett & Waite, the founders of the town have an elegant brick storeroom on the principal street corner. It is 32 feet wide by 100 feet in length, two stories above basement, in which they conduct a general merchandise business, and report business good. It would be useless to occupy space to tell what they say, because it is in line with the testimony that the volume of business has about doubled, prices on staples are very similar to what they were four years ago; money is plenty; most customers pay cash. The degree of prosperity can more accurately be measured by the sale of farm implements, buggies, carriages, harness, etc., that it can on the trade in staples, such as goods and groceries.

Thomas Berg, a dealer in farm implements, said: "I started in the implement business in 1892 when the town was founded. I had \$1,000 to put into business; my highest sales in any year until 1896 aggregated \$2,000. Nobody paid cash then and my best customers would sometimes let their notes run six months past due. I tell you it is a fact that I had a terrible struggle to keep my head above water. There were two firms of us here then in this business. In 1896 I took an inventory of what I had and found that I was only worth \$500, and, as I stated before, I had \$1,000 to start with. Well, since then, things became different. Last year I sold over \$11,000 worth of goods and only \$2,500 of that on time. Now there are four firms here in the implement business. There is no trouble about collections; most of my customers come in and pay before their paper is due. This year up to Aug. 1st my sales exceed \$5,000. My sales are nearly all made to farmers, and to show you that they are getting in good circumstances I sold over fifty buggies or carriages already to them this year and the most of them were cash sales. Between us here last year, we sold over twenty carloads of farm implements." Asked how the price of farm implements compared now with the price on same goods in 1896, he said that the prices in 1899 were the lowest in the history of the country. He said that there was a slight advance recently on farm wagons and a few other articles, but there was no special difference taking the business all through. In the last four years he said he cleared over \$5,000 above all expenses, meaning net gain.

F. P. Voter is engaged in real estate and farm loan business and should be well posted on interest rates and land values. Mr. Voter said that he had been in the business here since the town started in 1892. Farm lands are now over thirty per cent higher than they were in 1896. Our farmers saw very hard times here during Cleveland's administration; most of them had to borrow money and put loans on their farms to tide them over the hard times. I know of a number of men who only had a bare equity in their farms in 1896 who since then have paid out and bought more land. The more remunerative prices for what they had to sell saved them their homes. The farmers are all making money now. Some of them instead of being borrowers are now loaning money or have a good deposit to their credit at the bank.

IN THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS.

How a Submarine Telegraph Line is Laid—Ingenious Methods of Determining the Route of a Cable.

The events of the past two years have been given an increased interest in the remotest parts of the globe that has never been so widespread among our people as now. The Philippines, the Transvaal and China have ceased to be mere geographical facts, but have become real places of which we know something and from which we demand news with as slight delay as possible. The telegraphic cables therefore today hold an important place in minds that previously had given them but little consideration.

It is strange how few people know anything of the oceanic telegraphic service, says a writer in the Washington Star. A vague idea that it is carried on by "cables" is about all that the ordinary person possesses, but what a cable is, how it is operated or what difficulties lie in the way of its construction, are all unknown to the bulk of well-informed people. The accounts of them are generally so incumbered with technicalities as to be almost unintelligible to unprofessional readers, and, in consequence, they are wrapped in more mystery than are many things that enter into everyday life. Most people think that there is no more difference between submarine and land telegraphy than there is between an overhead and an underground trolley line, but this is not true. They are absolutely distinct, and have little more in common than have a great railway system and a horse car line, if so much. Both telegraphic systems use electric currents to transmit signals over a conducting wire, as both the railway and the horse car line use vehicles that move on a track, but all else is different.

In order to understand why a route for a cable is always sought with much care the structure of the cable itself should be known, for on its safety depends the success of the enterprise. A cable consists of a "core" of wire that is really the important part of the whole, and a covering of some insulating and protecting material. The core is made of strands of copper woven into a rope-like cord, and weighs from 70 to 400 pounds per mile—for the shore ends that have to stand the surf, are much stronger and heavier than the deep sea portions. The stranded form is much more flexible than the solid rod, and is not so apt to be broken in laying. The core is coated with a mixture of resin, tar and gutta percha, known as "Chatterton's compound," that is to act as a cement and hold the insulation firmly to the wires.

The insulating material must comply with many requirements. It must not conduct electricity and must prevent "leakage" as much as possible; it must be thoroughly waterproof, for the sea water will soon corrode the copper if it reaches it, and will steal the current if there be the smallest hole through which it may reach the wires. It must resist the chemical action of the water on itself, and it must be flexible and tough, so that the cable

may be coiled into a small space on board ship and run over pulleys when being laid without cracking or tearing. Finally, it must be something that does not decay readily and does not dissolve in water. So far but one material has been discovered that fulfills all the conditions. That is gutta percha, a gum that is easily worked and whose only drawback is its scarcity.

When the pure gum is heated to about 150 degrees Fahrenheit it becomes very soft and plastic, so that it can be rolled or pressed into shapes that it retains when cold. Advantage is taken of this in making cables, for the heated gum is forced through a cylinder surrounding the core and as the core is drawn through a die-press a thin layer of gutta percha is left on it. This is repeated as often as is required and the core is thus covered with a series of gutta percha jackets that extend without break or seam from end to end, and from the electrical standpoint, the cable is done. In this condition it would be exposed to many mishaps that might injure the envelope and destroy the working of the cable, so a sheathing is put around it.

Saved by a Pair of Spectacles.

A writer in a contemporary describes the escape from injury of a workman engaged in a foundry in this city. While preparing for a casting he was shot on the leg by a splash of the liquid metal. It went clean through his trousers and through the wall of the strong leather spectacle case, which he carried in his trouser pocket. But the broad nose bridge of the spectacle frame checked it in its progress. The intruding metal, yet unhardened, dashed against this part of the frame, nearly enveloping it, and attaching itself with as much neatness and stability as if it were the handiwork of a skilled craftsman. Had the spectacles not been in his pocket the molten metal would assuredly have penetrated their owner's thigh.—Westminster Budget.

Where Land is Most Valuable.

The growth of the land values is one of the most wonderful phenomena of the age. Every inch of land between King William's statue and Trinity square, London, cost £20 10s, or at the rate of £191,000,000 per acre—beyond all doubt the highest price ever paid in England for land. The Southern Railway company has asked at the rate of \$55,000,000 per acre for a piece of ground in Bermuda, which had a depth of sixteen feet only. The demand was so exorbitant that even a railway company had to pause, finally declining to purchase. In the year 1880 land in square foot, and six years later the Cannon street was sold for \$30 a price of land in this identical street went up to \$75 a square foot.—The Forum.

Guarded by Spooks...

Gambler Patch's Buried Treasure Protected by Uncanny Creatures.

'Tis not every one who travels over the Albany road leading west from Greenwood, Me., that is aware of the immense fortune buried near the roadside, about two miles from this place—\$100,000 in gold within a stone's throw. Here is the story. In the early part of this century there lived a professional gambler named Patch, who, after wandering all over the face of the earth, finally settled here on what is now known as the Patch homestead. With a large accumulation of ready money, Patch became a money lender, and one could secure any amount by giving him good security. "Uncle" Ben Bacon of West Paris remembers him and says: "Yes, I remember Isaac. Wanted some money once and went to him to get it. Patch put for the woods, and in a short time he returned with the money. He went through the same operation with every one who wanted to hire money of him." Patch died suddenly. In his will he left to his son George all treasures hidden in the ground. It stated in the will that should anyone save the legal heirs try to get the fortune he (Patch) would appear in the form of some animal and drive him away. George never

found his father's money and at his death willed everything to his son Frank. Frank Patch lives on the same old farm that his grandfather bought, but has never been able to find the treasure. Not only have the legal heirs tried to find it, but other persons have hunted secretly at night for it. Solon Ryerson, with another man, was chased away from the place by a strange animal only a year ago. Mr. Ryerson says: "Yes, we came near finding it. All was well until one of the most terrible looking animals imaginable appeared. We found a rock which was cut out of Patch's ledge and fitted in just as even as a stem to a pipe. It was just large enough to let a man's body down. When this creature appeared and drove us away." "Have you never been there since?" the reporter asked. "No, nor I never will go there, either. I got all I wanted of it that night. I would not go there again for \$200,000. I have got all I want of trying to find his money." Acres and acres of ground has been dug over in search of the money.—New York Journal.

Kaiser Curbs Frowd Walters.

China, naval budgets, empire building and art do not suffice to pen up the wide powers of the Kaiser Wilhelm. A few weeks ago he saw a yacht capsized on a lake near Potsdam and at once he had jumped into a boat and saved the inmates. More recently he tackled the waiter with signal and probably unique success. It was when he gathered round him in his palace a group of men to whom he gave admonitions the most fatherly, a commission the most inspiring. They were going forth, these sons of Fatherland, and in their hands lay the honor of Germany—in their, to whom he knew he could intrust it. And these men, who took their commission from their emperor, were the waiters going forth

to the German section of the Paris exhibition. The episode is one to ponder over, and the sequel is, declares a man who watched them, that the best behaved band of waiters at the Paris show is, by general consent, the German.

Child's Head in a Keg.

A Bridgeton, N. J., telegram says: The 15-month-old daughter of Arthur P. Tatem was the victim of a peculiar accident. The child was playing near a heavy wooden keg and stuck her head in the opening. Her head was wedged tight and the hoops of the keg had to be cut and the hoops taken off one at a time to release it. The child was badly bruised and nearly suffocated.