

A LITTLE HEROINE.

FREDA JOHNSON'S WORK AMONG FOREST FIRES.

How the Brave Little Girl Saved "Baby Joe"—Faced Almost Certain Death—One of Nature's Unpolished Diamonds Found in the North Woods.



THE ACCOMPANYING cut is a likeness of the little 12-year-old heroine of Partridge, who saved her baby brother, 2 1/2 years old, from certain death, and who was also instrumental in saving her mother, who had given up all hope of escape from the fiery tornado which scattered death and destruction on every side Sept. 1. The original story of her achievement, which was sent out during the excitement subsequent to the terrible conflagration, was incomplete and fragmentary. The name of the subject of this little story is Freda Johnson, and she is one of six children belonging to the Johnson family of Partridge, Minn. When it became apparent that their home would be swept away the old folks became panic-stricken. They were almost helpless from the smoke which blinded them, and they were about to take refuge in the cellar. They were persuaded to run for a small pond, situated a half mile distant. In the excitement Joe the 2 1/2-year-old baby, was forgotten. His sister Freda missed him and returned in the face of the terrible smoke to search for him. She passed near him in the yard, which was surrounded by flames, and which was now in flames, and her quick ear heard his screams of terror above the roaring of the tempest and flames. She grasped him in her arms and ran for her life and "Joe's." She reached the pond staggering under the burden and gasping for breath. Her strength had almost failed her. Freda next discovered that her mother was missing, and her attention was drawn to an object on a burning bridge, which she recognized as the distracted parent. She flew to her side, but the woman warned her away, saying that she preferred to burn there suffering the same fate in the water. Freda grasped her half-crazed mother and pulled and pushed her off the burning structure and finally got her to the water and safety. Freda did this last act at the sacrifice of her beautiful hair, which was streaming down her back, and which was so badly burned it had to be cut off at the neck. It is little short of a miracle that the child stood so much exertion under the circumstances, for the heat and smoke were almost unbearable. She certainly displayed heroism of the purest type. Freda Johnson is one of nature's uncut diamonds. She is unaccustomed to city sights and her stay in Superior is an epoch in her life. She has been lionized by the relief committee, and there is talk of extending to her some testimonial of a public nature for her undaunted and unselfish heroism on the long-to-be-remembered day of the great forest fires.



FREDA JOHNSON.

England's Latest African War. England has another little war on its hands on the African west coast. An independent chief called Nana, back of Benin, interfered with the natives, who trade with the English in that town; he was summoned to a palaver, but instead sent a messenger, to pay any compensation asked, but refusing to attend in person. A war vessel was then sent against his town, which was bombarded and destroyed, but Nana resisted the English attacking parties, killing two or three officers and some men. Additional forces have been sent to avenge this outrage. Nana's land being reported to be fertile and strategically important. This is the English account of the affair.

A Canny Scot. A gentleman of large means in a Scottish county had a hothouse viney celebrated for its choice produce. When the queen was on one of her periodical journeys through Scotland the royal train was timed to stop for luncheon at a well-known station in this county and Mr. Childers availed himself of the opportunity to send her majesty an offering of his best grapes. In due course a letter of acknowledgment expressing the royal appreciation of the gift and complimenting the donor on the fineness of the fruit, reached him; and, feeling sure his head gardener would feel greatly interested in the contents of the letter, Mr. Childers read it to him. The gardener gravely listened, but his only comment was: "She dinna say onny thing about sending back the basket."

His Elephantine Weight. The latest man was Daniel Lambert. A few days before his death, in his 57th year, he was weighed and turned the balance at 739 pounds.

AMATEUR RULES.

Suggestions That an International Congress Form a Set for Guidance.

The trouble that the foreign cycling organizations are having to adopt a reasonable amateur rule has led to the suggestion that the International Cyclists' union, which represents all the leading cycling bodies in the world, be called upon to hold a meeting and form a set of amateur rules that shall be adopted by the governing cycling associations in all countries. The idea of an international agreement regulating cycling is approved of in this country. Chairman Raymond of the L. A. W. is very anxious to see a universal amateur rule adopted, and thinks that it would be generally beneficial to cycling, offset all petty differences, and give an impetus to international racing. Racing in this country is now in a very satisfactory state, and the foreign organizations, which seem unable to control their men, are anxious to take some steps toward reform. The L. A. W. would embrace the opportunity to aid the adoption of a universal amateur rule. In order to provide for all classes of racing this season, tournament promoters have under consideration the revival of team racing for class A men. Before the class system was introduced team races were held frequently and were participated in by all the leading clubs. The revival of these contests is destined to increase local interest in racing among the clubs.

PLAYERS HAVE NO VOICE.

A Boston Writers' Protest Against a Baseball Law.

One of the blots in baseball is the slavery system, by which a man is compelled to leave surroundings to his liking and go to a locality that is utterly repugnant to him. The player is treated just like so much merchandise. He has no say in the matter at all. Some writers seem to think that the player is so well paid that he ought to be glad to get a situation anywhere. Walter Brodie was assigned from the Boston club to Louisville, and now he has been ordered to St. Louis, while Morgan Murphy threatened to quit the diamond before he went to Cincinnati. He was taken seriously ill after going to that city, and his life was despaired of, but that made no difference. He has been compelled to go there. Again and again good players have done so poorly in places distasteful to them that their release was given to them. Should a player rebel at such treatment, the effect of a cut-down in salary is tried, and then he has the choice of going where he is assigned or remaining where he is at a low salary. In case of recourse to law, there is the prospect of great expense, and, perhaps, little left to show as the result of the bother. Surely no player should be compelled to go anywhere unless he is satisfied to go, and in all cases his consent should be first obtained. The same state of things exists in a club where the surroundings are distasteful, as in St. Louis, where scarcely a player can get along under Von der Ahe, but he must remain and take his medicine.—Boston Herald.

PETER OTLUND.

The Man to Whom Johnson Has Lowered His Colors.

John S. Johnson, the breaker of unnumbered records on ice, was compelled to lower his colors at the Normanna rink, Minneapolis, last week to Peter Otlund, the champion of Europe, in a race of 1,500 metres or 1,640 yards. A standing start was made and Johnson led until within twenty rods of the finish, when Otlund made a wonderful burst of speed and won by less than two



PETER OTLUND.

feet in 2:55 1-5. The ice was in bad condition owing to the mild weather and the falling snow. The race was, nevertheless, a pretty one from start to finish and was hotly contested. Johnson did not seem to be in the best form. He holds the world's record for one mile, and has always been a great finisher, but on this occasion Otlund displayed far the better staying qualities and his friends claim that he could have widened the breach himself and Johnson at the close had he desired.

ATHLETIC.

Dartmouth College has voted to suspend all relations with the triangular Dartmouth-Williams-Amherst league for one year, and to settle all differences by arbitration.

The Setonia Athletic association of Seton Hall college has elected the following officers for the present year: President, J. J. McDonough; vice-president, Eugene Kinkead; secretary, Banks M. Moore.

In a wrestling match at Cleveland recently between Tom Morton, of Detroit, and Ed Atherton, of Belfast, N. Y., the former fell against some scenery and was seriously injured. Atherton was awarded the match.

The New York University Athletic association has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Bruce G. Phillips; vice-president, Chester E. Whitney; secretary, Henry W. Brown; treasurer, Edwin L. Garvill; captain, John T. Featherston; manager, J. Bradley.

The annual election of officers of the Fordham College Athletic association resulted as follows: President, John C. McCarthy, '96, Waverly, N. Y.; vice-president, C. E. Malone, '98, Lancaster, Pa.; treasurer, J. G. Gaynor, '97, Syracuse, N. Y.; secretary, J. D. Delaney, '96, New York City.

COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

A Free Educational Institution With a Handsome Income.

There is an endowment fund in the hands of the trustees in Boston for the establishment of one of the largest of free female colleges, says the Advertiser. It is the bequest of John Simmons, one of Boston's most successful merchants, who died in 1870. The original Simmons bequest consisted of this property: To his daughter Marion he gave the granite front store at the corner of Franklin and Arch streets, the granite-front store on Water and Devonshire streets, and the land upon which it sat, and the old Simmons mansion on Tremont street and the land belonging to it. At the decease of Marion the estate, together with the accumulations, were to be given, in trust, to the Simmons female college. To his daughter Alvina was given the granite-front store situated at the corner of Franklin and Hawley streets, and the land belonging to it, the whole to be held in trust during the daughter's life, and at her death the estates, inclusive of the accumulations thereon, were to be given to the college. In addition there was left \$50,000 in money for the purpose of building a block as a nucleus for the college fund, the income to be held in trust. The object of founding the Simmons female college was for the purpose of teaching medicine, music, drawing, designing, telegraphy and other branches of art, science and industry. The Simmons college might today be a splendid reality but for the big fire of 1872. All the fine business blocks given by the Simmons bequest were left in ruins. The mutual fire insurance companies, far from being able to pay the insurance on the Simmons blocks, assessed the trustees of the college fund. Since 1872 the trustees have been using the income from these buildings to pay up the mortgage indebtedness on them. The present trustees, H. G. Nichols and Joseph Sawyer, are paying off the mortgages on the various estates as fast as the income from the estates will allow. The trustees say that at the present rate of income the mortgage indebtedness will be cleared up in a few years. The property, when free of debt, will be worth several million dollars, and as soon as the estates are free of debt the income fund of \$500,000 designed by Mr. Simmons as a building fund will accumulate in a very short time, when the trustees are required to erect suitable college buildings at a cost not to exceed said sum. The trustees say when the college is founded it will have one of the largest, if not indeed the largest, regular income behind it in the world.

TWO NOTES.

A Mistake That Caused a Society Man's Hasty Departure.

Why is it that, notwithstanding the frequent and annoying mistakes that are apt to occur from such methods, so many people have the habit of writing several notes, one after the other, and instead of putting each in its envelope as it is written, and directing it at once, they leave it with the others until all are finished? asks the New York Tribune.

"Do you know why Cholly Knickerbocker has gone off suddenly for a trip South?" asked one of his friends at the club recently. "He has simply fled from encountering the awe-inspiring countenance of Mrs. X. at all the different places he most affects. It seems she wrote him an informal note, inviting him to dinner, and at the same time he received a line from a man he knew, asking him to shoot pigeons at Hempstead. To the latter he wrote playfully without any heading: 'Ta-ta; you bet I'll come. Yours, Cholly Knickerbocker.' And for Mrs. X. he prepared a nicely worded little acceptance of her kind invitation. He then put the two missives into their envelopes, sealed, directed and sent them off, and thought no more about them until the next morning, when he received a note from his friend enclosing his own neatly turned epistle to Mrs. X.

"The inference was obvious and the worst of it was that Mrs. X., who is a very grande dame indeed, and who fancies she has a mission to uphold the dignity of society, declines to accept his version of the facts, and has openly asserted that she had her suspicions before that he was a little too fond of champagne, and that she believes that the ridiculous scrawl he sent her was the outcome of a festive evening. So, as he is a sensitive youth and dreams being laughed at more than anything else in the world, he has taken his trip to Florida a month earlier than usual."

A Hindrance Rather Than a Help.

The Prix de Rome, once the object of the ambition of every art student in Paris, has declined so much in value that it is proposed to abolish it. It carries with it a traveling scholarship in Italy, and the plea of those who attack it is that a student possessing it wastes his talent in slavish imitation of the Italian masters, rather than developing it by the interpretation of nature. The sculptor Rodin, the leader of the antagonists, maintains that this prize has only retarded the progress of the great men who have obtained it in the past.

Hops.

Preachers and people in parts of the Northwestern states are at odds, and one side or the other must give way before matters are smoothed out. Hop raising is one of the principal industries of the districts affected, and several of the religious bodies have lately condemned in conference the raising of hops, barley and other cereals for brewing and distilling purposes as "an alliance with the saloon and Satan in his work of ruin and damnation," and they have declared that no Christian should be connected with the business.

FEAR OF MAN.

How Two Schoolboys in Oregon Killed a Mountain Lion.

A recent letter in the New York Sun, describing the animals of the Patagonian plains, narrates some interesting characteristics of the puma, or panther, which are well known to people in regions where he abounds, said the man from the Rockies. "This information of indisputable accuracy, asserts some widely spread fallacies concerning this beast. One of these, the idea that he regards men as his natural prey, is prevalent among people whose notion of the forest beasts have been formed from exaggerated stories of the Eastern panther, a dread topic of rural tales and of boys' reading since the first settlers invaded the North American wilderness. "The ferocity of the pampus puma toward all other beasts and his gentleness or fear in respect to man finds its counterpart in the mountain lion of the Rocky mountain and Pacific coast ranges. This animal is a larger beast than his relative of the Eastern wilderness, there known as the panther. The mountain lion like the pampus puma, is terribly destructive to other wild animals and to young live stock, but except in romance has never figured as an animal dangerous to man. Owing to his shyness toward human beings the mountain lion is rarely seen by man; though sometimes in mountain fastnesses a camper may hear his wailing cry to his mate by night, and perhaps detect signs of his presence about the camp, which, if pressed by hunger, he may visit in the hunter's absence and make way with any meat left carelessly within reach. Like the South American puma the mountain lion is often found upon the plains, where his presence is soon made known to ranchers by his ravages among the colts and calves and sheep. His flesh is white, and many North American hunters, like the gauchos, consider it good eating. "The mountain lion cub makes an attractive pet until he becomes so large as to be formidable in strength. That point reached, while still amiable toward his master, he becomes unsafe for strangers to approach, and his fierce predatory instincts are inevitably displayed toward animals which are his natural prey. Until these instincts become manifest, which usually occurs when the whelp is about a year old, he is as playful and as gentle as a kitten, and his soft violet eyes give no warning of latent danger. The cubs are born with faint markings of bars and spots, which disappear soon after their eyes get open. "This disinclination of the puma to attack man is often attributed to cowardice, though an animal should hardly be termed cowardly which will risk combat with the grizzly bear, as the puma is known to do. "So cowardly is the mountain lion," said J. B. Treadwell, of California, who has often killed them, "that more than once when I have shot one in a tree wounding him so badly that he fell to the ground, instead of attacking me he endeavored to creep away." And an Oregon schoolmaster tells of two boys, pupils at his school, who gave one morning as the cause of their tardiness that they had stopped to kill a mountain lion on the way to school. At sight of them the animal had taken to a tree, and while one boy watched him to see that he did not escape, the other went back home for the gun with which they killed him."

A Viced Prayer.

At the advanced age of 5 Marjorie developed an extraordinary liking for prayers. She had been taught not to say "Now I lay me," but also the Lord's prayer, and then at her request a codicil had been added, praying that "papa and mamma and all my relations" might be protected during the night. She said the prayers just before going to bed, in the morning, and her mother often heard snatches of them as the little girl went about her doll's affairs during the day. It was no doubt partly owing to this familiarity with her prayer, but largely to drowsiness, that one night the sleepy little girl electrified her listening mother by hastily cutting short the Lord's prayer and ending up the ceremony with, "Devil me from evil, and—all my relations." Her father said she was a philosopher, but that she ought to have added relations-in-law.—Editor's Drawer in Harper's.

The Fathos of a Single Life.

One of these single women, after living alone in her little hut on Cape Cod, until old age, a reticent, miserly creature, became at sixty suddenly and violently insane. Her physician, wiser than his kind, prescribed no medicine but procured a huge doll and the clothes of a baby and gave them to her. She was at once quieted. She treated the doll as if it were alive, fed it, slept with it in her arms, worried over its diseases, ran to the neighbors to tell of its sayings and pretty ways. It was her child; God had given it to her at last. While she lived it kept her occupied and happy.—Rebecca Harding Davis in the Century.

The Duke and the Scrap of Paper.

Not long ago I was walking in the garden at Hawarden with Mr. Gladstone. "What would you do with that?" he said suddenly, pointing to a bit of newspaper lying on the lawn. "I think I'd pick it up and take it away," I answered, astonished. "Ah! Well, this is what I do with it," said Mr. Gladstone. Thereupon he placed the point of his walking stick on the middle of the scrap of paper, twisted the stick round and round, and with much dexterity left the bit of paper in the soil and out of sight. "The duke of Buccleugh taught me to do that," he said, as we resumed our walk. "It is good for the ground.—The Realm.

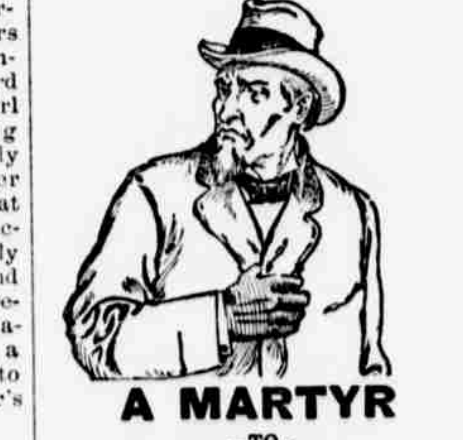
YOU CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT A LIVER!

HOW'S YOUR LIVER? ARE YOUR KIDNEYS ALL RIGHT? DOES YOUR BACK ACHE? ARE YOU WEAK AND THIN? DOES YOUR SLEEP REST YOU? ARE YOU DULL AND BILIOUS? MARVELOUS SUCCESS has attended the use of Dr. J. H. McLEAN'S LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM. All who use it say it is The Peerless Remedy for curing all ailments OF THE LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER, FEMALE TROUBLES, RHEUMATISM AND BRIGHT'S DISEASE. For Sale by all first-class dealers. PRICE, \$1.00 A BOTTLE. The Dr. J. H. McLean Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

HENRY DIEDERICH, FOR Hard Times Prices on Shoes Ladies' Fine Dongola Oxford Ties \$1.00 Ladies' Fine Dongola Button Shoes 1.00 Gent's Oil Grain Congress Plow Shoes 1.00 Gent's Oil Grain Congress Plow Shoes 1.55 Gent's Oil Grain Congress Plow Shoes 1.50 Ask to see my fine line of Baby Shoes, the Finest Line Close Around Here. HENRY DIEDERICH.

Insist on ARM AND HAMMER SODA in packages BEWARE of imitation trade marks and labels. Costs no more than inferior package soda—never spoils the flour, keeps soft, and is universally acknowledged purest in the world. Made only by CHURCH & CO., New York. Sold by grocers everywhere. Write for Arm and Hammer Book of valuable Recipes—FREE.

Setting the Judge Right. "It is evident," said the judge, "that you shot this man with malice aforethought." "No, I didn't, yer honor. It wuz with plain buckshot!"—Atlanta Constitution. Diplomatic. Father—So you wish to make my daughter your wife? Sutor—Well, it's the only way I can see of becoming your son-in-law.—Chicago Inter Ocean. Nothing to Compare With It. Newwed—There's no place like home, after all. Oldwed—Especially when your wife is cleaning house.—Brooklyn Life.



A MARTYR TO INDIGESTION Cured by Using Ayer's Sarsaparilla Words of Comfort to All who Suffer from Dyspepsia. "For years, I was a martyr to indigestion, and had about given up all hope of ever finding relief, as the complaint only seemed to grow worse instead of better, under ordinary treatment. At last, I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and I hereby testify that after using only three bottles, I was cured. I can, therefore, confidently recommend this medicine to all similarly afflicted."—FRANKLIN BECK, Avoca, Ia. "I am personally acquainted with Mr. Beck and believe any statement he may make to be true."—W. J. MAXWELL, Druggist and Pharmacist, Avoca, Ia. "I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla for general debility and, as a blood-purifier, find it does exactly as is claimed for it."—S. J. ADAMS, Ezzell, Texas. Ayer's Sarsaparilla Admitted for Exhibition AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

A Student's Retort. In his "Recollections," published in the Century, Aubrey de Vere, the Irish poet, tells an amusing anecdote of the learned head of one of the Cambridge colleges. Scholars highly esteemed this master for his learning but the undergraduates thought him "as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage." One day two undergraduates, in the college library, were discussing the "dry-as-dust" ways of the venerable head. Their irreverent criticisms were overheard by a pompous fellow of the college, who said, in his inflated style: "You are probably ignorant, young gentlemen, that the venerable person of whom you have been speaking with such levity is one of the profoundest scholars of our age—indeed, it may be doubted whether any man of our age has bathed more deeply in the sacred fountains of antiquity." "Or come up drier, sir," replied one of the undergraduates.

"Good-By, George." Mr. Story, the sculptor, who began life as a lawyer, tells a good story which illustrates the fact that the emphasis which punctuates has as much to do with determining the sense of a sentence as the meaning of the words. Once, when he was called upon to defend a woman accused of murdering her husband, he addressed as one of the proofs of her innocence the fact of her having attended him on his death-bed, and said to him, when he was dying, "Good-by, George!" The counsel for the plaintiff declared that ought rather to be taken as a proof of her guilt, and that the words she had used were, "Good, by George!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Her Defence of Him. "Do you think your sister likes me, Tommy?" "Yes, she stood up for you at dinner." "Stood up for me! Was anybody saying anything against me?" "No, nothing much. Father said he thought you were rather a donkey, but sis got up and said you weren't, and told father he ought to know better than to judge a man by his looks."

Notice to Teachers. Notice is hereby given that I will examine all persons who may desire to offer themselves as candidates for teachers of the public schools of this county, at Red Cloud on the third Saturday of each month. Special examinations will be held on the Friday preceding the 3d Saturday of each month. The standing desired for 2d and 3d grade certificates is the same—no grade below 79 per cent., average 80 per cent; for first grade certificate—no grade below 80 per cent., average 90 per cent, in all branches required by law. D. M. HUSTON, County Supt.