LAND OFFICE NOTICES.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at North Platte, Neb. } October 12, 1893.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on December 6, 1893, viz: George Schmid, who made H. E. No. 9326, for the southwest quarter of section 30, township 10, range 28 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Frederick Schick, Rasmus Hansen, Charles Snyder and Oliver N. Arnold, all of Curtis, Neb.

A. S. BALDWIN, Register.
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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at North Platte, Neb. } October 23, 1893.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on December 4th, 1893, viz Frank Kohls who made Homestead Entry No. 9,463 for the north half of the northeast quarter and the east half of the northwest quarter section 34, township 12 north, range 30 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land viz: George E. Prosser, Reuben Starkey, Tennessee M. Cohagen and Edward Bruner, all Watts, Nebraska.

A. S. BALDWIN, Register.
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LEGAL NOTICES.

In the matter of the estate of Geo. H. Sisson, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the creditors of said deceased will meet the administrator of said estate before the County Judge of Lincoln county, Nebraska, at the county court room, in said county, on the 10th day of March, 1894, on the 10th day of April, 1894, and on the 10th day of May, 1894, at 1 o'clock p. m. each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance. Six months are allowed for creditors to present their claims, and one year for the administrator to settle said estate, from the 9th day of November, 1893. This notice will be published in the NORTH PLATTE TRIBUNE newspaper for four weeks successively, on and after November 8th, 1893.

JAMES M. RAY, County Judge.
444

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER CHATTEL MORTGAGE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage dated September 30th, 1893, and duly filed and recorded in the office of the county clerk of Lincoln county, Nebraska, on the 11th day of October, 1893, and executed by L. O. Baker and D. E. Baker to secure the payment of the sum of $107.50 and upon which there is due the sum of $107.50; default having been made in the conditions of said mortgage in that said mortgagors have abandoned the property described therein, and have left the county of their residence thereby causing the mortgagee to feel unsafe and insecure. No suit or other proceeding at law having been instituted to recover said debt or any part thereof, therefore I will sell the property therein described, viz: One bay mare eight years old branded on left shoulder with "P", one light bay horse, ten years old, weight about 1,050 lbs., one light chestnut colored mare four years old, at public auction in the city of North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, at two o'clock p. m. on the 2d day of December, 1893.

CHARLES McDONALD, Mortgagee.
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U. P. TIME TABLE.

GOING EAST.

No. 8—Atlantic Express	Dept	12:15 A. M.
No. 6—Chicago Express	"	6:40 A. M.
No. 4—Fast Mail		8 55 A. M.
No. 2—Limited	"	10:40 A. M.
No. 28—Freight	"	7:50 A. M.
No. 18—Freight	"	7:00 P. M.
No. 22—Freight	"	4:05 A. M.

GOING WEST—MOUNTAIN TIME.

No. 7—Pacific Express	Dept	4:10A. M
No. 5—Denver Express	"	10:20 P. M
No. 1—Limited	"	10:00 P. M
No. 21—Freight	"	3:30 P. M
No. 23—Freight	"	7:50 A. M

N. B. OLDS, Agent.

GRIMES & WILCOX,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
NORTH PLATTE, - - - NEBRASKA.
Office over North Platte National Bank.

A. H. CHURCH,
LAWYER,
NORTH PLATTE, - - - NEBRASKA.
Office: Hinman Block, Spruce Street.

DR. N. F. DONALDSON,
Assistant Surgeon Union Pacific Railway and Member of Pension Board,
NORTH PLATTE, - - - NEBRASKA.
Office over Streitz's Drug Store.

WM. EVES, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
NORTH PLATTE, - - - NEBRASKA
Office: Neville's Block. Diseases of Women and Children a Specialty.

$50 REWARD.

By virtue of the laws of the State of Nebraska I hereby offer a reward of Fifty Dollars for the capture and conviction of any person charged with horse stealing in Lincoln county.

D. A. BAKER, Sheriff.

Made to Order.

$3.00 Pants.
3.50 Pants.
4.00 Pants.
4.50 Pants.
5.00 Pants.
5.50 Pants.
6.00 Pants.
6.50 Pants.
7.00 Pants.
7.50 Pants.
8.00 Pants. 9.00 Pants.

I have the agency for the above and samples of the cloth can be seen at J. E. Evans' Book Store.

C. M. NEWTON.

NORTH PLATTE
Marble Works.
W. C. RITNER,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
Monuments, Headstones, Curbing, Building Stone,
And all kinds of Monumental and Cemetery Work.
Careful attention given to lettering of every description. Jobbing done on short notice. Orders solicited and estimates freely given.

GEO. NAUMAN'S
SIXTH STREET
MEAT MARKET.
Meats at wholesale and retail. Fish and Game in season. Sausage at all times. Cash paid for Hides.

E. B. WARNER.
Funeral Director.
AND EMBALMER.
A full line of first-class funeral supplies always in stock.
NORTH PLATTE, - NEBBRSKA.
Telegraph orders promptly attended to.

J. L. Thirtyacre is the name of a man living at Seneca. What's the matter with making it forty?

Piles of people send 2c to the Haller Prop. Co., Blair, Nebr., for a sample box of Australian Salve, and a box frequently cures a case of piles. For sale by F. H. Longley.

The sugar factories are making prices in their contracts for next year at the same rate as this—$5 a ton.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50 cts. Sold by North Platte Pharmacy.

Postoffice plums in Nebraska are not ripening fast enough to satisfy the unterrified army looking for a winter's job.

Shiloh's Cure, the Great Cough and Croup Cure, is for sale by us. Pocket size contains twenty-five doses, only 25c. Children love it. North Platte Pharmacy.

Ed. L. Heath, who ran for regent on the pop ticket, thinks he was defeated by the corporations. It hardly seems possible.

WANTED!

37 men wanted at F. H. Longley's drug store next Monday morning, to buy a bottle of Haller's Barb Wire Liniment, it is absolutely guaranteed.

Charles Parkhurst, a farmer of Knox county, lost his barn and six horses while he was at dinner the other day. The fire was discovered too late to save anything inside the building.

It Cures.

Parks' Cough Syrup cures Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough. The standard home remedy in thousands of families for all lung diseases. Guaranteed by North Platte Pharmacy.

A farmer of Sheridan county purchased an organ and while on his road home the team ran away, and for a while there was music in the air. The organ was thrown out and badly wrecked.

$10.00 Reward

For the man who stole a bottle of Haller's Barb Wire Liniment from my barn last Friday. I can't get along without it. For sale by F. H. Longley.

Information comes from Calcutta to the effect that during the past five years the German trade with Calcutta has increased fully three fold, while the English trade during that time has decreased sixty per cent.

Dickens made himself immortal with his "Pickwick" and "chops and tomato sauce." If he had lived in these days he would have said Haller's Sure Cure Cough Syrup instead of "chops," etc. For sale by F. H. Longley.

Hostilities have been renewed in Morocco between the Moors and the Spanish troops. The sultan of Morocco has sent a force of 2,000 horsemen to Melilla to cause the Rift Arabs to disperse and will go himself with a large army if they disobey.

Little Lord Fauntleroy

Was a beautiful child but he had one drawback, his face was covered with pimples. His grandfather bought a bottle of Haller's Sarsaparilla and was so pleased at its result that he took 4 bottles himself and cured his rheumatism For sale by F. H. Longley.

President Vasquez, of Honduras, who ordered himself that the American steamer Costa Rica, while flying the American flag, should be shot at, is now trying to excuse himself and throw the blame on the commander of the port. He himself will probably be held responsible.

Ballard's Snow Liniment.

Mrs. Hamilton Cambridge, Ills., says: I had the rheumatism so bad I could not raise my hand to my head. BALLARD,s SNOW LINIMENT has entirely cured me. I take pleasure in informing my neighbors and friends what it has done for me. Chas. Handley, clerk for Lay and Lyman, Kewanee, Ill., advises us SNOW LINIMENT cured him of Rheumatism. Why not try it? It will surely do you good. It cures all Inflamation, Wounds, Cuts, Sprains' etc. For sale by A. F. Streitz.

The German exhibits of the World's Fair have shown that immense progress has been made in that country in the manufacture of all kinds of machinery, and at the same time information has been received that the German manufacturers are making efforts for competing with our products in South and Central America. This shows the necessity of our reciprocity treaties.

Mr. W. M. Terry, who has been in the drug business at Elkton, Ky., for the past twelve years, says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives better satisfaction than any other cough medicine that I have ever sold." There is good reason for this. No other will cure a cold so quickly; no other is so certain a preventive and cure for croup; no other affords so much relief in cases of whooping cough. For sale by A. F. Streitz and North Platte Pharmacy.

When the entire cost of the Columbian exposition is reckoned it will be found that the American exhibitors alone spent $25,000,000 in the installation and maintenance of their exhibits. With the usual far sightedness of the successful American business man they expect to get ten times as much back in the shape of profits on the new business stimulated by the fair.

What a Prominent Insurance Man Says

H. M. Blossom, senior member of H M. Blossom & Co., 217 N. 3d St., St Louis, writes: I had been left with a very distressing cough, the result of influenza, which nothing seemed to relieve, until I took *Ballard's Horehound Syrup*. One bottle completely cured me. I sent one bottle to my sister, who had a severe cough, and she experienced immediate relief. I always recommend this syrup to my friends.

John Cranston, 908 Hampshire street, Quincy, Illinois, writes: I have found *Ballard's Horehound Syrup* superior to any other cough medicine I have ever known. It never disappoints. Price 50c. Sold be A. F. Streitz. 2-1

Helen of Troy

Was a famous beauty; coming down to the present time we find a clear complexion, as essential to correct beauty. Haller's Sarsaparilla and Burdock Compound will produce a beautiful clear skin. For sale by F. H. Longley.

THERE WAS GOOD FISHING.

Likewise Good Luck on a Phenomenally Good Imagination.

The scene of the following incident was about 40 miles from Gloversville, N. Y., on a beautiful little lake just across the tableland at Pisseco lake, in Hamilton county. The day was all that a fisherman could desire, and every condition was right for good fishing. A party of three were in the boat—namely, L. E. Everest, his friend, Professor Spencer from Brooklyn, and the writer.

They had taken nearly 50 pickerel in less than half a day, and the size was good, weighing from 2½ to 6 pounds. The last turn around the "lucky point" was being made before we started for home. Everest, who was trolling one of the lines, said: "I've got another. He's a big one from the way he pulls." Everest let him play at one time nearly 200 feet of line before the fish could be turned. When he had been brought into sight, he was not so large as some we had already in the boat, but there was an unusual motion all about him. Soon the line was drawn so tightly it was necessary to let him play again. When brought back, it was discovered that a large pickerel had attempted to swallow the one on the hook, which was now quite exhausted.

The big fellow still followed, sharklike, for the dead body of his victim, which, however, we were not disposed to give up. Just as Everest was about to swing the fish on his hook into the boat the professor took up his oar, hoping to strike and thus capture the large one. The movement of the oar attracted the attention of the fish, and in a twinkle he made a pass at it. The blade was about 7 inches wide, but his jaws grated across the upper and lower edges, sawing a groove on either side with his sharp teeth. The professor, by carrying his oar forward with the movement of the fish, at the same time raising it from the water, landed the huge fellow into the boat.

He weighed 13½ pounds. The fish on the hook only weighed three pounds, but showed signs of battle, being bitten in several places. Upon opening him we found, as is often the case, a fish of smaller size in his stomach. This one showed signs of life and was opened. We then discovered a pretty little gold chatelaine watch and were surprised that the time agreed with our watches and that it was running.

More than pleased with our fishing expedition, we returned to the Adirondack hotel and informed Landlord George A. McCoy of our good luck, at the same time showing the watch. In less than two minutes all the guests about the house were in the office, and among the number was a pretty young lady from Albany, who said that the watch was a token of friendship which she had prized very highly. When on the lake in the early part of the day, it had fallen into the water, and, she supposed, was lost. It is needless to say she was overjoyed at its recovery.—Albany Journal.

Do Swans Sing Before They Die?

The story that tells of swans singing before death is very old, and of course is founded upon fancy. The idea has been brought down from ancient myths. The voice of the swan is extremely harsh and disagreeable, without a single musical note in it, and no good reason can be found for likening some of the world's sweetest poets to this unmelodious voiced fowl.

The only approach to a verification we have ever seen is the following, clipped some years ago from a Virginia newspaper:

"A sporting friend, recently returned from a foray upon the Potomac river, below Mount Vernon, was the guest of a venerable and highly intelligent lady, who has always lived on the Potomac. Speaking of the swan, she gave it as her decided opinion that this bird was in the habit of singing or making a plaintive noise when dying. The reason she gave for entertaining this belief was that on very many occasions in the last 50 years she had been awakened at night by a sweet and exceedingly sad noise, something like the tones of a flageolet coming over the water, and that on every subsequent morning a dead swan was found to be floating on the water or to have been washed ashore."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Better Than Faith Cure.

"Yes," said a tall stranger in a dark suit of clothes as he lighted a fresh cigar in the office of the Pacific hotel. "Yes, it was the most extraordinary case I ever knew. I had rheumatism for 10 years. Both arms and shoulders. Had to be fed like a baby. My arms hung helpless for two years. No use of them whatever."

"And you mean to say that you were cured without a dose of medicine?" asked Landlord King.

"Entirely without medicine. In one moment, as if by miracle."

"I've heard of such things," remarked the man in his shirt sleeves. "It was under circumstances of strong mental excitement, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. You were induced to believe that you could be cured if you only made the effort, weren't you?"

"I suppose so. Something of that kind."

"Then there's nothing strange about it. The history of medical practice is full of such cases. It was only an instance of what they call faith cure."

"No," said the man in the dark clothes reflectively, "you could hardly call it that. The cure was effected by a man who met me on a lonely road with a gun in each hand and said, 'Hold up your hands.' And I held them up."—Pomona Progress.

Cause and Effect.

May—Don't you think that Miss Golightly is perfectly charming?

Mamma—It struck me that she was a little bit giddy.

May—Why, mamma, she moves in the best circles.

Mamma—That accounts for it. Moving in circles will make any one giddy. —New York Herald.

A Novel Revenge.

Cock—Yes, my mistress is a prima donna and a horrible creature. She treats me like the dirt beneath her feet, but I revenge myself by opening the drawing room window when she is not at home and by howling with all my might, so that the neighbors may think her voice is cracked.—Fliegende Blatter.

Bound to Be Ladylike.

Ethel—What did you do when Gus proposed to you?

Mabel—I was so surprised I puckered up my mouth to whistle, but then I remembered that would be unladylike, so I hurried and pressed my lips against his to keep myself from whistling.—Good News.

A Woman's Vote.

The value of a vote, only a woman's vote, was recently illustrated in a western town where women are allowed to vote at school elections. A woman property holder of the town voted to pay certain school bonds instead of letting them run, and the proposition was carried by a majority of one, she constituting that majority.—Exchange.

AN OCEAN TRAGEDY.

THE TERRIBLE FATE WHICH BEFEL THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

A Contest Between Angry Waters and a Bucket Line, In Which the Latter Lost. A Cowardly Engineer—A Bird Guided the Ellen to the Rescue.

And who that remembers can hear without a thrill the name of the steamship Central America, which sank in a great storm on Sept. 12, 1857, with most of her officers and crew, nearly 400 passengers and $1,800,000 in gold?

The Central America was crowded with treasure laden people from California on their way to New York. After leaving Havana on Sept. 8 she ran into a storm. The steamer began to leak, and Captain Hernden called upon the passengers to form lines and pass the buckets. Hour after hour the tempest howled, and the huge vessel groaned as the immense seas broke against her. Hour after hour the men with the buckets toiled for their lives; slowly the water gained on them.

The officers exhorted the bucket gangs not to pause for a moment if the ship was to be saved. The wind roared and the storm increased in fury. Every passenger stuck to his post and worked until he fell to the deck exhausted. Then the women offered to take the places of their wornout, fainting husbands and brothers, but none of the men would allow it. As the horror of the situation gradually dawned on the minds of the women and children the air was filled with sounds of terror, but above the raging hurricane and the cries of lamentation rose the chorus of the bucket men:

Heave, oh! heave, oh! stamp and go,
We'll be jolly blather, oh!

All day long they sang this song and fought for life against the steadily rising water. Mrs. Easton, a bride on her honeymoon trip, passed bottles of wine to the heroic men to strengthen them in their desperate work. All night long the struggle was continued, and still the ocean gained inch by inch. The women begged, with tears in their eyes, to be allowed to help. They cheered the brave fellows and wept when they saw them fall to the deck with white faces and trembling limbs.

During the next day the peril of the steamer was increased by the lack of food and water. The hurricane tossed the sinking hull about and shattered her spars and masts. While the tired and sleepless men stuck to the buckets the women knelt and prayed to God for assistance.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon a sail was seen to windward. Guns were fired and signals of distress hoisted. The strange vessel, which turned out to be the brig Marine of Boston, answered the signals and tried to approach, but the gale blew her about three miles away.

Then the boats were made ready, and the women and children prepared themselves. They had to strip off nearly all of their clothes and put on life preservers. Many of the women had gold, which they could not carry with them. Two of them went to their staterooms and took out bags of $20 gold pieces, which they threw down in the cabin, inviting the others to take what they pleased. The money rolled and jingled about on the floor, while the two weeping women explained that they were returning home to enjoy the fortune which they had made in California, and that they would be beggars if the ship was lost. None of the women dared to take more than two pieces of gold lest it might weigh them down.

The men still remained at their work, saying that they would remain on board until another ship arrived, as the Marine could not take all the passengers, and the women and children must be saved first. Among those heroes was Billy Birch, the famous minstrel.

Two of the lifeboats were smashed by the sea, but three boats were filled with women and children, many of the latter being infants. The last boat to leave carried the chief engineer. He solemnly promised the captain to return, but the moment he got into the boat he drew a knife and threatened to kill any one who followed him. Later on, when the women and children were put on board the Marine, the chief engineer, like the coward and liar he was, refused to return.

Now the sinking steamship was so low in the ocean that almost every wave swept her deck. Some of the passengers got into the rigging, while others tried to build a raft. Night came on. The storm continued to rage. The ship quivered and careened. Rockets soared up into the bellowing, angry heavens. Slowly the vessel filled with water, and the doomed host clinging to her deck and rigging prepared for death. There was no weeping and no shrieking, no wringing of hands. The captain stood at the wheel to the last.

All at once the ship, as if in an agony of death herself, made a plunge at an angle of 45 degrees, and with an appalling shriek from the engulfed mass she disappeared, and nearly 500 human beings were left struggling among the fierce waters. The scene was horrifying, and many who were saved afterward fainted at the mere memory of it.

A few held on to planks and spars all through the wild night, and as the day broke the Norwegian bark Ellen arrived and picked up 49 of the men.

"I was forced out of my course just before I met you," said the captain of the Ellen to the rescued passengers, "and when I altered my course a bird flew across the ship once or twice, and then darted into my face. A few minutes later the bird repeated its movements. I thought it an extraordinary thing, and while thinking on it in this way the mysterious bird reappeared, and for the third time flew into my face. This induced me to alter my course back to the original one, and in a short time I heard noises in the sea and discovered that I was in the midst of shipwrecked people."

Who shall say what power guided the flight of the frail messenger through the stormy air?—New York Herald.

Paderewski as a Hard Worker.

To be a pet of the public sometimes has its disadvantages. M. Paderewski, for instance, keeps up his reputation only at the cost of tremendous efforts. To an interviewer for Black and White he has confided the fact that he practices at the piano often for 15 or 16 hours a day. Once, in New York, he had to work up eight entirely distinct programmes in little over as many days, and then it was a case of 17 hours' practice daily. One must always be at it, he explains, to keep the fingers right and the memory active. The work is certainly tiring, and M. Paderewski considers that playing billiards—a game he is very fond of—has saved his life by affording him the necessary relief from his arduous work.

Those crashing blows of his on the piano are not, as some might imagine, made with the closed fist. Sometimes they are done with the third finger stiffened out, sometimes with the thumb sideways. He seems to see nothing wonderful in the effect produced, although his hands are so delicate that an ordinarily firm shake makes him wince. It is true that he has a forearm such as a professional strong man might envy, so perfect is it in its muscular development.—London Daily News.

ELECTIONS IN CORSICA.

The Loss of a Life or Two Apparently Not of Much Account.

The elections for the council general were going on all over the island of Corsica. The canton of Soccia comprises several villages, among others Guagno, noted for its famous mineral springs and also for the turbulence of its people. The elections took place in each village, and on the morrow the presidents of the several bureaus were to meet at Soccia for the formal declaration of the poll. In consequence of certain disorders that had already occurred, the mayor of Soccia issued an edict to the effect that none of the inhabitants of Guagno was to enter the village that day.

The inhabitants of Guagno chose to ignore this order, and 60 of them, all armed, and all angry that their candidate had been defeated, marched upon Soccia, headed by their mayor. Two gendarmes—not armed—had been placed at the entrance of the village and warned the advancing troops that they were to come no farther. The mayor of Guagno cried "Fire!" There was a general volley from his followers, and the two gendarmes fell dead. "They both bore excellent characters. One of them had been 24 years in the service, had been proposed for the military medal and leaves a wife and three children."

Such was the first account in the daily paper of Bastia. It occupied about seven inches of one column. The next day the editor had had time to reflect (or he, too, may possibly have had a significant warning), for in an article three inches long the account was somewhat qualified, and there was this important emendation, "It seems we were not correct in stating that it was the mayor of Guagno who gave the order to fire upon the gendarmes."

The third day there were just two lines, "In consequence of the unfortunate affair at Soccia it is probable that the mayor of Guagno will send in his resignation." That was all. I took in the newspaper regularly for a week, for I was curious to see how the affair would end, but there was nothing more—apparently no inquiry, no prosecution of the offenders.—Contemporary Review.

The Tower of Silence.

The Parsees will not burn or bury their dead, because they consider a dead body impure, and they will not suffer themselves to defile any of the elements. They therefore expose their corpees to vultures. One sees nothing but the quiet, white robed procession (white is mourning among the Parsees) following the bier to the Tower of Silence. At the entrance they look their last on the dead, and the corpse bearers—a caste of such—carry it within the precincts and lay it down, to be finally disposed of by the vultures which crowd the tower.

Meanwhile, and for three days after, the priests say constant prayers for the departed, for his soul is supposed not to leave the world till the fourth day after death. On the fourth day there is the Uthanna ceremony, when large sums of money are given away in memory of the departed. The liturgy in use is a series of funeral sermons by Zoroaster.

Of superstitions the Parsees have had more than they retain. Connected with burial is the popular conception as to the efficacy of a dog's gaze after death. Dogs are sacred and supposed to guide the souls of the dead to heaven and to ward off evil spirits; hence it is customary to lead a dog into the chamber of death, that he may look at the corpse before it is carried to the tower.—Nineteenth Century.

Eccentricities In Palaces.

The King of Siam, who, according to late reports, has had a palace constructed which he can submerge in the sea at will and so live under water whenever he chooses, is not the only monarch who has indulged in eccentricities of this sort.

For instance, history has preserved the memory of the ice palace built by the Russian Empress Anne, who punished several of her dainty courtiers by compelling them to pass the night in this great chamber of state, where they were almost frozen to death.

The Czar Paul, ancestor of the present Emperor of Russia, constructed a room formed entirely of huge mirrors, where he spent hours walking to and from in full uniform—a singular taste for the ugliest man in Russia.

One of the native princes of Java cooled his palace by making a stream fall in a cascade over the gateway, and the Indian despot Tippo Sahib placed beside his dinner table a life size figure of a tiger devouring an English officer, the roar of the beast and the shrieks of the victim being imitated by hidden machinery.—Harper's Young People.

Triple Pillar Saw Frame.

Among the recent mechanical constructions of note is a triple pillar saw frame, conveniently designed to occupy a space not much wider than an ordinary vertical log frame. In carrying out this plan the cross girder, which carries the saw frame and the crank shaft bearings, is in one piece, the whole being supported on three turned pillars, on which by means of screws connected by suitable gearing they are raised and lowered together. In order to limit the distance between the pillars as much as possible, the connecting rod is attached to the saw frame that is farthest from the crank shaft. There is a bell crank and flywheel at each end of the crank shaft, which enable the machine to work steadily at high speeds without excessive vibration.—New York Sun.

One For the Turk.

One of the stories that drifted out of the plaisance is of the mosque where prayers were said daily at regular intervals for the natives. A pious woman passing accosted a young Oriental and chatted with him, finishing with a nod toward his prayer house and the remark, "I hope you go to church every Sunday, like a Christian." "No," was the quick reply, "I go every day, like a Turk"—which must score one for the heathen.—New York Times.

Origin of the Ballet.

As long ago as the middle of the sixteenth century the ballet was in existence in Italy, where it was so popular that members of the royal family and nobles took part in it. The ballet was first introduced in France in the reign of Louis XIII, and both that monarch and Louis XVI occasionally took part in its dances. In its earliest presentation the ballet appeared dexterously in combination with the other theatrical acts. About the year 1700 women made their first appearance in the ballet, which up to that time had been performed exclusively by men, as was the case also with plays and operas, but no woman ballet dancer of any note appeared until 1790, or about a century ago.—Exchange.

A Battered Legend.

A hotel in Switzerland bore on one of its walls the time honored inscription, "Hospes, salve!" ("Welcome, stranger!") After rebuilding the legend had to be restored, but the painter, who must have had some experience as a traveler, made a very slight alteration in one of the words, and caused it to read, "Hospes, solve!" ("Pay, stranger!") — San Francisco Argonaut.

I SHALL NOT DIE FOR THEE.

For thee I shall not die,
Woman high of fame and name;
Foolish men thou mayest slay,
I and they are not the same.

Why should I expire
For the fire of an eye,
Slender waist or swanlike limb?
Is't for them that I should die?

The round breasts, the fresh skin,
Cheeks crimson, hair so long and rich:
Indeed, indeed, I shall not die,
Please God, not I, for any such.

The golden hair, the forehead thin,
The chaste mien, the gracious ease,
The rounded heel, the languid tone—
Fools alone find death from these.

Thy sharp wit, thy perfect calm,
Thy thin palm, like the sea foam;
Thy white neck, thy blue eye,
I shall not die for these alone.

Woman, graceful as the swan,
A wise man did nurture me;
Little palm, white neck, bright eye,
I shall not die for ye.

—Douglas Hyde in London Sun.

An Old Family.

Several years ago there was an old family in Pennsylvania named Roth. Indeed the long line of Roths was about all the family had to show by way of distinction, and so much did they make of the long branches of the family tree and the Niagara of blue blood that had in centuries past coursed through their veins that people of the more recent generations really began to think these Roths were of some account.

One evening there happened to be a party in the little town of M——, and beside the great Roth family the guests numbered among others young Dr. Sharp. He was a popular and rising physician and considered by matchmaking mammas a particularly desirable catch.

Mrs. Roth had four marriageable daughters, so at the first favorable opportunity she cornered the young doctor and sought to impress upon him the importance of her wonderful family.

"Why, doctor," she said, "we all came over on the Mayflower, so I know you will not think me bold in asserting that the Roths are really one of the first families."

"Pardon me," replied the young physician, "but I have no hesitation in saying that your family enjoys even a greater distinction."

"Oh, doctor," gushed the old woman, giving herself a congratulatory hug on her coming triumph. "Indeed you flatter us."

"Not at all," he replied, "for I know you are the first family."

"Who told you that, dear doctor?"

"The Bible," he replied reverently, "for it says the Lord was Roth."—Boston Budget.

Count D'Orsay and Lady Holland.

A story going the rounds is one told of the famous Count d'Orsay. On the occasion of his first visit to England, while he was very young, very handsome and not easily disconcerted, he chanced to be seated at dinner next to the brilliant and singular Lady Holland.

That remarkable and many sided woman was in, as it happened, one of her imperious humors, and her young neighbor soon felt its weight. She dropped her napkin. The count picked it up gallantly. Then her fan, then her fork, then her glass, and as often her neighbor stooped and restored the lost article. At last, however, the patience of the youth gave way, and on her dropping her napkin again he turned and called one of the footmen behind him. "Put my plate on the floor," said he. "I will finish my dinner there. It will be so much more convenient to my Lady Holland."—New York Times.

Growth of the Human Heart.

Dr. Benecke of Marburg has made known his observations on the growth of the human heart, the fact appearing that the increase is greatest and most rapid during the first and second years of life, its bulk at the end of the second year being exactly double what it originally was. Between the second and seventh years it is again doubled in size. A slower rate of growth then sets in and continues during the period of maturity of other portions of the body. After the fifteenth year up to the fiftieth the annual growth of the heart is about .061 of a cubic inch, the increase ceasing about the fiftieth year.—Leisure Moments.

A DIPLOMATIC BOY.

His Reformation Was Sudden and Many Sided and Served His Purpose.

I have a little son 8 years old. He is smart and bright, and for mischievousness I think can't be beaten. I was sitting in a room one day reading and smoking, when he came sauntering up to me with the forefinger of his left hand in his mouth. I thought at the time that there was something wrong, but said nothing with regard to the same.

"Pa," he said after awhile, "I didn't get one demerit in school today."

"You didn't, Willie?" I interrogated, throwing a rather fierce look upon him. "Well, I'm sure that's a good showing."

"Yes, and I carried a bucket of coal up for Kate after school," he went on, still keeping that finger in his mouth.

"Why, you are getting very considerate," I returned.

"Yes, and I brushed your coat all off nice and clean."

"No, Willie; you didn't do that!" I asked, looking frowningly at him, for I knew he had been up to something.

"Yes, I did, pa, and I lit the gas in ma's room for her."

"Well, now."

"And I shined your best shoes until they glitter like Sister Ella's looking glass."

"Is that so? What else have you done?"

"Well, I studied all my lessons in school, got out at the regular time, said 'yes, sir,' to Uncle John and helped the hostler around the stable."

"Why, what is the matter with you? Are you going to get sick!"

"No, sir," he replied, twisting around a trifle, "but I'm going to be a better boy—at least for a while."

"You are? Well, I'm glad to hear that."

There was a short pause, and then he said: "Here, pa, are two cigars for you. I bought them with my own spending money. I'll buy you a boxful when I get money enough."

At this juncture he placed both little arms around my neck and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, pa," he asked, "do you like your little boy?"

"Why, of course I do," I replied, getting alarmed. "Are you ill?"

"No, but I've got something to tell you. Would you keep your little Willie from pain?"

"Certainly I would. Tell me what is the matter, my son?"

"All right, pa, I will—dear, good, old pa. This morning Billy Button, Tommy Todd and myself were playing ball, and I couldn't catch very well, so I went and got your brand new stovepipe hat and caught with that. Pa, that hat must be made of awful poor stuff, for the first fly ball went clear through it, knocking the roof out. But never mind, I'll buy you another one," clasping me tighter as I essayed to rise, "and one gooder'n that too!"

What could I do? Boston Courier.

A piece of ancient wooden water pipe which was unearthed recently in New Britain, Conn., is claimed to have been nearly two centuries old.

Temperature and Steel.

An official statement of tests made at the Massachusetts arsenal to ascertain the effect of temperature on the strength of iron has appeared. The specimens were heated by rows of bunsen burners, which were arranged in a muffle, and the temperatures of the test specimens were judged by their observed expansions. Each piece was heated to the temperature of the test before being strained and its expansion determined by a micrometer, and the coefficient of expansion of each grade of metal having been determined before the tests began the temperature could be inferred with considerable precision.

An abstract of five of these tests—the temperatures being all on the Fahrenheit scale—is in evidence that the strength of steel is greater at above 500 degrees than it is at 70. These five series of tests were made with five different qualities of steel, containing, respectively, .09, .20, .31, .37 and .51 per cent of carbon, and the percentage of strength was obtained by dividing the tensile strength of a sample of steel at the given temperature by the strength of the same quality of steel at 70 degrees. The result presents the interesting fact that the specimens in question were all stronger in the neighborhood of zero than they were at ordinary temperatures, all of them, in fact, showing a minimum of strength at 210 degrees or thereabouts and a maximum of strength at about 550.—New York Sun.

Thought He Could Jump.

A young man the other day got an umbrella where the bottle got the cork—in the neck. This young man is one of those fellows who can readily explain to you that nothing that any one else can do is really as difficult as it appears. He joined a local gymnasium not long ago, and after watching the members once or twice going through their exercises came away with the feeling that he was a full fledged athlete. Walking on East Court street alongside of the jail, he espied two women ahead of him walking abreast and carrying a basket of freshly washed clothes between them. The street being narrow at this point, they took up the full width. The young man, being in a hurry, thought he could save time by jumping over the basket, but his calculation was not acute enough, and he kicked some of the wash off. After walking a few steps he turned around to ascertain the result of his maneuver and was just in time to see an umbrella hurled at him by the unerring aim of an enraged woman. He tried to dodge, but was too slow.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Ancient Stationers.

In mediæval times the stationarius, or stationer, held official connection with a university and sold at his stall, or station, the books written or copied by the librarius, or book writer. Such is the origin of the modern term stationer, one who now keeps for sale implements of such service, and not usually the productions of literary persons.—Harper's Bazar.

A Lost Bride.

An absentminded groom in Rome, Ga., forgot that he was to be married the other day, and when the time for the ceremony arrived he was not present. An examination showed that he had overslept himself. He apologized, but the father of the bride refused to accept him as a son-in-law, and the engagement was broken.—Detroit Free Press.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

Probably no woman of large fortune and generous heart has accomplished more for philanthropy than the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, whose life has been spent in wise and systematic giving. The enterprises with which she has been connected are many, but among the most important are the schools and homes for the protection and training of women, arrangements for the education of hundreds of boys, the building of four blocks of sanitary dwellings for the poor in some of the vilest portions of London, the organization of the Turkish compassionate fund, the building of churches and countless private charities too numerous to mention. At present she is interested in the erection of a market which shall be a model of cleanliness.—Exchange.

Mrs. Mackay's Parties.

Mrs. Mackay's parties in London are said to be choice as any in Mayfair. Speaking of a recent one to meet the Duke of Edinburgh "after dinner," a London paper calls it a "very select function indeed. Mr. Bayard, the new American minister, who was present, is a brilliant conversationist and seems to like his location over here sufficiently well. A little music, but of the best, was much appreciated. Mrs. Mackay is a hostess who has the instinct of entertaining. She gives a judicious enough without the overpowering too much. That is why her parties always 'go.'"

A Novel Firm.

"Scott M. Farnum & Wife" are carriage repairers in Vermont. They advertise by photographs of their shop and its pleasant rural surroundings, with the firm name conspicuous on a sign upon the building, while women and men are shown engaged in the work, and the "wife," with baby in her arms, is "overseeing" the shop.—Exchange.

Her Jewels For a Hospital.

The Duchess Eugenie Litta Bolognine of Milan has just sold her jewels, lace and fans for 3,000,000 francs, which she is spending on the building of a hospital in the suburbs of that town.—London Tit-Bits.

Vassar's Granddaughters.

The new students have now raised Vassar's roll to 460, and still more are expected. There are in the new class of '97 four daughters of alumnæ. Ninety-six enrolled two daughters of Vassar graduates—Miss Helen Bishop, daughter of Miss Harriet Warner, '67, and Miss Maria Mitchell Champney, daughter of Miss Jane Wells, '69. By these two the Society of the Granddaughters of the College was privately organized, though a public recognition was not given it, as two members were not deemed sufficient to establish a society "for the promotion of sociability among the daughters of alumnæ." But this year increases the roll to six, and the society will doubtless soon be ranked with other college organizations. The new members are: Miss E. L. Bishop, daughter of Miss H. Warner, '67; Miss M. Baker, daughter of Miss M. Higginbothem, '68; Miss M. Bailie, daughter of Miss M. Evans, '68, and Miss C. Tuttle, daughter of Miss K. Seely, '70. Miss Tuttle is the daughter of Professor Tuttle of the University of Virginia.—Poughkeepsie Dispatch.

"Neither is a dictionary a bad book to read," says Emerson in his essay on books. "There is no cant in it, no excess of explanation, and it is full of suggestion—the raw material of possible poems and histories. Nothing is wanting but a little shuffling, sorting, ligature and cartilage."

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