

IT IS NOW Y. M. C. A.

The League is Converted into an Association—Ladies Auxiliary Will Soon be Organized.

From Saturday's Daily.

The active members of the Young Men's Christian league met Tuesday evening, not to bid a sad farewell to the organization named as Y. M. C. L. but to welcome it as a Young Men's Christian association with new life and vigor.

The constitution of the Y. M. C. A. was presented by State Secretary Moore and was accepted by the members of the Young Men's Christian league and the organization was completed by the election of nine directors.

The board of directors met Thursday evening and organized for work electing their officers as follows: president, L. Sessions; vice president, C. J. Chapman; secretary, R. R. Smith; treasurer, M. C. Hazen.

Directors: H. J. Cole, H. A. Rowe, C. C. Gow, C. H. Blood, H. L. Snyder.

Already the work of the new organization has begun with an interest that predicts great results for the coming year.

The ladies met Thursday afternoon for a conference relative to the work and organized a temporary ladies auxiliary electing Mrs. Bullock as chairman, and the following names were enrolled as members: Mrs. Sessions, Mrs. Cole, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Utter, Mrs. Boas, Mrs. Powers, Mrs. Kuhl, Mrs. C. S. Bridge, Mrs. W. H. Rish, and Mrs. Briggs.

Plans for furnishing and decorating the Y. M. C. A. hall were discussed and on motion the chairman appointed a committee of three to visit the different church societies presenting definite plans and requests for co-operation in the work of the auxiliary.

The following ladies were named on the committee: Mrs. Powers, Mrs. Kuhl, and Mrs. Cole, and the meeting adjourned to convene again next Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

PIANO RECITAL.

Pupils of Ludwig Koenigstein Entertained at M. E. Church Last Evening.

From Wednesday's Daily.

The recital given by the pupils of Ludwig Koenigstein last night in the M. E. church, was concluded in a very satisfactory manner.

Barring a little nervousness by some of the juveniles, they all played well and proved that they are in the hands of a good teacher.

It is only a question of time that will show their talent and ability more developed.

Mention cannot be made of every performer in particular but it is fair to give credit for Arthur Overton's artistic and masterful rendition of the Godard "Chromaticque," a work attempted by very few.

Little Lois Gibson played the Nevin waltz most beautifully and there are many others whose names should be mentioned who performed equally as well.

The duo "Blue Bells," the duo "Dream of Flowers" by Aletta and Elizabeth Stewart was well rendered.

A few remarks on the Baracole composed by Mr. Koenigstein shows the boat song to be a charming piece of true baracole form, suggesting the water, the rocking boat and the contented boatman.

It preserves throughout one graceful figure in the accompaniment, while the melody flows on in double notes through several keys.

His concert waltz is one of those pieces of the classical order and yet just bordering sufficiently upon the popular to become a general favorite.

It is written in C minor and contains much instructive material without being extremely difficult. More of these compositions will be heard in the future.

Several hundred copies of those published have already been sold.

One of the pleasant features of the Koenigstein recitals is that their length is strictly confined to one and a half hours, a rule laid down by some of the old masters.

Secures a Large Contract. Mr. Bullock, representing the Sioux City Foundry and Manufacturing company, has just returned from Cedar Rapids, where he closed a contract with the Doherty Construction company for all the cast iron and steel to be used in the construction of the new Tolerton & Stetson company's warehouse.

SMALLPOX TREATMENT.

A Kansas Expert Gives His Method of Prevention and Cure—Very Simple, Yet Said to be Effective.

A reader of THE NEWS hands in the following article regarding smallpox and requests its publication:

Atchison, Kan., Jan. 15, 1901.—A. H. Wait, Editor Beacon—Dear Sir: Your letter of inquiry regarding smallpox treatment received. I assure you I have no secrets concerning this matter.

I have answered thousands of letters in the same manner. Smallpox in its malignancy, as I have seen it at Lenora and other places, is so terrible that I could not withhold a secret treatment when it is so simple and yet so effective as the one I advocate and use.

I contracted smallpox while attending the disease and the torture I underwent would not permit me to retain a secret for the alleviation of humanity.

I not only question vaccination, but I detest pest houses. I have had much experience in the care and treatment of smallpox, and the mortality is doubled where pest houses are used.

If life is worth an effort, why invite death by dragging the poor, sick, tortured soul from his comfortable home to a miserable, unaccommodating, degrading pest house.

The custom is barbarous and belongs to the vaccinating class. The pest house is usually managed by drunken hirelings who care nothing for the death of the poor sufferers who have been dragged from loved ones at home.

Is it a wonder people dread smallpox with such barbarous treatment? I owe my life to a bitter fight against removal to a pest house.

The vinegar treatment obviates all this. Members of the family can nurse each other without fear of contagion.

In other words, should one of the family contract smallpox others of the family can take the vinegar treatment and remain with him, to relieve his suffering, without contracting the disease.

Be certain it is pure apple cider vinegar; not store "apple cider vinegar" so called, but procure it from the man who made the cider. Then take it diluted well with water.

If exposed but once, as is usually the case, a tablespoonful of vinegar three or four times daily for a week will do; but in case of a nurse, constantly exposed, the dose should be somewhat increased until the effect is felt, such as pricking of the skin and a nervousness. Then the dose can be decreased, but continued as long as exposed, without harm.

Isolation and disinfection are also important, as the less exposure the less vinegar needed.

A good and yet simple disinfectant is to place a pint of vinegar and an ounce of carbolic acid in a tin vessel on the stove; the fumes soon fill the room and are not harmful to individuals.

The diet is also important; should be light, mostly fluid; buttermilk is beneficial. The smallpox patient should eat very little, and especially should be guarded after the fever subsides and the eruption begins, as then he becomes very hungry and death may result if fed liberally at this time.

The alimentary canal is now filled with the pustules, and food only adds to the gravity of the case.

Vinegar given to the patient in teaspoonful to tablespoonful doses from the beginning of an attack greatly modifies the severity of the case, while many are almost entirely absorbed even when there was no opportunity to administer it as a preventive before or after exposure.

Medicines do but little good in smallpox, yet a good physician should be in attendance to guard against complications. After the vesicles have fully formed and just before the pustulation begins, a poultice of slippery elm applied to the entire face on cheesecloth will absolutely prevent pitting by drawing the pustules and preventing them burrowing deeper into the skin.

Respectfully, DR. C. F. HOWE.

Hammond, Louisiana, An Ideal Health and Winter Resort.

The passenger department of the Illinois Central Railroad company has just issued a new edition of "Hammond, Louisiana, as a Winter Resort," a beautiful illustrated folder showing a few of the winter attractions in and about Hammond, copies of which will be mailed free, on application to the undersigned.

For those in good or moderate circumstances, no point in the south offers such inducements. The climate is unsurpassed. The artesian water excellent. Society almost entirely northern, and the hotel and boarding house accommodations far superior to any town of its size in the north, and at moderate rates.

J. F. MERRY, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Ill. Cent. R. R. Dubuque, Iowa.

Career and Character of Abraham Lincoln. An address by Joseph Choate, Ambassador to Great Britain, on the career and character of Abraham Lincoln—his early life—his early struggles with the world—his character as developed in the later years of his life and his administration, which placed his name so high on the world's roll of honor, and fame, has been published by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and may be had by sending six (6) cents in postage to F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

I know by heart each rule and rote And can, if need be, freely quote What half a dozen writers say, From Walton to Sir Edward Grey.

A new steel centered rod is mine, And eighty yards of perfect line, Light as can be, yet tough as steel, Spin on my latest patent reel.

My flyhook of abnormal size Bulges with various casts and flies, And knowingly I pause and choose Which of the many flies to use.

One gillie holds himself aloof And also holds his waterproof; A second near at hand is set, Armed with a gaff and landing net.

And keeps an ever watchful eye On me and on the tempting fly. All that the angler's heart could wish Is mine—except, of course, a fish.

—St. James Gazette.

WRECK OF THE ALONZO CHILDS

A Story of Steamboat Life on the Mississippi.

"Believe in ghosts?" "No."

"Never see one?" "Never."

"What, not of a dead man?" "No, never."

"Wait till I pass this bar. I'll surprise you with a fact about a ghost. Yes; the ghost of a steamboat, too, by the great low water bayou."

Kinney turned his wheel with a spasmodic violence and rang the engineer's bells to "slow port" to "fast starboard" and reversed his orders with such rapidity that the mechanic below wanted to know what he meant. Presently we rounded the bend.

"See that corner of the island there?" asked Kinney.

"Yes."

"There's where the bones of old Alonzo Childs are laid."

"Well?"

"An old chap owned a plantation just around Bayou Sara, below here. He had a land boiler and engine and used it for boiling sugar and pressing cane. Colonel Hubbard burned the sugar house as he passed with a detachment of soldiers, but the boiler and engine were saved in a somewhat disturbed condition. The old fellow's name was De Soto.

"De Soto put his old engine and boiler on the hull of the Alonzo Childs, and she was made to travel up and down, inside the Confederate lines of course. She went between Port Hudson and Vicksburg. At that time I was a 'cub' pilot on a big steamer, and I used to see her. One day I heard she exploded or snagged, and everybody on board was lost. The circumstances of the disaster no one ever knew. A few bloated bodies and some charred pieces of the old craft's timbers floating down the river indicated the extent of the horror and suggested its terrible details.

"After the war I went west to San Francisco, but three years ago I came back and took up my old business. Two years ago I was standing watch alone in the pilothouse. The river was up, and we were pushing the gray, muddy waters aside under the full head of steam. I had just pulled the wheel over to make the bend when I saw a steamer heading straight for us. It appeared to me that she came out of the bank rather than up the river, and I noticed at the moment that she was a strange craft to me. Well, I blowed once to port and steered off to the west shore. Giving her the advantage of the back water, I watched her, and presently I saw from her whistle two escapes of steam. By that I saw that she had blown twice, although I had not heard the blasts. So I blew twice and reversed my helm.

"Still she came on. There was no noise of escaping steam, no beat of paddle wheels. I heard the piano down in the main saloon. Somebody was playing 'Natalie, the Maid of the Mill.' I heard the discord which I knew must have been occasioned by the first alarm of danger—the sweep of the hand over the keys as the player turned suddenly from the piano. I seemed to see the piano cover swept from its place, the open doors of the staterooms and some chairs thrown aside. So vivid was the picture in my senses that I saw for the moment which of the chairs were broken. In a second I grew old and lived 20 years. I never thought of escape. I could not have escaped had I so chosen. My senses were so alert as to give me a physical pain.

"I opened my eyes a second afterward, and there was no boat—nothing in sight. Only a bland spread of water, a fast flowing current and our own boat backing at full speed, while Captain Bixby was yelling from the hurricane deck:

"What in blazes is the matter?" "I don't know how I recovered myself, but I did tell him some way or other that the bell ropes had got tangled. I started her ahead then. Now, that was in the afternoon at 4 o'clock—and tell me there ain't no ghosts!"

"That was a mere hallucination," I ventured.

"Was it? Not much. Such things don't happen twice or three times any more than lightning strikes twice in the same place."

"Then you saw her again?" "Yes; three times afterward and have never failed to see her when I passed here within two hours of the hour of 4 o'clock, morning or evening. Here comes my relief for dinner. Had yours? No. Sit at my table. It's nearly 4 o'clock, and as we are about to stop to 'wood up' before we round the bend maybe you'll see the ghost of a steamer yourself. Seeing's believing."

Later I was sleeping, oblivious of

NIGHT BELLS.

Various Kinds of Help to Be Invoked Through Their Aid.

Of night bells of one sort and another there will be found in cities many. There is, for instance, the drug store night bell, which is old and familiar.

In large cities there are nowadays more drug stores than formerly that keep open all night, but the drug store night bell is still an institution. Inside the window there is a light so placed that its illumination serves at once to give a glow to some highly colored jar of water—time honored emblem of the apothecary—and make that serve as a sign and to show to those who are seeking it, when they shall have come near, the location of the bell.

Likewise is the undertaker's night bell old and familiar and to be found in numbers, with a light so placed within as to reveal it plainly.

A peculiarly modern night bell is the plumber's night bell, for whose coming into existence there are two reasons—one the multiplication in cities, for the equipment of dwellings in accordance with modern ideas of comfort, of pipes and plumbing of all sorts, for steam heat and water and gas, and so the multiplication of emergencies arising out of the use of them; the other being the modern way of not putting things off till tomorrow, of following always a beaten track in doing things, but of being ready if called upon for work at any time, day or night.

The night bell that probably is to be found in most limited number and then only in great maritime cities is the night bell of the wrecking company. Even in this big town there is perhaps but one such night bell, but there is at least one, which may be found placed in the wall outside of a wrecking company's office, in a water-side street, with a painted sign on the wall beside it, in the usual familiar words, "Night bell," a place where one can go to get help for vessels in distress by night as well as by day.—New York Sun.

No Use For a Throne.

Napoleon Bonaparte is quoted in The Century as saying to Dr. O'Meara at St. Helena:

"If I was in England now and the French nation was to offer me the throne again, I would not accept of it because if I was to do so I would be obliged to turn bourreau (executioner). I would be obliged to cut off the heads of thousands to keep myself upon it, which would not be pleasing to me. Oceans of blood must be shed to keep me there. No, no; I have made enough of noise already in the world; perhaps more than any other man will make; perhaps too much. I am getting old and only want retirement. What could I do in France? Alone, to set myself against all the powers of Europe. Madness!"

Vegetable Ivory.

In the forests of the Pacific slope in Ecuador abounds the species of palm which bears the nuts known as "vegetable ivory." The nuts are exceedingly hard and white. Germany takes two-thirds of the product, and the rest goes to the United States, France and England. The harvest is in the rainy season, and great rafts loaded with the nuts are sent down the swollen rivers. Those engaged in the industry are Indians and mixed races. The unpeeled nuts bring, in the native markets, about 60 cents for 100 pounds.

Rat Tail Tendons.

Among the many materials for sewing up wounds are the strong sutures that can be obtained from the tail of the rat. By proper manipulation a bundle of five or six tendons per tail can be obtained and can be used as they are, being easily threaded.

A Bargain.

May—How on earth did you come to accept him? "Fay—Oh, he looked so cheap when he proposed I couldn't help taking him!—Philadelphia Press.

Market gardeners around Paris cultivate the dandelion on a very large scale and sell it for good prices in the market.

Irish stew is a dish never seen in Ireland.

Fine Writing.

"By the way, Naggus," asked Bonus, who was lounging in the office of the literary editor, "what do you consider the finest piece of writing in existence?" "Well," answered the literary editor, with a frown, "the Ten Commandments written in a circle of the size of a silver quarter is about as fine as any I have ever seen."—Chicago Tribune.

A Perilous Profession.

"My son is learning to be an electrician." "Well, I suppose he knows pretty well what to do by this time." "Oh, no; he isn't half through yet learning the things he mustn't do."—Chicago Record.

Men marry because they are weary of liberty, women because they desire it.—Chicago News.

White Wyandottes.

Bred for beauty and utility. Heavy laying strain. No better birds of this variety in Northeast Nebraska. My fowls have free range and are strong and healthy.

Eggs for hatching, \$1.25 a setting. Visitors welcome. Breeding yards one minute's walk from railroad station.

Nutwood Poultry Farm.

O. A. SLEEPER, Proprietor, Warsaw, Nebr.

Appeals to Fear.

The appeals to fear have well nigh ceased, and yet there is no fact which we are so compelled to see as the fact of retribution. The law of retribution works in our present life. We become aware of it in our earliest infancy, and we never become developed in character until we have learned to fear that which is evil and to shun the consequences of sin. There is a sense of righteousness in all men, and all men know that unrighteousness brings punishment. It is fair to assume that what is a part of man's very structure here will continue hereafter. We may give up entirely the notion of a material hell, but we cannot give up the doctrine of retribution. Suffering must follow sin, and therefore to appeal to fear is not only legitimate, but it is in accordance with the structure of man's nature.—North American Review.