

A COREAN CEREMONY.

A Scheme to Strike the European Traveler with Wonder. As I entered Seoul a royal procession, with which the king visited some of the ancestral tombs, was returning by another gate, writes a Seoul correspondent. Its novel feature was that the minister of war rode in European evening dress and a "bowler" hat. On the day following I witnessed a ceremonial new in Korean history, and which may have far-reaching results to Koreans. The Japanese have resolved to clean the Augean stable of official corruption, and compelled the king to begin the task by proceeding in state to the altar of heaven and there taking an oath before the spirits of his ancestors to the proposed reforms. His majesty, by exaggerating a trivial ailment, had for some time delayed the ceremony, and, even the day before, a dream, in which an ancestral spirit appeared to him adjuring him not to depart from ancestral ways, terrified him from taking the proposed pledge. After a long delay and much questioning as to whether at the last moment the king would resist the foreign pressure, the procession, in solemn silence, emerged from the palace gate; huge flags, on trident headed poles, purple bundles carried aloft, a stand of sacred stones conveyed with much ceremony, groups of scarlet and blue robed men in hats shaped like fools' caps of the same colors, the king's personal servants in yellow robes and yellow bamboo hats, decorated with pink roses, and men carrying banners. Then came the red silk umbrella, followed by—on the magnificent state chair, with its forty bearers, but a plain wooden chair with a green roof and glass sides, in which sat the sovereign, looking very pale and dejected, borne by only four men. At a short distance followed the crown prince in a similar chair. Mandarins, ministers, and military officers were then assisted on their caparisoned ponies, and each, with two attendants holding his stirrups and two more leading his pony, all in gorgeous raiment, fell in line behind the home minister on a dark donkey conspicuous by his foreign gear. Half an hour later, by passing along a street so narrow that two horsemen cannot ride abreast, the king reached the altar of heaven, where the military escort was left outside the outer wall, and only the king, dignitaries and attendants proceeded to the altar. The groupings of the scarlet-robed men under the dark plumes was most effective from an artistic point of view, and from a political standpoint the taking of the oath by the Korean king was one of the most significant acts in the tedious drama of the present war.

A DWARF'S QUEER RUSE.

Had Himself Shipped in a Box in Order to Beat the Railway. Four or five years ago one of the most celebrated of European prodigies was the Polish dwarf, Herman Zeltung, at one time one of the chief attractions at the Folies Bergere. Latterly Zeltung has been little in the public eye, or rather was until the other day, when he started in to carry out an interesting exploit which very nearly succeeded. He had himself fastened up in a box addressed to a large importing house at Madrid and labeled "Fragile, with Care, Top." Holes had been made in this box for breathing purposes, and one of its sides was so constructed that it could be opened from within to give the little dwarf a way of getting out unnoticed when he reached his destination. The box was fitted up with a cushioned seat, and an abundant supply of provisions was placed within it. The start was made at Vienna, where Zeltung had been living for some time, and after the dwarf had placed himself inside and fastened himself in two rusty porters carried him off to the station, having been paid beforehand a fee of 60 cents each. They gave the box in charge to the station master to be shipped to Madrid by express. According to Zeltung the journey was an uninteresting one and without incident, but when he got to the Spanish capital his troubles began. The Madrid station master evidently had a poor knowledge as to the fragility of glass, for he turned the box over and over, and at last came to the conclusion that its contents ought to be investigated. His sides therefore opened it, and dragged the dwarf out more dead than alive from the shaking he had received. It would have puzzled a man less full of expedients how to further punish Zeltung, but the station master solved the problem by having him arrested for trying to swindle the railroad companies out of their fares. The dwarf's defense was that he was traveling in this manner on a lot of 2,000 francs, the terms of the wager being that he was to get to Madrid without a cent in his pocket. Three hundred francs, however, were found concealed in his shoes. The real reason of his traveling in this remarkable manner was that he might save railroad fare and also get a good advertisement for the engagement in Madrid, for which he was billed.

FACETIOUS OELRICHS.

Son-in-Law Has Plenty of Fun Out of Her Numerous Wills. A few days ago Herman Oelrichs, son-in-law of the late James G. Fair, millionaire, received a dispatch from John W. Mackay running somewhat to this purpose: "Congratulations on your numerous relations. Will there be enough to go around?" To which Oelrichs airily replied: "We are forming a half-million club in San Francisco. The heirs constitute the club. But they are all left. Was carving a turkey last night and found another will leaving everything to me." Which indicates that Mr. Oelrichs has his own way of enjoying life and getting some fun out of a very serious situation. One day last week he entered the office of Reuben H. Lloyd, attorney for Mr. Oelrichs, and said, with grave face and important mien: "I want to consult you on a matter of business." "What is it? What is it?" asked Lloyd, shuffling and smiling as lawyers do in the presence of an eminent client and a fat fee. "Well, Mrs. Oelrichs is in a quandary as to how she will invest what she receives from the estate when everything is over. She wanted me to get your opinion as to whether she should buy a watch or a chain. Of course, there'll not be enough to get both," Mr. Lloyd laughed as in duty bound, politely ignoring the cynicism which indicated that by the time the aggregated lawyers were through with the feast there would be few scraps for the heirs.

SIX DAYS IN A TRANCE.]

Alfred Wootton Was Put to Sleep by a Hypnotizer and Watched by Doctors. A dramatic illustration of hypnotism accompanied by many gruesome features has been given in London by Prof. Morrill, who seems to possess extraordinary powers of a mysterious nature, says the New York World. He put a man to sleep in a coffin-shaped glass case and kept him there nearly a week and at the end of that time awakened him in the presence of a large number of witnesses. The victim of this achievement, one Alfred Wootton, is a stained glass-worker, 35 years of age. During the whole of the time he was asleep or in a trance he was exhibited in a public hall. When the experiment was ready to begin on Monday he had readily climbed into the coffin-shaped case, and many people watched the hypnotizer as he proceeded to exercise his mysterious power. Holding Wootton by the forehead and chin, the hypnotizer gazed steadily into his eyes. He then made a few downward passes from above the eyes along the side of the face, from time to time examining the pupils of the eyes. The man, it was found, had by this time become rigid. One minute after the experiment began the hypnotizer asked Dr. Forbes to examine the man. He was found to be thoroughly unconscious. His pulse was 96, the exact number of beats it registered before he became unconscious. His respiration was about 16, the breathing chiefly abdominal. Temperature was 98.2, or normal. The pupils of the eyes were contracted almost to disappearance. During the following days the respiration, temperature and pulse changed slightly, but the man remained in a trance condition. His beard continued to grow. When he was awakened by Prof. Morrill the following Saturday evening, he could not be convinced that he had been in a hypnotic trance for nearly a week until he felt the thick growth of beard on his face. He said it seemed to him that he had only been asleep for a few minutes. It did not take longer than a minute to wake him up. The professor made a few passes of his hand across the man's face and lifted his head and shoulders from the coffin-shaped case. Wootton then opened his eyes and instantly recognized friends in the crowd about him, with whom he began to converse. The only notable sensation he experienced upon waking, he said, was that of hunger. A short time after being awakened he put on his coat and walked out of the building with his friends. He had been constantly watched during the whole time in the trance and evinced much interest in the records of the doctors. Prof. Morrill had previously tried a similar experiment with one Henry Nolan, but the doctors who were watching his case expressed the opinion that Nolan was not physically strong enough to undergo the ordeal.

THE ART OF SPELLING.

Many Distinguished People Who Were Miserable Failures in This Direction. A little boy examined before a magistrate, was asked to spell the sentence, "I am grateful for the benefits I have received." He managed to spell it correctly except the last word, which he wrote thus—"received." The magistrate pronounced this to be "fatal," and sent the lad to school. Enforce the same rule impartially all around and where would be half the world's celebrities? Take two ladies first. Sara Bernhardt cannot spell well, and one of our own most celebrated actresses does not always spell correctly. In a recent autograph letter of hers we find "occured." Then Bismarck never could spell. He himself has confessed to "a lack of diligence at school," as a consequence of which his letters contain many spelling errors. John Bright was another statesman somewhat weak in the same particular. Among literary men, a famous journalist is a conspicuously bad speller. A brief examination of his "copy" is generally sufficient to discover an error. In a short letter of his occurs the curious blunder "populer." But plenty of authors slip occasionally. Even Oliver Wendell Holmes makes a mistake in spelling the rather common word "indispensible," which he writes "indispensible."

Married by Proxy.

Eugenio Valdes Vega, a tobacco merchant at Tampa, Fla., was married by proxy recently to Mrs. Adela Velasco in St. Francis de Sale's church in Brooklyn. The couple had been engaged for some time, and the bridegroom, finding it impossible to come to Brooklyn, had his brother, Jose Valdes Vega, clothed with the power of attorney to act as his proxy in the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Father Percil. Mrs. Vega started yesterday for Florida to join her husband.—Exchange.

Looking After the Trifles.

"It is only by looking closely after the trifles that a profit can be made in these days of close competition," said the grocer to his new assistant. "Yes, sir, I understand," replied the boy. "For example," continued his employer, "when you pick the files out of the sugar, don't throw them away. Put them among the currants."

Entirely Adequate.

"Does his celestial majesty want something written about the settlement of the war with Japan?" asked the Chinese post laureate. "No," said Li Hung Chang, thoughtfully. "I'm sorry to cut you out of a job, but I wouldn't suggest it. The stabs in the royal check book will answer all historic purposes."

THE NEW DAILY SCHEME.

The friends at Omaha are trying to raise sufficient capital to start an American daily. They already have a fair start, but desire the assistance of friends everywhere in the United States. Can you take one or more shares, on account of true Americanism? This is their plan: In answer to repeated requests we have finally consented to undertake the task of starting a DAILY AMERICAN in Omaha. This would be an easy thing to do if people were to act as they talk. Yet it will not be impossible, even if they do not, for there are thousands of patriots who are anxious to have the news—eager to give the Protestant preachers as fair a hearing as is accorded to Roman priests and itinerant lecturers of the Jesuit Sherman stamp—who will respond to our call for subscribers for stock to enable us to establish a DAILY AMERICAN. We have consulted with our friends, and they have suggested this plan: Increase the capital stock of the American Publishing Co. to \$150,000. Divide into 10,000 shares of \$15 each. Begin business when \$100,000 has been subscribed. Each stockholder must be a subscriber. Subscription price of the paper, first year, will be \$10; \$8 the second, and whatever the directors decide thereafter. The management of the company will be placed in the hands of a board of directors, who will be elected from among the stockholders, by a majority of the stock represented at the regular annual meeting. The indebtedness will not be over 40 per cent of the capital stock at any time. If you want to help establish a DAILY AMERICAN, fill out and return to this office the following blank, keeping this statement as our part of the contract:

On demand, after \$100,000 of the capital stock of the AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY has been subscribed, I agree to pay to the AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, or order, the sum of Dollars, being the purchase price of Shares of the capital stock of the AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, of Omaha, Neb. Dated at (town) (state) this day of 1895. [Signed]

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HOT SPRINGS, S. D.

If indications count for anything, the Hot Springs of South Dakota are destined to become the most popular resort between Chicago and the Pacific Coast. They are situated in the gentle and beautiful canon of Fall River, and are the center of a splendidly built little city of three thousand permanent inhabitants. The efficacy of their waters for rheumatism, dyspepsia, and, in fact, almost every chronic disorder of the system, is too well known to require statement. It is testified to by the annual arrival of thousands of invalids, and the departure of these same persons, after a few weeks, in much improved or wholly restored health. The Springs are surrounded by many objects of surpassing natural interest, as Wind Cave, equal in extent to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and far more wonderful in formation, filled with striking beauties and strange fantasies of structure. Not far away are the romantic Cascades, and near by are extinct craters of geysers—standing up like holes that had been built rather than excavated, and by their puzzling appearance meriting the name they have received, "The Devil's Chimneys." This is but a beginning of the list of attractions in the vicinity, to fairly see which would entrancingly occupy a month. The hotels and the bathing accommodations for guests are unsurpassable, and nothing is left to be desired by any grade of people, from the nabob traveling for amusement to the poverty-stricken invalid in search of cheap and speedy restoration to health. The Passenger Department of the Burlington Route has issued a well-written and beautifully illustrated folder, containing a great deal of interesting matter relative to this famous resort. For a copy or for information about the Burlington Route's rates and train service to Hot Springs, write to J. Francis, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Omaha, Neb. P. S.—Half rates to Hot Springs May 24, June 7 and 19, July 3 and 19, August 2 and 23.

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A personally conducted excursion—the first of a series of three arranged by the Burlington Route—will leave Lincoln at 6:10 p. m., Thursday, June 27, for a nine-day tour of the west. Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, the Garden of the Gods, Pike's Pk. sk. Marshall Pass, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Bute, Helena, the Yellowstone Park and Hot Springs, S. D., are included in the itinerary. The cost of the trip has been fixed at \$190, and covers every expense of travel—railroad, sleeping-car and stage fares, hotels, carriage rides, meals, etc. Write for information. If you can't join the first party, look out for the second. J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Omaha, Neb.

Be Content.

There was a boy who only wanted a marble. When he had the marble he only wanted a top; when he had a top he only wanted a kite; and when he had a kite, top and marble, he was not happy. There was a man who only wanted money; when he had money he only wanted a house; when he had a house he only wanted land; when he had land he only wanted a coach; and when he had money, house, land and coach, he wanted more than ever. Be content with little, for much will have more all the world over.

Errors of Youth.

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS DEBILITY, YOUTHFUL INDISCRETIONS, LOST MANHOOD, BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN. Many men, from the effects of youthful indiscretions, are afflicted with a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce chronic nervous disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, the individuals are hurried to the right or wrong during unscrupulous college and hospital prescriptions. We have discovered a new and concentrated medicine, the accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, hundreds of cases having been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription. R—Erythroxylon root, 4 drachms. Zircobium, 4 drachms. Helonias Diodes, a drachm. Colocynthis, 4 drachms. Ext. Ignatia amara (alcohol-50%) 1 grain. Ext. Sassafras, 2 scruples. Glysterine, 1 1/2. Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 8 p.m., and another on going to bed. This remedy is adapted to every weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from immoderate use of the power of the system, or from excessive indulgence in any of the pleasures of the senses, or from any of the causes mentioned for a short time changes the languid, prostrated, nervous condition to one of vigor, life and vigor. To those who would prefer to obtain a cure by mail, we send a sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by mail from our private dispensary, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5. All letters answered confidentially. NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 12 Tramore Row, Boston, Mass.

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