

A BRITISH ISLAND IS FOR SALE.

Bournemouth, England, letter.—A whole island, with a historical castle and parks and forests attached, will soon be put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder. Here is a chance for some American multi-millionaire to buy history and a palace at so much an acre. It is the far-famed island of Branksea, in Poole harbor, about four miles from Bournemouth, and so close

years ago at one of these royal hunt-ings. As usual, a couple of regiments accompanied the shah on his hunting trip. The men acted as boaters. A tiger was wounded and was tugging off under the king's eyes. The royal second barrel was discharged, but did not kill the wounded animal. Fearful of losing his quarry, the king was re-

three years of life have been spent, and as strongly do her feelings twist around the old edifice that she says no money would induce her to part with it. In an interview with a reporter she said recently: "I love the old place so that if these people should by any means get possession of it I would sit in front of it in my chair and



A BIT OF THE ISLAND OF BRANKSEA.

to the Isle of Wight that one could breakfast at Branksea and, by taking a yacht, pay a visit to Wight and get back home in time to eat lunch with the family. Back of the castle, and fading away into the distance, lie the fields, the forests and the miniature villages of the estate, and back of these the hills and the lakes. The island is about a mile and a half long and three-quarters of a mile wide. It is not mentioned in the Domesday Book, but it might then have been included in the survey of Studland, and probably some of the salterns that were said to have been in that parish were upon the shores of that island. Before this we find it remarkable for the Danes landing there, or retreating there from Frome Mouth, in 1015. In 1762 the property was conveyed to Sir Gerard Napier and Alfred Sturt, and on the death of the former the whole property devolved to Mr. Sturt—an ancestor of the present Lord Arlington—who is said to have expended £50,000 in additions to the castle, in plantations, gardens and other improvements. He restored the great hall and made great plantations of various kinds of trees, and cultivated the estate. The fine old castle stands in the east part of the island, opposite the entrance to Poole bay. It was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Sir Christopher Hatton, admiral of the Isle of Purbeck, was governor of the castle, having power to muster the inhabitants of the island. The great tower of the castle, with some lower wings about half the height of the tower, was built toward the end of the reign of King Henry VII., and in the reign of Edward VI. various items of artillery and ammunition were received by the mayor and his brethren of Poole towards the defense of the "Castell of Branksea." The principal apartment of the castle is a reception room, fifty-six feet long, with handsome domed roof. From this room ascends an oak staircase, and down the dim corridors are the suites of twenty-four living apartments. Those that are finished are decorated delicately in flower style, and are named after the prevailing idea in their decorations. There is, first and foremost, the periwinkle room, with its appropriate dressing rooms and closets attached, and then, in regular order, come apartments called after the jacinthe, the ivy, the lavender, the chamrock, the thistle, the rosemary, the moss rose, the hollyhock, the daphne, the hydrangeas, and, finally, at the corner, is the turvet bedroom, which has no flowers in it at all, but which is the prettiest in the whole batch. All these rooms are on the first floor, and flanking them are the drawing-rooms, boudoirs, libraries and a billiard-room. But it is the dining-room that attracts the most attention. It is fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, and at either end are enormous fireplaces.

loading (muzzle-loaders are still preferred by Perotans), when a private soldier seized the tiger by the tail and detained him long enough for the shah to dispatch the animal. His majesty made that soldier a captain on the spot.

LOVE FOR HER HOME.

She Wants to Die in Her Old Homestead.

In an old homestead on the outskirts of Philadelphia there resides a woman 83 years of age, who is having a novel dispute with one of the big trolley companies, says the Philadelphia Times. Its terminal station is just opposite her home, and the company, wishing to enlarge their premises, have offered her big prices for the corner lot where her house stands, but so far without avail. It is an old-fashioned two-story home, where her parents lived and where her whole eighty-

die under its shadow. It has been my shelter in sunshine and storm since my birth, and I am so linked to it that not all the gold of the East or the Klondike could make me part with it. Mrs. Pierson, for her years, is wonderfully bright and well preserved. In the early 60s she was the teacher of the village school. She is a good conversationalist. It was here, she said, that the borough school had its birth, and for years under her roof many of the prominent residents of the borough had instilled into them the rudiments of learning. In Mrs. Pierson's fight the majority of the residents of the quaint little Quaker borough are together. Many have called and encouraged her in her expressed desire to die in the old homestead rather than to part with it.

It would be hard to have to go to heaven and find it a foreign country, and a land of strangers.

FIGHT WITH A CALIFORNIA EAGLE.

Harold C. Ward, son of Major A. H. Ward of 722 Pine street, Alameda, returned yesterday from a trip into the mountains of southern Santa Clara county, where he had an exciting night adventure while robbing the nest of a golden eagle, says a San Francisco exchange. Ward is carrying his left arm in a sling. Describing his singular experience, he said: "I went down Monday to Sargent's Station to spend a week with the eagles, intending to study their nesting habits and to collect some of their handsome eggs. Tuesday night about 8 o'clock it was suggested that we try our luck by the light of the moon, and we determined to visit an eagle's nest which we knew of in a big sycamore tree three or four miles distant. We set out, with a fish basket to hold the eggs and a pair of climbing irons. It was about 10 o'clock when I began to climb the sycamores. There were no birds in sight, but just as I reached the branch near which the

with my hat. There was a swish of wings, and the bird called off. I moved along nearer the nest, built of sticks as big as my arm, and then suddenly I got a grip on the limb and ducked. There was a rush through the air a few inches from my head that seemed to me like a small cyclone. "Fight him off!" called out my companion, and, summoning all the nerve I had left, I got out my big claspknife. I had not long to wait for a chance to use it. With an angry scream, I saw the eagle swooping down for me. Locking my legs tightly about my perch and seizing hold of a limb on my left, I was just in time to prepare for the blow. The bird struck me squarely in the breast, nearly stunning me with its wings, while it sank its talons in my left arm to the bone. I struck at him with the knife, but it was blind with fury, and, perhaps, taking me for a marauding wildcat or coon, fought desperately for my eyes. I felt my blood



flowing, while my clothes were being torn into shreds by the wild passes it made. I knew that I soon must fall to the ground or be cut to pieces away up there in the tree. It was a dreadful sensation. With a howl of pain and terror I made a last effort, and plunged the knife deep into the eagle's body. It seemed for a moment that it would keep on fighting me, but weakening, it released its hold and fell off slantingly, to be lost in the gloom, carrying my knife with it. I was too weak to do anything but hold on for some minutes, and then you can guess I took a long breath of relief. Feeling sure I was now well quit of the eagle, I recalled what it was up in the tree for, and, looking into the nest, saw two fine eggs, which I lowered safely in the basket."

had ending to festivities. The noble announcement that young Viscount Castlereagh, eldest son of the Marquis of Londonderry, has suffered concussion of the brain through a fall from his horse and will be confined to his bed for several weeks at least, even if no more serious complications develop. The accident will put a sudden end and end to the festivities in honor of the coming of age of the young nobleman. The birthday has been celebrated at Mount Stewart, County Down, one of the seats to which the viscount is heir. One day last week more than 1000 tenants were feasted on the estate. Viscount Castlereagh, who was educated at Sandhurst, the English West Point, is a second lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards, and is heir to 50,000 acres of land.

The Most Wonderful. From Harper's Round Table: Uncle Reuben had just returned from his Christmas holiday in New York, and his mind was a confusion of cinematographs, self-playing pianos, automobiles, phonographs, etc. When he was asked which had impressed him most he solemnly replied: "By gosh, the horseless piano beats 'em all!"

FIRED THE FIRST GUN

AND A FILIPINO PICKET DROPPED DEAD.

Drumbeat Story of the Initial Shot That Brought on the War in the Philippines—William Grayson Believed That He Was Right.

William Grayson, who fired the shot that culminated in the Filipino-American war, strangely enough, joined the Nebraska volunteers because of love of adventure. He has lately been discharged and is now in Nebraska. He says that the Filipinos are being supplied with provisions by the English and not by the Germans. He says of the shot that started the war:

"It was just a question of killing that Filipino before he killed me. That is the way I felt when I leveled my gun at him, and those were my feelings when I heard him groan in the dust. "After it was all over I felt queer—nervous and uneasy. The only thing that seemed to steady my nerves that night was to shoot again.

"That was the first shot of the war against the insurgents, and my target was the first Filipino ever killed by an American.

"When I went on outpost duty that night I was mad enough to fight the old scratch. For days and weeks before the Filipinos had been calling us the worst names men could think of.

"No Filipino was better than American." That was their taunt: "One rebel can lick five Americans."



WILLIAM GRAYSON.

They would have spit in our faces if we had waited much longer.

"Orville Miller of company D went out with me that night for outpost duty near Santa Mesa. We went heavily armed and kept our eyes open, for we had been warned by our superior officers. The end of our beat was close to a lot of old buildings and bamboo thickets. Whenever we saw a suspicious figure we would get under cover and watch. If any one tried to cross our line he would be halted or shot down.

"About 8:29 o'clock I saw three men not more than thirty feet from us lying flat on the ground. They had just discovered us. At that moment I heard a whistle from their direction. It was too dark to see them plainly. The signal was answered from the brush by another low whistle. Then signal lights were seen from Filipino block-houses, and Miller and I knew what was coming.

"Halt!" I yelled, as the rebels began to get up, clicking their rifles.

"Alto!" (halt) was their reply, and we had been challenged. There was no time to lose, and so I brought my first Filipino down; and I tell you, there was a little feeling of safety and satisfaction when I heard him groan. Then I knew the war was on.

"We at once ran back to where four of our men were on guard and lined up for battle. Then we made for the pipe line back toward the camp, and I shall never forget that little trip that night.

"It seemed that a thousand men were firing at us on all sides, and it looked as though we would never get under cover from the bullets. My hat was lost somewhere near where I killed my rebel, and I found it there the next morning.

"I admit that I was scared when I got back out of reach of that lead. It is a serious thing to fire a shot that starts a war. None of us ever expected to get out of the hole at the pipe line, which made good breastworks, though we were joined by the entire outpost—thirty men—and we all peeped away at the enemy.

"Then the action spread from the right to the left, and in fifteen minutes the engagement was general from Caloocan to the bay."

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LONDON'S "BIG BEN"

How do People Keep Well Who Have In Hour 4.

The striking mechanism of Big Ben is a Bromptonshire affair in every way. It is some thirty or forty feet up above the clock, which occupies a room in the center of the tower, says the London News. The striking mechanism is driven by weights of about a ton and a half, hanging in a sort of chimney shaft 174 feet deep, and to wind them up from bottom to top—though, of course, they are never allowed to run quite down—is a fair day's work. When fully wound up Big Ben's tremendous—massive iron hammer head—will go pounding away for four days without further attention. It needs a pretty ponderous hammer to fetch the full tone out of a bell weighing fifteen or sixteen tons, and the marvelous thing is that this massive mechanism keeps such beautiful time as it does. The clock, which it is connected by iron rods, gives it its cue with such astonishing precision that the chimes get through their preliminary performance and the great hammer falls on the mighty Ben within one second of Greenwich mean time—at least, that is what it is supposed to do, and the astronomer royal, who keeps a vigilant eye upon the great public timepiece, says that it does not vary a second a week all the year round. The only unsatisfactory thing about the whole performance is the horribly bad "E" that Ben sends forth. The wonder is, not that a sick person finds it torture to him to have it booming out all night long, but that people who are doomed to be continually hearing it are not made ill by it.

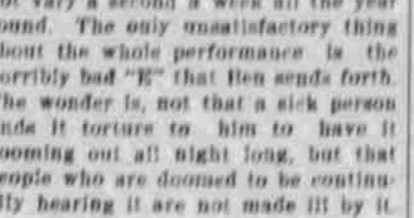
WEDDINGS IN JAPAN.

Odd Ceremony in the Land of the Chrysanthemum.

When a young man has fixed his affections upon a maiden of suitable standing he declares his love by fastening a branch of a certain shrub to the house of the damsel's parents. If the branch be neglected the suit is rejected; if it be accepted so is the suitor. At the time of the marriage the bridegroom sends presents to his bride as costly as his means will allow, which she immediately offers to her parents in acknowledgment of their kindness in infancy and of the pains bestowed upon her education. The wedding takes place in the evening. The bride is dressed in a long white silk kimono and white veil and she and her future husband sit facing each other on the floor. Two tables are placed close by; on the one is a kettle with two spouts, a bottle of sake and cups; on the other table a miniature fir tree—signifying the strength of the bridegroom; a plum tree, signifying the beauty of the bride, and, lastly, a stork standing on a tortoise, representing a long life and happiness, desired by them both. At the marriage feast each guest in turn drinks three cups of the sake and the two-spouted kettle, also containing sake, is put to the mouths of the bride and bridegroom alternately by two attendants, signifying that they are to share together joys and sorrows. The bride keeps her veil all her life and after death it is buried with her as her shroud. The chief duty of a Japanese woman all her life is obedience—while unmarried, to her parents; when married, to her husband and his parents; when widowed, to her son.

AN EMINENT GERMAN.

Paul Heyse of Munich will leave a great gap in the social and literary life of the fatherland. In the social life of Munich he has for years been a



PAUL HEYSE.

prominent figure. Almost six feet tall and weighing upward of 200 pounds, he carried himself with the soldierly bearing gained by service in the army. Best known as a novelist, he is also a poet of much merit, as well as a noted wit. As a young man no one would have predicted for him a literary career. He never read books for pleasure and he required coercion on the part of his parents to get him to finish college. Early in life he had an unfortunate love affair and went away to hide his sorrow in Italy. There the literary fever seized him and shortly after he wrote his first book, "In Paradise." His best-known novel is "The Children of the World," which has been translated into almost all the modern languages. The Heyse villa, near Munich, has been for years a center of attraction for famous people.

Their Favorite Colors.

The sultan of Turkey's favorite color is dark red. The German Emperor likes his uniforms blue and red, and covered with gold embroideries. The King of Greece, who dons his uniforms as seldom as possible, has a marked preference for light colors. The Emperor of Austria has a preference for gray, while the Emperor of Russia likes dark green uniforms, and the King of Italy, excepting the rare occasions when he appears in a general's uniform, generally wears black.

Government Bureau from the other mention four of those following the... and which evoked... as are ever required... They are the Bremen, the the railroad men and the on the Newfoundland bank... Mrs. Shiver, who lives Georgia, ought to have a world's history. She has than 510 descendants, 332 of still living. This great age 80 years of age, but still energetic.

Free Clothing Catalogue. Ready now, Hayden Bros. catalogue showing samples styles and lowest prices, on request. Send postal Bros., Omaha, for prices on you need. Make yourself the Big Store when in Om... To what deep gulfs a single tion from the track of human du... leads.—Lytton.

Selling Patents. Amongst the large concerns who purchased patents the past week were the following: David Bradley Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill. Vaughn Machine Co., Portland, Me. International Facsimile Co., Cleveland, O. Whitman & Barnes Mfg. Co., Akron, Ohio. General Electric Company of New York. Crosby Steam Gage and Valve Co., Boston, Mass. Berlin Machine Co., Beloit, Wis. Keyes-Baker Cigar Rolling Machine Co., Birmingham, N. Y. American Locomotive Appliance Co., of Virginia. Hall and Rocket Fastener Co., Boston, Mass.

Out of the 450 United States inventors who obtained patents the past week 145 had sold either a part or their entire interest in their inventions before they were issued. For free information concerning the law and practice of patents, address Hues & Co., Registered Patent Attorneys and Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

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