

NEBRASKA STATE NEWS

Wymore is agitating the pure water question.

John Brethower was drowned in a small draw near Havelock.

Rain at Fremont did \$1,000 damage to Thad Quinn's dry goods.

The Republican is the name of a new paper started at Scott's Bluff.

Considerable damage was done to crops near Stella by a waterspout.

Mrs. Lee Holstein of Overton was struck by lightning and fatally injured.

Over \$12,000 is to be spent by the government for improvements at Fort Niobrara.

The South Platte conference of the Lutheran church was held in Wilbur May 9 to 11.

Paul Kobalter was found dead on top of a car at Pacific Junction. He was a resident of Lincoln.

A fierce rain and electric storm struck Wabash Monday and the cornfields were badly washed.

Prof. H. E. Funk has been elected principal of the Fullerton schools for the ensuing year.

Over \$76 was raised by subscription in Plainview for the relief of the starving people of India.

The district Christian Endeavor convention will be held in Arlington the last week in this month.

The University cadet battalion will camp at Beatrice Chautauque grounds for four days, beginning May 13.

The decrease in the real estate mortgage indebtedness of Otoe county for the month of April amounted to \$33,799.57.

During the last seven years 256 people have committed suicide in Nebraska. Of these 203 were men and 53 women.

A special election has been called at Plainview to vote bonds to erect a new school house, as present facilities are inadequate.

The department encampment of the G. A. R. and Women's Relief Corps was held at Beatrice Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

Frank Strahan of Weeping Water has sold his standard bred horse, "Speculation," to Mr. Cudahy of Omaha. The price paid was \$400.

Nebraska will receive \$17,000 out of the total of \$1,000,000 recently appropriated by congress for the benefit of the national guard.

A young man supposedly Guy Hall of Scribner, was found unconscious on the railroad tracks near Ewing. It is believed he fell from a moving train.

Wallace Carter, formerly deputy district court clerk of Cass county, has gone to Butte, Mont., to accept a position as bookkeeper with the Hammond Packing company.

The Kearney Base Ball association is making arrangements to play ball games with Gothenburg on May 25 and with North Platte on Decoration day. Both games will be at Kearney.

Reports of the condition of the wheat and oat crop in the vicinity of Ewing are very flattering. The general average of the stand is better than usual and a bountiful crop can now be regarded as assured.

George L. Rymer of Nebraska City has asked Governor Poynter to apply to the war department for the discharge of his son, W. T. Rymer, who is serving in the Thirty-sixth United States volunteers.

Rev. Weyer has accepted the call from the Columbus Presbyterian congregation to become their pastor. Rev. Weyer is still a student at the Omaha university and will make weekly trips until his studies are finished.

A large barn belonging to Daniel Kestel of Auburn was struck by lightning. Eighteen horses were killed and a great deal of farm machinery destroyed. Mr. Krabiel also lost 2,000 bushels of wheat. Total loss \$1,500.

There was a meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic comrades of the northwest district if Nebraska on Saturday, at Crawford, to take preliminary steps towards organizing a new Grand Army of the Republic Reunion association for Northwest Nebraska.

The crop conditions of Butler county seem never better at this time of year. Fall wheat is doing well. Spring wheat and oats are making rapid growth. Corn planting has been retarded some by heavy rains. Fruit trees of all kinds promise an abundant crop.

The state board of agriculture met at Lincoln to formulate plans for the annual state fair. It was estimated that it would cost \$6,000 to put the old fair grounds and buildings in shape. Half of this expense will be borne by the city. The board arranged to have the work begun as soon as possible.

During a violent thunder storm lightning struck the large new barn of John Smith west of St. Paul, and in a short time the barn and a large granary, containing horses and 1,200 bushels of grain, were consumed. The house was also consumed. Mr. Irvine succeeded in saving his life. Loss about \$1,000, with only one horse.



AND THE PEOPLE PAY THE FREIGHT.

OUR PHILIPPINE EXPENSES.

The following analysis of the Philippine question, demonstrating that President McKinley favors the retention of the islands for commercial reasons, not upon humanitarian grounds or for the purpose of "benevolent assimilation," is furnished by the Post-Dispatch by Henry Loomis Nelson, formerly editor of Harper's Weekly. Mr. Nelson recently gave through the Post-Dispatch the substance of a lengthy conversation he had with Mr. McKinley on his attitude towards the people of our new possessions, which attracted wide attention and comment:

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.
Washington, D. C.—(Special)—It is because of their commercial value that we are to keep the Philippines. Mr. McKinley may say that he favors their retention in order that we may elevate their people, but the country will accept Senator Beveridge, who forgot all about right, justice, duty and freedom as the interpreter of the imperialistic purpose. The action of the house of representatives on the Porto Rico tariff bill is confirmation of the young senator's words.

The Philippines were purchased for commercial purposes only, and we have been entertained by much eloquent exposition of their money value to this country. But in every business enterprise there is a debit as well as a credit side, and we cannot reckon the profits unless we count the cost.

Let us assume that we can succeed in the colonial policy which brought Spain to ruin, and that we shall monopolize the trade of Porto Rico, the Philippines and Cuba. That trade amounts annually to about \$75,000,000. A net annual profit on that sum to American traders to Cuba and Porto Rico would be about \$40,000,000. This gain is only to some residents of the United States, not necessarily native-born or even citizens, by our possession, and by our successful exploitation in the most barbarous manner, of China, the Philippines, Porto Rico and Cuba. This is the rosiest hue which Mr. Beveridge's dream can assume.

To obtain this for these few citizens the country will have paid as follows:

Total cost of war with Spain	\$269,841,299
Cost war with Filipinos, 1899	\$4,741,267
Cost war with Filipinos, 1899	100,888,825
Total	\$424,944,560
Probable cost for 1900	125,000,000
Grand total	\$549,944,560

According to the present calculations of the government, there is to be a permanent increase in the annual cost of our army and navy for many years to come of \$100,000,000. Moreover, the sum of \$300,000,000 has been added to the public debt.

The items of expense in which the great increases have been made are to be found in the detailed accounts of the two military services. In 1897 the pay of the army amounted to \$12,230,761. In 1899 it amounted to \$73,593,579.

We have as yet no account of the expenditures for the fiscal year 1900, but we have the appropriations, and we also have the deficiencies which the secretary of the treasury asked of congress at the present session.

SHE OUTBID THE PRINCE.

American Woman Bid for a Crystal His Highness Wanted.

The mode in London at the moment is to own a crystal ball, at the least every one must be able to talk intelligently on the subject. Probably the present passion of the prince of Wales for collecting historic and fine specimens of crystals has had much to do with this state of things, and has also kindled the dealers and importers of them to unearth a number of formerly obscure treasures. The craze is spreading rapidly. In this country Miss Helen Gould is a student of crystals and owns a very beautiful one. It is an unusually large one, is free from blemishes and cost several thousand dollars. Miss Gould has it set up in the center of a much darkened room which is lit from the top, and where it can be freed from the reflection of all other things.

Many astonishingly fine bits of crystal have been found in California and made by machinery into beautiful spheres. The work is so skillfully done that it baffles the experts to tell them from those molded and polished by hand. The largest ball that this country can boast of having produced measures seven and three-sixteenths inches in diameter. It is not free from cloud-line waves of imperfections, or its value would be very great. In passing, it may here be said that a large exhibit of these American productions has been sent to the exposition at Paris, and will include crystals ranging in price from thirty up to five thousand dollars. But even those that touch the topmost figure are less expensive than some of the Japanese specimens recently shown in London. Especially is this true of those that have some incident of historic value connected with them. Lately an American woman outbid the prince of Wales and paid four thousand dollars for a rather small crystal, but one that was quite perfect. It had been one of the eyes in a celebrated Chinese dragon, a curious monster, whose figure once typified sin in one of the temples. The other eye of the beast was bought at a similarly high price by a Russian merchant, he said, "as a speculation."

MOUNTAINS OF MUSICAL SAND.

A few miles southwest of a little town which has become famous through the Beer war, Maefeking, lies a mountain of white sand. Perhaps I should say stands a mountain of white sand, but that would not be true. The sand rises and falls and shifts about, and in so doing makes music or sounds which seem like music among surroundings so desolate as a South African desert. The highest hill of sand in this locality is about 700 feet and there are many hillocks round about. The whole neighborhood is, however, constantly changing its appearance, and where there may be a considerable hill of sand today there may be a flat plain or even a hollow tomorrow. There seems to be periodic sand floods like those in the Arabian desert.

Grace church, New York, which has appeared in several plays and many novels, has the finest and heaviest chimes of any church in this country. They were presented by different members of the congregation and have been rung twice a day—at 10 o'clock in the morning and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon—for many years.

THIS MAN IS A HUMAN OSTRICH.

His name is Harry Harrison, and he is an unsolved problem to the medical profession. He defies all laws of physiology and seems to thrive on the liberties he takes with his stomach. This man actually eats nails of several kinds and sizes, tacks, glass lamp chimneys, the blades of pocket knives and other things.

This man is simply one of those exceptions to all the rules that do and ought to pertain to mankind. He is of more than average height and apparently of slim build, but when stripped this remarkable young man is a veritable Hercules of sinews and muscle. He has a chest of abnormal expansion and his strength is the strength of two strong men. It is remarkable to what resources some people will go to keep from working, and the reporter suggested that perhaps this was accountable for the fact that Mr. Harrison was willing to let surgeons take such liberties with his stomach, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Mr. Harrison, however, refused to accept this explanation, and said that what he did, he did purely in the interests of science.

At any rate, this man has a unique and unusual means of obtaining a livelihood. He does not travel among the museums of the country, but goes directly to the great universities and clinics of the leading medical schools and gives demonstrations of his ability to eat and digest or at least partially digest iron and steel in many different forms. There is absolutely no possibility of any trickery in the feats which he performs, but medical science is apt to be skeptical and so it is that for a consideration Mr. Harrison permits the surgeons to make an abdominal operation, and take some of the partially digested nails from his stomach. Mr. Harrison has certificates from eleven of the leading medical schools of this country testifying that such an operation has been made at their hands and that he is able to do such things and still live.

Another favorite test among the students and surgeons of the clinic is to apply the X-rays and in this way actually see the position of the nails, knife blades and glassware in the stomach of this man. Dr. Mirhan Kassabian, official photographer for the Medico-Chirurgical hospital, who makes a specialty of X-ray photographs for that institution, has taken a number of very interesting pictures of the contents of Mr. Harrison's stomach. Several of the pictures show the mass of nails, knife blades and such things which were swallowed.

Mr. Harrison says that he has never experienced any inconvenience from these operations, with the exception of nausea in coming out of the anaesthetic, and says that his wound from the operation always heals in a remarkably short time, that he invariably defies every rule of the house surgeon and attending physician while in the hospital and even then is out long before the physicians have believed it possible and ready to go under another operation.

As he has puzzled and confounded the greatest medical minds of the time, it only remains for the ordinary layman to stare and predict galvanized appendicitis in its worst forms. Mr. Harrison is the man who floated over Niagara Falls in a large rubber ball and was picked up unconscious. He is now 25 years old, and has been browsing on odd bits of china, iron and glassware since he was a boy of 7 at school. He offers no explanation of his powers and says that he has always refused to take any care of himself whatever. His only ailments have been stone bruises when going barefooted and hunger when going without food.

A Philadelphia advertisement: "What do you get when you buy a 44 hat at other stores?—stuck. Same here, \$3.50."

COULDN'T SAY HIS PRAYERS.

If Page Persons had been able to recite the Lord's prayer in the criminal court, relates the Kansas City Star, it might have saved him several months in jail. Judge Wofford was in a religious mood when he went upon the bench in the criminal court. Page Persons, a sallow-faced boy, was before him on a charge of stabbing a man, and he pleaded guilty and asked the mercy of the court.

"You're guilty, are you?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir."

Persons' attorney whispered to the judge and pointed to Persons' old father and mother, who were sitting with the crowd in the court room.

"There is your old father and your old mother," said the judge. "They look as if they were very respectable people, but I'll venture the assertion that it is largely their fault that you are here this morning."

The judge leaned over his desk and pointed his pencil at the young man.

"Can you repeat the Lord's prayer?" he asked.

"The what?" inquired the prisoner.

"The Lord's prayer. Did you ever hear of it?"

"No, sir."

"You never heard the prayer that begins 'our Father who art in heaven?'"

"No, sir."

Then your parents haven't done right. They look respectable, but they haven't done their duty by you. It's a disgrace to civilization that a man comes into this court who never heard the Lord's prayer. That's the one prayer of all prayers. All other prayers made by men are as tinkling brass and sounding cymbals compared with the Lord's prayer. Every child born into the world ought to be taught the Lord's prayer at its mother's knee. If that was done I would not be kept so busy in this court and wouldn't have to get out of a sick bed to hear cases like yours. If you had known just one petition in that prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation,' and had borne it in mind, you would not be here this morning."

"Talk about hereditary criminals," continued the judge. "When I hear a man arguing that there is such a man on earth as a hereditary criminal, I want to put him into the penitentiary. There's no such thing as a hereditary criminal."

DOG KNEW WHAT HE WANTED.

A small yellow dog limped on three legs under an ambulance through the gate of Bellevue hospital, New York. Dr. Cash was on duty in the dressing room. He saw the dog limp into the room, but was too busy to chase it out. When the doctor was through with his patient the dog advanced to the operating table, stopped and looked appealingly at the physician.

The doctor examined it and found the left hind leg fractured. There were many patients to attend and Dr. Cash patted the dog on the head and told it to come around later. The dog limped out of the room into the grounds.

Dogs are not allowed in Bellevue, so the little dog was captured and would have been killed had a visitor not promised to care for it.

That visitor had a friend who was a surgeon in the hospital. The surgeon had half an hour to spare. The broken bone was set, put in plaster, then in splints, and then in a sling. A short wooden stump was bandaged tightly on. The dog, a little awkwardly at first, walked away happily with its new owner.

While the operation was going on the dog whined a little with pain, but frantically licked the surgeon's hand when through.

SPEEDING THE PARTING GUEST.

Is that clock right? he asked after it had struck 11.

Why? she answered.

Because if it is, I shall have plenty of time to catch the 11:30 car.

I remember, now, she said, that the clock is about twenty minutes slow. Is you hurry you will just about catch the car.

During the twenty minutes that he stood on the corner he arrived at the painful conclusion that she didn't really love him as he longed to be loved.