

**THE TRIBUNE.**  
NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.  
It is now said that the deceased czar was greatly beloved by his subjects. We are to understand, then, that he wore boiler-room underclothes merely for comfort.

A BROOKLYN girl died from the effects of overfeeding on peaches, but what the society man with a small income is looking for is a case of a young woman dying from the effects of champagne and terrapin.

The fire department in Chicago is making war against the bill boards and poster stands, which, it declares, are fire feeders and great increasers of risks. Perhaps self protection and common sense may at last triumph over a nuisance which hatred for the unsightly could not affect.

The slaughter of big game in Maine this season has been of a wholesale character, and if it goes on unchecked, it is evident that the deer and the moose will soon be exterminated. The almost complete disappearance of the buffalo ought surely to suggest effective protection for the big game which is such a picturesque feature of the country.

When William Hamilton of Lafayette, Pa., was jilted by his sweetheart, he made three attempts to kill himself by throwing himself under the wheels of trains on the Reading railroad. Each time he was rescued by the train hands, and finally handcuffed and sent off to his relatives until he could cool off and pick out another girl who was not so fastidious.

A MAN from Pocatello, Idaho, recently sent to Salt Lake for some furniture. His local dealer, hearing of this, called on him and said: "I had those same goods. Why didn't you buy from me?" "What did you have them?" "I was the one who jilted her." "I never thought so, but I saw an ad of the things I wanted in the Salt Lake papers and sent for them." The moral is apparent.

UNSUCCESSFUL seekers for literary fame 100 years ago were twitted with the danger that their works would prove of value to the trunkmaker alone, but the modern trunkmaker seems to prefer other material than waste paper for lining his products. It would be hard to find in the trunks of to-day a single scrap of print or manuscript, though many a garret has old hair trunks lined with curious and perhaps valuable publications of the last century.

The latest rumor has Miss Pullman engaged to King Alexander of Serbia. This charming young woman has had more newspaper engagements than any other heiress in America, not excepting Miss Anna Gould. She has run the gamut from a newspaper man in New York along by counts, earls, dukes and princes until she has reached a king. It is really hard luck for Nicholas II that he tied himself to a Princess Alix before he could get a Pullman's chance.

It is now decided that the wife is entitled to own all the wedding presents, including the suspenders, collar buttons and neckties, provided she can prove she was the drawing card at the marriage ceremony. This is the latest victory for the end-of-the-century woman. This important ruling was made by Judge Underwood as he gazed solemnly over a pile of presents which completely covered the bar of justice and formed a fortress between him and the two persons who quarreled over the accumulations of ten years. It was the case of Philip Anhalt vs. Louisa Anhalt. The presents were valued at \$1,000, and the woman got them all.

A CINCINNATI grocer says that the pure food laws are a positive advantage to dealers in adulterated articles and for example he held up a can of maple syrup on which was the following label: "Pure maple syrup, sixty-five per cent; corn syrup (glucose), thirty-five per cent." "Now I also sell the pure syrup but I sell two cans of this to one of the pure. People do not mind buying adulterated goods if they know what the stuff is. I was almost afraid to handle the stuff at first but now I want a label on all impure goods handled. I say prosecute offenders against the pure food laws to the bitter end."

One fault of the common school system has been to overcrowd the avenues of employment that relate merely to the ability to write and cipher. The public schools have unwittingly nurtured a sentiment in the mind of the pupil against manual labor involved in trade. The public establishment, unconsciously inculcating the idea that manual work is not consistent with education, has graduated numberless clerks. The result is that mere clerkships are places of employment that pay less and promise less than any employment open to youth.

PERHAPS \$4,000,000 in cold cash were never spent to less purpose than was done in the case of the Canadian Soo canal which the dominion government has just completed. "Midst the patriotic blarney which our northern neighbor is indulging in celebration of the consummation of this engineering feat is distinctly heard the discordant note of the weary and discouraged taxpayer, whose burdens grow with the years and become more hopeless of relief with each change of the Canadian administration.

**HIS REASON.**  
"I'm going back to town," he said. Spake the maiden, "Say no more, While the waves from the sea curdled restlessly Over the whitened shore."  
"You're cruel and heartless and all things else, You're a mean old horrid thing! For you said you'd stay till I went away. There! I'll give you back your ring."

"I'm going back to town." "Enough!" She spake with a look of scorn. "I'll make you suffer, you poor old duffer. And sorry that you were born."  
"You are going back to town, then go; There are other men as sweet!" And she quickly rose from her former pose, And moved away ten feet.

"I'm going back to town," he said; "Nay, dearest, hear me speak. And don't be rash—to get the cash To carry me through next week."

**STORY OF A LOCKET.**

Reginald Fontaine owed his property largely to personal skill as a workman, and to correct tastes. In part, also, his success was the result of economy and that sound judgment which led him, when once he had saved a little money, to rent a good corner shop in town and to advertise briskly. And part was due to his name, which had an aristocratic sound.

Fontaine was a young man of fine address, with a knack of apt apparel, and he quickly became the leading jeweler in his town, and was excellent from the start. He bought discreetly of the manufacturers, won and held a popular retail trade, and in five years rose to a good commercial position. One September morning a stranger asked for Mr. Fontaine at the shop; a gentleman of foreign accent and appearance, handsomely attired, and with a shrewd, energetic face. He was traveling for a French manufacturing firm. His prices were excellent, although his wares were original in pattern, and the stones of superior purity and luster. Indeed, they were a class of jewels more costly than Fontaine had yet kept in stock, and it appeared doubtful if the quiet town would justify such expensive investments. Accordingly, he declined to buy.

The stranger retired, but in half an hour returned again. He had made inquiries at the banks and satisfied himself of the jeweler's responsibility. He now offered to leave a few articles on commission for the purpose of introducing his styles. Fontaine welcomed this proposal, and gave the required receipt, obtaining a dozen very handsome bold breast-pins, bearing rubies, sapphires and emeralds in unique settings, and a costly locket. He exulted over the brilliant additions to his exhibit, which would at least do credit to the stock and add to his reputation. The locket, especially, was a notable accession, and he gave it a conspicuous place on the plate-glass shelf of his corner show window. It was oval in form, of solid gold adorned with delicate bas-relief in white and dainty enamel. It was studded with a cluster of diamonds on each side. These diamonds were clear and vivid, uniform in size and quality, and of radiant depth.

"We ought to give that locket a name," said John Fontaine, as he stood by the window admiring it. "John was Reginald's brother and chief clerk, a skillful and competent assistant. "Suppose we label it 'Formerly property of Marie Antoinette,'" suggested Reginald, who was wont to make use of his imagination. "No, no," replied the more prosaic John. "We ought to give it a historical quality. It looks too new. We might call it 'A Congo Souvenir,' or 'The Tonquin Trophy.'"

Reginald demurred. "Not on! In ten of our customers will know that it is French, or even understand such a name. They will think it was made in Birmingham unless we state the contrary. I will have a little placard printed naming it the 'Versailles Locket,' and nomenclature myself the importer."

Accordingly next day appeared a delicate advertisement in black and white: "The Versailles Locket. Our Own Importation. Direct from France. Get it while it lasts. Fine Gold. Hand Graven. Price, \$300." Time passed. The ladies of the town came, examined and admired the locket. Christmas went by, and still the locket remained on the shelf upon the plate-glass shelf unused. The breast-pins were taken, but the locket proved too expensive for Fontaine's patrons. Five hundred pounds was the sum he stood accountable for to the French manufacturer in payment for this locket, and although in confidential moments he offered it to special customers at five hundred and thirty pounds, no one profited by this liberal discount from the set price. Every night the locket was carefully put away in the burglar-proof compartment of the huge steel vault, and every morning its plush box was restored to the safe; but the jewel seemed likely to remain as an advertisement until the traveling salesman appeared again to claim it.

One day a gentleman came in and inquired about repairs. He was a tall, majestic person, whom Fontaine had often seen of late about the streets, wearing a heavy ulster, with collar and cuffs and pocket-laps of seal fur, and clad throughout with deference to fashion. His watch was heavy and chased and very valuable. He was particular to take a receipt in the name of F. F. Barton, and departed abruptly without so much as recognizing in Reginald Fontaine the proprietor of the premises. At the appointed time Mr. Barton returned for his watch. Fontaine in person waited on him, and noticed the patriotic blarney which our northern neighbor is indulging in celebration of the consummation of this engineering feat is distinctly heard the discordant note of the weary and discouraged taxpayer, whose burdens grow with the years and become more hopeless of relief with each change of the Canadian administration.

"If you are interested in rings, examine these. I have some odd forms here. I don't expect you to buy, sir; but I'll give you an idea of my trade, and if anyone likes to look, I like to show the goods."  
In fact, it was a feature of Fontaine's sagacious policy that he tried to have every customer see as many of his wares as possible.

Mr. Barton glanced incuriously over the tray. "I've seen acres of rings," he replied, with a curling lip. And he continued to hunt for his gloves. "Is there anything I can show you that you are interested in?" continued Fontaine, politely, replacing the tray. "Family plate, table-ware, children's or ladies' ornaments."  
Mr. Barton had faced towards the door. He turned about with feeble curiosity to ask: "What have you in the way of ladies' ornaments?"

Fontaine led his customer to a showcase glittering with bracelets, combs, pins and so on. "The variety has been a little broken by our Christmas sales," he began. "No matter; I need not trouble you," interrupted Mr. Barton. "There is nothing here that I care for."  
"It is the best assortment in town," returned Fontaine. "Very likely. But I came from Paris only a few months since, and shall return in the spring. I think that I can afford to wait until that time before I buy."

With some warmth Fontaine led to the show window and caught up the locket. He put this before his scornful visitor. "Here is something you have never seen excelled in Paris or elsewhere." Mr. Barton looked at the locket in silence. He drew off his gloves and took up the jewel. He examined it minutely and, at last, said: "A very handsome affair—very handsome. This came from France?" "Versailles. It is a masterpiece, sir; known as the Versailles locket."

"What is the price?" "Six hundred pounds." Mr. Barton inspected it closely, and laid it down at last with unaltered change of bearing. He looked at Fontaine more intently, and said, in an insinuating tone: "I presume you would reduce that price a little for cash?" "I might, a very little," returned the jeweler, now speaking coolly in his turn. "Well, I'll see. I'll need my wife round to look at it. She likes such toys, but whether she will buy or not is quite uncertain. Luckily for me, she has money of her own. For my part, six hundred pounds is too much to put into a jewel."

He laid down a card, neatly engraved with his name, and sauntered out. Three days later a messenger came to Reginald with a letter. "Sir—Please bring the locket to the Castle hotel at 2 o'clock this afternoon. My wife wishes to see it, and is unable to leave the hotel. I can't promise you that she will buy, but as you like to show your wares, I should be pleased for you to submit your locket to her. Yours, F. F. Barton."

Fontaine thought for a moment. Then his dignity asserted itself. He called to his trusty brother and showed him the note. "John, I'll let you wait on these people. Sell the locket if you can. Get five hundred and thirty pounds if you can't do any better. Take good care of the locket; it is above all other jewels equally obscure and inaccessible. Many of them now meet me, and I'll be equally brought to me. The street den—London."

**ANIMALS THAT GIVE LIGHT.**

Phosphorescent Light Produced by Tens of Thousands of Species. More than 150 families of animals on land and in water, embracing tens of thousands of species, produce phosphorescent light. They yield enough of it to illuminate London, Paris and Glasgow.

The most brilliant light afforded by any land animal is that of the famous fire-fly of the tropics, known as the "Lucy." Thirty-eight of them yield one candle power. People in China confine them in paper lanterns for going about the country at night or for indoor lighting. Sometimes they attach one of the insects to each foot for traveling in the dark, to serve as a guide to the path. Also they use them as ornaments for the dress and hair.

A scientist has recently decided that the light does not depend on the vital principle of the insect. He found that the egg became luminous on being shaken in a glass receptacle. Then he dried the eggs and kept them in that condition for a long time. On being moistened, the beetles themselves, twelve hours after being killed by electricity, were still luminous.

So the professor infers that nothing more than a chemical combustion is concerned in the manufacture of this "cheapest light." He thinks there is hope that we may be able to produce it some day. To make a light equal in brilliancy to that of this tropical insect we must produce a temperature of 2,000 degrees. The firefly's lamp creates no heat, and can be detected by the most delicate instrument. Its energy is latent, and expended in illumination. Nature, while offering object lessons in the art of every hand laughs at man's efforts to imitate her in this field—Lloyd's Newspaper.

Mr. Barton and the French salesman who had left the locket. Although the police could not explain this coincidence, and scouted his conclusions, Fontaine always believed himself the victim of a double conspiracy; that the knaves traveled the globe with ample capital, one placing jewels stolen abroad in the hands of responsible dealers in small English towns, the other following to recapture the prizes, and the original conspirator returning to demand payment for the loss. But while he never placed hands or eyes again upon the French traveler, he had the satisfaction of adding his testimony to the catalogue of evidence against Mr. Barton at a later day, and of seeing him consigned to prison. The Versailles locket, however, never appeared; but Mr. Reginald Fontaine endeavored to find out how it came to the five hundred pounds which it cost him. He deals no more with unknown foreign manufacturers; neither does he trust valuable jewels among strangers.

**GORDON'S JOURNALS.**  
A British Museum Man Has Placed Them Among the Manuscript Treasures. In the manuscript department of the British Museum they have obtained, by request, the Khartoum journals of Gordon and other documents bearing on the history of his life. They were bequeathed by his sister. Among the acquisitions in papyrus is a fragment of a roll containing the latter part of the third book of the Odyssey. Its date is probably the first century, and it is the earliest extant manuscript of any part of the poem. Another of these curious specimens is a deed of sale of a slave boy at Seleucia in Syria, in A. D. 166. Buyers had nothing to fear from court martials in those days; the parties and witnesses boldly put their hands to their work, and the lad changes owners in due accordance with the forms of law. The Chinese might feel a certain interest in the deed, as it is a specimen of the Chinese examination paper, and it testifies to Chinese influence, as it is written throughout in that tongue.

It is in an inscription, but among the multitude, and following each method of judgment, painting and sculpture and architecture fall far behind this one form of sentiment—the sentiment of sounds. A few may confess their partiality for painting or statuary; indeed, some are music-deaf, as others are color-blind; but looking at the human family, the delight and pathos of music is almost universal. It is the art which holds all in its spell. The fables about Orpheus, how, when he played upon his instrument, the very trees listened, and the wild beasts came to hear and bask in their beauty, are only old efforts of literature to tell us how powerful this form of the beautiful has always been. Long before the modern penetration had said "Let me make the songs of the nation and I shall not care who may make his laws," Plato had said, "If you would know whether a state is well governed you must first look into the condition of its music." We have come to thoughts upon a power which reaches the most human souls, and reaches only to elevate. None are too poor to hear music; none are too humble in education to appreciate and enjoy the most perfect achievements in the line of music. It is above all other things below it in rank. It comes to all, and the sunshine which is grateful to all, is the music which is grateful to all. —Prof. David Spring.

**Music of the Ancients.**

Out of this old and weird, and as it seems, musical Egypt came Moses and the children of Israel. And as they had been for generations in that Nile valley, and since the gifted leader had been reared in the King's palace, and had become skilled in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, it is evident that when the children of Israel emigrated to set up a state of their own they carried with them a music of no small worth. We have long known that they carried from the Nile many principles of ethics and religion, some good and some bad, but to this political science and common literature we must now add quite rich treasures of hymns and music. We may suppose that the hymns which Moses and the army sang, and which Miriam sang with the accompaniment of her timbrel and dance, were hymns created in a land and age when the harp had twenty-one strings. By the natural law of progress this music had been better by the day when Solomon dedicated his temple, and when mention begins to be made of many instruments. In the last Psalm quite an orchestra sprang up before us. Seated in that grand old house of worship, you are amazed to see and hear trumpet and psaltery, and harp and timbrel and organs and stringed instruments and all other kinds of cymbals. In the time of Daniel, 500 years later, other instruments appear, and bands for the street had sprung up, for it was decreed that Daniel must worship the false gods at the moment when he should hear in the street cornet, flute, and harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer, and all other kinds of music. It seems that the writer had not the patience to enumerate all the instruments in the street bands of the King.

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**TOURED IN REFORM DRESS.**

A London Girl and Her Bicycle Trip of Four Hundred Miles. Among the most ardent London advocates of dress reform in woman's dress is Miss Bacon. She is also an enthusiastic bicycle rider, and has just concluded a wheeling tour of 1,200 miles in Great Britain. The costume she wore on the trip was of the reform variety, and Miss Bacon reports that nowhere on her lengthy tour did she hear any criticism other than favorable of her appearance. While in the lake region in the north of England she came upon a "reading party," composed of women who had not yet got beyond petticoats. She recognized them on a trip up Skiddaw, one of the highest "mountains" in England, and

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