

UNDOING OF A BUNKO.

The boom in the bunco market caused by the easy separation of ex-Alt. French of Brooklyn from \$5,000 of his good money by two expert youths on Monday was severely offset yesterday by an occurrence in the Broadway Central hotel in which a pair of the brotherhood of bunco-steerers figured respectively second and third to John Kasser of Arizona. The pair invested a little cash and considerable time and trouble in Mr. Kasser, and though he didn't pan out, they still have cause for thankfulness that they are alive, though battered.

Mr. Kasser is superintendent of the Live Oak Copper Mining and Smelting company, with mines at Globe, Ariz., and he is here with his wife on business. They are at the Broadway Central. Mr. Kasser is of foreign extraction. He is possessed of a slight accent, a blandly quiet manner, a confident smile, and a general aspect of material but nonmetropolitan prosperity.

When he comes to New York he doesn't follow the example of some of his western friends and cast himself madly into the embraces of a ready-made frock coat, a silk hat, and a new pair of tan shoes with white laces; he wears the same clothes that he wears at home and goes about his business, and if people infer therefrom that he is from the west, he makes no moan over that. Globe he considers to be a pretty good sort of place to come from, and he isn't ashamed of it.

For some time past there has been hanging about the corridor of the Broadway Central a gentleman possessed of a certain appearance of silekness which has not commended him to the favorable notice of the clerks. So far as they were able to discover, his sole occupation seemed to be to chew toothpicks, derived from the hotel's cigar stand, and watch the people in the lobby from the depths of an easy chair. He was middle-aged, plump and well-dressed. The hotel would have been glad to get rid of him had opportunity offered. However, he only came occasionally, and his behavior was not such as would warrant his ejection.

On Tuesday morning this person accosted Mr. Kasser, who was standing looking disconsolately out into the rain.

"Bad weather we're having," said the man. "Have much rain in your part of the country?"

"Yes, I get used to pretty much all kinds of weather," replied Mr. Kasser.



"SAY, MY FRIEND, DO YOU PLAY CARDS?"

"Going out, I see," continued the stranger, glancing at the other's umbrella. "Going uptown?"

Mr. Kasser turned upon him a beaming look, but made no answer.

"What's your line of business, any way?" continued the other persuasively.

"My business," responded the westerner, with a gentle smile, "is not yours."

"Oh, well, you needn't be offended just because I'm a stranger," persisted the other, looking somewhat hurt. "What have you got against strangers, any way?"

"Nothing in particular," answered the visitor, "but I come from the west, you know, and I've heard that New York was full of bunco men and swindlers."

"Oh, ho-ho! Ha-ha-ha! That's rich!" cried the other, slapping Mr. Kasser on the back. "You took me for a bunco man! Why, I live right here in the hotel. They all know me. Ha-ha-ha! That's pretty good!"

"Pretty good," assented Mr. Kasser, smiling at the other as if he were his bosom friend.

"Well, if you're going uptown—"

"I ain't," said Mr. Kasser, and he walked out chuckling.

Upon his return he saw nothing of the effusive stranger, but when he came down into the lobby the next morning there stood the man, well-groomed and smiling.

"Ah!" said the stranger, as Mr. Kasser approached. "Just down? I'm just through breakfast myself. Nice day."

To this proposition the westerner agreed. Then his friend invited him into the cafe to show there was no ill-feeling, and after some conversation they went in together, the stranger saying:

"After what you said about the bunco business you can't do less than have a drink with me. Ha, ha, ha! That was a good one!"

"Yes, wasn't it?" responded Mr. Kasser. "But I don't drink."

"Well, come sit down and have a cigar," said the other, and led the way to a table where sat a young man with a protruding under jaw, a striped shirt, a glass diamond, a long drink, and certain other evidences that he wasn't a minister of the gospel. The friendly stranger gave no open intima-

tion that he knew this man, but kicked him as he sat down. As the man didn't rise up and wipe the floor with the kicker Mr. Kasser decided that the pair knew more about each other than they seemed to know. Presently all three were engaged in conversation, Mr. Kasser answering all their questions about himself with a confident smile and accepting gracefully his new friend's invitation to smoke a 25-cent cigar. The other two men had drinks and the friendly man paid for them. Then said he to Mr. Kasser:

"You don't drink anything, I see, but I guess you're out for a good time, eh?"

A slow, warm smile overspread the westerner's placid face.

"I thought so," cried the other. "There's a little game running uptown very quietly and I can put you next. Say, my friend," he added to the man on the other side of the table, "do you play cards?"

"Wy, sho-err-rr!" growled he of the protrusive jaw.

"Come on, then; we'll all go there and have a little friendly game," said the friendly man, blithely.

He started to rise, but felt Mr. Kasser's hand on his shoulder, and saw Mr. Kasser's beaming smile very close to his own face.

"Have you got a pencil?" asked Mr. Kasser.

"Pencil? Why, certainly. What do you want of it?"

"I want you to write your name on this piece of paper."

"What for? I won't do it."

The smile disappeared from the face of Mr. Kasser. His hand slipped along the shoulder of the friendly stranger and settled on his collar. The friendly stranger hastened across the floor toward the office, not because he particularly wished to, but because a very muscular arm was propelling him. The third member of the trio came behind, caying hoarsely:

"Leave 'em go. He's me fren. Leave 'em go or I'll soak yer!"

Mr. Kasser landed his man in front of the desk and addressed the clerk.

"Does this man live here?"

"No."

"You're a liar, then," said Mr. Kasser to his captive. The captive struggled.

"Ever see him here before?" Mr. Kasser asked the clerk.

"Yes, he's been loafing around here for some time."

"You're a bunco-steerer and thief," said Mr. Kasser to the stranger.

Then he relaxed his grip and his fists made a plugging sound upon the plump features of the stranger. That friendly person lopped over the desk and a conveniently placed inkwell caught the life-blood that flowed from his displaced nose.

Meantime the proprietor of the protruding jaw and the striped shirt was standing in the middle of the corridor looking uncertain as to what he had better do. He was quickly relieved of all uncertainty. Mr. Kasser reached him in a jump, grabbed him by the shoulders, whirled him around, and planted a heart-felt kick. Thereupon the man solved for a fleeting moment the problem of aerial navigation. He rose and soared. When he landed and got his feet going there was a current of air in his wake that blew off the hats of two men who stood near by. Upon returning for the other man Mr. Kasser discovered only a crimson trail that led out by way of the cafe door. Some two dozen men who were scattered about the lobby crowded around Mr. Kasser and wanted to testify to their appreciation by buying him drinks and cigars, and the head clerk came around to thank him for ridding the hotel of the bunco man.

When a Sun reporter saw Mr. Kasser yesterday and asked him about his adventure, that gentleman rubbed his chin and said he shouldn't think a little thing like that would be of any interest in a big city like New York. He admitted, however, that he had enjoyed himself, and said that the cigar presented to him by his departed friend was a very excellent one.

"I have got a little property of my own," said he, "not very much, but a little; and I suppose those two thought they could get \$5,000 or \$6,000 out of me. I am a simple-minded western man," he added, and paused contemptuously. "A simple-minded western man, but," he concluded, smiling benignantly at the toe of his right boot, "I have been in New York before."—New York Sun.

A Wasted Reprimand.

From the Cleveland Plain-Dealer.—Little Dorothy isn't quite two and a half years old yet, but she has developed some very mischievous tricks. If she isn't hungry she plays with her food. Sometimes she surreptitiously flings portions of it at her brother. Occasionally she bathes her busy fingers in her bread and milk bowl. Of course these naughty tricks displease her mother, and Miss Dorothy gets a severe talking to quite often. The other day she tried to convert her bowl into a head decoration and her mamma favored her with a very warm opinion on such breeches of table decorum. Dorothy sat perfectly still during the scolding, staring at the wall above her mother's head. When the reprimand was ended Dorothy let her eyes drop to the level of her mother's face and mildly remarked: "I can't hear a word you say, mamma." And that ended the incident.

When Mrs. H. Was Absent.

Little Willy—"Papa, what is a pessimist?" Mr. Hennepeck—"A married man, my son."—Puck.

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest call of duty.

RAG TIME FROM WAGNER.

Also in Part From Mozart, Beethoven and Other Great Masters.

From the Chicago Tribune.—Rag-time has been given its rating by W. W. Root, musical authority. He says it bears the same relation to the great things of the musical world that Mother Goose melodies do to the masterpieces of the world's literature. While criticizing this lowly but extremely popular sort of music, Mr. Root says it came from the great masters of the earth. Wagner lapsed into it a month after the manner of statesmen who sometimes get tired and drop into versification. Mozart also had moments of fatigue or exuberance, when he dashed off a few notes in the measure of the cake-walk melody. Some of the great literateurs have written along the mental altitude of Mother Goose, says Mr. Root, and so have Bach and Beethoven yielded to the impulse to put their lofty thoughts into sharp and flats that would be appreciated in Halsted street. "I would not do away with rag time music," said Mr. Root. "If some one should ask me if I would blot out Mother Goose rhymes I would say unhesitatingly I would not do it. Mother Goose is a good thing in its way. So is rag time. To make the matter plain rag time is syncopation. All the great masters have employed syncopated notes. That is all right, or the masters would not have done it. But they did not write all of their works in syncopation. That shows that syncopation is good for awhile, but we do not want much of it. Now, Mother Goose literature is a good thing, but suppose you had nothing else to read you would get tired of it after awhile. "What would you suggest be done about it?" he was asked. "Let it alone. The people who like it may learn after awhile to like something else better." "What objection lies against rag time music?" "It is a repetition of the same thing, that's all. There is nothing else in the world the matter with it. As I said, if it were not a good thing the masters would not have used it." Among many oddities of rag time an example of its effect may be seen in the setting of "Old Hundred" to that measure. "There is no such thing as good music or bad music," said Prof. Emil Liebling. "You may set good music to bad or vicious words and the music becomes bad by implication. So with rag time. It is now lending itself to low vaudeville, in the main, and because of that association the music is denounced. The song from 'Carmen,' 'Love is a Wild Bird,' is one of the best examples of rag time in modern music. In the overture to 'Don Juan,' by Mozart, and in the sixth two-voiced invention of Bach we have good examples of syncopation. Rag time is simply having its day. It will be forgotten as a craze in a few years."

SENTENCED.

A Dog to Jail for Sixty Days to Stay with His Master.

New York World: It is of record in Recorder Stanton's Court in Hoboken that Kaiser, a mongrel yellow dog, was formally taken before him and sentenced to sixty days in the county jail, and a commitment was regularly made out. This was done that the dog might not be separated from his master, Edward Livermore. Time was, perhaps, when Livermore was good to look upon, but Kaiser was never anything but an ugly cur. The man is 52 and looks years older. Dog and man have starved together. Their bones are almost sticking through their skin. Both bear the imprint of suffering from starvation and cold. The man was clad in rags. Only when Livermore realized that he was so weak from lack of food that he must die of starvation or cold did he apply to Poormaster Brock the other day for admission to the almshouse.

"You will have to leave the dog behind," said the poormaster as he wrote out the commitment. "We can't part," said the old man, and his voice trembled, as if the suggestion that he would give up his dog hurt him. He turned to the dog. "If we can't live together we'll die together, won't we, Kaiser?"

The poor, gaunt dog wigwagged his stumpy tail in acquiescence. "You don't understand," said the old man, gently. "You see, I was prosperous once and owned my own canal boat. It sank one night about six years ago, and I should have gone down with it had it not been for Kaiser. He jumped into my bunk and awakened me while the water was pouring into the cabin. We've been pals ever since, share and share alike, and we can't part now."

Then Poormaster Brock's manner changed. He took Livermore and Kaiser before Recorder Stanton, and when the latter heard the story he sentenced man and dog to the jail for two months, and they walked off together, happier than they have been for months.

A. P. A.

Cassidy—Did ye hear o' the turrible thing that happened teh the Aherns' baby? Mulligan—Hurted at the christening, was it? Cassidy—Hurted? Shure, 'twas ruined entirely. They called the child "Aloysius Patrick Ahern." Think av the initials av it!—Philadelphia Press.

Her Selection.

Mrs. de Fine—Here's my new bonnet. Isn't it a darning? Only £28! Mr. de Fine—Great snakes! You said bonnets could be bought from £3 up. Mrs. de Fine—Yes, dear. This is one of the "ups."—New York Weekly.

Mail Once in Two Weeks Only.

There are scores of places in this country where only one mail comes every fourteen days.

WAITING FOR DEATH.

A NOTED OUTLAW SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE.

Desperate Fight on a Train—Shackled to Another, He Shot a United States Marshal and Freed Himself by Cutting Off Companion's Hand.

Calmly awaiting death in the penitentiary at Chester, Ill., is Robert Yerger, one of the most noted outlaws of the West, who is serving a life sentence. Yerger belonged to what was known as the "Robbers' Cave gang" of seven members, whose robberies became so frequent and bold in the vicinity of Austin, Texas, in 1884 that a force of United States deputy marshals started out with a determination of rounding them up. They met Jim McDaniels, one of the leaders of the gang, on a country road near New Braunfels, and a pitched battle took place without any parleying by either the desperado or the officers. McDaniels' body was riddled with bullets, but he did not quit shooting until he had seriously wounded two of the deputy marshals. A short time after McDaniels' tragic death Yerger and Ezra Pitts, another member of the robber band, were captured by deputy marshals. Both were given life sentences in the Chester, Ill., penitentiary. It was a few days after their conviction that the two prisoners made one of the most desperate attempts to escape known in the criminal annals of Texas. Henry L. Gosling was United States marshal for the western district of Texas, which embraces all of that territory located west of the Colorado river, at that time, and he went to Austin to convey the two desperate prisoners to San Antonio, where the jail was more secure, pending their removal to the penitentiary. He was a fearless officer and so careless in presence of danger that he did not take the precaution of shackle the two prisoners to the car seats, though they were fastened together when he placed them on the train to take them to San Antonio.

Deputy Marshals Manning and Lang accompanied Gosling, and they were in active charge of the prisoners. Gosling took a seat three seats forward of the prisoners, his seat companion being H. S. Canfield, formerly a Texas ranger, but for several years past a resident of Chicago. A number of relatives of the prisoners were on the train, but were not allowed in the same car with the latter. Shortly after the train pulled out of the depot Mrs. Pitts, the pretty wife of one of the prisoners, came to Gosling and pleaded to be allowed to sit by the side of her husband. She also asked that Rose Yerger, sister of the other prisoner, be allowed the same privilege. Tears coursed down the face of the woman as she asked this favor, and Gosling granted her request. Two seats were thrown together, and Rose Yerger sat facing her brother and Mrs. Pitts faced her husband. The train left Austin just at nightfall, and it was about 9 o'clock when New Braunfels was reached. The two women had spent the time sobbing on the shoulders of the prisoners, and Gosling and his two deputies had no thought of the plot that was being arranged. Shortly after the train had pulled out of New Braunfels Pitts slyly reached his shackled hands under the folds of his wife's dress and secured a six-shooter which had been concealed there. Yerger did likewise, and drew forth a six-shooter from his sister's dress. The two prisoners then sprung into the center of the car and began firing at Gosling and the two deputy marshals simultaneously. The first two shots came together, and both bullets struck the brave United States marshal squarely in the back, and he pitched forward on his face. Deputies Manning and Lang were quick to get into the fray. The cylinder of Lang's pistol would not revolve, and he was powerless to render any assistance to Manning, who stood up fearlessly before the rain of bullets that was being showered at him by the prisoners. Manning emptied the chambers of his six-shooters at Yerger and Pitts as they slowly backed toward the door of the coach. The car was filled with smoke, and it was only by the flash of the pistols that the positions of the combatants could be distinguished. Manning was shot through the left side, through the left arm and through the fleshy part of the neck. Although the blood was pouring from these wounds he kept up the fight and did not seem to know the meaning of fear.

As he followed the prisoners toward the car door his cartridges were exhausted and the ejector stuck. He coolly stooped down beside Canfield, grabbed a lead-pencil from his upper vest pocket and punched the empty shells out of the chambers, reloaded and resumed firing. Pitts and Yerger gained the platform of the car and shouted defiance at Manning. They then jumped off of the train, which was still running at a good rate of speed. The coach slowly cleared of smoke, and the interior looked like a slaughter pen. The floor was reeking with blood, many panes of glass were broken, and groans were coming from wounded passengers. A woman, Mrs. Drown, had been shot through the abdomen. She died next day. Rose Yerger had been shot through the thigh. Marshal Gosling was dead in a pool of his own blood, and Deputy Manning soon became unconscious from the loss of blood. The train was stopped, and ran back to San Marcus, where the wounded were given surgical attention. The following morning a detachment of state rangers arrived at the spot where the prisoners jumped from the train. They had a pack of blood-

hounds, and the latter immediately gave tongue, and followed a bloody trail made by the fugitives for a distance of about 500 yards, when they came to the body of Pitts lying in a bunch of woods. He had been shot twice through the body, and it was remarkable that he should have been able to jump from the moving train and go that distance wounded as he was. Yerger had released himself from his dead companion by severing the latter's right hand at the wrist. The pursuit of Yerger was continued, and he was found that evening wandering in the hills in the western part of Comal county. He was demented, and made no resistance when ordered to throw up his hands and surrender. He recovered his senses in a few days, and was conveyed to the penitentiary at Chester, Ill., where he is still confined. Although badly wounded, Manning recovered, and is now living on the Rio Grande border.

"FAINT HEART NEVER WON—"

The Old Man Knew Human Nature and Won His Point.

Detroit Free Press: Young men can never tell where to look for an ally in their love affairs. A few afternoons ago one of them was leaving a handsome residence in the upper part of the city. He walked unsteadily, he will never be paler, and it was evident that he was in great trouble. He scarcely noticed the brisk approach of the old gentleman who owns the house, and the daughter, though the suitor had been diligently dodging the father for months. "Hello! What's this? Sick?" and the old gentleman firmly planted himself in the way of the retreating lover. "You're not fit to go out in the storm, young man. Come inside. Take a drop of brandy. What do you mean, risking your life like this?" "Not there, sir," in a faint voice. "I'll never enter that house again. Your daughter just refused me." Now, the father had told her a score of times to "get rid of that chap," but he is sympathetic and choleric. "What," pouncing the walk with his cane, "refused you? Jilted you? Put you in this awful state? The mix. She'll hear from me. Look as though you were dying, poor fellow. How many times have you asked her?" "Once." Only once? Thunderation, man, I'll bet I asked her mother 50,000 times before she'd have me. It's in the blood. Come in here. No, take a walk around the block and then come. The idea of that girl thinking that she knows her own mind. It's absurd. Brace up now. We'll bring her to time." And it looks as though they were. The old gentleman looks sheepish, the girl laughs often without apparent cause, and the youth calls regularly.

Marie Antoinette's Necklace.

It must have been in 1862 that Meyererber paid his last visit to London, and I saw him at one of the Philharmonic concerts, which were then held in the old Hanover square rooms, says the Cornhill Magazine. There was quite a flutter of excitement when the little old man, looking extraordinarily wizened and wrinkled, even for his age of 68, came into the box. I noticed his piercing eyes and hooked nose, and, perhaps as much as these, a magnificent brooch of rubies and diamonds that blazed in the center of his shirt front, which he wore in the fashion of 1830. After the triumphant performance of one of his operas the queen sent for him to come to her box to receive her congratulations. Half-dazed with emotion, excitement and fatigue, the old musician, rising from his obeisance, clasped his hands to his eyes, crying with horror, "Blood, blood, round the queen's neck!" "It is only this, Gluck," said Marie Antoinette, hastily snatching off her necklace of rubies, and holding the rippling gems toward him; and Gluck looked again and saw the fair white throat rising unharmed and stainless. He died in 1787.

Fish Poisoning.

From Popular Science Monthly: In the United States fish poisoning is most frequently due to decomposition in canned fish. The most prominent symptoms are nausea, vomiting and urging. Sometimes there is a scarlet rash, which may cover the whole body. The writer has studied two outbreaks of this kind of fish poisoning. In both instances canned salmon was the cause of the trouble. Although a discussion of the treatment of food poisoning is foreign to this paper, the writer must call attention to the danger in the administration of opiates in cases of poisoning with canned fish. Vomiting and purging are efforts on the part of nature to remove the poison, and should be assisted by the stomach tube and by irrigation of the colon. In one of the cases seen by the writer large doses of morphine had been administered in order to check the vomiting and purging and to relieve the pain; in this case death resulted. The danger of arresting the elimination of the poison in all cases of food poisoning cannot be too emphatically condemned.

Longest Span of Wire.

The longest span of telegraph wire in the world is in India, over the River Kistna. It is over 6,000 feet in length.

Boston's Second Church.

The old "Second church" in Boston celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary recently.

A King's Reign.

Brown—A king must lead a stormy life. Towne—Yes; it's very reigny.—Boston Traveler.

THE DINSMORE CASE.

Court Appoints His Attorneys, Who Ask for a Continuance Until May.

KEARNEY, Neb., Feb. 2.—Aside from the appearance of Frank L. Dinsmore and Lester Strong in district court, there was little to interest the 500 people who occupied seats in the court room during the whole day. The morning was taken up hearing civil cases.

Late Tuesday afternoon Dinsmore filed an affidavit setting forth the fact that he was unable to employ counsel and asking the courts to appoint attorneys to defend him. Norris Brown and Francis G. Hamer were appointed. This morning they filed a plea in abatement, in which the right of the court to try the prisoner on an information instead of indictment was questioned. The judge overruled the motion, whereupon Dinsmore's attorneys made a verbal request for continuance until the May term of court. The continuance was not denied, but the judge gave them until Friday morning to file a motion formally asking for a continuance. In answer to the information filed against Dinsmore, he pleaded not guilty.

Nebraska Dead on the Pekin.

LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 2.—Following is a corrected list of the Nebraska dead that arrived on the Pekin, showing the destination of the remains: Horace L. Faulkner, private, Company F; sent to Mrs. H. B. Wilkinson, Western, Neb. William R. Phelps, private, Company F; sent to James W. Phelps, Humboldt, Neb. Ralph W. Kells, private, Company L; sent to Leslie E. Kells, South Omaha. Earl W. Osterhout, private, Company C; interred in national cemetery at San Francisco. Notified Mrs. H. T. Ramsdale, San Francisco. Frank M. Knouse, private, Company C; sent to W. B. Knouse, Beatrice, Neb. Walter H. Hogue, private, Company G; sent to G. A. Hogue, Milligan, Neb. Fred Taylor, Company L; sent to S. J. Arnett, Madison, Neb. Frank S. Glover, private, Company A; sent to D. W. Burd, Nelson, Neb. Ira E. Giffen, private, Company E, sent to M. B. Giffen, Valparaiso, Neb. George F. Hansen, private, Company A; unclaimed. Lester E. Sisson, lieutenant, Company K; sent to F. L. Sisson, St. Edward, Neb. Elmer B. Wampler, private, Company A; sent to Mrs. G. F. Gould, Highmore, Neb. Alfred J. Erisman, private, Company I; sent to Jacob Erisman, Hickman, Neb. Charles O. Ballinger, private, Company L; interred in national cemetery at San Francisco, and notified Mrs. G. W. Ballinger, Los Angeles, Cal. Frederick J. Pegler, private, Company I; sent to J. H. Pegler, Palmyra, Neb. Theodore H. Larson, private, Company K; sent to O. S. Larson, Corning, Ia.

State Fair Committees.

The State Board of Agriculture has appointed the following state fair committees: Superintendent gates, W. A. Millar, Loup City. Superintendent agricultural hall, A. C. Jones, Blair. Superintendent mercantile hall, F. H. Young, Broken Bow. Superintendent forage, Charles Mann, Chadron. Superintendent of transportation, O. M. Druse, Lincoln. Superintendent of speed, J. D. Macfarland, Lincoln. Superintendent of amphitheater, J. N. Van Duyn, Wiber.

Class Superintendents:

A—T. A. McKay, Aurora. B—E. Filley, Filley. C—L. W. Leonard, Omaha. D—C. M. Harvey, Omaha. E—C. M. Lewelling, Beaver City. F—J. R. Cantlin, Webster. G—Mrs. M. M. Presson, Stromsburg. H—Miss E. W. Erwin, Lincoln. I—B. F. Stauffer, Bellevue. J—Mr. Dinsmore, Beatrice. K—Ed Whitcomb, Friend. L—M. W. Chapell, Minden. M—L. K. McGraw, Osceola. N—W. H. Barger, Heaton. O—W. E. Ewing, Franklin. P—L. A. Becker, Neligh. Q—N. W. Winkerson, Central City.

Farmer's Feet Frozen.

OGALALLA, Neb., Feb. 2.—Saturday evening while Frank Richmond, a farmer was driving home from Brule, his team became frightened and ran away, throwing him out on the frozen ground. He struck on his head, rendering him unconscious and he did not regain his senses until daylight. The night was the coldest of the winter—6 degrees below zero. His feet were frozen and he was unable to walk, but managed to crawl on his hands and knees three-fourths of a mile to a school house, where he spent the day until 2 o'clock p. m. He started from there to crawl home when he was discovered.

State Capitol Notes.

LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 2.—The State Bank of Holstein, Adams county, has gone into voluntary liquidation and arrangements have been made to pay all obligations of the institution in full as they come due.

The state bank of Elba, and the State bank of Surprise, were chartered by the State Banking board, the former having a capital stock of \$20,000 and the latter \$10,000.

Attorney General Smyth has announced that he will begin suits in the supreme court against the Burlington, Union Pacific, Elkhorn and Omaha roads for the violation of the order of the Board of Transportation restoring the railroad rates on live stock.

York's Canning Factory Idle.

YORK, Neb., Feb. 2.—A large, well equipped canning factory, built on the co-operative plan, is not now in operation. This building and machinery can be purchased at 50 cents on the dollar. Farmers living near are ready to contract to furnish thousands of bushels of corn, tomatoes