

# THE HELIOGRAPH IN WARTIME

The heliograph is by no means a modern invention. Although it has been a good deal spoken of during the present South African campaign and is generally looked upon as one of the mechanical marvels of the nineteenth century, the fundamental idea of using the sun's rays for writing is as old as the Roman empire itself.

Every student of the classics will remember how the old Roman soldiers used their shields for flashing back information to the rear or from one wing of an army to another. The heliograph is practically the same system of sun flashing reduced to a scientific basis so that the message may be transmitted a distance of from five to even 100 miles when the circumstances are favorable.

The military value of the heliographic method of transmitting information may be readily imagined. Its first advantage is its extreme simplicity. It does not necessitate the keeping open of lines of communication, there are no wires to protect, no batteries to look after and no burdensome apparatus to carry about.

The Indians of America, like the old

ray. The station mirror has a small disk at the center, and when the two mirrors are used they must be so adjusted that the shadow from the center of the sun mirror shall be reflected against the small disc on the face of the station mirror. In making signals long and short sun flashes take the place of the dots and dashes of the magnetic sounder, the same call being generally used for both instruments. When the air is clear, signals may be taken by the naked eye at a distance of 100 miles; and by an expert at the rate of fifteen words a minute.

## USED HIS COFFIN

As a Trunk Because He Lived Longer Than He Expected.

Anthony Simpkins, a nonagenarian of Lansboro, Mass., started one day last week for Hopkins Station, Mich. The nearest railway station to Lansboro is in Pittsfield, and when Anthony arrived in that city, with his blooming wife of 27 years, he created a sensation of considerable magnitude. It was neither the nonagenarian nor his wife,

to take it along, anyhow." Despite Mr. Simpkins' plausible explanation the railroad officers refused to accept his coffin trunk, and with a good deal of grumbling he and his wife transferred the contents to a dry goods box.

## HISTORICAL PALACE FOR SALE.

Many of England's Kings and Queens Resided There.

The crown lease of Eitham court and palace, which forms one of the most interesting links with the past which have ever passed into the estate market, is advertised for sale, says the London Chronicle. Its history dates from the time of Edward the Confessor (1042-66). At that time the manor belonged to the crown. It was granted by William the Conqueror to his brother Odo, earl of Kent, but reverted to the crown. While the date of the erection of the palace is uncertain, it is known that it was a royal residence from 1270 to 1628. "John of Eitham," Edward II., Edward III., Richard II., Henry IV., Henry V., Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII.,

## LITTLE BLACK IMP.

Back in Berlin the name of Max Hertzler had been of some account. He was, to begin with, a Hertzler, which meant much. As a matter of course, he was an officer in the army—his sisters had starved themselves for his commission and maintenance—and he was handsome, even for a German officer. Unfortunately for him, he sang the love songs of his country, and they are quite the most moving songs in the world. They move the singers as well as the listeners. "They moved Hertzler, and on one night in particular when he was bidden to the house of a certain titled lady he was so lifted out of himself by the charm of his music that he proposed to an American girl who was present, and to his startled dismay, he was accepted.

It was a misfortune, for he was not in sympathy with the American point of view, he did not like the insistence and intellectual arrogance of American women, and he had quite made up his mind to marry a senseless and well-born frau who did neat work and went to kaffeeklatsches. He almost loved her, she was so nondescript, and would be well content to make a harmless background of herself for his benefit. Moreover, in spite of all his vanity, he was rather soft-hearted, and it hurt him to think how many tears would bedew those soft blue eyes when she heard of his engagement to the American girl.

The American girl had, moreover, been known to do things which were shocking. She had gone shopping about the streets of Berlin unaccompanied, she had once used slang before a Weimar professor of philosophy, and she had been heard to say that she did not like the shape of the emperor's nose. She was not known to be rich even, which is the only excuse that an American girl has for living, and it was said she made some serious mistakes in her interpretation of the Fifth Symphony.

Yet he married her. And they went to America.

"It is just as well," said his friends, sadly. "Really, you know, it is all over with poor Max."

They felt that he was as good as dead.

It was dull in America. Well, New York wasn't so bad, perhaps, but the other towns—bah! There wasn't a true city among them. It didn't count for a man to be anybody. No one paid any attention to Max because he was



a Hertzler. It made him bitter. He had a little summer house built in the yard back of his house where they lived, and smoked his pipe there and dreamed of Berlin. Also he planted some flowers and some little trees. He liked these and paid much attention to them. He studied a good deal—military tactics and botany. But he neglected to provide the daily bread. No one could blame him for it. It was an oversight on his part. His wife taught music lessons—she gave private lessons and class lessons, and she sometimes performed at concerts. Her peculiar treatment of the Fifth Symphony did not militate against her in America.

In the course of the long and busy years four children were born to the Hertzlers, but still the burden of the breadwinning developed upon madam. She never complained. It was the greatest pleasure in the world for her to return home and find the baron sitting there. She never saw a man so handsome. And he was always kind. Sometimes he found odd jobs to do—bookkeeping, or work in a railroad office, or book criticism. He was willing—but not eager—to work. Time was apt to hang heavily upon his hands. And so it became his habit to amuse himself in a peculiar way—namely: by the making of little black devils. He made them on anything that chanced to be handy—an envelope, a scrap of paper, a playing card, or a book margin. He represented them in every imaginable antic. He gave them a thousand subtle individualities. His mind appeared to be beset by them. Many of his acquaintances had wondered in the course of their intercourse with him what it was that filled that large, handsome head. Now they feared to be finding out. The little black devils tramped out of his cranium in such numbers that they threatened to leave it quite void and empty.

The children were growing up, and children cannot do that, no matter how unobtrusive they endeavor to be, without costing some one something. These children developed talents, and in a utilitarian age talents cannot be allowed to go to waste. Madam Hertzler considered it incumbent on her to see that one studied dramatic expression, and another the violin, and another wood carving, and another modeling in clay, besides all of the regulation studies. She brought a great circle of friends about her, who adored her Bohemian evenings, and who considered the baron one of the most interesting gentlemen they had ever met.

The baron did not consider himself interesting. He was bored with himself. He wondered if time would never pass in America—and drew little black devils while he was waiting to find out. Among his many pleasing and heterodox friends who visited the Hertzlers was a newspaper man of a whimsical turn of mind. He had been the recipient on a certain occasion of a pack of playing cards in which each club, spade, heart or diamond was represented by scarlet or black devils, and the design upon the backs of the cards was a writhing, twisting inferno of the same grotesque little creatures. He looked at these long and appreciatively, did the newspaper man, and he was seized with an idea. This idea was the outcome of his observations. He had noticed that there was a look of extreme weariness in the eyes of the amiable Madam Hertzler, and that she walked more slowly than she used, and her selections at the piano, which had once been noted for their length, were now brief and lacking in spirit. In short, the brave spirit of Madam Hertzler drooped under many burdens. So the newspaper man entered upon the making of a collection, assisted by the energetic and talented children of the baron. Little black devils were gathered from every part of the house. Heads were torn from letters, that the fascinating imps might be preserved, leaves were rent from books, and even a pocket handkerchief done in a procession of dancing imps, in indelible ink, was taken in charge.

The practical friend sent these to a certain much-illustrated comic weekly and anxiously awaited results. The family was of the opinion that there would be no results. The baron was in a state of peaceful ignorance.

But the results were almost dramatic. The comic weekly was amused. It wanted a series, indefinitely continued, of little black devils illustrating current events.

The officious friend carried the good news to Baron von Hertzler.

"Sir!" stormed the baron. "You have exceeded your privileges. You have made me ridiculous. I am no clown to fillip and kick while the people laugh! Will you have the great goodness to recall these personal possessions of mine from the stranger to whom you have confided them?"

But the newspaper man was obdurate.

"You will be distinguished in a few minutes," he said. "I'm going to set my alarm clock so I can wake up at the proper moment and see the fun. No, I'll not write for the imps. I've already sold part of them. The check will reach you in a few days. And you must be about those current illustrations of current happenings. When they want a thing on a paper they want it. They don't care to wait."

"Am I to be at the beck and call of these men whom I have never seen?"

"It is not necessary to see them in order to be at their beck and call."

The baron considered all Americans stupid, but he regarded this one as particularly so. Especially when he found that his family was leagued with the perverse man to insist upon the making of the little devils. Under protest, and with frequent lamentings that he would be made ridiculous, the baron worked on. The first few days were drudgery, but the second week saw him interested, and at the end of a month he was enthusiastic. The joy of work—individual, creative work—was an emotion he had only just discovered. And when the monetary results became appreciable he grew almost proud. He began to gather ideas about the propriety of women working, and finally he commanded his wife to cease her money-earning. With a great show of wifely submission Madam Hertzler obeyed. She rested at last, after the day's heat and burden, and a smiling German gentleman, lord of his house and dictator over his dominions, made adorable little black devils in the solitude of his study.—Chicago Tribune.

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An accomplishment that receives too little attention among trained nurses is the art of reading aloud. Only those who have had to lie on a sick bed through long weeks and months can appreciate the comfort of being enabled to listen to intelligent reading. A gentle, pleasantly inflected voice, a clear and distinct articulation, and an intelligent comprehension of the matter read have a soothing effect upon the most irritable nerves, and for that reason should be considered desirable qualifications in a sick nurse. There are many people who cannot afford the expense of having both a companion and a nurse, but a nurse who can be a companion as well must be considered an acquisition indeed.

Lamartine's Barber Still Alive.

Lamartine's barber, a certain M. Isopy, is (says a Paris correspondent) still alive. He is just ninety-two, and his greatest delight is to talk of his hero. He treasurers up a faded daguer-type of the sentimental politician, who, having been the dominant figure in France, died in obscurity. M. Isopy's show was the favorite gathering place of the celebrities of '48. It is probable that M. de Lamartine, who used to summon his hairdresser to Macon, employed him as an emissary in those turbulent days. It was pleasing to know from such an authority that Lamartine was the inventor of "genue-bear's grease from Russia," and that this unguent was the cause of the poet's silky locks.

Some Men Are Born Lucky.

An Indiana man claims to have a brother in England who is the father of 32 children, all by one marriage. Three times there were quadruplets, four times triplets, and twins appeared on the scene twice. All of the children except two are said to be living.—New York Tribune.

## STORY OF DINSMORE CRIME.

Several Witnesses Heard in the Murder Trial at Lexington.

LEXINGTON, Neb., March 16.—The third day of the Dinsmore murder case began by completing the jury panel. After three challenges for cause the twelve men were sworn in to try the case and decide the fate of the defendant. All are farmers.

A number of witnesses were called; among others, the two children of Mrs. Laue, Grace, aged 12, and Henry, aged 8. Every one in the audience arose to their feet during their testimony, which was only to prove that their father owned no gun, they having slept soundly all through the night of the tragedy.

In the afternoon session Mrs. Laue was called to testify. She produced a sensation as she took her seat. She was heavily veiled and dressed in black. Her testimony showed that her husband was busy all of last summer and this fall with farming and corn shelling, and that during his absence an intimacy began between Dinsmore and herself. These improper relations commenced May 26 and continued until Dinsmore's marriage. He had not been married more than three weeks when their relations commenced again.

The crime was talked about the latter part of September. She did not have the power to say yes or no to his horrible proposition. The next time he talked of doing the deed was some time in the early part of October. Again the subject was broached on Thanksgiving evening and finally at supper time on the evening when the deed was committed.

His wife had moved away from the table and Dinsmore leaned over her and said that it would be done tonight. She said that she went out with the dishwasher and he followed her and when they were outside jerked her almost off her feet.

Mrs. Laue said that she was threatened with death if she did not agree to the crime that evening. The children went to bed at 9:30 and all the rest but herself retired at 10 o'clock. Her husband called her and asked her to come to bed, but she delayed and he soon went to sleep.

About an hour after this Dinsmore came down stairs and said that as he had done his part of the killing he would do the rest. He told her to go into the room where her husband was and see if he was sleeping. Laue was sleeping and Dinsmore entered the room with a lamp and a revolver, and in an instant he murdered his second victim.

She testified that Dinsmore had told her that the body of her husband was arranged like a suicide. He brought the dead form of his wife down stairs and arranged it so that she would have the appearance of being killed by Laue.

On cross examination she testified to the same details and the bulk of her testimony was unshaken.

Sensation in a Murder Case.

HARRINGTON, Neb., March 16.—A sensation was sprung in the Harris-Blenkiron murder case that came near dismissing it and setting the prisoner free. Directly after court convened the attorney for the state asked permission to change the date in the information, which charged Harris with killing Blenkiron in December, 1900, when it should have read in December, 1899.

The defense promptly moved the court to dismiss the case on the grounds that the prisoner was charged with killing Blenkiron on an improbable date. After a royal battle between Argo of Sioux City and Jay of Dakota City, the state was allowed to change the date to conform to the facts.

German Farmer Shoots Himself.

WAHOO, Neb., March 16.—Frank Hake, a German farmer, about 65 years of age, residing in Chapman precinct, accidentally shot and killed himself Monday, while trying to kill a rabbit in the orchard near the house. Coroner Lamb was summoned, but decided it was not necessary to hold an inquest. He leaves a wife, daughter and one son, Frank Hake, Jr., a prominent merchant of Weston.

Pension for Mrs. Stoenburg.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 16.—The house committee on pensions ordered bills reported granting pensions to the widow of Colonel Stoenburg of the First Nebraska regiment, killed in the Philippines, at \$40 per month; to the widow of Captain Allan Capron, Jr., killed in Cuba, at \$30 per month, and to the widow of Captain Allan Capron, sr., at \$25 per month.

Arrested for Cattle Stealing.

VALENTINE, Neb., March 16.—Sheriff Layport returned from a thirty-mile trip in the country west of here, where he went to arrest Mocks Frankie, on the charge of cattle stealing. He made the arrest early this morning and his prisoner is now in jail, the preliminary hearing having been set for Saturday.

Declared Insane.

DAKOTA CITY, Neb., March 16.—Stephen Aldrich was brought up from Homer and was taken before the board of insanity. He was pronounced insane and was placed in the county jail until arrangements are completed, when he will be taken to the asylum at Norfolk.

Gen. Longstreet, almost the only survivor in the first rank of Southern generals of 1861-65, celebrated his 79th birthday recently in Washington.

Made a Fortune in Sheep.

CHADRON, Neb., March 16.—Nine years ago Andy Casavan was a poor man washing dishes in a chop house at Casper, Wyo. He is now worth \$100,000, and is retired from business. He made his money in the sheep business. He went out on the range as a herder and worked for \$35 a month and board. He was soon given a flock of 3,000 sheep to run on shares. In three years he had a flock of his own, which multiplied at a tremendous rate. The fleece paid all his running expenses and more, giving him his increase free. His one flock grew into two flocks and the two doubled.



OPERATING THE HELIOGRAPH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

however, that was the real cause of the excitement, but a peculiar article of baggage which the aged traveler had with him. When the baggagemaster came to look over the traveling equipment which Mr. Simpkins unloaded from a wagon and offered for transportation he was somewhat surprised to see, in the midst of bandboxes and carpet-bags, a coffin, with all the usual funeral adornment. The coffin apparently contained a body, for the sturdy old man handled it as if it were heavy, and with the greatest care. The baggagemaster at once asked for the death certificate. "I guess I don't need none," said Mr. Simpkins, grinning. "We can't take the body unless you show a certificate of death," said the baggagemaster, firmly. Simpkins grinned again. "There ain't no corpse in there," said he. "There's jest some of my wife's dresses, and some chiny and tinware, and the big Bible and some of my things. I guess I don't need no certificate for them, do I? I'd jest as soon show yer what they be." The baggagemaster admitted that he would like to look into the coffin, and straightway Anthony unfastened the lid and exposed the articles which he had mentioned, and many more as well. The controversy had attracted the attention of the people who were waiting in the station, and by the time the owner had raised the lid of the coffin he was surrounded by a large and curious crowd. Somebody asked the old man how it happened that he used a coffin as his trunk, and he explained the matter in this way: "Three years ago I had an idea that I wasn't goin' to last much longer, so I thought I'd better make sure of a good coffin while I had money to buy it. I bought this coffin then, but I ain't had no chance to use it until day fore yesterday. Then Mary told me there wa'n't room enough in the trunk for all the things we wanted to take out west, so I said that coffin would make a good trunk. I wanted

Henry VIII., Mary, Elizabeth and James I., all resided at the palace. It was there, also, that Edward III. held his parliament, Richard III. entertained the captive king of France, Henry IV. was espoused to Joan of Navarre and Edward IV.'s daughter Bridget was born. After passing through other royal hands, the palace came into the possession of Sir John Shaw. It is from one of the three parks known as the middle park that the "Middle Park Plate" takes its name. The present house retains the old moat and part of the original palace is still standing.

Many Fine Pictures.

Most of us have read of rooms which have been papered entirely with canceled postage stamps, but certain monks at the hospital of St. Jean de Dieu, at Ghent, have beaten all this by, in their leisure moments, decorating the walls with gorgeous landscapes, glowing with color and full of life, which are formed entirely by means of the postage stamps of all the nations of the world. Palaces, forests, streams and mountains are represented, butterflies flit about in the air, birds of beautiful plumage perch on branches, snakes and lizards glide about, and innumerable animals find places here and there. The pictures are most artistic. In the style of Chinese landscape gardening, and already between 9,000,000 and 10,000,000 of stamps have been used.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A "Galloping Hospital."

A doctor with cavalry experience has invented a patent galloping hospital, drawn by two horses, and capable of accommodating six wounded.

Public School Expenses in Illinois.

Illinois expended \$18,299,803 on its public schools in 1899.

## AT THE BALL.



warriors of the Scotch highlands, realized the importance of signal fires in wartime and made use of a code of fire flashes; but it was not until 1822 that Col. Colby, of the British royal engineers, devised a more adequate system for transmitting messages by sun flashes. His method of doing this was by nailing a certain number of pieces of bright tin on poles and exposing them to the sun's rays. Some time later this was improved on by the adoption of a plain mirror. In 1833 an English officer at Gibraltar used an ordinary looking-glass to reflect flashes across the strait to Tangier, thereby carrying on a long-distance conversation with other English officers in Africa.

This mirror system was experimented with and improved upon until the year 1878, when the United States government purchased the latest models and began the instruction of a special signal corps in heliography. The military value of such sun writing was well known when, in 1886, Gen. Miles began his Indian campaign against Geronimo. If the truth were only known, it was the heliograph more than anything else that led to the rounding up and capture of the famous blood-drinking red man. One can imagine the surprise of the Indians when they found that they could not move without the fact being known to the Americans and the movement mysteriously anticipated. Signal parties, in fact, were flashing hourly information from mountain peak to mountain peak, and the Indian warriors' headquarters were always known at Miles' camp. Through the use of the heliograph Geronimo was kept away from water by rapidly stationed and mobile bands of troops and was finally really parched into submission.

The English army had already been making use of the heliograph in Afghanistan, and during the Boer war of twenty years ago made effective use of the Mance heliographic apparatus. The great service this means of communication has been to the different British commanders besieged by the Boers in the present South African war is very well known.

The field heliographic apparatus, as used today, consists of a sole leather pouch containing a sun mirror and a station mirror, a small screen or shutter, a sighting rod and two small tripod stands for the mirrors. The entire apparatus does not weigh over ten pounds and can easily be carried over the arm. When it is desired to send a message the sun mirror is placed on one end of a thin rod three feet in length with the station mirror at the other end, the bar being held by the tripod. When the sun is in front of the operator—that is to say, in front of a plane through his position and at right angles to the lines joining the stations—the sun mirror is required for dispatching. But with the sun in the rear of this plane both mirrors must be used to produce satisfactory results.

When the sun mirror only is used, the light flash is sent directly to the receiving station, the mirror having a small hole in its center like the hole in the globe sight of a rifle for the purpose of aiming and adjusting the