

THE IMMIGRANT HAVEN.

THE FUTURE LANDING PLACE FOR FOREIGNERS AT ELLIS ISLAND.

The New York Barge Office the Temporary Receiving Station, Now the General Government Has the Matter in Charge. Ludiicrous Scenes at the Quarters.

On the 24th of May the treasury department of the United States formally received from the navy department the legal possession of Ellis Island—a lovely little spot of green in the northwest part of New York harbor—and there the government will at once erect large and commodious reception buildings, making that an immigrants' haven without an equal in the world.

A few days later received (and, of course, eagerly accepted) an invitation from Col. John W. Marshall, chief of construction for the United States in the New York district, to a seat in his official steam launch and a flying survey of the harbor, ending with an examination of the grounds for the coming structure on Ellis Island.

The day was the loveliest of the season—overhead. Unfortunately for my interior the launch could not sail up there, and the water was rough beyond all harbor experience, for the northwest wind was stronger



"BOSSING" THE IMMIGRANTS (as shown by the record) than at any time for a year. Southeast, and straight before the wind, the launch went flying eastward of Governor's Island, then southward and eastward again into Gowanus bay and along the shore of South Brooklyn. There we inspected two little ferry steamers, for the government must buy one to transport the immigrants to the city after they are inspected, registered, fumigated, de-verminized and otherwise regulated.

Thence westward along the north coast of Staten Island, and northward by Bedloe's and the Statue of Liberty, we had, I am confident, the roughest salt water voyage ever experienced in a harbor. The wind was a small hurricane; the waves would have averaged quite sizable for Cape Hatteras, and the little launch with a full head of steam on—well, it didn't roll, any more as in going down, it simply jumped from crest to crest of the waves, burying its snout at times, when the spray would fly high over us. I can compare the motions to nothing more fitting than to a "dog in high rye." Imagine yourself a Lilliputian on the back of said dog, and you will have an idea of how my viscera flopped up against the duodenum. The other four passengers were scarcely less perturbed. Even the man at the wheel—an "old salt"—looked sickish. It was such a relief to get on the solid ground of Ellis Island.

The island has an area of two and a half acres; but this is only superficial, for the water is quite shallow to the north and west, while southward one might say that Ellis is really a part of Bedloe's. They are simply the two knob ends of one rocky ridge, which rises with a gentle slope on both sides from the bottom of the bay; the two knobs rise above high tide, and that part of the ledge between them is only low enough for the water to rise a few feet above it. The anchorage, therefore, at Ellis Island will be on the east and south-east, where the deep water comes well up to the shore. Though the basis of Ellis is the same hard, rugged rock as that of New York city, there lies on it a soil of remarkable fertility, and the blue grass plots are simply wonderful. The island has been out of use so long that the sign of a foot appeared nowhere, and the sod, with grass two feet high, was like that of a central Kentucky preserve. The island, to speak with surveyor's exactness, lies in Communipaw bay, which is the extreme north-westward prolongation of New York bay.

One-third of a mile nearly due north of the island lies the lower wharf of Jersey City; not quite a mile in the opposite direction towers the Statue of Liberty; a little further to the east and south is Governor's Island, while far off to the southward the smoke of the great Standard Oil company's works rises in black and purple clouds, through which shine the green hills of Staten Island to the left and of New Jersey to the right. On all the coast of America the immigrant could not get another view of his adopted country half so comprehensive. Three great cities in sight, the shores as far as the eye can see lined with enormous hives of industry, the open mouth of the Hudson, the Battery, and, central to all, the great bay, now sparkling in the sunshine and traversed in all directions by enormous steamers, and on favorable days dotted with the white wings of a hundred yachts.



TAGGED FOR DAKOTA. But the immigrants usually arrive in bad condition. "Even the best of them get badly infested," for a few of the careless affect the whole ship," says one inspector. "Look at the children there—all scratching, scratching half the time." Therefore the structures on Ellis Island will be designed for immigrants, not for pleasure seekers. First, an acre and a half

will be added to the area of the island by making deep water along the south front, giving a total area of four acres. The main buildings, two stories high, will lie nearly north and south and be surmounted by a central dome 50 feet wide and 80 feet above the floor. East and west from the south front of this will extend one story wings, each 125 feet in length. Thus all the waste and general discharge will go out to the extreme ends, where the coming and going tides create the greatest swirl. The main building is to have a frontage of 200 feet, so the complete front will be 450 feet long. Such are the present designs of Col. Marshall, but it is barely possible that the supervising architect at Washington will make some changes. On the rear or northern part of the island will be several structures: two hospitals (one for contagious and the other for non-contagious diseases), outhouses, wash rooms and boiler house, the latter including a first-class electric light plant, which is to be warranted to "shock" the immigrants with brilliancy only, and not agitate them to death. In addition, the older and more experienced officials want a general cleansing and disinfecting apartment. They suggest a steam heated room in which the "infected" ones shall be thoroughly sweated and scoured, while their clothes go through a bit killing process in another room. But the federal authorities are not quite persuaded to this. When all is done, the immigrants are to be ferried over to their several depots and sent on their ways rejoicing.

"All very well," was my comment on the island, "but isn't this treating grown people very much as if they were children? Isn't there too much paternalism about it?" "Go to the Barge office and see," was the laconic reply.

So I went to the Barge office, where the immigrants are received since Castle Garden was abandoned. The place is a little more suitable for such a purpose than the cattle yards at Cheyenne, but does not compare with the cattle yards of Chicago as they would be if scoured up for human occupation. There was something pathetic in the sight of the newly arrived foreigners huddling together in national groups, in an area entirely too small for their numbers. The weary and worn looking mothers from Italy, the stalwart blondes from northern Europe, to whom the vessel had been like a prison, and the more stolid and apathetic Poles and Hungarians—men to whom misery was a bright and the Barge office as good as home. I was particularly struck by the style of ocular rudeness in which the under officials ordered the immigrants about, brandishing heavy canes as their badges of authority.

"Ah, now! Will ye come on there? Did ye say 'I was fur the stick,' step lively; ye're crowd's a makin' oop."

"Aren't you rather free?" I asked one who had just tapped a rather stupid looking Neapolitan on the head.

"Oh, sure an' they loike it," he rejoined with a laugh. "Thim Oytahlans don't think ye're noticin' 'em less you kick 'em wance a day. Sure an' they'd think they was neglected."

Of all classes the Scandinavians seem most easily dealt with. They all know where they are going and generally have their tickets well studied. Their first care is to learn the needed English words, and they combine on shipboard so as to facilitate their landing and reshipment by rail. One sight I noticed, at once affecting and cheering—cheering to the believer in human goodness. It was a stately, blonde and really pretty Swedish girl of 8 years, who was ticketed like a piece of goods to OLE LARSSON, CANTON, DAKOTA.

Her fare had been paid in Sweden, and the tag fastened securely to her dress; and thus, without a relative on the vessel, she started with a party of her townsmen to reach some friends in the American north-west. She had already learned English enough to say that she was glad to be on land again, and even while I talked with her and the interpreter the official came to say that her party was ready, and soon they were on their way to the new state. J. H. BEADLE.

A BOSWELL TO BISMARCK.

The Prince's Confidential Servant Writing His Memoirs.



THE BLACK HORSEMAN. Bismarck has a Boswell. His name is Ludwig Lewerstrom, but he is better known to the citizens of Berlin as "the Black Horseman." For twenty-five years he acted as confidential servant to the chancellor, and was by his side during all the stirring scenes of the wars with Austria and France. He alone witnessed the initial conference between Napoleon and Bismarck after the battle of Sedan. It took place in a weaver's little cottage, and when it ended the prince galloped away to carry the news of the surrender to the emperor. Later on the faithful servant participated in other startling events, both in the field and at the capital.

Lewerstrom gets his title of black horseman from the color of the steeds he rode and from his own intensely dark complexion and raven beard. He is now over 70, but neither gray hairs nor wrinkles bear witness to his age. He is now engaged in writing his memoirs, and they will undoubtedly make a volume of absorbing interest.

Took Maternal Care of Four Chickens.

Among sad instances of melancholy mania recently reported is that of a New York young woman whom the police found wandering aimlessly around one afternoon unmindful of the drenching rain. The inquiry undertaken to determine her identity showed that she was the wife of Louis Herbert, and that the couple not long since lost their only child. Grief for this bereavement unhinged the woman's mind, and in her demented condition she placed her affections on four chickens, which she imagined to be her children. It was to secure medical assistance for one of these that she sought the streets and came under the notice of the police. It is said that small chance exists for the recovery of her reason.

FOOLED A BROTHER EDITOR.

How The Chicago Morning News Got Its Press Franchise.

Chicago, May 15.—That The Chicago Morning News now enjoys the benefit of an Associated Press franchise is due to the shrewd work of its former editor, Mr. Melville E. Stone. In order to secure admission it was necessary to obtain the written consent of the proprietors of the other papers already members of the association. Mr. Stone found pretty smooth sailing at the offices of the Inter-Ocean and Staats Zeitung, but he struck a snag when he broached his desire to Mr. Joseph Medill, editor-in-chief and principal owner of The Tribune. He argued and pleaded, but all in vain. Finally, Mr. Medill made a small concession.

"Tell you what I'll do, Stone," he remarked. "If you can get Storey to sign that paper The Tribune will consent to your having a franchise."

Mr. Stone went away and Uncle Joe turned to his business manager, who was present, and remarked with one of his dry chuckles: "Guess that settles him, Cowles. If he goes in The Times building old Storey will have him thrown out."

Then Mr. Medill packed his grip sack and went to New York at peace with all the world.

Next day The News hustler invaded the sanctum of The Times. He rushed through the managing editor's room and bolted into Mr. Storey's private den without permission or introduction. The still magnificent looking old lion of western journalism looked up with a frown.

"Who the devil are you?" he asked. "My name is Stone. I worked for you once."

Mr. Storey brightened, and the frown disappeared. He stretched out his hand in welcome and exclaimed: "Why, of course, of course, Leander; I ought to have remembered you. But I was deep in thought, my boy, deep in thought. What can I do for you?"

The situation flashed over the visitor's mind in an instant. He had heard of a rumor that Mr. Storey was failing mentally. He now was sure of it, for the old gentleman had mistaken him for a favorite employe of former years named Leander Stone, who had experienced religion, abandoned daily newspaper work and become proprietor of a denominational weekly. The News editor took advantage of the situation and replied:

"Well, Mr. Storey, a paper devoted exclusively to church affairs doesn't seem to prosper, and I want to publish a little news also. Now if I can get an Associated Press franchise I will be all right. Mr. Hesing and Mr. Nixon have consented, but Mr. Medill will not sign unless you do."

"He won't, eh? Give me that paper," and down went "W. F. Storey" in the bold, peculiar hand so well known to heads of departments on The Times who failed to do their duty and received the "red hot scorings" for which their chief was noted. "There," he said, handing it back; "now go and make Medill put his name below mine. The old cuss always has to follow me, even in writing his name. Glad you've dropped the gospel line, Leander. Give the people the news, and give it to 'em with ginger in it. They like it, my boy; they like it."

Mr. Stone escaped as quickly as he could. He flew by Managing Editor Snowden like a streak and in two minutes was heading for The Tribune office. "Where's Mr. Medill?" he asked on entering.

"Gone to New York," Mr. Cowles replied.

"Well," was the comment; "you'll do just as well. You heard our conversation yesterday, you know the agreement, and I want your signature to this document as representative of The Tribune company."

Mr. Cowles demurred, but in the end consented, and by midnight Mr. Stone had paid his cash and secured his franchise.

Meanwhile over at The Times building Mr. Storey had called in Mr. Snowden.

"I've done something," he remarked to his chief lieutenant, "that'll make old Joe Medill's heart sore. I've given my consent to Leander Stone's purchase of a press franchise."

"Do you mean the man who was just here?" "Yes."

"That wasn't Leander Stone. That was Mel Stone, of The News, who has been abusing you day and night for the last six months."

Eyes and ears witnesses say that this intelligence nearly effected Mr. Storey's permanent cure both mentally and physically. He forgot his lameness, and pranced about like a caged wild animal. He forgot the slight paralysis of his tongue, and cursed in the choice, copious and cultured manner of his prime. He discharged everybody on whom he chanced to gaze, and threatened to make the elevator boy managing editor. The gust passed, and he bowed his head and wept.

It was a pitiable spectacle of a strong man in his dotage. CHARLES ALLEN.

An Irreverent British Subject.

That was a queer experience which Queen Victoria underwent the other day as she was being driven from the railway station to Windsor castle. An elderly female broke through the police cordon and rushed after the royal carriage shrieking out that she "must speak to the old woman." The unfortunate stranger was arrested and locked up on a charge of intoxication, but her majesty's nerves received a shock from which they did not recover for at least twenty-four hours.

Senator Hearst and His Horses.

Senator Hearst is extremely devoted to his horses and, besides his racing stable, of which he will have thirty representative east this season, he keeps five noble animals in Washington. Four of them, two blacks and two bays, he drives alternately to his carriage, while the other is for his personal riding.

Chicago's New Opera House.

To strangers the Auditorium building is not only a source of wonder and delight if they are privileged to inspect its interior, but it is a sort of a thorn in their path as well, because if they are not acquainted up in its neighborhood they mistake it for all sorts of other places. One night last week George Irish, who was on the main floor, was astonished to see approaching him a procession of country looking chaps who carried lanterns and who attempted to pass right by him. "Tickets," he said. "Yess," replied the leader, "we've got tickets," and he pulled out a railroad ticket a yard long and handed it over. "That's no good here," said Irish, as he passed it back. "It ain't," exclaimed the countryman. "Isn't this a railroad depot?" He was informed that it was not, and he turned to his followers and remarked that "it beat all." Mr. Irish mused that he did not care who else it beat as long as they didn't beat him. Treasurer Temple, in the box office, has often been approached by gentlemen from the rural district who have asked for tickets to Kenosha and directions to the World's fair site, and not a day passes that some stranger does not call on Manager Adams or his assistants, and ask for something, from a marriage certificate to a pass for the dog show. Chicago Herald.

A Strange Bequest.

Now and then a woman who has property to bequeath puts a strange bequest in her will. Mrs. Mary E. McDonald, of Flushing, affords the latest instance. Her will has been admitted to probate by Surrogate Weller, a Jamaica. She bequeaths \$100 to Dr. Louis A. Stimson, with the request that he buy something that will give him pleasure and be a memento of herself. She says she had long thought of presenting him a pet dog and expresses the hope that he will invest the legacy that way.—Brooklyn Eagle.

London Truth calls attention to the following illustration of the anomalies resulting from the preposterous English rates for "ocean postage." A letter from any part of the United States goes to India for 2 1/2d. From England the postage is 5d. The United States letters are actually transmitted through England. That is to say, a letter may come from San Francisco to New York, thence to Liverpool and thence to India for half the postage of a letter from Liverpool to India.

As one passes along the main traveled road leading to the upper end of the prairie, about a mile distant from Prairie du Chien, he can see a bit of ground inclosed within a pile of rock and debris on the right hand side of the way. If one's curiosity should lead him to investigate this lonesome spot, he would find the ruins of a tomb of a once prominent and influential character in the great northwest, and a leader of the British troops under Col. McKay, who captured the American fort and forces at Prairie du Chien in 1812. The tomb is that of Jean Joseph Bouletle. A heavy marble slab, overhung with weeds and underbrush and half obliterated, marks the spot where sleeps the hero of many a hard fought battle.

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