

WHAT THE HOT SUN DID.

A TYPICAL STORY OF THE HEATED SEASON IN NEW YORK.

How Little Norah Was Born in a Cherry Hill Tenement and How She Lived for a Time but Finally Gave Up the Struggle and Went to Sleep.

When Norah McCormack came into the world by way of Middle alley, in Cherry street, New York, last September her mother smiled upon her baby and then fell



"NORAH WAS AN UNUSUALLY ROBUST BABY." Into the slumber that knows no awakening, Norah was an unusually robust baby, full of vitality and dimples. She took kindly to her bottle of condensed milk, and all through the winter kept getting fatter and stronger, until she could stand without help by clinging to a chair. Norah was taken care of by her 10-year-old sister, Maggie, upon whose immature shoulders rested the responsibility of caring for the domestic interests of her convivial father, a boy of 4 and the baby.

Maggie was a fair sample of the little mothers so frequently seen in the poorer quarters of New York. She was prematurely wise and faithful as a dog. The only regret she had when forced to give her attention wholly to housework was that she could not continue going to school. But the vague yearning in her mind to "know something" became more and more vague as the months rolled away until it was as a dream of impossible fulfillment. A weary, pitiful existence it was for the child, redeemed only by her love for the baby, but none the less heroic.

Norah never suffered for want of attention in the daytime. Sometimes, however, at night, when fatigue had locked Maggie's senses inexorably, the baby awoke and cried and then sobbed herself to sleep again. Maggie was so weary that a thunder clap would not have disturbed her. Up to the month of July the baby had enjoyed excellent health. Then came the heat as from a gigantic blast furnace. All day long the sun poured its fire down into Cherry street until the basement was as hot as the sands of Sahara. The heat invaded the tall tenement and turned the two rooms of the McCormacks' into veritable bakeries' ovens. The children could see the East river rippled by a breeze as they looked out of the front windows, but not a breath of coolness invaded the stuffy apartments.

Under the influence of this consuming fire Norah began to grow fretful and peevish. The summer sun is very cruel to little children in Cherry street. The baby threw down the stopper of the vinegar bottle and refused to be comforted. She cried continually to be carried in Maggie's arms. She began to lose flesh. In one week all her dimples had gone. The fiery sun was drinking the child's blood. The air which passed into those feeble, panting lungs was not freighted with the scent of apple blossoms and the odorous perfumes of the dewy wood, where verdure cools the air. It was laden with noxious gases and the noisome exhalations from sewers. Dew never sparkles in that fevered locality.

In the evening when the lamps on the big Brooklyn bridge were lit and the sun had set behind the Statue of Liberty the moon and the stars came out with a more gentle, kindly ray for the children than the sun had shown, and sometimes these heavenly lanterns brought with them a little breeze, which came sighing down the brick and mortar canyon with a benediction of coolness from the swift river. Not every evening did these blessed breezes come, but on those rare occasions when the breeze was strong enough to raise the dust.

Maggie took the baby down to the street and sat on the doorstep. She watched with delight the cool breeze lift the hair from the temples of the child. She knew that coolness meant life and health to the baby. These were brief oases of refreshment which served to temporarily check the progress of the disease slowly eating the baby's vitality. A little of the former brightness came back into the baby's eyes as she reclined in her sister's lap and watched the children darting in and out among the idle trucks. At first Norah



"HER HEAD HUNG OVER MAGGIE'S ARM." could sit up with her head resting against her sister's shoulder. But as the days grew hotter and hotter the baby began to droop more and more, and

Withered like a flower that is waiting for the rain, Her head hung over Maggie's arm like a daisy plucked from the meadow. The doctor came once a week to look at baby, but his medicines were of no avail against the awful heat of the fierce sun, and with the loss of vitality came lack of appetite. The condensed milk was always warm because there was no ice to keep it

cool. The neighbors came in now and then with little delicacies, but Norah could not eat them, for desire had failed. One day a richly dressed woman came into Middle alley and gave an invitation to all the mothers to go to an excursion to Rockaway Beach on the 8th of July. With delightful anticipation Maggie ironed out the baby's calico dress and decorated her cheap bonnet with new ribbon. The excursion will surely cure the baby, she thought. It was a pitiful undertaking, this dressing the baby for a day's outing.

As if to encourage Maggie the Fourth dawned misty and cool. It was a sign to the anxious little mother of hope for the return of health to the baby. Everything was so bright and cheerful on the boat that Maggie thought where there was so much happiness there surely could be no pain. Maggie thought she saw signs of improvement in the baby at first under the influence of the ocean's cool breath. Perhaps the ocean air was too strong for the baby, or it may have been that the change from the oven air of the tenement was too great for her. At any rate, after Maggie had listened for half an hour to the delightful strains of "Annie Rooney" and other bewitching airs, as played by the band, she noticed that the baby was lying unusually quiet in her arms. She looked down at the infant and saw that its eyes were closed and that there was a pinched look on its face such as she had never seen before. At first she was alarmed. Then she thought the baby was asleep. It was such a glorious day in Maggie's experience that she did not notice the unusual profoundness of the baby's slumber.

When the excursion returned at night Maggie carried the still sleeping baby back into the wooden oven again and laid her in the cradle. As she removed the calico dress and the little bonnet she noticed that no matter how she shook the child it did not awaken her.

The next morning one of the neighbors came in and prepared the baby for another excursion. She was still asleep. This time the trip was in a carriage to a green field across the East river, where thousands of other babies had preceded her. The field was covered with low mounds and the



"THE BIRDS SING LIQUID REQUIEMS." grass was luxuriant. Under one of these mounds they laid Norah to rest. It is cool and pleasant where the baby is sleeping, and sometimes the birds perch upon the lonely mound in the twilight and sing liquid requiems. ERNEST JENSEN.

To Go Among the Lepers. Another woman has started out to alleviate the sufferings of the victims of that terrible disease, leprosy. When Father Damien went to Molokai the whole world hailed him as a hero. When Sister Rose Gertrude followed in his illustrious footsteps, she too received the praise of the multitude. And now Miss Kate Marsden has decided to devote her life to the same object, but in a different field. Miss Marsden will confine her labors to the lepers of India and Russia, and in her work will have an advantage over those whom she is emulating, in that the access-



ibility of her territory will make it possible for her to receive more assistance than could be rendered to the workers at far away Molokai.

Miss Marsden has already made an enviable record. During a prolonged residence in New Zealand she gave untiring service to the sick, and instructed the miners in ambulance duties and the principles of first aid to the injured. During the Bulgarian war she was one of the most devoted of the sisters of mercy, and the czar showed his appreciation by awarding to her an especial decoration. Her work in Russia will be under the direct patronage of the zarina, and in India the Princess of Wales has promised to aid her as much as possible. A medical official from St. Petersburg will accompany her during her travels in Russia, and great results are expected.

One Way to Serve Fruit. Many people dislike to take fruit at table because they do not wish so much as the usual sized bunches of grapes or a whole orange or banana. One entertainer, whose fruit is always eaten with a relish, prepares it in a dainty manner on plates, one of which is handed to each guest. The center of the table is of course adorned with beautifully arranged fruit from which the plates can be replenished if necessary.

The hostess prepares grapes by cutting the bunches into small bits, each containing perhaps a dozen grapes. Two of these clusters, of different colors, are then tied together with narrow ribbon, and they are served on the plates with quarters of oranges, whose segments are pulled slightly apart to give the least possible trouble in eating.

Mr. W. H. Brearley, of Detroit, reports that the list of governors who have endorsed the raising of a fund to send a testimonial from America to her old ally, France, continues to grow, and now includes nineteen state executives.

SHE HAS LIVED 103 YEARS.

Mrs. Asenath Miller, of St. Charles, Ill., and Her Long and Busy Life.

The original of this photograph is Mrs. Asenath Miller, of St. Charles, Ill., and on Aug. 13 she will be 103 years old. Three years ago she celebrated her one hundredth year by a reception, at which there were present over 500 persons, and the venerable lady shook hands with each one, and the next morning was as lively as ever, though somewhat fatigued at night. At this re-



MRS. ASENATH MILLER.

ception she received presents from nearly every one, as all desired to give some souvenir to one they had loved and revered so long for her good actions.

Mrs. Asenath Miller was born in Brimfield, Mass., the 12th of August, 1787, and removed with her father's family to Cherry Valley, N. Y.

She married Simeon Barnum the 10th of June, 1804, by whom she had seven children, only three of whom are alive now. In 1805 they removed to Shoreham, Vt., and in 1808 or 1809 they went to Potsdam, N. Y., where Mr. Barnum died June 17, 1825. In 1827 she married Frederick Miller in Potsdam, and in 1837 they moved to Illinois and settled on a farm in Campton. By this second marriage she had two children, both living, Simeon Miller, of Rogers park, and Edwin Miller, of Chicago. Mr. Miller died in 1869, aged 92.

Mrs. Miller was born two years before Washington was inaugurated, and has lived through twenty generations, and during the centennial visited Philadelphia and did as much sightseeing as a girl.

During all of her long life she has been a busy woman, and no one can compute the amount of work done by her still useful hands, nor the good words she has spoken, nor the kindly offices performed for other women sharers in the hardships of early western life.

She is remarkably preserved, physically and mentally, and retains her faculties almost unimpaired, and frequently makes the trip between St. Charles and Chicago, and often rides thirty miles in a day with little fatigue. She sews a great deal, and her favorite pastime is the making of patchwork quilts, a block of which shows the utmost neatness and accuracy.

At her reception were present forty blood relatives and five generations, besides many prominent persons from Chicago and nearby villages, and the unanimous expression was one of tender reverence toward her for her gentle cheerfulness, her many unheralded deeds of kindness, and her wise counsel, which has always been anxiously sought by old and young and freely given.

In appearance Mrs. Miller does not seem to be over 70, and her active manner carries out the deception. She dresses in black silk or satin with fine white lace at the neck and a pretty brooch, and over her still abundant snowy hair wears a lace cap trimmed with lilac ribbon. She is well read and quite up with the questions of the day, though she never takes any interest in politics. She hopes that if the World's fair in Chicago is ever accomplished to visit that as she did the Centennial, and according to all probabilities, she will live to do so, as she is perfectly healthy.

Emeralds. Fanny Davenport has a lot of the most perfect emeralds, these stones being ones that she specially admires. When Cleopatra governed the world the Egyptian women saved all their gold to buy emeralds for their daughters, for wearing them insured freedom from all physical ills, made them hopeful, and forced them in this way to be cheerful, happy women. Sometimes cabalistic characters were engraved on the emerald, much oftener it was left perfectly smooth.

The U. O. I. O. L. Many are the guises under which tender hearted women have hidden their own good deeds, but perhaps the queerest of them all is a secret society of Boston birth and home. It is known as the United Order of Independent Odd Ladies, and was organized forty-five years ago, although it has come into prominence as a secret society only lately. There are now twenty-two lodges with a total membership of about 1,300. The conditions under which women are admitted to membership are briefly expressed in the constitution as follows: "Any acceptable white lady wishing to join a subordinate lodge must be a believer in a Supreme Being and of Protestant faith and temperate habits. She shall not be under 18 nor over 60 years of age, and shall be of respectable standing in society, having some known



Mrs. Skilling means of support and exempt from all infirmities which would pre Mrs. Skilling, vent her from gaining a livelihood."

It is really an admirably organized society and does for its members all that it claims to do. The members have banded themselves together for purposes of mutual relief and assistance in the trials which come with sickness and death and to care for and educate the orphaned children of deceased sisters. Waterers for the sick are ever ready; medicine and medical treatment is always provided for needy members. The position usually occupied by the supreme lodge in fraternal societies is occupied in the United Order of Independent Odd Ladies by the Government lodge. Among the more prominent and hardest working of the government board are Mrs. S. J. Boynton, of Hyde Park, the right worthy lady governor; Mrs. M. J. Skilling, of Boston, right worthy chaplain; Mrs. M. J. Bedell, of Somerville, right worthy guardian.

SELECTIONS

ELECTRICITY FROM FIRE.

Startling Promises Made of Results to Come from a New Invention.

For fifty years electricians have been trying to discover a method of converting heat directly into electricity. Until recently no results of commercial value have been obtained. Such a method seems now to have been discovered or invented by a young man from Maine, H. B. Cox. If Mr. Cox's claims are just—and capitalists have confidence enough in them to have formed a company with a capital of \$1,000,000—the whole system of power and lighting will be revolutionized and steam will be regarded as too expensive for ordinary uses. It is impossible to estimate in advance the immense value of Mr. Cox's invention, but it is certain that he expects almost incredible results from it, and that he has inspired with his confidence some of the shrewdest business men of Hartford and Boston.

As has been said, a company has been organized and incorporated in Maine, where Mr. Cox was when some Hartford men met him. Since then the business has all been brought to Hartford, and all that has been done since has been done at the factory of the Pratt & Cady company. The capital stock is \$1,000,000, and none of it is now for sale. All the patents asked for by Mr. Cox have been allowed, and they will be issued in a few days. Both foreign and domestic patents have been applied for.

The apparatus used for converting the heat into electricity is so simple that the company does not dignify it by the name of machine. By Mr. Cox's method heat is changed to electricity as simply as water is changed to steam. His furnace is all that may be seen. From glowing coal comes the subtle current, without the aid of boiler, engine, or dynamo. A jet of gas can be made to run a dental machine, a sewing machine and anything which requires no more power than these. No power has ever been discovered that is half so cheap as will be electricity obtained by this new process. This has been the dream—apparently impossible of realization—of all electricians, and even the wizard of Menlo Park has almost despaired of its ever being brought about. Yet a young man, only 28 years of age, seems to have solved the puzzling problem.

Before the company was formed Mr. Cox had a furnace at home by which he ran many electric lights. This furnace was injured in being transferred to Hartford, and a new one of the same size is being made. Experiments and private exhibitions have been conducted here on a smaller scale, but the company intends to show to the world that with the power thus obtained anything that steam or electricity now does may be done. Several members of the company saw what could be done with the furnace of Mr. Cox before any attempt was made to remove it. The one now being built will be an improvement on the old one, and the results from it are expected to be correspondingly better.

Most of the stock of the company is owned in Hartford. Some of it is held in Boston. The whole affair has been kept secret until the company should be ready to make it public.—Hartford Courant.

A Plucky Woman's Revolver. A daring attempt at highway robbery was frustrated near Millstone, N. J., by a woman's bravery. William Dilley, a Belle Meade merchant, was driving over a lonely road when two young men sprang out upon him and halted his horse. They dragged him from the buggy and were rifling his pockets when a young woman who was with him produced from her pocket a small revolver and opened fire upon the robbers. One of them had a hole in his cap and another a bullet torn coat before they got out of range of the plucky woman's weapon. Warrants were issued for two notorious characters, who were recognized as the assailants of Dilley, but when the officers attempted to serve the warrants they were beaten off by a mob of ruffians.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Bruno Manuscripts Found. Dr. Romelius Stotzle, the professor of philosophy at Wurzburg, states in a letter to Mr. Karl Blind that he has discovered a number of manuscripts in the town library of Augsburg and in the university library of Erlangen, containing the transcript of writings and notes on Aristotelian works made by Giordano Bruno, the Italian philosopher who was burned at Rome in 1600, at the order of the Inquisition. Some letters of a German friend of Bruno have also been found referring to the travels, studies and publications of the ex-monk during his sojourn in Germany. The whole will be published in the forthcoming edition of the works of Giordano Bruno, which is to come out in Italy.—Public Opinion.

Didn't Have to Die to Win. Dr. Mortimer Slocum died at his home in San Antonio, Tex., May 25, of a cancerous affection of the stomach. He was prominent in politics of Texas. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Slocum was a practitioner of Chicago. He was attacked by consumption, and his case was pronounced incurable. An insurance company in which he held a \$20,000 policy offered to compromise with him for \$5,000. He accepted the offer, came to Texas, was soon restored to health, and amassed a fortune on the life insurance money.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

George P. Craig, of Gwinnett, Ga., has two hogs that perform the office of a calf to perfection. Mr. Craig has been complaining that his cows were falling short of milk for several weeks, and upon close examination, to his astonishment, he found these roguish hogs had been imbibing the milk of the cows, both remaining in the same lot together at night.

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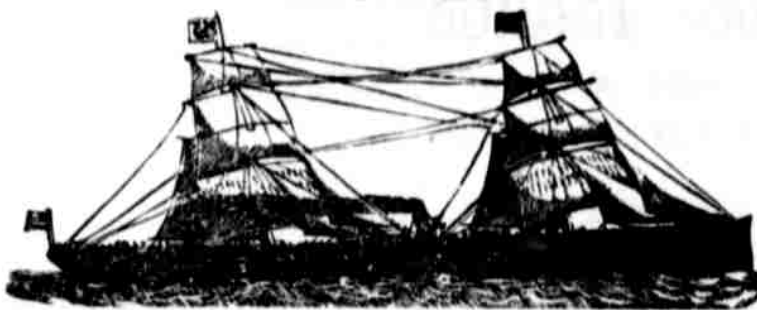
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