

Odd Methods of an Evangelist.
The death of Miller Willis, the Georgia evangelist, revives many interesting stories concerning his life and methods. Willis was certainly the queerest character ever preached the Gospel at a camp meeting, at which places he was generally found. His pure and holy life, however, was a model for all. But about his methods: He frequently stopped strangers in the streets, and planting himself in front of them would announce some startling text and then disappear, leaving the man or woman to preach the sermon to his or her own liking. For instance, he on one occasion stopped a stranger and shouted in his ears, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee!" Willis vanished. But a year afterward he met the man in another city. Willis had forgotten him, but the stranger knew his man. Approaching him he extended his hand and said: "That text you shouted out so strangely to me on the streets of Millersville set me to thinking. It was the means of my conversion."

On another occasion, a dark, rainy night in winter, he passed a crowded hotel in the city of Charleston. Men were lounging and smoking in the lobby. Willis opened the door, but the little flame in dripping garments attracted no attention. Suddenly, after rapping loud on the floor with his heavy stick, every eye was turned toward him, when Willis said, "There won't be a man in this house alive in fifty years from tonight!" and he slammed the door and went out into the night. Some time afterward he was approached by a young man on a street car, who introduced himself by saying: "I have long desired to meet you and to thank you for saying what you did in the hotel lobby one winter's night. Your words have been ringing in my ears ever since, and I am now a Christian man."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Key of Death.
About the year 1600 a stranger named Tebaldo established himself as a merchant in Venice. Soon becoming infatuated with the daughter of one of the most ancient and wealthy families he asked her hand and was rejected, the young lady being already affianced. He raved and thoroughly enraged he sought revenge. Being an excellent mechanic he soon evolved a most formidable looking key. The handle of this key was made of a material which could be easily turned. When turned it disclosed a spring with a needle in the shape of a needle of extreme fineness. With this weapon Tebaldo waited at the church door until the maiden he loved passed in on the day of her marriage. When the bridegroom appeared the desperate lover, unperceived, sent the slender poisoned needle into his rival's breast, and within an hour he was dead of a "strange, baffling disease." Again Tebaldo demanded the hand of the maiden, but was refused. Within a few days both her parents had died in every mysterious manner. Suspicion being excited, examination was made. The small steel instruments found in the fish in both cases. One day the maiden allowed Tebaldo an audience, and told him that she would never be a bride. Within an hour she was a corpse. Tebaldo was suspected, the key was discovered and the culprit hanged. The "key of death" is still shown to the curious visitor of the Venice museum.—St. Louis Republic.

A Convenient Ring.
The following incident happened at Berkeley, Cal.: It was a handsome solicitor, and she evidently desired the jeweler to know that it was her engagement ring. "I would like to have this ring cut down to suit my finger," said the handsome heart smasher, as she flourished her brilliant ring before the eyes of the jeweler. The jeweler took the ring and smiled at her. "I can fix that in a minute," replied the jeweler, and taking a small sharp pointed instrument in his hand, he touched a minute button on the inside of the ring and made it the exact size, saying, as he looked on her finger, "You see these rings are made in this manner for the reason that they are worn by so many different people; it is a great convenience."

The young lady sailed out of the store smiling with indignation, and the reason she did not fly because she didn't have the wings. What did she think? You know, and it is only necessary to state that she did not wear the ring. Another girl has it now, but this time the jeweler was not permitted to touch the button—the young man did it himself.—Jewelers' Circular.

A Deaf Mute Cow.
Alexander Skerhoff, the Russian veterinary surgeon, reports the case of a deaf mute cow. She is 12 years old, of a Java breed, belongs to a Russian nobleman, and has never showed signs of being known to bellow. See other cows bellow, she tries to do so, stretching out her head and opening her mouth, but, however, making the least semblance to a bellow. Two of her offspring have been distinctly malformed. One had its tail exactly between the eyes; it lived but a week. The other is a full grown cow of five years, with her udder in her flank, but eight inches from her backbone.—London Tit-Bits.

Indian Names.
A station not very far from Pittsburg, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, has the good old English name of Soho. In announcing it there is no opportunity for the brakeman to disguise the word, as he is to do with the names of other places. A train neared the town not long ago and the word was distinctly shouted, and a passenger was heard to say to the conductor, "How many towns in this part of the country have Indian names? Just think of Soho, Monongahela and Duquesne all near together.—Youth's Com-

Oyster Prospects Are Good.
The past few weeks have been busy ones with the oyster planters, and lovers of the oyster will be glad to hear that the prospects of a large set are good, and the bivalves should be plenty the coming season. It is estimated that over a million bushels of shells have been laid down here, the largest planters being H. C. Rowe & Co., 130,000 bushels; Ludington & Co., 75,000; F. Mansfield & Sons, 70,000; C. Parmalee, 40,000; Lancraft Bros., 100,000; Chipman & Co., 55,000; Bishop & Co., 35,000; B. M. Rowe & Son, 30,000; Gunn & Co., 25,000; Jeremiah Smith & Sons, 100,000; C. D. Parmalee, 45,000; M. Coleman, 20,000; Isaac E. Brown, 25,000.

Many of the large dealers here have beds at Stratford, Norwalk and Bridgeport, and reports from these sections are equally encouraging. The value of the shells delivered at the beds is about eight cents per bushel, which gives some idea of the importance of the oyster industry, a poor set meaning a sure loss to the planters. Clams are very scarce at the grounds around Savin Rock, Oyster Point, Crane's Bar and South End, and the few dug are small and lack sweetness. Large quantities are being brought here from Martha's Vineyard in sloops. These are planted in the Quinnipiac river and dug as required for the trade. Lobsters are very scarce and the trade is so unprofitable that but few pots are placed. Crabs, on the contrary, are unusually plenty, and large catches are made in all the bays and inlets.—New Haven Letter.

Wonderful Growth of Electric Travel.
Only twelve years have elapsed since the first crude suggestions of the practical working of an electric railway were made, and four years ago a list of a dozen would comprise every such road in the world in even passably successful operation, whatever the method of application. The first large commercial electric railway was, after many difficulties and discouragements, opened in the early part of 1888 at Richmond, Va., and since that demonstration was made the industry has grown until there are now in operation or under contract, on the general lines laid down at Richmond, not less than 350 roads in the United States, Europe, Australia and Japan, requiring more than 4,000 cars and 7,000 motors, with more than 2,000 miles of track, a daily mileage of nearly 500,000 miles, and carrying nearly a billion passengers annually. Fully 10,000 people are employed on these roads, and there has never been an authenticated report of death on account of the electrical pressure used. Over \$50,000,000 are invested in this industry in this country alone.—Frank J. Sprague in Forum.

Cold in Summer.
To talk of guarding against cold in summer seems absurd, and yet it is as necessary as in winter. Where the climate is changeable a hot day is often followed by a cool evening or a sudden rainstorm chills the air, or a cold wind springs up, grateful after the heat but dangerous to those who are thinly clad unless they are protected from it by proper covering. Cotton is a good conductor of heat and allows it to escape rapidly from the surface of the body. As soon as the surrounding air becomes cooler than the skin it steals the heat which the body requires for its own needs. A fresh supply of heat must be produced, and thus the system is overtaxed to supply the demands of the robber. Flannel is a bad conductor and guards the tender body more faithfully, retaining the heat.—Elizabeth R. Scovil in Ladies' Home Journal.

Fifty Feet of Rattlesnakes.
Charles Everitt and a party of friends were enjoying themselves in the woods near Stroudsburg, Sunday, when they suddenly found that they were in a den of rattlesnakes. On every side were big black rattlers, making the air ring with the weird music of their tails. Everitt and the others pitched into the snakes with clubs and stones and succeeded in killing thirteen. Double that many more escaped. When the rattles were counted on the dead reptiles it was found that they numbered 142, while the total length of the snakes was over fifty feet.—Port Jervis (N. Y.) Union.

Visitors to Burns' Monument.
The visitors to Burns' monument during the late Glasgow fair week fairly broke the record in point of numbers. Fully 2,000 persons paid for admission to the monument during the week, being about 200 in excess of any previous year. It is estimated that about one in three of those who go out to the Banks of Doon go in to see the monument, and, according to this calculation, no fewer than 6,000 strangers made pilgrimages to the spot during the week.—Ayr (Scotland) Advertiser.

Travels of a Needle.
Mrs. J. Campbell, of this place, when a girl nine years old, ran a needle in her right arm just above the elbow. Little was thought of the occurrence until a few days ago, when she suffered great pain in her left arm. The family physician made an examination and found the pain was caused by the needle, which was removed. During the twenty years intervening the needle traveled up the right arm, across the shoulder and down the left arm.—Philadelphia Press.

A West Chester (Pa.) man, who went to his stable yard early the other morning to investigate a queer noise, found a horse had broken loose and a dog holding on to the halter to prevent the animal leaving the premises.

Mrs. Thomas Maxwell displays a ripe and well matured fig which was grown at her home in Linneus, Mo. The tree which bore it is several years old, and this is the second year it has produced the famous fruit.

Owing principally to the immense amount of snow in the mountains of Colorado this year, the water thus furnished for the gold placers and silver deposits will be utilized to a greater extent than ever before.

Colonel Davis' Peculiar Luck at Fishing.
Colonel J. M. Davis lately returned from an extended southern trip. While at Las Vegas, N. M., he went on a fishing frolic with General Miles. He entertained his friends by relating his experience. Conservative men pronounced his narrative a trifle unfounded, but the colonel swears that every word is true. "Talk about trout!" he screamed. "You never fished unless you have dropped your line in the cold, swift Galinas river, about five miles north of the Las Vegas hot springs. General Miles and I took out seventy-eight speckled beauties in one afternoon there. I got one fellow that weighed thirty-seven pounds, but it took me four hours to land him. General Miles had gone back to the springs for his luncheon and I was about to follow him when I thought a rowboat had got on my hook. In a moment I knew it was a monster fish. I'd made books on the fact that it was a devilfish, but never dreamed it was a trout. I gave it all my line, and the smoke was just pouring from my reel. Presently the fish stopped and I began to take in the line. "This performance lasted nearly four hours. I had a very small pole and line and could take no chances. Once I got the fish out of the water for a second. He frightened me. "I'm not naturally a coward, but I had a notion of running when I saw that immense thing on my hook. I was well nigh exhausted and was about to throw in my line when a terrific hailstorm came up. "Just as a fearful blast came down I jerked the trout out of the water a few inches and a huge hailstone struck him between the eyes. He wiggled his tail for a second as if in deep thought, then turned over, stunned."—Chicago Herald.

Savernake and Its Noble Lord.
The Marquis of Ailesbury, who is applying to the courts for permission to sell his estates to Lord Iveagh for £750,000, was better known to the public as Lord Savernake. The lands in question came into possession of the family through an ancestor who married the heiress of one of the wealthy Seymours, the Dukes of Somerset. One of the Seymours had previously married a daughter of Sir William Sturmy, of Chadham in Wiltshire, the male members of whose family had been bailiffs of the Royal Forest of Savernake since the days of Henry II. Tottenham Park, so long the chief seat of the Ailesburys, is situated in Savernake forest.

As things go in these degenerate days £750,000 seems a very fair price for 40,000 acres. The marquis' reply, when asked whether he had made any provision for the housing of the valuable heirlooms in the mansion—"Well, now it's a very funny thing, but I only thought of that myself yesterday"—was just what might have been expected from this sprig of the aristocracy. His lordship has only had the estate for some five years, and yet he has succeeded in loading it with incumbrances to the extent of some £250,000!—Pall Mall Gazette.

Rough on the Dudes.
K. H. Beckjord is the name of the delegate from St. Paul to the tailors' convention. He has made a veritable host of friends here. "I was greatly troubled with dudes and other fashionable young men who refused to pay their bills with me until recently, when I hit upon a new plan which has caused them since to pay their bills promptly when due. I got a bulletin board about six feet high and placed it in front of my establishment and on this I pasted all the bills which the young bloods owed me. You can imagine the result. The dudes were furious. They claimed their characters had been ruined, but at last they calmed down, and after talking for awhile they one and all paid their bills, and have done so since, but nevertheless I still keep my bulletin board like a sentinel before my shop."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

No Cash Even for the Rich.
"It is the rich men who are apparently suffering most from the stringency of the money market," said a Wall street broker. "There are millionaires here who can't raise a thousand dollars cash without borrowing. Now, that's a fact. They may have plenty of securities. There are lots of gilt edged securities, but they don't represent ready money. The ready money is not to be had when everybody wants it most. Then is when it slyly sinks out of sight. Then is when every man and corporation with outstanding contracts gets stuck more or less."—New York Herald.

Messages from the Dying Meet.
M. Ragsdale is the Denison agent of a northern brewery. He has been seriously ill several days, and a messenger boy was sent to the telegraph office with a message to be forwarded to Mr. Ragsdale's sister at Whitesboro asking her to come immediately as he did not expect to live long. While awaiting its turn for the wire a message came from Whitesboro, directed to Mr. Ragsdale, stating that the lady was dying, and that if he wished to see his sister alive to come on the first train.—Cor. Dallas (Tex.) News.

A Terrible Revenge.
Manville (very much excited)—He ruined me in business. He smirched my good name. He fished from me the girl I loved, but at last, ha! ha! I am revenged!
Jones—Good gracious! What did you do?
Manville (hissing through his set teeth)—I recommended him to spend his holidays at the seaside lodgings I had last year, and he's going to do it.—Exchange.

Killed by Lightning While Praying.
At the inquest upon the body of Mrs. Catharine A. Cody, of Fifty-first and Arch streets, who was killed by lightning during the storm of Wednesday, it was developed that immediately before the terrible report which accompanied the deadly stroke Mrs. Cody, who was in mortal fear of lightning, had been on her knees praying.—Philadelphia Record.

Skill in a Canoe Race.
That the skill of the canoe sailor has more to do with the winning of races than sail spread or shape of hull has been proved again and again. A canoe designed by W. P. Stephens for the secretary of the New York Canoe Club on lines differing from anything before produced has sailed in a number of the local New York races lately. This canoe is a perfect piece of work, so far as construction goes—smooth, fair and well proportioned. Its peculiar feature is a "very deep, thin underwater body aft. Everything about the canoe suggests speed, and yet it has not won a race. Perhaps it will later on, when Skipper Stephens has completed his "tuning up" process.

In marked contrast to this result is the success that some of the older canoes have had by being well sailed and properly equipped, notably the Nests, owned by Daniel Goodsell, of Yonkers. The Eclipse is also a comparatively old canoe with a reputation, and it is sure of a good place in the races when fairly well handled—unless something breaks—which has been a rather too common occurrence of late. A strong and handy rig in the hands of a clever sailor will often land an old canoe over the finishing line far in the lead. The races during June on Hendon lake, near London, England, illustrated this principle very clearly. The winner was the only survivor of a fleet of six in one race. All the other canoes either upset or broke down.—Sail and Paddle.

A Big Year for Fruit.
Fruit has not been so plentiful and so cheap for many seasons as it is this year. For the past month the fruit stands have been laden with large juicy Bartlett pears and delicious, rosy peaches, and now grapes are making their appearance. All are unusually cheap, too, and the demand is larger than it has been for years. A leading Fulton street dealer said the other day that he was reaping a golden harvest this summer. "How is that?" I asked. "Oh!" he replied, "fruit is so plentiful that I can keep the prices down; and so long as such splendid pears and peaches and melons and plums as these are cheap everybody who can afford it is going to enjoy them. Last year the poorer class of my customers didn't get any fruit, nor did they the year before. They couldn't afford to buy it, and they wouldn't have done so if they could, for there was no fruit worth having at any price. This year there's any amount of it, and it's all cheap. Everybody is hungry for fruit after being denied it for such a long time, and consequently, as I said before, we dealers are reaping a rich harvest."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Cost of Filtering Air.
The air of the house of commons was filtered last winter at a cost of sixty pounds for cotton wool, besides the two or three hundred pounds originally spent on the steam that worked the fans that drove the air in. The layers of cotton wool used were six feet thick, and had to be changed three times, the outer layers in a very short time becoming black and full of an oily and sooty substance, with the smell of a very bad fog, though the heaviest particles had been removed by passing the air through water.

On one occasion the filter had to be renewed after only forty-eight hours' use, a dense fog having lasted the whole of that time. This information was given to a parliamentary committee by Mr. William Prim, consulting engineer to her majesty's office of works.—London Tit-Bits.

Slept in His Coffin.
There has just died at St. Joseph's hospital, in Chippewa Falls, an eccentric individual called Andreas Lovea. He was born in 1834 in Lower Bavaria. His trade was a worker in woods, which he learned in the piano factory in Munich. Perhaps no man in the United States has acquired like skill in renovating woodwork and restoring its polish. About ten years ago he built a repair shop, in which he lived, doing his own cooking, for he was never married. He manufactured a beautiful coffin composed of different kinds of wood, in which he slept despite the persuasions of intimate friends.—Chicago Herald.

Cast Iron Railway Bridges.
Sir John Fowler's report to the directors of the London and Brighton railway with reference to their bridges states that the company has 171 cast iron bridges altogether, and that eighty-one of these ought within three years to be replaced with wrought iron or steel structures. He does not state that any of them are unsafe, and concludes his report by saying, "The result of my investigation does not indicate any unusual weakness in the Brighton bridges, which are neither better nor worse than those of similar lines of railways at home and abroad."—London Tit-Bits.

Miss Antoinette Knages, a college educated young woman of Ohio, owns and manages a farm of 200 acres. She carries on her work according to the theories of books, rather than by ancient traditions, and, contrary to the usual impression about book farmers, she is making a success of her undertaking.

The land which the Jewish bankers have bought in Palestine contains 10,000,000 square meters. The Jews are leaving Odessa every day by thousands for Palestine. Baron Rothschild is expected at Jaffa, and is said to intend buying 5,000,000 meters more of fertile land east of the Jordan.

The other night at Retford Junction, England, an immense swarm of bees settled in a lamp case on a signal, and the lamp could not be placed in position without considerable danger. Consequently the signal was abandoned all night and fog signals substituted.

Rev. Edward Beecher's adopted daughter received at her baptism the name of Voice Adams. She was one of a family of fifteen children, whom her father, a great-grandson of John Quincy Adams, supported by lecturing on "The Voice of Nature."

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