

WOOD COLLECTOR.

HOW DON M. DICKINSON MADE A FIRM COME TO TIME.

A Good Story Told by a Western Congressman—Getting One Hundred Cents on the Dollar Out of a Bad Case of Bankruptcy—Found Out.

A western congressman tells the following about Mr. Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan, the postmaster general.

"Yes, I know Dickinson, of Michigan, very well. I have been in some railroad cases with him. He is chain lightning. Dickinson has made the bulk of his fortune in the practice of one legal specialty. He is the best collector of legal debts on the face of the earth. Oh, no; I don't mean small debts. This is the way of it: In the first place, there must be a good many people with a bad habit of falling every few years. They always owed large sums of money to eastern merchants and capitalists, and did not mean to pay a cent if they could help it. To this class Dickinson was and is a mortal terror. There is no doubt that the swindling debtor can adopt that Dickinson can see through, and he is as sharp on the trail as the best Madison detective. The man who can pay and work in the law Dickinson likes to get hold of. About two years ago—to illustrate what I mean—there were three big failures in Detroit. One firm had the sympathy of everybody, but the others were uncertain ones. The two doubtful concerns each owed over \$50,000 to New York and Boston people.

LIKE A BAD CASE. "Among the creditors was a New England shoe manufacturer for a large sum. This firm quietly retained Dickinson as their counsel, and the largest other creditor did the same thing. 'Don't let them know I am in the case,' said he as he left his clients. He went home. The agent of the New England firm came out to see the broken merchant I was talking about. It was a German Jew—generally good people, but when they are tricky, look out! The usual tales of a host of customers who could not come to time, and all that. It really looked like a bad case, and the Boston shoe concern was about to accept a settlement at twenty cents on the dollar. 'Don't go it for a day or two,' said Dickinson.

"Just how he was going to get the money out of the Frenchish customer he did not know, but he was sure there had been some swindling. It happened that in his household there had been an extremely pretty Irish girl living as a domestic for many years. She was faithful, neat, and unusually intelligent, and the household was very much attached to her. About a year before this she had married a very industrious young countryman of her own, who was a thrifty young boss drayman. That evening after dinner Dickinson learned that Maggie's husband had broken his leg a week or two before. He went around to see the man. 'How did it happen, Peter?' he asked. 'Well, you see, sir, I was on a bit of a job that—sir, the man told me, sir, that I must not tell.' 'Somehow you can tell me, can't you?' said Dickinson, and why not tell Mr. Dickinson, Peter? said the Irishman's pretty wife. So it came about that two weeks before, late at night, Peter had been draying goods from the rear end of a store. A heavy box had slipped and broke his leg.

"But why did you say you must not tell?" said the lawyer. 'I'm sure I don't know, sir; that's what Mr. Katzenammer told me, sir,' answered the man.

"Katzenammer, so you are working for him, eh?" asked Dickinson. 'Yes, you got out of the Irishman all he knew. 'I see it now,' said he to himself as he went home. The next morning Mr. K. was rather surprised to receive a call from the great lawyer. He had not sent for him, and was somewhat a little uneasy. 'I am the attorney for Messrs. Blank of Boston, he began, very politely. 'They have a claim against you of \$47,977.89. What do you intend doing about it, Mr. Katzenammer?' 'Oh, I had faith, you know, Mr. Dickinson; I don't know how much I can pay on the dollar.' 'You must pay this in full, or I will send you to the penitentiary in less than a month,' said Dickinson, sternly. 'You have been running your goods out of your store at night, and sending them to Chicago auction houses to be sold for whatever they would bring in cash, and you have filled up your books with false entries.'

"Father Abraham!" screamed the other, as white as he could become. 'How tie you flint all this on?' 'It doesn't matter how I know it all, and if you don't settle now, today, I will have you arrested before to-morrow night. You are wretchedly poor, can't get away so don't try it, and with that Dickinson left. It happened that he had dropped on to what the man had been doing. How he guessed it he doesn't know himself. About 2 o'clock the man came around to see what terms he could make. 'Gives, sir, except 100 cents on the dollar,' was the only reply. In three days the claim was paid in full.'—Missouri Republican.

An Underground Forest. An underground forest was recently discovered in the metal mountains of Saxony. These mountains are covered with forests of pine and firs, in which there are a large number of open spaces serving as pastures for the cattle kept on them during the summer. Many of these forest pastures are inundated in fall and remain under water until the summer following. The result of those periodical inundations is the formation of deep layers of peat, which supply the region with valuable heating material. Along a pass through that forest region a railroad is now building between the cities of Annaberg and Schwarzenberg. In one of the past pastures the natives have just laid open the stems of a primeval forest in an advanced stage of the process of petrification, or carbonization. The stems are all of the fir family, from fifteen to thirty inches circumference on the average, and imbedded in peat some fifteen to twenty feet under the surface. No reliable estimate of the age of the forest has yet been published. —Chicago News.

An Unfortunate Habit. Brown—it has been reported to me, Robinson, that you said I am a man of unsavory reputation. Robinson (surprised)—Why, I never said anything of the kind, Brown. Brown—I get the information straight. Robinson—Well, I assure you, Brown, that I never intended to say such a thing, and if I did, I attribute it to my unfortunate habit of thinking aloud. —New York Sun.

Servants in Germany. The servant girl question is not so much of a problem in Germany as it is in this country. The very pretty custom prevails there of decorating household servants for long and satisfactory service. One "union" has within twelve years decorated 400 servants, something of a similar nature is done in England. —Cleveland Leader.

CHINESE MONEY LENDING SYSTEM.

The Plan of a "Woo-y"—Shares and Shareholders—Heavy Premiums.

The Chinese have a way of borrowing and lending money under a system that they call a Woo-y, that allows its members to borrow money in a stated sum and repay it by installments. Any member of a Woo-y who takes a share and does not wish to borrow himself obtains a good interest on the money he invests. The plan of a Woo-y is as follows: Ah Sing wants to borrow \$100 and repay it in installments, so he starts a Woo-y; his first step is to find twenty persons who are willing to take a \$5 share in a \$100 Woo-y. Ah Sing is known as the Woo-y Tow, or head of the Woo-y; the shareholders are known as Woo-y Chi, or children of the Woo-y. The Woo-y lasts for twenty months; each Woo-y Chi pays in \$5 to the Woo-y Tow, so that Ah Sing obtains his \$100. At the end of the month Ah Sing goes to each of the shareholders and asks for bids for the next loan; each member writes his name and the amount of interest he is willing to pay on a slip of paper. Every member has the right of borrowing money once during the Woo-y. After the bids are all received they are opened and read and the money lent to the highest bidder. We will suppose that 2 per cent. is the highest bid. Ah Sing, who now pays the first installment, has to pay in the full amount of \$5, while the others deduct the 2 per cent. and pay in \$4.90. When the next installment falls due there are two members who have to pay in the full amount, and so the Woo-y runs on.

At the end of fifteen or sixteen months the interest offered is often as high as 25 or 30 per cent., but as fifteen of the members have borrowed, and so have to pay in the full amount of \$5, it is only the four or five left who get the benefit of the heavy interest. Sometimes toward the last of the Woo-y, when two or three different ones wish to borrow, the rates offered are often as high as 75 per cent., and in one instance that I know of, just before the Chinese New Year, 100 per cent. was bid on a \$5 Woo-y. As there were three members that had not borrowed, the last \$5 Woo-y had only to pay the heavy premium to two men. Sometimes the Woo-y is as low as fifty cents a share, and is known as Woo-yee as high as \$50 a share. Those who go into a Woo-y as an investment, and do not borrow themselves, generally get a large interest for their money. —San Francisco Cor. Chicago Herald.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox at Work. "I like to be interrupted," said Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "and that is no reason why I like New York; there is no other place where interruption comes so easily."

"No, I am not one of those who fly to nature. I don't mean any respect to nature; the pathless forests are very fine things in themselves, but they don't inspire me like human beings, human thoughts and human doings. I want to be among people and feel the pulse of humanity throbbing. I enjoy having my fellow creatures about me. I like to hear the teams rattle by in the street. I like to stop work now and then and go out and walk down town, and see the world busy as it is busy here in the city every day."

"I believe I write best with people about me in the room. Of course, I shouldn't wish to feel that they were dependent on me for entertainment, but I like the atmosphere of a social company, chatting among themselves and speaking to me now and then. I can join in the talk and then go back to pen and paper just as readily as if I were alone."

"And you don't find the thread of your thoughts broken or confused?" "If I stop half a dozen times I know that the lines will run just as smoothly in the end as if I had turned the key upon myself and insisted on a fine frenzy in solitude. I mean it. I like to be interrupted. It is two months ago now that a poem came to me at the theatre one night. I had time to write a few verses only, and since then I have been out of town, and I have been learning to cook and I have had other writing to do. It was not until Sunday evening that I found time to finish that poem. There were people here until 10:30, but when I was to sit down at my writing table the stanzas came as fresh and as naturally as if the thought hadn't been interrupted for weeks in finding expression." —Eliza Putnam Henton in Buffalo News.

The Immortal Texan. Sam Houston was not rendered so cynical by his first unfortunate venture as to render him unfit for married life, as his more than fifty years of unalloyed happiness in that relation amply demonstrates. He not only married after becoming a citizen of the republic of Texas, but was a devoted husband and a judicious father, dying in the midst of his family in 1862. One of his sons inherited a considerable share of the father's sturdiness and talents.

To illustrate Houston's devotion to his second and real wife, the following incident was related to the writer of this by an old Washington habitue and journalist, who knew him well during his senatorship—1845-50. Houston was known to be intensely fond of amusements, but no friends could induce him to attend the theatre, circus, or a public ball. Being rallied on his "Puritanism" by Mr. Clay, the old hero of San Jacinto quietly replied: "I am not personally of opinion that there is anything wrong in those recreations; but my wife is a deeply religious woman; she is most strenuously opposed to the theatre, etc., and though she has never even hinted that she would rather I should avoid such places, yet, knowing her sentiments, I think my foregoing so momentarily a pleasure but a small cross for me to bear to insure her more perfect happiness." —Chattanooga Times.

A Letter Carrier's Walk. I have often been asked to explain how a letter carrier walks along, apparently with ease, at a rapid gait over slippery ground, and runs up and down icy front steps, while other folks are barely able to keep their footing while they creep along in rubbers or with set of those steel prong nuisances fastened to their shoes. The carriers soon learn to walk over slippery places without falling because we have so much of it to do, and experience has taught us how we should handle our bodies and legs when on dangerous ground.

When passing over slippery places we don't walk erect, but bend forward, taking short steps, and never letting one foot get far away from the other. Then, when we step, the foot is put down solidly, all of it at once, on the ground, with no heel and toe movement, which leads to slips and falls. It's not graceful, this way of walking, but it's safe, and I can pass any ordinary pedestrian on a slippery day and be in no danger of falling, while he is constantly slipping. —Carrier in Globe-Democrat.

Mississippi's Agricultural College. The farm of the Mississippi Agricultural college not only pays expenses, but is a source of revenue. What is more, the land is constantly improving. The farm was an old cotton plantation that had been devoted to raising one crop so long that it had become practically unproductive. By adopting a system of rotation, keeping dairy cows, and plowing under green crops, the land has become very productive. —Chicago Times.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

A Coward at Chancellorsville is Promoted for His Gallantry.

Some of the war veterans who were guests of the Twelfth regiment were exchanging reminiscences at the table. One of them told this story: "When reaching the Army of the Potomac as a recruit for the New York regiment, twenty-five years ago, just before the Chancellorsville campaign, I soon heard of a man in my company whose cowardice had made him a subject of many jests during his short service in the camp. Plenty of men are bitten by fear upon going into action, but this fellow had the rare reputation of being an incurable poltroon, and the mere crack of a rifle had often thrown him into fits so violent that two of his comrades had to leave the ranks to keep him in order. He was with the regiment at Chancellorsville on the right when we began to exchange shots with the enemy in that quarter, and he trembled so violently that he could not handle his rifle.

A small rebel cannon that had been pulled on to a knoll some distance off, and that was playing an independent game apart from the Confederate force, threw a ball that struck the ground just in front of him and scared him out of his wits. He became blind with fright, broke from the ranks, took to his heels, and, not knowing where to fly, ran directly toward the hostile gun, which was manned by two old Virginia militiamen in gray, who had undertaken to render their state some service. The two Virginians behind the ridge suddenly saw the infuriated Yank rush upon them, and believing him to be flushed by his regiment, took to flight, leaving their cannon behind them. The poltroon stood aghast for a moment alongside the piece of artillery, which he had captured, and almost simultaneously our regiment, by a rapid advance and a few shots, drove back the company of rebels that had been lurking in front, and we held the ground for the time being.

But the wonderful deed of our comrade who, before the enemy's gun was fired, was needed by the mounted general of our brigade, who happened to be a relative of his, and within forty-eight hours the fellow who had been the laughing stock of the regiment was promoted for gallantry in the field. His subsequent rise was rapid, and when I tell you that he afterward fell wounded at Gettysburg, at the head of the regiment of which he was commander, and that the gray bearded veteran himself, who now lives in this city on his pension, uses only a spoonful of whitewash in telling the story just told, you will admit that sometimes things are not what they seem." —New York Sun.

"Going Out" with a Doctor. "I remember," said Dr. Rosconmon, who read medicine in Chicago some thirty years ago, but who has been practicing in Iowa for a great many years, "I remember one night I passed in Chicago, and I don't think I could forget it if I should live to be a thousand years old. I was a young fellow and had just begun to study medicine. One evening Dr. Freer asked me if I would like to go out with him that night, and I said I would. About midnight we accordingly went to a saloon on North Clark street—Clark's, if I remember right—and got a good supper. Then we started away in the doctor's chaise, one of those old-fashioned, jiggly joggly things, and finally came to the city cemetery. After awhile we entered Rush Medical college, then on the north side, with the corpse sitting up between us on the seat. The old chaise joggled so that we both had to put our arms around the corpse to keep it from falling over. When we reached the college we drove into the alley at the south of it and bundled the body into the shaft, whence it was to be hauled up to the dissecting room.

"The doctor and I parted then, agreeing to meet at the college at 10 o'clock that morning to give the body the necessary injection. I went into the shaft below and made the body lie on one end of the rope which hung down from a pulley, and the doctor, on the floor above, hauled away on the other end. When about half way up the body stuck, and I went up and after a good deal of tugging managed to loosen it. Finally, when we had drawn it to the dissecting room and ripped open the sack in which it was confined, we found it was the body of a man who had died in the confluent stage of small pox. What did we do? What could we do? We buried the body that night in an orchard on the west side, and the doctor took his chaise off into the country and left it to stand out all winter where nobody would go near it. That was my first experience in 'going out' with a doctor, and I don't think I shall forget it." —Chicago News.

Lunatics Cured by Kindness. The strange colony of lunatics at Ghel, in the Belgian Congo, has long engaged the attention of specialists, and so satisfactory has been its working that a duplicate of it has lately been established. In these colonies the lunatics are boarded out with the inhabitants, live as members of the family, assist in their work, and have liberty to move about at will. The regularity and healthfulness of the life led by the afflicted inhabitants of Ghel rests on a considerable proportion of them to their right mind.

Ghel, however, is in the Flemish speaking portion of Belgium, and it has of late years been found that patients from the Walloon country, who speak only French or the Walloon patois, were awkwardly placed, and their recovery retarded by the absence of nearly every form of communication with those of their own tongue. The experiment was therefore made of establishing a French speaking colony at Lieureux, in the Walloon country, near Spa; and it has been so successful that it has now been placed upon a permanent basis.

The cost of pauper lunatics to their country exceeds a franc a day. Neither at Ghel nor at Lieureux has it been found that constant intercourse with lunatics has increased the tendency toward insanity among the natives. —St. James' Gazette.

Superstitions of Mariners. In speaking of the superstitions of mariners, Capt. J. W. Hall, one of the oldest and most experienced lake-faring men in Detroit, said the other day: "Did you ever notice that there is no vessel on the lakes named the George Washington? The first vessel that ever bore that name was a steamer launched in 1838. She went down during the same year with the loss of one life. Another was built about 1837, and in 1838 foundered with the loss of sixty-eight lives. The idea that there is bad luck in the name has never been overcome, and I doubt whether you could now induce an underwriter to take a risk upon a boat bearing that name." —Detroit Free Press.

Danger of New Diseases. There is nothing to hinder the bursting on the world of a new pestilence at any moment out of the unsanitary conditions of masses of human beings. The germs of our worst dreaded diseases are not transmissible through pure air. But in impure air there are constantly going on the crossings, reimpregnations or hybridization of poison germs that involve the possibility of new forms of disease worse than our worst foes. —Globe Democrat.

TRAINING FIGHTING DOGS.

Improving Their Grip, Reducing Flesh and Cultivating Wind and Limb.

A man who owns several fighting shags and who also owns a barroom not many blocks away from Washington square, explained the method of training a dog to a reporter, as follows: "Well, take my dog Grip, for example. Say I make a match for him to fight at twenty-four pounds. He has been hanging about the bar doing nothing but eat and sleep for six or eight months, and is consequently fat, short winded and lazy, as well as ten or twelve pounds over weight.

"I must put him to work at once so as to be ready, but I must begin slowly. Every morning before breakfast I take Grip out and walk him around Washington square half a dozen times at a brisk walk and then back to the house. With a rough towel I give him a good rub down and sponge out his mouth with a clean sponge. He is now ready for work. In the afternoon I give him another two or three mile walk, a rub down and sponge his mouth. Giving him three times a day a good substantial meal.

"A few days of this and Grip is feeling as bright and chipper as you please. Then the walks become longer, with an occasional run, and I add some corduroy in the house. This consists principally of chasing the ball. I'll show you.

"Here, Grip! and a fat, lazy looking bull dog came lazily from behind the bar. A rubber ball, about half the size of a baseball, was taken out of a box and sent spinning across the floor and Grip went after it. He picked it up and brought it to his master, giving it up with a wag of the tail as naturally as a well trained retriever.

"When he is in the house I'll have him work for two or three hours a day. I'll have Grip's owner, 'besides the walking it gets the flesh off of him and gives him good wind. After the training has gone on for a couple of weeks I give him long runs and sleep up on the walking. Sometimes I'll hitch him under a light wagon and drive at a smart jog up to Central park and back. He'll make it after two or three trials without turning a hair.

"Another essential thing has to be looked after, his grip. The way this is cultivated is by taking a heavy crash towel and making the dog bite it. The way that a bull dog will hang on is something marvelous. I can make him take a towel and can drag him all over the place, or even lift him off the floor and carry him in the length of the room, provided his jaw is in good condition and the towel holds. He gets anywhere from half an hour to two hours of this work every day, and after he has been at it for two or three weeks he'll hold on until you kill him or his trainer tells him to let go.

"I'll have him work about a month to get a dog like Grip into first class shape, and when he is there he is fit to fight for a man's life." —New York Press.

A Dining Room Mystery. A gentleman who was invited out to dine at a Delaware avenue residence lately, observed that the chandelier over the dining room table was of peculiar construction, so that there was a light over the head of each guest. The glass shade of various colors, some amber, some red and some blue. "What is the object of having the globes of different colors?" the guest asked of his hostess. "Why, you see," said she, "when one gives a dinner or tea, one may invite some people whom one perfectly hates. Now last Tuesday I gave a supper and I had to invite two women whom I despised. But I had to invite them or some of the young men I wanted would not come. I had my revenge on my fair enemies, however. I placed each of these two women under one of these pale blue lights at the table. They're usually considered beautiful women, but under that light they had the most ghastly look you ever saw. They were perfect scarecrows. They seemed to have aged twenty years the minute that they sat down. The men noticed it, of course, but they did not divine what caused it. 'They were quite taken aback and awfully glad at first. But finally one of them turned with a sigh and began talking to a real homely little thing that was sitting under a ruby colored light. 'Why, she was perfectly charming under it. So you see that when I want people to look perfectly hideous I put them under the blue light. It kills everything.' The gentlemen looked up. He was under a blue light. —Buffalo Courier.

The Right Hand and the Left. As I stood on the curb talking with an accomplished anatomist the other day he offered to bet me that I could not tell which was my right hand. I have lately held out my right hand for the wager. But he objected. He said he did not offer to bet me that I could not show him my right hand, or extend him my right hand, but that I could not tell him which was my right hand—that is, that I could not describe it in words so that one who never heard of the distinction we make between the right hand and the left would be able to find it. I thought that that would be easy enough, also, until I thought it over and then I had to give it up.

Said the anatomist: "There are plenty of criteria within the body which define its places such as the heart, the liver and the duodenum. But on the outside of a perfectly formed human being there is nothing to distinguish the right hand from the left, and no one can describe it in words so that an ignorant person can find it. If I could see two anatomists, and were not taught, from childhood, to use one of their hands more than the other, it would be almost impossible for them to know which is which. I often think of this when I hear any one say to some one whom he wishes to stigmatize as a fool that he 'can't tell his right hand from his left,' as I do when I read that God said to Jonah about Nineveh, in which he said 'I will send about six-seventy thousand persons that can not discern between their right hand and their left hand.'" —Chicago Journal.

A State Deer Park. The state of New York is about to embark in the enterprise of raising and keeping deer. Last year the legislature voted \$5,000 for the establishment of a state deer park in the Catskills, mainly taken recently the forest commission designated Frank C. Parker to take the matter in hand. Mr. Parker will try to find two men who know the habits of deer, and with them tramp the Catskills to find a suitable state paddock. When located and purchased the ground will be fenced in and efforts will then be made to catch deer and keep them in the park. —Chicago Herald.

Drawing Room Meetings. An Englishman with a missionary spirit has issued an appeal to evangelists to give up drawing room meetings, in which those who attend should be required to wear evening dress. "We dress to go out to dinner, why should we not dress to read the Bible together?" is his original theory. —Chicago Times.

Natives near Asheville, N. C., get \$1.75 a pound for ginseng root, which they dig in the woods, for exportation to China.

The city of Madison is a phenomenon, from a western point of view. It has never had a "boom."

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