The Plattsmouth Journal

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PLATTSMOUTH, - NEBRASKA

Mr. Carnegie might be invited to help out on the scheme to establish a religious daily in Japan.

Mme. Nordica must be preparing for a green old age if she expects to collect that $4,000,000 from Uncle Sam.

Cuba's health authorities have decided that the dissemination of yellow fever is entirely due to mosquitoes.

Lord Kitchener is fencing in the Boers but what will happen when his troops get chased up against the fence?

The American speculator is everywhere. He now wants to rescue Miss Stone for one-sixth of what the bandits ask.

It begins to look as if it might be necessary to get out a search warrant for Colonel Arthur Lynch, M. P. for Galway.

John Long married Miss Belle Loud in Tennessee the other day. Well, Long and Loud ought to be able to make themselves heard.

Since his retirement from military life time is said to hang heavy on Gen. Buller. He ought to be able to make a good hand at bridge whist.

The German national game of "Skat" is said to require thought, culture and deliberation. The Yankee cat flees at the mere name of the thing.

The ninety-nine-an-hour wind on the Pacific coast began before congress got down to business. This much in justice to that much maligned body.

Senator Hoar suggests "limiting the circulation of fanatical doctrines." It seems to us that would seriously interfere with the output of New England ideas.

What the other fellow thinks of us doesn't matter half so much as what we think of ourselves after making a 1 per cent deduction for proper self-esteem.

The empress dowager of China has conferred the two-eyed peacock feather on General Yung-Lu, the Boxer leader. This ought to tickle the foreign powers half to death.

A membership of 1600 in the Harvard Club of New York would seem to show that the metropolis and Cambridge are within easy reaching distance of each other.

The new navy of Mexico is to be built in the United States. Uncle Sam can accommodate the world either in building navies or in smashing them. Apply at the world's workshop.

Pardon the suggestion, ladies, but when pretty little Wilhelmina asks her subjects to be as forgiving to her unworthy husband as she, herself is, does she wink her other eye—just a little?

A Chicago policeman shot at a dog and hit himself. This is a distinct improvement on the well-known practice of shooting at a dog and hitting some inoffensive citizen or innocent child.

Mike Sullivan, who was a professional baseball pitcher a few years ago, is now a member of the Massachusetts legislature. Mike must have put in some of his spare moments not leaning against the bar.

The fact that twenty-three men have been killed or wounded in the Adirondacks this year by hunters who mistook them for deer has created a demand for the suppression of the long-range rifle. At a distance of two miles a man may look like a deer or a monkey or anything else in the animal creation.

Mrs. Ormsby of Chicago, of course, sues for a divorce, and, therefore, may be set down as considering marriage a howling failure. Yet fourteen children were born to the marriage, of which three came singly, four came in two of a kind, three came at one time, and the last result showed up in fours. Under the circumstances it was more probably a failure of the flour barrel rather than of the marriage.

The passing of the historical novel is foreshadowed and few readers of fiction will mourn the loss of the swashbuckling, blood-thirsty heroes familiar to the public for the last five years. Te demand for modern wooers of up-to-date girls has already been felt and business men are likely to get a chance to do a little love-making in the pages of the stories of 1902. The golf stick is to take the place of the sword and the automobile is to supplant the fiery war horse.

The heirs of Anneke Jans are inaugurating another determined movement to obtain possession of millions of dollars worth of property held by the Trinity church corporation of New York for centuries. At a Philadelphia meeting they raised $2.68 to pay a lawyer.

It is something cheerful to read of the condition of Italy's finances, which show a surplus for the year. It reminds one of the financial condition of about all the other European nations, because it is so different.

Three blue diamonds valued at $540,000 are to be given as Christmas presents to three women by three American millionaires. This is the sort of giving that makes Santa Claus tenderly caress the frayed stocking as he drops in a few nuts and candies.

That New Jersey man who was supposed to be dead showed poor taste in returning just as his wife was starting on a wedding trip with another man. He might at least have permitted them to enjoy a pleasant honeymoon.

OLD AND NEW.

I cannot joy with those who hail
The new-born year;
I rather grieve with those who give
The dead Old Year
A tender tear.

The New—what know I of the New?
I knew the Old!
God's benison upon his corse,
On which the mold
Lies stiff and cold.

Here in the shadow let me stand
And count them o'er,
The blessings that he brought to me,
A precious store—
I asked no more.

He brought me health—a priceless boon
To me and mine;
He brought me plenty for my needs,
And crowned my shrine
With love divine.

Ah! when I think—suffused with tears
I feel my eyes—
Of all the dear delights he brought;
Yet stark he lies
'Neath Winter skies.

Therefore I cannot hail with joy
The new-born year;
I rather grieve, with those who give
The dead Old year
A tender tear.

After Ten Years

The story of Two New Years Eves.

WALTER CARSON leaned back in the easy chair, drawn up before his sitting room fire at his Duke street chambers in London. The clock had struck 10, and the sonorous boom from Big Ben came floating over the Green park as a sort of benediction on the rapidly dying year. The roar of the great city without was not lacking in its element of melody, and the noise of merry revelers in Piccadilly completed a strange yet fascinating tout ensemble. Passing down the street came three young men singing that old Southern song, "I'se gwine back to Dixey." The words and the melody startled Carson from the reverie into which he had fallen. Sitting upright in his chair, he said, aloud:

"What memories that song recalls! How my loneliness grows upon me! What a fool I was ever to have indulged in the thing called love! But there. I've tasted the poison and must abide by the result. What's that result? Pleasing? Why cannot I be of the gay throng outside? Here in this mighty crowded city I am as lonely as a man lost in a desert." He rose and, going to the other side of the room, opened a cabinet and took from it a bundle of letters, some dozen. They were faded and bore traces of much handling. After reading, he replaced them, and, walking to the photograph of a child on the wall, indulged in soliloquy.

"I know you not, my sweet child, but your mother was always, and always must be everything to me. How hard and cruel seems the world! Your mother and I parted ten long years ago this night, to meet again in two years time! What happened to prevent us? I wrote many times, but no reply ever reached me. Three years after we separated a letter came from her, and in it I read: 'Now that I am married, perhaps you will write.' Life seemed a blank, and I came to London, a wayfarer, caring not what became of me. I turned to literature, and have been what people call successful. But what is success without the power to experience that which makes it other than a metallic gratification? Eighteen months went by before I next heard from your mother, and then your photo only reached me, since when all has been silence! Your mother married a good man, and I

"I KNOW YOU NOT, SWEET CHILD."

pray for her and for you, too, baby, that you may grow up in her footsteps!"

The circumstances under which his letters to the girl went astray were to him mysterious, but, as a matter of fact, easily explained. The girl was the daughter of a country lawyer, and he had made her acquaintance when she was staying in a boarding house in Bloomsbury, in which he was also a lodger. Her reason for being in town was that she might improve a somewhat neglected education, and she was taking singing lessons at a school of music in the neighborhood.

An aunt took away this unwanted daughter from among the large family at home, to be a companion across the Atlantic, and, suspecting her of flightiness, opened her letters in the capacity of guardian. The first of Carson's epistles—he was a cautious man and did not commit himself to paper until he could not resist doing so—arrived when the aunt believed she was arranging a highly desirable engagement for her niece, and on the principle of doing wrong that good may come, she kept back the notes of this obviously poor suitor.

Carson often felt desolate, but never so utterly as then, and as he paced the floor the laughter of the happy crowd seemed to mock him. He rang the bell and ordered some tea. The demure little maid looked at him, and, going down stairs, said:

"Poor Mr. Carson, he looks so strange and miserable!"

Returning, she found him sitting in his chair gazing with half-closed eyes into the fire. Placing the tea on a small wicker table by his side, she attracted his attention by the question, "Anything else, sir?"

"No," was the reply; "but, see, this is New Year's Eve. You've been a good servant to me, at least. Buy yourself something," handing her a sovereign.

The amount of the gift bereft the girl of the power of speech, and with a curtesy, eloquent in itself of gratitude, she left.

Carson, sipping his tea, again soliloquized. "It's now within an hour and a quarter of the New Year. What will that year bring into my life? It cannot bring the light of love and companionship. The same round of weeks and months, and so it will be to the end. Ten years ago, in Old Kentucky, we said 'Good-by.' It was a 'good-by' forever."

Apostrophizing the absent woman, he continued: "Leila, Leila, to my grave I take with me the love I bear you. Why did we live to be parted so ruthlessly? What strange fate has so guided our destinies?"

He turned to the story of Evangeline and read of the sufferings of that heroic character. The reading soothed him and he fell asleep.

The clocks were striking the twelfth stroke of midnight when he awoke. He barely opened his eyes, then closed them again, and listened to the joyous salutations of people meeting in the streets. He was not selfish, neither was he bad natured. No man who every truly loved can be altogether either. As he listened he said:

"I wish for all a bright New Year, and Leila, my absent Leila, whom I shall never see again, may your life know no sorrow, may yours never be

"I CAME IN WITH THE NEW YEAR."

the aching heart, and may you be blessed in your children growing up around you. My Leila——"

He did not finish the sentence, but the tears came trickling down his cheeks as he realized his barren life. Then he became conscious that some one had come into the room and been a witness of his weakness and his secret—secret because society said Walter Carson carried his heart on his sleeve and was incapable of deep affection. So sitting up and turning round he was startled to see seated on a chair a tall lady, clad in deep mourning and veiled so heavily that he was unable to distinguish her face.

"Madam," he inquired, too taken aback even to get up, "I should like to know why I am thus honored?"

"I came in with the New Year. Not an omen of ill-luck, I hope," replied a musical voice; "but I first want to know if Walter Carson is not an assumed name?"

"Why do you ask such a question?"

"For the best of good reasons, and as you will not tell me, perhaps you will allow me to say that I think your real name is Herbert Wilton," proceeded the mysterious stranger.

Carson was utterly unprepared for this, and his surprise was painfully manifest. Appearing not to notice it, the lady went on:

"You are unhappy, I know, Mr. Wilton. I shall not call you Mr. Carson. I am certain of it, because I was watching you for ten minutes before you opened your eyes. Can I be of any help to you?"

"I don't understand you, madam," answered Carson. "I have no trouble, at least none that you could assist me in."

"Has it any connection with an old love affair?" very slowly asked the veiled visitor.

"I must decline to discuss my private matters with an utter stranger," replied Carson, jumping up.

"Am I an utter stranger, Herbert?" responded the stranger, also rising, and as she did so throwing back her veil.

"Leila!" gasped Carson, looking incredulously into her face.

"Yes, Leila," was the answer whispered, while her arms stole round his neck, "come back to you with the New Year, never to leave your side until it so pleases God."

Then they sat down and she told him how, three years before, after being left a widow, she determined to find out what had become of the sweetheart of her younger days. How, by a chapter of happy accidents, she learned that he was in London. How, on knowing this, she hurried over land and sea, and just at the birth of the New Year entered his room. She saw the tears fall from his eyes, heard her name mentioned, and his blessing go out to her. All doubts were then at an end.

"My children will be here by the next boat, and you must be to them a father. Now I must go, as I'm weary with the excitement of the day."

Carson drove her to her hotel, and to him the New Year bells never seemed to have rung such merry peals. They rang into his life a New Year is every sense. A few days later there was a quiet marriage, and on the following New Year's Eve, as Carson and his wife listened to the hour of midnight strike, they thought, with hearts full of love and gratitude, of the joyous meeting twelve months before.

NEW YEAR'S PASTIMES.

The ideal New Year's day, from a sporting point of view, combines a clear sky, cold atmosphere, light wind, a mantle of snow on the ground and lakes, and ponds well frozen. Such an attractive array of weather conditions has been denied the lovers of outdoor sports in most parts of the United States for several years, as the good "old-fashioned, deep-snow New Year's days" are few and far between. The sports directly associated with New Year's, however, are sufficiently numerous and diversified to please the most exacting. A sleigh-ride behind an ordinary horse or an afternoon's fun on the ice do not require athletic training, but, when both become trials of speed, robust constitutions and thorough condition are requisites for success. Nothing is more exhilarating than a brush down the road behind a trotter that can do three minutes or better, and it takes one with lusty lungs to face the keen, biting wind resulting from such a pace.

Shooting at the traps is a pastime peculiar to the winter months and is enjoyed by hundreds of gunners, who set aside New Year's day for special events that usually last from early morning until sunset. Others take their game bags and shotguns to the country and try their luck at birds in and out of season, paying well for the latter if caught by the wardens or constables. The old-fashioned "shooting match" and "raffle" are still engaged in in some sections of the country. These are gala affairs, and it is not an unusual thing to see some good shot or lucky dice thrower go home with half a dozen turkeys over his shoulders.

None of these sports, however, partake of the hardihood displayed by the thin-clad athletes who hold cross country runs on the first day of the year, whatever the conditions may be. Attired only in swearters, trunks and running shoes, these athletes, who are innured to the cold through good health and outdoor activity, race across country with evident relish, while the ordinary mortal stares and figures on the number of pneumonia patients who will be placed under treatment on the morrow. Nothing of the sort happens by the way.

The old Scotch game of curling has its American votaries, and the rinks in large cities are usually crowded or New Year's day. There are many other pastimes that are essentially holiday sports, such as tobogganing, snowshoeing and the like, which have been imported from Canada, as it were but very few have taken up these owing to the open winters. In fact, during the past few years, it has not been an unusual sight to see wheelmen on the cycle paths on New Year's day, instead of drivers of sleighs.

Balancing Our Books.

When the year is ended and the final summing up of accounts is finished, it is comforting to look back and to be able to say, in all sincerity, that we have done the best we could for ourselves and for those about us. It is more than comforting to see that we have gained something, that our efforts have been crowned with success, and that we are by this advancement enabled to score a victory, even though it may be trifling, over adverse circumstances. It encourages us to redouble our efforts to make a better showing for the years to come, to so order our affairs that this season's gain will be but the beginning of better things, and that the great and grand fabric of our future may rise, ever increasing, ever more and more beautiful, and end in a noble, manly, womanly, Christian, symmetrical character that will make its possessor known and honored of all men.

Players' Christmas.

No class of people contribute so largely to making Christmas a merry day for the public than the actors and actresses. Yet few of them may be said to have a merry Christmas, for not only are they compelled to do their regular stint upon the stage, but at most theaters extra matinee performances are given, thus compelling the players to do double duty. Yet with all their hard labor few people enjoy their day better than the actor folk. Sometimes, however, the stage door opens to admit a breath of holiday-making and the older theaters of New York have witnessed many a scene which was in its way quite as effective as those the audience looked upon from the front of the house.

Analyzing a Meteor

Results of an Examination by a Government Expert.

Prof. George P. Merrill, curator of the department of geology of the National Museum, who is engaged in making a chemical analysis of the specimen known as Ardmore meteorite, has recently issued a statement concerning a stony meteorite which fell near Felix, Perry county, Ala., on May 15, 1900, says the Washington Times. This meteorite has many points of resemblance to the Ardmore meteorite, which latter stone contains an element so difficult of classification as to lead many scientists to believe that Prof. Merrill is on the point of discovering a new mineral. Prof. Merrill, however, does not share this belief, thinking that under further examination the baffling constituent will prove to be a known quantity. For the details concerning the fall of the Alabama meteor, as well as for securing the specimen itself, the National Museum is indebted to J. W. Coleman, who visited the locality and obtained the statements of eye witnesses. Prof. Merrill describes the general appearance of the state as follows: "So far as can be learned—a part of the information being obtained by Mr. Coleman from negroes—the state at the time of the explosion broke into three pieces, the largest of which was the one brought to Mr. Sturdevant, and is said to have originally weighed about seven pounds, as already noted. Another small piece was found, but has disappeared, and the third, if such there was, was never found. The stone, as obtained by Mr. Coleman, was broken into five pieces, which weighed altogether 2,049 grams. It is about thirteen centimeters in its greatest length by nine in breadth, and about the same thickness, and was covered, except where broken, by a very thin black crust, nowhere more than half a millimeter in thickness. The color on the broken surfaces is dark smoky gray, almost black. It is very fine grained, with numerous small dark chondrules, not more than one or two millimeters in diameter at most, and with no metallic iron visible to the naked eye. The mass is quite soft and friable, and resembles in a general way the stones of Warrenton, Warren county, Mo., and Lance, France, more closely than those of any locality with which the author is acquainted. The color is, however, darker than is the Warren county stone, and the chondritic structure more pronounced than in that of Lance. It is, moreover, uniformly gray in color, and not speckled with white, as is the last named. Under the microscope the stone is seen at once to belong to the chondritic type, as is indeed evident on close inspection by the naked eye. The essential minerals are olivine, augite and enstatite, with troilite and native iron, the silicates occurring in the form of chondrules or associated in more or less fragmental particles, embedded in a dark opaque or faintly translucent base, which is irresolvable, so far as the miscroscope is concerned. The structure is pronouncedly fragmental, and the stone belongs beyond question to the group of tuffs."

After a careful and minute investigation into the microscopic structure of the specimen Prof. Merrill determined the mineralogical composition to be as follows: Metal, 3.04 per cent; troilite, 4.76; chromite, 1.17; graphite, 0.36; soluble silicate (olivine in part), 72.60; insoluble silicate (enstatite and augite in part), 18.07.

"Glad to see you" is one of the little white lies that are worked overtime.

RABBIT HUNTING AS SPORT

Ex-Australian Tells How It Is Carried On in the Antipodes

"If you want an exciting occupation, one that will give you plenty of exercise and will keep you busy all the time you are at it," said the ex-Australian, who is now a resident of Detroit, "just go to south Australia and hunt rabbits. They are the greatest pests with which a country was ever afflicted, and many fine farms have been ruined by their depredations. They breed so rapidly that extermination seems to be out of the question. The government pays a bounty of three pence a tail and six pence a scalp for rabbits, and regular parties are formed to hunt for them.

"As many as 600 rabbits have been found in one burrow. You can have cartridges to shoot all day from the same spot in some localities, and the rabbits will seemingly be as thick as ever at nightfall. They hatch every four weeks, and there are from twelve to sixteen in a hatching. The young ones are ready to hatch in two months' time.

"The popular way of hunting the rabbits is to herd them into a netting and then twist their necks. From 1,000 to 2,000 are rounded up in these expeditions.

"Another interesting phase of life in Australia is the hunting of the kangaroo. Staghounds are used for this purpose. The kangaroos cover a good deal of ground when pursued, but they are no judge of distance. Often when leaping they will land right in the middle of a wire fence, and then their capture is easy. They will fight like fiends when cornered, and I have seen a fierce battle between them and the hounds. Kangaroos weigh as high as 240 pounds. Under ordinary circumstances they are docile, and many families in Australia use them as pets, the same as Americans like to have dogs and cats around the premises."—Detroit Free Press.

No fewer than 119 lives have been lost this year in the Alpines of Switzerland—more than double the figures of 1900.

RAILROADS IN AFRICA

SPREAD OF CIVILIZATION IN THE NORTHERN SAHARA

The railroad which France extended, some years ago, through western Algeria, from the seaport of Oran to the town of Ain-Safra, on the southern border of that colony, is now being steadily pushed southward into the desert. The road was built to Ain-Safra because that town occupies one of the numerous breaches in the southern mountain ranges leading to the Sahara and is therefore favorably situated for the extension of a railroad into the desert. Ain-Safra is 3,570 feet above the sea and lies on the Saharan slope, its oasis being watered by a perennial stream which flows east to the Wady Namus, whose waters flow straight south into the Sahara.

The railroad, therefore, has been pushed eastward along the valley of the stream that gives life to Ain-Safra; having reached the Wady Namus, track-laying has been extended southward through its valley. Stations have been established at the Arab towns of Tiut, Moghrar and Djemen bou Resg, where all trains stop. Six more stations will be established along the route.

The road is to push some hundreds of miles southwest to the oasis of Tuat, which is now in the possession of the French. Several postoffices have already been established in oases on the way to Tuat. Until within a few years only a few European travelers had penetrated to this isolated Mohammedan community. The natives raise good crops of wheat, barley, cotton and other articles which they require, including an abundant supply of vegetables. France is thus using the new railroad to establish its influence in parts of the northern Sahara, to which, five years ago, scarcely any European influence had penetrated.

Expense of Entertaining Royalty.

Entertaining royalty is an expensive operation. That little visit of the Czar to France has cost the republic a pretty penny. Special messengers were sent to invite him at a cost of $5,000, and $60,000 was spent in cleaning up Dunkirk, where he was to land, and putting it in a presentable shape. For electric crowns and things the government spend $10,000 besides what the people spent on decorations, and the government also erected triumphal arches at a cost of $50,000 and spent $5,000 for flags.

Then there were 5,000 picked troops to be got ready, besides the regular review troops. These picked troops were specially trained, drilled and quartered for over six weeks at a cost of $100,000, and 25 military bands were put down in the estimates at a cost for food and extra expenses of $100,000. The naval review held for the delectation of the Czar cost $250,000, the item for coal alone being $100,000. In saluting, powder to the value of $35,000 was burned and the cost of guarding the Czar was estimated at $40,000. On housing and feeding him and his suite the sum of $50,000 was spent, and there was an extra appropriation of $40,000 for "sundries."

Brisk Trade in Human Hair.

There is an ever-increasing trade done in human hair, and a number of the peasant girls living in Belgium and Brittany always can be persuaded to part with their locks in exchange for a small consideration and for this purpose many dealers have agents traveling in these districts to beguile the simple girls. Many people believe that much of the false hair sold at the present day is taken from the scalps of dead women. This is, of course, ridiculous, as the human hair after death becomes too brittle to be twisted into the forms demanded by fashion. To say that much of the hair disposed of as "human" at high prices is only cunningly manufactured imitation would be more in accordance with the facts. Marseilles is probably the headquarters of the false hair trade, and it is estimated that over forty thousand pounds of the commodity are exported annually from that town. Fully two-thirds of this finds it way into Italy, France being the second best customer.

Live Animals for a Boa.

The newest thing in boas is reported from Monte Carlo, where a Mrs. Richard De Bromsley Richards, an English woman, appears for her promenade with a live black and white ouistiti sitting on her shoulder, with its long and bushy tail turned snugly around her throat. An ouistiti is a small monkey, the principal part of which is the tail.

Boston has about 1,800 persons "engaged in medicine," including dentists, veterinary surgeons, chiropodists and the like.

Women can't be logical because they are always begging the question.

The flirt's punishment for contempt of court is ancient spinsterhood.

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins," but does it always cover its own design?

Occasionally a man, like a mule, puts his best foot backward.

No man knows how foolish he can act until he attends a 5 o'clock tea.

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