

OUR COAST DEFENSES.

GEN. CUTCHEON SAYS WE ARE IMPREGNABLE.

New York City Is Not at the Mercy of Foreign Nations - San Francisco Is Well Protected - The Great Disappearing Gun.



MICHIGAN daily paper contains an interesting interview with Gen. Byron M. Cutcheon on the present condition of the coast defenses at New York and other important harbors.

field during the late war, and eight years in congress on the military committee, being chairman while his party was in congressional control.

"New York is, in my opinion and in the opinion of our best military authorities, fully prepared to receive any iron-clad fleet. The defense work done there since the fortifications board was organized, eight years ago, is of the most modern and complete character.

calculated to defend the city from any number of the best battleships afloat. During the past eight years the fortifications board has built five new batteries to command the entrances of New York harbor.

where powerful batteries of twelve-inch rifled steel guns and rifled twelve-inch mortars are planted. The batteries, when on high ground, have walls even only with the surface, and on low ground they are slightly raised.

The outer wall is of concrete, forty feet thick. In the concrete are blocks of stone, thrown in promiscuously, to deflect projectiles which penetrate the surface.

Underneath all are steam boilers and powerful engines for handling the immense guns, which weigh over fifty tons each, and the carriages weigh as much more.

"In addition to its twelve-inch guns, the Sandy Hook works have a mortar battery of sixteen twelve-inch modern rifled mortars. Their shells can carry 100 pounds of ammonite, equal to 200 pounds of powder in explosive force.

"For an inside line behind the Sandy Hook batteries the board has also planted barbette and mortar batteries nearly as powerful nine miles up at the Narrows. One set are about Fort Wardsworth, on Staten Island.

Powerful searchlights at all the batteries would help the gunners at night and prevent tampering with the planted mines or torpedoes.

"These powerful batteries are the backbone of the New York defenses. Next comes the modern submarine mines, which are an enlargement and improvement over the old-fashioned torpedo.

Next to New York, San Francisco has received the most attention. New, powerful barbette and mortar batteries have been built there, like those in New York.

San Francisco is safe and secure. So are Boston and Hampton Roads, where powerful batteries have been built. Other places like Philadelphia, New Orleans and New Orleans, for the present most depend on their natural defenses and on their powerful navy.

"The great danger to the coast is from the submarine mines and torpedoes. These are the most powerful weapons in the world. They are the only weapons in the world that can be used at night.

They are the only weapons in the world that can be used at night. They are the only weapons in the world that can be used at night.

WHY MEN STAND.

Complex Mechanism Renders It Possible but the Attitude Is Not Normal.

From the Scottish American: We are so accustomed to standing upright as a natural attitude that few of us think what a special complex mechanism is required for this purpose. A moment's consideration will show that the ordinary explanation of the erect position (the center of gravity to be directly above the feet) is insufficient.

AGAIN MINIATURES.

Women Carry the Staff of Life from Door to Door.

The largest loaves of bread baked in the world are those of France and Italy. The "pipe" bread of Italy is baked in loaves two and three feet long, while in France the loaves are made in the shape of very long rolls four or five feet in length, and in many cases over six feet.

The Lady and the Burglar.

From the Chicago Times-Herald: The lady, hearing some one in the dining room, thought it was her husband, and slipped down to pour a glass for him. She confronted a burglar who was making a vigorous search of the sideboard.

Apples Are Brain Food.

"The apple," declares a hygienic journal, "is one of nature's best gifts to women. Esthetically it clears and beautifies the complexion by exciting the action of the liver.

Batteries for the Hair.

Jeweled ornaments in the hair are going to be much worn this winter. In the halls of a smart theater, a few nights ago, I noticed that nearly every third lady wore a diamond butterfly or star lightly poised with excellent effect.

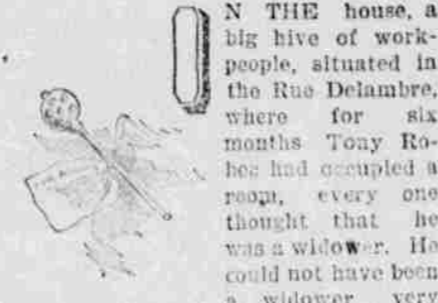
Potatoes in Michigan.

Northern Michigan is swamped under a phenomenal crop of potatoes, and instead of the good crop bringing good times it has brought severe loss to very many farmers.

How Good of You.

His workman's clothes under a smart overcoat, and waited for his wife, who presently appeared from her little booth in the Rue Saint-Honore.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.



IN THE house, a big hive of work-people, situated in the Rue Delambre, where for six months Tony Robec had occupied a room, every one thought that he was a widower.

Early every day, Tony Robec, who was employed as a compositor in a printing-house in the Quarter Latin, left his room, with the child still half-asleep on his shoulder.

The kind-hearted gossip was full of pity for the poor fellow. He couldn't be more than forty, and was still good-looking, although sad and pale.

"No, ladies," said the door-keeper, who was inclined to be sentimental, "that widower will never marry again, mark my words.

Certainly Tony had been very devoted to his wife, and would not be consoled now that he had lost her—but he was not a widower.

His life had been simple, but not by any means happy. Although a conscientious workman, he was not particularly good at his trade.

They were married, and at first lived very happily. They had two modest rooms on the fifth floor of a house in the Boulevard de Port Royal.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

Tony sold the greater part of his furniture in order to pay his debts, and moved into the Rue Delambre.

Toward the end of September he received a letter from his wife—four incoherent and desperate pages, plentifully washed with tears—in which she announced that she had repented and implored pardon.

He heard no more from Clementine. On Christmas eve he went, as was his custom, to the cemetery at Montparnasse, there to place on the grave of his dead child a few frozen violets and roses.

On arriving at the grave, he started, for at the foot of it were strewn several little playthings such as the poor give to their children—a trumpet, a jack-in-the-box, and a whistle.

"Oh, what pretty playthings!" cried little Adrien excitedly. But his father, having detected a scrap of paper pinned to one of the toys, opened it and read: "For Adrien, from his brother Felix, who is now with the child Christ."

Suddenly he found the boy pressing against him, and murmuring, "Mamma." There, only a few paces away, under a clump of cypress trees, knelt the mother. She was clad in a wretched dress and a thin shawl.

It is not far from the cemetery to the Rue Delambre, and they walked quickly, and without uttering a word. The child, engrossed in his newly-found treasure, trotted along at their side, thinking only of his toys.

When they reached the house, the door-keeper was standing on the steps. "Madame," said Tony to her, "this is my wife. She has been six months in the country with her mother, who was ill, and now she has come back to live with me."

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

When they reached the room, Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm-chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer, from which he took an old card-board box.

Henry's BIG 10 Cent DINNER.

Best in the City.

On account of Hard Times we have decided to make the price of our Celebrated Meals at

10 - : CENTS - : 10

And upwards. Remember we guarantee our Meals the Best in the City for the Price.

Everything Clean and Neat.

JAMES HENRY.

132 South Tenth.

WANTED!

10,000 FARMERS to Know that the

ANNEX RESTAURANT,

133 SOUTH 12.

Is under new and experienced management where you can get all you want to eat, everything on the Bill of Fare for 15c.

Open Day and Night.

Special Oyster Soup 10c.

TRY IT.

Your Produce Taken at Cash Prices.

L. C. HOLADAY, Prop.

European Plan.

Merchants Hotel.

Corner 11th and P Sts. Lincoln, Neb.

ALL NEWLY RENOVATED: Spacious, well-furnished Rooms with Steam Heat.

ROOMS: 25 and 50 Cents Per Day; \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 Per Week.

SPECIAL RATES by the month. Transient custom solicited. First Class Restaurant in connection with the house.

CAPT. J. H. MCKEE, Prop.

The Old Reliable

MUSIC HOUSE

The N. P. CURTICE CO.

Is the place to buy your Pianos, Organs and Musical Merchandise of All Kinds.

208 South Eleventh St. Lincoln, Neb.

Lincoln, Nebraska

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.



The Best School for Musical Training in the West.

Would advise all those desiring a first class musical education to read their catalogue and prospectus for 1895-6.

CATALOGUE and PROSPECTUS sent FREE to any address.

A. A. HADLEY, Business Manager. Mrs. L. P. Brooks, Secretary.

C. MOYER, Musical Director.

ERNEST HOPPE,

Wines, Liquors and cigars.

The Celebrated Kaiser Brewery Constantly on hand. Whisky for Family use a Specialty.

No. 127 SOUTH TENTH ST. LINCOLN, NEB.