

STATE NEWS.

NEBRASKA MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS.

—A new daily paper is about to be started in Plattsmouth.

—The wife of Gov. Thayer is seriously ill at this writing.

—Some fatal cases of diphtheria are chronicled in West Point.

—Twenty-eight cars of broom corn were recently shipped from Holbrook.

—Over \$5,000 have been subscribed at Hastings to build a mile race track.

—The vote in Fremont at the late election fell short of the registration about one hundred.

—The first county returns to reach the office of the secretary of state were from Franklin county.

—Burglars entered the house of A. Martin at Nebraska City and stole some valuable jewelry.

—The official count gives Boyd, republican candidate for sheriff in Otoe county, nine majority.

—One school has been closed in Nebraska City on account of diphtheria, and it is thought the others will have to be.

—Elder E. D. Eubank of Broken Bow has accepted a call to labor as an evangelist in Missouri at a salary of \$1,000.

—Wm. Wilson of Hooper was severely cut on the lower jaw with an iron bar he was using while dehorning cattle.

—The stock of C. S. J. Lee at North Bend is in the hands of creditors, but the financial difficulty is expected soon to be tided over.

—While coupling cars at Stanton F. M. Mark had the two middle fingers on his right hand so badly mashed that amputation was necessary.

—The A. O. U. W. of Crete have secured the Redpath concert company and will give a public musicale in that city the evening of November 23.

—The Farmers' State bank of Shubert, Richardson county, with a capital stock of \$16,000 filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state.

—Kearney is pushing her cotton factory to completion with more than western energy, and will soon have in operation one of the best factories in the union.

—Harvy Wells has brought suit against R. G. McMillan, his employe, for his wages for the last five years, amounting to \$980, and which now his boss refuses to pay him.

—Miss Lillie Hathaway, daughter of one of the proprietors of the Lincoln Journal, was married last week to Robert D. Muir, connected with the First National bank at Denver.

—Langdon Fisher, a South Dakota ranchman, was brought into Omaha for selling liquor to an Indian. He waived preliminary examination and has been released on his own recognizance.

—Mary Laner, the young lady who was frightfully burned a few days ago by her clothing catching fire while preparing a meal at John Schmidt's, seven miles northwest of Talmage, died from her injuries.

—The grocery house of R. J. Coles at York was closed last week. The largest creditors are the Farmers' and Merchants' bank of York, which has a claim of \$2,500, and Raymond Bros. of Lincoln with a \$1,200 claim.

—J. Baum, an old resident of Osceola, and also one of its most substantial business men, died last week of cancer. Deceased had been sick for nearly a year, and his friends have expected his death for some time.

—A disastrous prairie fire on Tuesday morning four miles west of Creighton destroyed the residence of Wilson Losure, also his barn and about 8,000 bushels of grain in the stack. Capt. Miller's barn was also destroyed.

—The new lock and call boxes have arrived for the West Point postoffice and are all in position, adding greatly

to its size, beauty and facilities. The office is now large enough to accommodate the public for at least three years.

—One night last week the St. Louis express No. 2 on the Missouri Pacific road, at West Side, was robbed by six masked men and the express messenger's safe emptied. The amount of booty obtained by the robbers is estimated at about \$6,000.

—A little child of N. H. Bogues of Elwood got hold of a bottle of laudanum last week, and before being noticed swallowed about an ounce of the liquid. Dr. Hacc was called and by the prompt administration of an emetic fatal results were spared.

—The Nebraska winter corn exhibit will be held at Grant's Memorial hall, Lincoln. It is expected that this will be made the greatest exhibit ever held in the state, and the intention is to preserve the display intact for exhibition at the world's fair.

—Mrs. Riley Funk of Nebraska City, wife of a section foreman for the Missouri Pacific road, made a desperate effort to commit suicide by throwing herself into the river from the bridge. She was rescued by men who saw her jump and was taken home. She is insane.

—Gus Martensen, a Swede living at Loomis, came to Holdrege, and after drinking too freely lay down between the rails on a side track to sleep. In the night a box car was backed over him, cutting open his head and injuring one eye. The injury, it is said, will not be fatal.

—The Morgan boy who was run over at the Union Pacific depot at Norfolk last year and lost his leg in consequence, sued the railroad company for damages. The case was tried last week in the district court at Madison. The jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff for \$3,000.

—The S. C. Live Stock company of Crete, Neb., filed articles of incorporation last week. The object of the company is to buy, sell, feed and graze live stock. The capital stock of the company is \$200,000. The incorporators are Ezra F. Stephens, William F. Colvin and Alfred Riley.

—Jacob Sichi, Rev. M. F. Carey and S. T. Davies of Nebraska City, were on board the Missouri Pacific train when it was held up at Omaha. They say it happened so quickly that they had no time to object. A quantity of express matter thrown off at Nebraska City was riddled with bullets.

—The corner stone of the court house in Cedar county was laid with imposing ceremonies a few days ago. The ceremonies included invocation by Rev. Mr. Martin, oration by County Attorney A. M. Gooding and a few remarks, well made, as also prayer and blessing, by Rev. Father Loecker, and the depositing of the usual documents and relics. Compliments were bestowed on the contractors, Patterson & McLean, of Omaha and Architect Stitt of Norfolk.

—Twenty years of seemingly happy wedded life, followed by an impromptu separation, divorce and remarriage within six months is seldom the lot of man and wife, but Mr. and Mrs. Jared Cash of Talmage, last week gave to the world this story by presenting themselves before Judge Eaton of Nebraska City for remarriage.

—A Washington dispatch says: The comptroller of the currency has ordered the reopening of the First National bank of Red Cloud, Neb. The stockholders are to comply with the requirements made. Great interest has been taken in the efforts to reopen this bank. Citizens from all over the state, having brought pressure to bear upon the comptroller of the currency and a number of influential business men having made requests for a reopening. The impairment of capital has been made whole.

In society we try the hardest to please the people who love us the least.

TERRIBLE KING JA-JA.

HE HAD A BAD REPUTATION FROM WAY BACK.

The Terror of West Africa Killed to the West Indies by the British—He Wanted Only Twelve of His Wives.

It is announced that Ja Ja, once Chief of Opobo, is dead. It will be remembered that Ja Ja was deposed by the English government some years ago, and that his case attracted a good deal of attention in the House of Commons and in the press of two continents. Opobo is on the west coast of Africa, a small district among the oil rivers of the Niger delta. About 1847 Ja Ja began making trouble. He had had a bad reputation from away back.

He told Captain Varney, of the Royal navy, says the Phila. Telegraph, twenty years ago that all sensible men were cannibals, and he said he knew nothing in the eating line that was quite so toothsome as a little boy's ankle. That was before Ja Ja was king, but even then he was getting rich trading with British merchants. A few years before Ja Ja built him a new palace, which was a gorgeous affair as palaces go in West Africa. Under each foundation post he buried a slave alive, about twenty in all, for no other reason, apparently, except to show that he had plenty of slaves to spare. Stories of his degraded barbarism have been told again and again.

Finally the crowning act of Ja Ja's cruelty came, and induced the British government to take his precious person into custody and put him out of the way of doing further harm. For years he had exacted tribute upon every pound of merchandise that entered or left his country. The white merchants at last decided that they would not be black-mailed by Ja Ja any longer. They told him that he might make as much money as he pleased in trade, but he must not meddle with their business. Thereupon he ordered his people to have nothing more to do with the white traders, and, suspecting that his dutiful subjects in one district were still trading with the whites, he marched his little army to the place and killed 700 people. Then the British sent an expedition to Ja Ja's country and made things very hot for him, and when they returned to the coast Ja Ja in chains was the most conspicuous feature of the procession.

What to do with the African terror was the next question. Deportation was decided upon, and Mr. H. H. Johnstone was commissioned by the British government to take him for a five years' exile to the Island of St. Vincent in the West Indies. They gave him an allowance of \$4,000 a year for spending money, and he had plenty of money besides of his own. He nearly died of homesickness, and before long sent a piteous appeal to England for a few companions to cheer him up. He asked that a dozen of his wives be sent to St. Vincent to share his exile. He thought his request was exceedingly modest, as he petitioned for only a small part of his harem. Not to encourage polygamy, however, the wise authorities decided that one wife was enough. They generously permitted Ja Ja to take his pick, and he sent for Patience.

Queen Patience came, and was usually in the society of her liege lord, who was old enough to be her father. She was a young thing, dark and dumpy, and was not at all regal or dignified in appearance. Cheap jewelry glittered all over her ample person. She had silks and satins, as well as calico gowns, and was as strikingly apparelled when she walked abroad as Ja Ja himself. The Royal couple lived in a poorly furnished cottage with two or three attendants.

Ja Ja cut a great figure while in the West Indies. He was a short, thick-set negro. He wore an Admiral's coat with immense buffon epaulettes

over a yellow plush vest with big green enamel buttons. The vest was cut very low, displaying a large area of immaculate linen. His jean trousers had broad stripes of blue and red, and black silk hose, and a pair of gorgeous flower-embroidered slippers covered his neither extremities.

On his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat of African manufacture, something like a sombrero, and in the band were stuck, at uniform distance, five long or rich feathers.

In his ears were gold rings of unique design; and encircling his neck was a collar of shark's teeth, with a bear's tooth tipped with gold by way of a pendant. He wore white cotton gloves and as many flashy rings as his fingers and thumbs would accommodate. Taken altogether, he was a sight fit for the gods, and astonished the natives.

Ja Ja was at last pardoned by the Queen. He had proceeded as far on his way to Opobo as Teneriffe, on the Canary Islands, off the coast of Africa, where his death is reported to have occurred.

TOLD IN THE POST OFFICE.

The Old Man Was Looking for His Daughter, But Was Sad.

He was an old-fashioned man. Not alone were his clothes behind the age, but his face and its expression were old-fashioned. It turned out that his ideas and language were also old-fashioned, for when he asked a young man whom he met in the post office where he could get a letter sent to him from his good wife up in the northern part of the state he explained:

"Ye see, I am a stranger here, and while your neighbors are all near by ye don't know none of 'em. My wife promised to write to me about the farm, an' I s'pose a letter is already come. The city mixes me up so, though, that I seem like I'm somebody else."

"Ye see, I'm down here lookin' for my daughter. She waited on people at a hotel near our place, and there she met some city lady and went to New York with her without lettin' us know. Mebbe it's all right and she'll come back, but—but"—and the old-fashioned man shed tears in the old, old fashion, and whispered hoarsely, "I'm afeared not."—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

How the Pyramids Were Built.

A moneyed man, who was looking at the process of laying an artificial stone pavement in front of one of his many properties, startled the friends who were standing about him by remarking: "I believe that the Egyptian pyramids were built in just that way." Pressed for an explanation, he said that while he had never been in Egypt he had read the works of all Egyptologists, including Brugsch and Piazzi Smyth, and had never found in any of them a theory which would satisfactorily account for the manner in which the pyramids were constructed.

"Now," he said, "you must remember that the pyramids are built of stone which bears no resemblance to anything found within five hundred miles of their location. It is incredible that the Egyptians of four or five thousand years ago should have possessed the mechanical ingenuity to move these enormous blocks of stone from the granite quarries of Abyssinia or Syria to the pyramids. Is it not much more natural to suppose that the ancient Egyptians possessed the secret of making artificial stone, and that the pyramids were constructed by layer upon layer of Nile river mud, hardened by just such processes as we employ to make artificial stone? It is a much more plausible explanation of their construction than the laborious and unintelligent suppositions that the stones were carried across the desert to form the foundation and base of the pyramids. I firmly believe that the Egyptians of the anti-Christian era understood the manufacture of artificial stone, and that they built the pyramids out of it."—Phila. Press.