

"FIRST PRAY, THEN FIGHT."

COURAGE WON FAME.

LAPLAND, THE LAND OF NOMADS.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

The freight depot at the St. Joseph & Grand Island railway station at Hastings was completely destroyed by fire at 5 o'clock Wednesday morning. The fire originated from sparks from an engine. The total loss is \$1,500.

The Union Pacific Railroad company has begun the work of building iron bridges on the Albia branch. A large force of men was put to work and the old bridges will be taken out. The work will require several months for completion.

John Farrar, a farmer in the vicinity of Liberty, was found dead on top of a load of straw with which he had started from home. The team came walking slowly into Liberty. Mr. Farrar was apparently well in the morning, and it is supposed death was due to heart disease.

The Wash-A-Lone Soap Manufacturing company has reorganized with the following officers: R. F. Hodgins, president; E. B. Drew, vice president; Ed S. Streeter, secretary; H. K. Burkhead, treasurer; Thos. B. Hodgins, manager. The company has removed from its East Omaha factory to 802 Leavenworth street, Omaha, and is largely increasing its working force. It will employ all its men night and day during the winter. This company has been a considerable factor in Omaha's manufacturing world for two years.

The Omaha Oil and Paint company has filed suit against the exposition management for the collection of \$104.25 alleged to be due for material furnished. The suit carries with it a request for a restraining order to prevent the Chicago Wrecking company from demolishing certain buildings which are said to be a lien for the alleged debt.

The Sunday School Association of Platte county, which has completed its annual session in Columbus, elected these officers: President, Prof. R. M. Campbell of Columbus; secretary, Miss Minnie Becker; treasurer, Miss Emily Van Bergen; superintendent of primary instruction, Miss Bessie Smith; superintendent of some department, Miss Fannie Weeks.

The supreme court commenced its regular sitting Wednesday morning with but few attorneys from out of town in attendance. A number of cases were argued, but none of general interest were up. In the afternoon the case involving the Weaver insurance law and the right of the governor and the state auditor to exercise the duties of head of the insurance department of the state, was set for argument Friday morning.

FISH IN LITIGATION.

Omaha, Neb.—(Special.)—The Chicago Wrecking company has not yet made up its mind as to the disposition of the millions of fish in the lagoons at the exposition grounds.

Had the deal gone off all right without attachments, law suits, injunctions and delays, it was the company's purpose to begin the sale of the fancy fish to the people of Omaha, and the larger ones would have been disposed of for the table. Millions of fish, about 100,000 in all, are now being fed by the many workmen engaged on the grounds, and by the wrecking people. The fish were fed all summer by visitors to the show, and are in fine condition for table use.

It was generally believed that the explosions on the lagoon during the last month of the show would kill many fish, yet Captain Sorcho says that very few dead ones were picked up after the explosions. The fish, all put for the east end of the lagoon as soon as the moving about began on the west end, and by either getting far away, or burrowing in the mud, they survived.

GENERAL NEWS.

FAVOR NEW CABINET OFFICER.

New York.—(Special.)—At the meeting of the New York board of trade and transportation the following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, That we ask the congress of the United States to enact a law to establish the gold dollar as a standard and measure of value and providing that bonds and notes of the United States and all paper money, including national bank notes, shall be redeemable in gold.

"Resolved, That the people of the United States demand a separate government department, whose head shall be a cabinet officer, to be known as the Department of Commerce and Manufactures, and the president of the United States is respectfully asked to urge on congress early action on this subject."

NUNEZ LIVES IN HOPE.

Havana.—(Special.)—General Emilio Nunez, successor to Rios Rivera as civil governor of Havana, formerly took over the office today, declaring that he accepted the post with pleasure. He then had an interview with General Brooke and Senor Capote, secretary of the government, after which he accepted the resignation of Senor Vivanco, secretary to the civil governor, whose successor will be appointed as soon as possible.

"It is the duty of all Cubans," said the new civil governor, "to co-operate with the Americans in an honest endeavor to reconstruct the island, financially, politically and socially. I pledge my efforts to harmonize all factions. I am satisfied that all intelligent Cubans believe that the military government is paving the way for the eventual independence of the island as promised by the joint resolution of congress, a resolution which, together from what I learned while in Washington, will become operative as soon as the United States government finds it safe to put it into operation."

Cheyenne, Wyo.—(Special.)—At 10 o'clock Wednesday night an east-bound Union Pacific freight train, loaded with dried fruit, was wrecked at a point five miles west of Cheyenne. It is not known what caused the accident, but it is believed a broken wheel derailed the train. Seven cars were derailed and about 400 feet of track damaged. One of the wrecked cars, but escaped with a few broken. Some brakemen John Colquhoun has not been seen since the accident and it is believed he is under the wreckage. A wrecking outfit and surveyors have been sent to the scene from Cheyenne. The wreck and cars were cleared about six hours.

The writer has been much with Oom Paul Kruger. What is here written is gathered wholly from personal experience. The president of the Transvaal has told me:

"First pray to God for guidance and inspiration, then fight." This is his motto.

Imagine yourself standing in the presence of a man about six feet three inches high, somewhat stoop-shouldered, and built like a giant; his hair white with years; his features homely and coarse, wearing an ill-fitting black double-breasted Prince Albert coat reaching below the knees; such a man is Oom Paul. Void of book learning, apparently not talented above the average man, armed only with his natural craftiness, he has been a thorn in the side of the greatest diplomatists and statesmen in England for twenty years.

He was born on October 10, 1825, near the present town of Graaf-Reinet, Cape Colony. His parents were Boers, his father, who left their home in Holland a few years before Paul was born, hoping for good fortune in the new country. But it did not come. They remained mere squatters, and at the time Paul was born his parents owned the acreage man, armed only with his natural craftiness, he has been a thorn in the side of the greatest diplomatists and statesmen in England for twenty years.

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There were two other children in the family, a boy and a girl, both younger than Paul. The brother was killed in a native fight in the Natal colony and the sister lived to see her brother made president of the Transvaal.

When Kruger was about 17 years old his father, sister and he went with the bullock team some distance into the Orange Free State. The senior Kruger was forced to remain and told Paul to take the team home and to look after his sister.

"I'll take care of her, father," was the reply.

Everything went well until Paul and his sister were about five miles from home. Then a panther appeared in the road. The sixteen bullocks in the team took fright and ran away. The joining of the crude wagon threw the sister from the seat into the roadway, where she was completely at the mercy of the panther. Paul at once realized her danger, and though he was unarmed ran to her rescue. The panther by this time stood with gleaming eyes over the girl. Paul tackled the panther in a hand-to-hand battle. It was a fierce struggle, and as Kruger himself told me he believed once or twice that the panther was going to prove too much for him. But finally he got a hold on the animal's throat and literally choked the creature to death. With the grit of a bulldog Kruger held his grasp on the panther's throat, and only released it when the animal gave up its struggles in death.

FIRST MEETING WITH KRUGER.
It was in the latter part of 1873 that I first had the pleasure of meeting Paul Kruger. He was then a man of over 50 years of age, but as strong, erect and robust as the average man of 25. He seemed to possess the strength of a giant. The Boers at that time were on the verge of a war with the British. When I was introduced to Kruger he was suspicious of me, and it was only when assured that I was an American that he became at all talkative. In those days Kruger would not talk to a stranger, and he was not friendly, but since the visit of Sir Henry Lock to Pretoria in 1853 the Transvaal president has positively refused to utter one word of English. The Kruger of 1873 was a poor man; he had difficulty in supplying his family with the necessities of life, for besides his own family he had ten children to care for. He lived then in a humble farm house, but he left the farm to care for itself, for he had a more important matter to attend to—the creation of a revolution against the English. General F. J. Jonckheere, the now commander of the Boer forces, and vice president of the Transvaal, young Pretorius, son of the country's first president, and Kruger were planning for the Boer uprising which came the following year, resulting in the independence of the Boers in 1854.

It was these three that managed the campaign against the English force under General Colley at Majuba hill. The next time that I met Kruger was in 1894. Although he was now president of a nation and reputed to be worth \$5,000,000, I found him as simple and as democratic as he was in the days of 1873, when he was unknown to fame and had hard work to support his family. It was on this occasion that I realized the great qualities of this man. He cordially invited me to become his guest during the short time that I was to remain in Pretoria, an invitation which I readily accepted. He would not talk English to me on this occasion, so I had to carry on my conversation with him through members of the family.

HE LOVES AMERICANS.

The old president never tired of talking about the United States, designating this republic as his big brother, and wishing that he were in a position to make a treaty with America in order that he might favor our merchants in trade.

"I can trust Americans," he would say, "for I know they do not want my country."

I left his residence he said to me through his secretary: "When you go home to the United States tell the people there for me that there is a small nation here, loving their country and their liberty, and I do not want the American flag and the free institutions of your country. May the United States ever prosper and remain true to the principles established by her founders, is my earnest wish." As he finished talking a tear was seen running down the old man's cheek.

His office talked of the days when he drove his father's bullock team, and now prides himself on the fact that he is still able to crack a thirty-foot whip over sixteen bullocks.

It would be impossible to find a man who is a better judge of human nature than Paul Kruger. His likes or dislikes are spontaneous with him and it generally turns out that his first impression is the correct one. He scrutinized me when I was a stranger to a degree that was embarrassing, as he does all Brit-lishers. If there is anything about a person which meets with the old president's disapproval his secretary is told to close the interview.

HIS HOME LIFE.

The home life of Kruger is the most charming imaginable. What is here written of it is from my own experience. Kruger is devoted to his wife, and she is devoted to him. They have a number of children, and he is very fond of them. He is a very kind and generous man, and he is very popular with his people.

There is a grass plot in front of a sentry box inside of the iron railing. This house was presented to him by a syndicate. When the Volksraad is in session a soldier is stationed in front of the president's house, and no one excepting officials is permitted to enter the house during the day unless the secretary authorizes the entry to pass some special person. After 7 o'clock in the evening, however, all are welcome to the chief executive's home.

Every morning at 6 o'clock a negro servant takes a cup of black coffee and a big pipe filled with tobacco to the president's room. As soon as he has drunk the coffee Kruger rises and smokes the pipe while he is dressing. He is downstairs by 7 o'clock. Breakfast is served about 7:30 a. m. His morning hours are taken up with matters of state and the dictating of letters. The dinner hour is 1 o'clock. At all the meals Kruger says grace before bread is broken. He takes a short nap after the noon meal and is ready at 3 o'clock to receive his guests.

The supper is served at 6 o'clock, and the conclusion of this repast ends all the worries of the day for Kruger. Many writers have told how cups of hot, thick, black coffee are served at frequent intervals. Every person received is served with coffee. Besides his salary of \$40,000 a year Kruger is also allowed \$10,000 annually for coffee money. There is a two-gallon kettle of coffee always hot in the kitchen. Mrs. Kruger informed me that she has known her servants to serve over thirty gallons of coffee in one day. Kruger is also allowed a large quantity of it. Most of his day is spent in the front parlor. He has a large cuspidor at his feet and a pouch of Transvaal tobacco and a pipe at his side.

HIS COUNTRY SAVED BY GOLD.

Since Oom Paul was elected president in 1881 he has been confronted with some trying times. In 1883 his country was in a bankrupt condition. There was but one English shilling in the treasury and the salary of all officers from the president down, was one year in arrears. At this time Kruger found it extremely hard to get along. There was no credit to be had for the country, and Kruger did not know what to do. It looked as if a famine was going to overtake the land, but at the most crucial period gold was found in the Barberton district. A messenger from the new gold fields took a sack of gold, containing twenty ounces, to the president, presenting it to him as the first party. Kruger held the gold in his hand. It is said by those present that his eyes doubled in size. He asked where it came from and was informed that it was from the Barberton district.

"Is there any more left?" asked Kruger.

He was told that the country was rich in gold ore and that millions of pounds could be secured where that came from.

"Thank God! My country is saved," was his reply.

On the occasion of laying the last bolt in the Pretoria-Delagoa Bay railroad, November, 1894, the president went out in his private train to perform the act. At Bronkhorst Spruit a delegation of Boers met the presidential train. Kruger had to speak. Out from the railroad station, about a mile distant, there could be seen the three groups of graves of the rear guard of a British regiment, which had been annihilated by the Boers. The president's trouble was beginning to make itself manifest. Kruger least Kruger was far-sighted enough to realize that the storm would burst before very long. Looking significantly toward the graves of the British soldiers, Kruger said to the 200 old Boers that had gathered around him:

"This is my country. Never give it up. Remember that we fought for it and made it what it is. I will never never permit a foreign foe to take the Transvaal from you so long as I shall live."—John E. Owens in the Omaha Bee.

WHY THE PROFESSOR KNEW IT.

Miss Helen Gould is a graduate of the law department of the University of the City of New York, and her instructor was Prof. Isaac Franklin Russell, dean of the law college, who is responsible for the admission of more women to the bar than any other man in the world. In addition to his learning, Prof. Russell is famed for the lucidity of his style of lecturing. He is able to make the most perplexing legal problems as clear as simple arithmetic, even to the mind of the dullest pupil. Once the professor was lecturing on contracts before a large class of young women. His explanation of the question of consideration, and on of the pupils found the subject difficult. With wonderful patience the professor went over the definition and illustrations half a dozen times. Finally he said:

"If you will turn to page 170 of the text book beside you, chapter 28, you will read: 'A bailor leaves a traveling bag with his friend for safe keeping, and the merchant asks a neighbor to deposit a \$1,000 bill in his credit in the bank. In each of these cases we have a consideration in the trust and confidence reposed by the bailor in the bailee.' This principle," he added, "is illustrated by the famous case of Coggs vs. Bernard, Smith's Leading Cases, 192."

"My" exclaimed the pupil, in wide-eyed amazement.

"I trust," continued the professor, a trifle dubiously, "that I have made it plain to you."

"O, dear, no!" returned the pupil. "I don't understand it a bit better. But won't you please tell me how you manage to remember the very words of all that stuff in that horrid book?"

"Perhaps one reason," replied the professor, as he turned to the next subject with a little sigh of resignation, "is that I wrote that horrid book."—From the Philadelphia Post.

A DOG BURIED IN STYLE.

New York Correspondence in Pittsburg Dispatch: Fanny, a Newfoundland dog, that died recently, lay today in a satin-lined coffin, with a bunch of lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots on her breast, in the home of her mistress, a widow, in Twenty-fourth street. The widow wept bitterly till the afternoon, and then had her pet removed to a carriage, in which it was taken to a railway station, and thence to the animal cemetery at Hartdale. The bereaved widow will have a monument erected over the grave of the dog, and will lay fresh blossoms upon it as often as she can spare the time. Great fates many forms, and is suffered for a number of objects in a big community like this.

Boston, Mass.—(Special.)—One of the most fortunate girls in Europe is Miss Anna Klumpke, a former resident of Boston. She is one of a family of four sisters, who a few years ago went to Boston with their widowed mother and engaged apartments on Bacon street. The girls were all inclined toward art, but Anna was, perhaps, the most talented of the quartet. They came from California, where they had resided for many years, and there Anna first saw the light of day. She seemed to take naturally to art and her parents indulged her fancy to the extent of their means. They were, however, unable to give her all the advantages she craved.

He had a customer who thinks he smokes twenty-five cigars a day," said a dealer to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man. "As a matter of fact he smokes about three-eighths of that number. The other five-eighths represents what he gives away, lays down partly consumed, and a generous disregard of 'butts.' However, he is firm in the conviction that he smokes more actual tobacco than any other man in New Orleans, and a boast on the subject yesterday led to a curious bet.

"He declared, to begin with, that he could smoke three ordinary cigars in an hour, and a bystander remarked that no man alive could smoke even one cigar continuously until it was consumed without taking it from his lips.

"Bosh," said the twenty-five-a-day man, "I do that right along, and think nothing of it." "I'll bet you a box of perfects you can't do it right now," said the other, and in half a minute the wager was made. By its terms the cigar was to be consumed in steady, consecutive puffs, and not removed from the lips until burned to a mark one and one-quarter inches from the tip. A clear Havana, Colorado maduro in color, was selected for the test, and the smoker took a seat and began.

"He puffed like an engine for about two minutes, and accumulated something under an inch of ash, and then he began to wobble. He shifted the cigar from side to side, pulled slow and fast, and seemed to have difficulty in getting his breath between draws. At any rate, he kept moving his head to avoid the smoke, and finally got to coughing. I could see he was in torture, but he stuck to it until he got within half an inch of the mark. Then he jumped up suddenly, threw the cigar away, and walked out of the store. I paid the bet and charged it to his account, and he told me last night that the very idea of tobacco made him sick. It is not unlikely that the affair may lose me a good customer.

"I doubt whether it would be possible for anybody to smoke even a moderate quantity of cigars through in the manner I have described."

TEST FOR THE CIGAR SMOKER.

A PEACEABLE PEOPLE.

Laws are rigidly enforced, the violation of game laws, for theft of any article, however small, for disrespect of the police, etc., each law has its prison to confine such offenders. The Lapps are inoffensive, and the prisons are not well filled—the chief offense being drunkenness, and this when they reach a village and go in for a few days' good time. One might easily get the impression that the Lapps are lazy, but such is not the case. The women cook, sew, carve and shape the horns of the reindeer into spoons and trinkets for sale, and help watch the herds and of reindeer. The men lead a busy life. They have their herd of reindeer to watch day and night, lest they wander away or are caught by the wolves. They fish, hunt, chop down trees for wood, load and unload their tent trappings on the back of reindeer. No wonder they are tired enough to sleep on the wet skins under the tents or in the open air with no covering save the sky. The weather in August is often cold and rainy, with occasional days of warm sunshine. The longest days and nights last for three months each, and during the midsummer days the sun does not set, nor rise in midwinter.

It would be difficult to say what language they speak, not like, yet akin, to the Finnish, but their wandering life and contact with different near countries has broken up their once intact language into numerous dialects.

QUEER SOD HOUSES.

Some times we would stop over night or spend Sunday at a gamme, or sod house, of the Lapps. This differs from the house of a Norwegian farmer, it being entirely made of sod, while that of the farmer has only a sod roof. One large room had a huge fireplace and an opening through the roof for the smoke. Across the room, near the ceiling, was a long pole, thrown over which were winter garments drying, seaweeds, herbs and meat. Another room contained the beds for the occupants. They were made of branches of birch, kept together by logs and covered with a skin. In the same room were two w. s. y. l. Walk in, George!

An American in the quiet of his home, or filled with thoughts of his own new and unexplored possessions, thinks little about these far northern people until he visits their land, meets them in their daily life, rides behind a reindeer, or takes a meal in one of their frequent camps.

Lapland on the map has no fixed geographical unity. It comprises northern Norway, Sweden, Finland. It is merely the land where the Lapps live. To learn something of their cus-

and the calf and three sheep. There were a few kettles, coffee pot and a great chest. The structure of the house was tent-like, with strong frame-work overlaid with sand. These houses last about ten years. Some of them contained but one large room, parlor, bedroom, kitchen, all in one, and with a separate department for the cattle. The wealth of a Lapp farmer consists of his cattle or reindeer. In these parts a man with 2,000 reindeer is considered wealthy. Besides the value per head of a reindeer, he is made use of in an endless variety of ways for food and clothing. His flesh they use for food, milk for drink and for cheese, his hair for dress, shoes, gloves and leggings; his sinew for thread, the bladder for bag or bottles, horns axes, hoes, souveniers, trinkets, and from the skins is manufactured also a kind of soap. Even the blood of a reindeer is used, and in winter is powdered and made into porridge with warm water milk. He draws their sledges in the winter and carries their goods on his back in the summer. The reindeer is everything to a mountain Lapp. Interesting stories are told of the exciting lives in snow sledges drawn by the reindeer over the narrow passages in the mountains, and of how they lasso a reindeer and teach him to draw a pulka.

MANAGE TO KEEP WARM.

The winter dress is very warm. Two or three woolen garments are worn under the reindeer-skin coat, breeches made of the same with the hair left in, shoes and stockings may be worn, and also may contain a quantity of grass to keep the feet warm. In windy weather a mask of fur is worn over the face and mittens of reindeer skin are worn. In the winter encampments are numerous, and a vigilant eye is kept on the reindeer to protect them from the wolves. Often on a cold night a turn out at the sound of a wolf-bark, women and dogs—and only return when they know their herd is safe. The snow shoes and the sledges are the means of traveling in the winter season. These shoes are six feet more long, four or five inches wide and about half an inch in thickness. It is said they can make 150 to 160 miles a day with these shoes. The doctor of these northern regions has a hard time. He is paid by the government. On a coast he uses a sail or row boat, and goes long distances to see his patients. Over the mountains he walks on sledges.

The Lapps attend church summer and winter on Sunday, when there is church near enough to reach. All the churches are Lutheran except in Lapsland Lapland, where the Greek church is found. In the churches the men sit on one side of the house, the women on the other. For church and special occasions the women simply take a dress over the one they wear during the week, with perhaps the traditional silver belt and a queer bonnet of bright colors made of wool and lined with fur. Large glass beads gird their necks like Finns. In the schools the pupils sit on the floor. The teaching is an special study, and is read by the pastor of the village. Norway and Sweden have done much to put on these new books are printed in the Lapp language, except religious and school books. Ballads and tales are also found in print taken from the lips of the early Lapps, as was the Kalvalaia of the Finns.

GIRL TYPEWRITERS.

New York Journal: "I had a little experience the other day," said a young broker, "which proved how easily one can learn the motive actuating a person who does an odd thing if one only takes the trouble to investigate a bit."

Last Sunday I was going down town in a Broadway car. I had no paper to read and soon found myself looking speculatively at a pretty girl who took the car at Eighteenth street.

"If she had been born the Four Hundred she would have been called handsome. But her face showed her life to have been a serious one, and her beauty, at about 26, was already marred by a careworn expression.

"I began to wonder where she would leave the car, and finally decided that if she did not stop at the church she would get out at City Hall park and cross the bridge.

"City Hall was reached and passed, and still the girl made no sign, but as we passed Trinity church she signaled the conductor to stop the car.

"Ah, she is going to church, after all," I said to myself, but to my surprise, instead of turning into the gateway of old Trinity she crossed the east side of the street. My curiosity got the better of me, and I jumped off the car and watched her.

She turned abruptly into the doorway of a big office building, and I followed her, bethinking myself that I had a friend on the fifth floor whom I could say I hoped to find if questioned.

"She never paid the slightest attention to me, but on the fourth floor she unlocked the door of an office and appeared. I was in a fine what business she could have there on Sunday, when suddenly I heard the sound of a typewriting machine and the mystery was solved.

"The next day I met a friend of mine who employs a young woman typewriter, and I transcribed his notes, and told him of my experience.

"What you saw," he said, "is nothing unusual. Hundreds of young women typewriters get behind in their work during the week and complete it during the evenings and on Sunday. Those who have no machines of their own at home are obliged to use those of their employers at the offices.

Washington Correspondence of New York Sun: A parrot of exceptional accomplishments joined in the welcome extended to Admiral Dewey in Washington. The bird is the property of Mrs. Washington McLean, an old friend of Dewey and mother of John R. McLean of Ohio. Some time ago Mrs. McLean offered to Admiral Dewey the use of her residence, at the corner of Connecticut avenue and Farragut square, during his stay in Washington. The offer was accepted and the house was prepared for the admiral's reception. The parrot is always a conspicuous object about the premises, his cage being hung sometimes at the front entrance and sometimes at the side. For weeks a member of Mrs. McLean's family was teaching Polly a new trick, and when the admiral entered the house he called out heartily: "Hello, George! Hello, George Dewey! Walk in, George!"