

NEBRASKA NEWS NOTES

Governor and Mrs. Savage are visiting in Alexandria, La.

Charters were issued last week to me whanks at Dewitt, Ravenna, Newport.

The Advent Christian church was dedicated at Lincoln on Sunday a week ago.

The Gillich Real Estate company, with a capital of \$25,000 has been incorporated at Omaha.

The McDonald-Williams election contest case at Pierce was decided in favor of the contestee.

The executive board of the Nebraska Federation of Woman's clubs was in session in Lincoln last week.

The Cedar Rapids Improvement company was incorporated last week with a capital of \$20,000.

Rev. A. K. Wright, pastor of the Verdon Christian church, has been appointed state evangelist for Idaho.

John Dreier, a farm hand who worked Henry Seier near Grand Island, committed suicide by hanging last week.

Guy R. C. Read has been endorsed by the Douglas county bar for appointment to succeed Judge B. S. Baker.

At their last session for the year the county board at Fremont did a great deal of work in considering new roads.

The Methodists at Pierce dedicated their new church last Sunday. All but \$50 of a balance due of \$300 was raised at the dedication.

An abstract of the last reports of all county superintendents in the state shows a unanimity of opinion in favor of school consolidation.

Two deaths from diphtheria in two days occurred in the family of C. H. Bice at Lincoln. Five children and Mrs. Bice were sick at one time.

The estate of Tobias Cantor, as shown by his will, consists of \$50,000 in real estate and \$11,000 in personal property. His widow and eldest son are the administrators.

The Lincoln city council has passed an ordinance requiring the street railway company of that city to sell street car tickets at the rate of 5 cents each or six for 25 cents.

The state banking board has made application for a receiver for the State Bank of Gothenburg, which was closed last week. The institution is temporarily in the hands of Bank Examiner B. E. Emmett.

The high school debating contest at Lincoln was won by Harry G. Kelley of Omaha and second honor was given to Clarence Johnson of Omaha. The high schools represented were Omaha, Lincoln, Beatrice, Nebraska City, York and Crete.

Application for the state reward offered for the discovery of coal has been made to the governor by Layton Butin and James Johnson, who claim they have found coal in paying quantities about five miles south of Milford.

The meeting of the Territorial Pioneers' association will be held on January 15, instead of January 14, as previously announced. This has been done to avoid a conflict with an important meeting of the State Historical Society on the latter date.

Superintendent O'Brien of the state fish hatcheries has deposited the proceeds of the sale of fish, amounting to \$291, in the state treasury. Instances are known where fish have been sold from the hatcheries in former years, but none of the proceeds ever found a way into the public treasury.

Mr. Harry Johnston, whose discovery of a new species of animal in the Uganda Protectorate has excited much interest among naturalists, brought back to London and exhibited there a specimen of a gigantic species of earth worm which, when alive, was about three feet long and as thick as two fingers. Even larger species of earth worms than this exist. Ceylon has some giants, of a blue color, that attain as great a size. In Cape Colony and Natal there is a species, particularly green above and yellowish beneath, which, it is asserted, sometimes attains a length of six feet. Giant earth worms are also found in Australia and in South America.

Instead of using carbons that must be frequently replaced, the new carbons are light described by a French journal has two L-shaped aluminum arms with platinum points that are kept by clockwork at the proper distance apart. It is stated that these aluminum arms need replacing only once a year, being used in an enclosed glass globe.

Alumina is a very brittle metal, steel being in color, and of no great importance in the arts. Metallic alumina is found native in veins in metamorphic rocks in Saxony, Bohemia, and Switzerland at Chamcarilla, in Chile. Alumina is widely disseminated, as few rocks are free from traces of it. The white mineral of commerce is artificially made.

Richardson Clover has shown that torpedoes can be steered, exploded, and exploded by wireless telegraphy.

The Story of a Kidnapping.

KIDNAPED when only 4 years old by an unscrupulous stepmother, who thought thus to revenge herself upon the child's father, Rachel Williams of Allegheny City, Pa., now Mrs. John Madden, but for a lifetime the plaything of fortune, spent thirty years in ignorance of her name and kindred.

Nor until her grandmother, Mrs. Jane Williams, died not many days ago in this city, with her long-lost granddaughter at her bedside, had these two so long and cruelly parted looked into each other's faces.

Compensations have come to the unfortunate girl. She has not only grown into radiant womanhood, but she is the happiest of wives and mothers. Yet the scar of her infant misfortune has never faded, and for the first time as her beloved grandmother lay dying she was able to relate the history of her strange and romantic life to those of her own blood.

The Williamses are Welsh people, who in 1868 settled in Harrisburg, Pa. William, the eldest son and father of little Rachel, took his family to Syracuse, N. Y., where they had barely become settled when Rachel's mother died. The little girl was then taken home to Harrisburg by her grandmother, and the father has been a rover ever since.

Continued misfortune reduced the Williams family, which had been in moderate circumstances, to privation. The younger sons, who were its only support, lost their positions, and the family was compelled to move from place to place, finally settling in Chicago in 1879.

In the meantime Rachel's father remarried, his wife being a German. They lived together but a short time, and separated after a number of bitter quarrels, the wife vowing vengeance. She had often heard her husband speak lovingly of his beautiful little Rachel.

To carry out her scheme of revenge the woman went to Chicago, learned the residence of the Williams family, and lay in wait for her opportunity to kidnap the little girl.

It came soon afterward, one day when Rachel went out alone, and in the evening the child was missed.

When midnight came and the little girl did not return the grandmother became hysterical with grief. Searching parties were sent out and every effort was made to find her, but without success.

It was reported that the child had been kidnaped by a woman who was taking her to Europe, and with their scanty means Mrs. Williams employed detectives to go to New York and watch all the outgoing steamships.

This brought no news of the missing child, and after several months Mrs. Williams gave up the search in despair.

Reduced almost to poverty by the expense of the search Mrs. Williams and her family came eastward again, stopping wherever her sons could procure employment until they reached Allegheny in 1874. There the sons prospered and married, and in 1879 Aaron, the youngest son, moved to McKeesport, taking his mother with him.

Mrs. Madden's story to her relatives reads like a novel. She says that on the day she was kidnaped she was approached by a strange looking woman, who asked her to go with her while she bought some candy. Unsuspectingly Rachel followed her until they reached the depot.

The woman told the child she was going to give her a ride first, and they boarded a train. How long they rode Mrs. Madden says she does not know, as she fell asleep in the woman's arms shortly after the train started.

LEFT ALONE IN THE DEPOT. She remembers slighting from the train with the woman at a strange place, and of going into the depot, where she was left alone, the woman telling her to wait until she returned. When she did not return after some time Mrs. Madden says she began to cry, and the attention of the station agent was attracted to her.

The checks which pass through the London clearing house in six weeks are more than equal in amount to all the coin in the world.

The Alps cover a space of 99,000 square miles. In them rivers have their source flowing into the North sea, Black sea and Mediterranean.

The Boston Journal has discovered and printed the names and residences of 818 couples in New England who have been married fifty or more years.

French economists declare Europe can become independent of United States cotton if it will encourage the natives in Persia and Africa to grow it.

An anemometer or wind measure, consists of four cups at the end of arms. It is so constructed that it makes 500 revolutions while a mile of wind passes.

The Mexican army in 1890 was composed of eight general divisions, fifty-three brigades, 59 chiefs, 231 subordinate officers and 77,347 soldiers.

The Charlestonians are calling their exposition grounds and buildings the Ivory City on the banks of the Ashley. The work of preparation is rapidly nearing completion.

An automobile is being built in New York that will make seventy miles an hour on a level road. The next and most difficult task will be to find a level road seventy miles in length.

The child managed through her sobs to tell him of her plight. The woman could not be found, and a Mr. Thompson, then connected with the Terre Haute (Ind.) railroad, took little Rachel to his home, where for some time she remained.

She was afterward taken charge of by a family named Litchfield, living in Elberfeld, Ind. A short time later the head of the family died, and she became an inmate of a charitable institution at that place. She remained there for a number of years, but when in her teens left and earned her own living by working wherever she could find employment.

This period in her life was terminated fourteen years ago, when she became the wife of John Madden and removed to Oakland City, Ind., where her husband is employed by the Piano Manufacturing company. Mrs. Madden is now the mother of three children, two boys and a little girl, who is said to resemble the mother closely at the time she was kidnaped.

During all the thirty years' separation Mrs. Williams never ceased to grieve for her grandchild, and it was her constant wish that Rachel might be restored to her. Her son Aaron had promised her that if the girl was alive he would find her some day, and he kept his word.

His brother's letters, which were received occasionally, led him to believe that the girl's stepmother knew where Rachel was. The woman was located in Chicago by the father, who notified Aaron of her whereabouts. The latter wrote her, stating that if she knew anything about the girl and would confess she would not be prosecuted.

In a short time the answer came containing in detail the story of the abduction up to the time the child was deserted in the Evansville depot. The woman added that she had been conscience-stricken ever since and would have confessed many times had it not been for her fear of arrest.

Aaron Williams then began a correspondence with the residents of Evansville, through which Rachel was finally discovered at Elberfeld.

This occurred about the time Rachel was preparing to be married, and although she entered into a lively correspondence with her uncle Aaron, she did not come to see her relatives.

After her marriage she postponed coming from time to time, and the years slipped by while her attention was occupied with her own family. But when the last appeal for her to come contained the sad words that her aged grandmother was dying and longed for the sight of her she did not delay.

As fast as express trains could bring her Mrs. Madden sped across the hundreds of miles intervening between her home in Oakland City and her grandmother's bedside in Allegheny. She had her reward in seeing the light of recognition shine in the aged woman's almost sightless eyes and hearing her trembling lips whisper "Rachel."

Mrs. Williams appeared satisfied to simply hold Rachel's hands and feast her eyes on the face she remembered in its childhood, tracing each feature of her little girl in the face of the matured woman. At last she sank into eternal sleep, clasped in the arms of her grandchild.

Aaron Williams says that the woman who abducted his niece is now a respected resident of Chicago and is the wife of a wealthy business man. He withholds her present name as part of his promise not to give the woman any trouble.

"I can never be too thankful," says Mrs. Madden, "that fast trains and my own relentless determination brought me to my grandmother's bedside in time to see and talk with her once more."

"Those few hours that I spent with her as she lay dying form one of the most beautiful, most sanctifying experiences I have ever had, as Mrs. Williams was so weak, but our unspoken communion was none the less perfect, and I am sure that she knew before she died all that I had so ardently longed to tell her."

Facts From Everywhere.

The baya bird of India spends his spare time catching mammoth flies, which he fastens to the sides of his nest with moist clay. On a dark night a baya's nest looks like an electric street lamp.

The candidates on the tickets in New York at the last election comprised 113 lawyers, 47 artisans and mechanics, 46 merchants and tradesmen, 17 clerks, 12 physicians, 22 liquor dealers, 7 professional politicians, 10 office holders, 25 real estate brokers and 8 undertakers.

The invention of the use of electricity in British warships in place of steam for subsidiary purposes is to be made the subject of a series of experimental tests. At the present time the captain, steering engines, ventilating fans and derrick hoists are worked by steam power.

The Palestine exploration fund has been for the last two years carrying on excavations in Western Judea. Remains extending in time over fifteen centuries have been unearthed, covering two well defined pre-Israelitic periods, and also the Jewish Sclavonian and Roman periods.

Detroit Free Press: Percy—I've made Pauline sorry that she threw me over. Guy—In what way? Percy—Why, I'm attentive now to a girl five years younger than she is.

CHINESE CUSTOMS. The Position of Clerk No Ninecare—Beggars Begging Not Every where—Manner of Cooking.

It is said that the life of a Chinese clerk is the embodiment of servitude. He begins his labor at daylight and continues it far into the night. It is his business on no account to let a possible customer escape, and if nothing else remains to be done, Arthur H. Smith informs us, he is set to work to look over the day's cash—the brass coins of every-day commerce are called—to see if there is among them any of peculiar value that could be sold to the curio collector.

The worker of metal, the tinker of copper kettles, sets up his forge and his half-naked workmen ply their trade, like all the others, under the eye of the passerby. It is a mixed population, certainly, but until they are roused to demonstration a peculiarly quiet one. Beggars in filthy rags display their sores and deformities; old women even more repulsive and filthy beset you with sticks of incense; the ordinary coolie in his blue cotton, thick-soled shoes, bare-headed, adds to the throng, and occasionally a man of the better class appears in garments of silk and brocade. But this rarely happens as men of this class take their airings on their well-fed mules, in carts, or in sedan chairs.

They make their purchases through intermediaries, and goods are brought to the houses. Little effort is made to decorate the booths or shops; one or two were festooned with tassels of scarlet wool, and over another I saw a row of grotesque heads of metal supplied with long antennae of fine spiral springs capped with a acorn; these vibrated continually in the wind. Besides the people, the middle of the street is crowded with carts, donkeys mules and horses, and with all these, flocks of sheep being driven to the market-place without the gates, and strings of camels loaded with salt or coal from the northern mines. All the coal used in Pekin which comes down from the north is brought to Pekin in this way, and as the quantity is necessarily limited, fuel—not from lack of a natural supply, but from the difficulty of transportation—is very costly. To make it last longer the coal dust is mixed with earth and water, reduced to a paste and molded in balls, which are put into the sun to dry. Much of the cooking in houses is done in stoves heated by these coal balls. The fuel question is a paramount question in China, and this, too, in the face of the fact that the coal mines in northern China are the largest in the world. They are poorly worked, and the country being destitute of high-ways and railways, camels are the only means of carrying it to the markets. Wood is scarcely to be had, especially on the almost treeless plains of the north. Nothing, therefore, is wasted that can be burned; grass is tied into tight bundles for fuel, and dead leaves are used for the same purpose.

Foreigners, by which term the Chinese designate all Europeans and Americans, use American stoves for heating their houses, but the Chinese cook uses the native brick stove in the kitchen. It is simply a square of masonry five feet long or more, and about four feet in height. It has doors by which fuel may be supplied, and holes for pots, but the oven is on the top and resembles a huge inverted iron kettle. The draught is perfect and the cookery that they manage to turn out with this contrivance is hardly surpassed by those who work with the latest culinary inventions. Flour is imported by the foreign residents from California; condensed milk is largely used, and most of the butter comes from France, by the way of London, hermetically sealed in seven-pound tins. An American lady said recently that it had been more than a year since she had tasted fresh butter. It seems strange that butter should not be imported from California, where there are now flourishing dairies, but it is said that which has been tried has proven unsatisfactory—a brand that must then be very different from that supplied the steamships of the Oceanic line. Woollens very largely come from Germany, and the fine kerosene lamps, that give a most brilliant light, are imported also from Berlin. Kerosene is in general use, although the hotels and a few of the embassies are supplied with electricity. There is little or no pretense made of lighting the streets of Pekin as our cities and even villages are lighted. The Chinese not only worship their ancestors, but all their ways, and it is a whole wide land dedicated to that conservative sentiment that one finds, on occasion, elsewhere.

"What was good enough for my grandfather is good enough for me," the Chinese may be said to go even a step farther, and in their filial piety abasement they almost consider it "too good," and this may possibly be the reason why roads, bridges, temples and public works that fall into decay are never repaired.—Pekin cor. Boston Transcript.

Ready for a Long War. If this story, related by an English correspondent at the Cape, be true, the Transvaal expects a long struggle and is ready for it. A Boer asked Kruger why he did not begin war at once.

"Are you ready for it?" asked Kruger, looking at the man attentively. "Certainly," said he: "I have gun, horse and eight days' rations, as required."

"Have you got three months' food?" "Yes, I think I can hold out with what I have for three months."

"Have you six months' food?" said the president.

"Well, I could hardly hold out for six months."

"How about twelve months, then?" "No, that I can't do," said the country visitor.

"Well, why are you talking about war, then?" Do you know that the British have already imported six months' food for their people into the country, and have not begun to ask money from their volunteers for any expenses?"

HIS OWN INTERVIEW. But the Editor Thought the New Reporter Was Quite a Success.

Frankfort Moore, the author, says he has only seen two interviews with himself which were satisfactory. One was done by Clarence Hook, author of "The Itoligan Nights;" the other he wrote himself.

One day there came to him a sad-looking little woman who said that she was quite new to journalism, but that she had got an order for an interview with him, relates the Saturday Evening Post. Mr. Moore expressed himself as being willing to submit to the process. But the lady was hesitating, and was apparently competent to interview a mouse, but scarcely any one more important.

"Perhaps," Mr. Moore said, "it would be better if I sent you a few notes."

The reporter departed, intensely relieved.

Then Mr. Moore, scenting a joke, sat down and wrote the interview from "As I entered Mr. Frankfort Moore's cheerful study . . ." to the usual end, and sent it to the bashful reporter. She seemed to catch the humor to the thing. She copied it up on the typewriter and sent it back to Mr. Moore, saying that she inclosed the interview she had written and that she submitted it to him, hoping that he would find nothing in it to offend him. He made a few trifling alterations and sent it back. When it was printed he sent a note to the editor congratulating him upon the interview and saying that he liked it better than any which he had ever done. And the editor replied politely, saying that he had liked it himself, and had been encouraged and pleased to find the little woman could do such good work. But six months later, meeting Mr. Moore, he said: "It's curious, you know, that interview with you is the best thing that woman ever did; . . . almost the only good thing. She can't reach it again. You must be a most unusually sympathetic chap to interview."

Like the Little Once. "There's a very general idea abroad in the land that men don't care to be housed in a house where there are children," said one of the sternest sex yesterday, "but that is, I believe, a great mistake, just as it is an error to imagine that men generally don't like the little ones. No doubt there are a few crusty old bachelors in the world who would be horribly annoyed by peering feet and shrill little voices in the halls and on the stairs but I must confess I like to hear these noises, and I find by questioning a number of my friends—all young unmarried men—that they do also. The children give a sort of homy atmosphere that is very pleasant to even the most comfortless pieces."

"Taking one thing with another, I believe men are fonder of children than women are, anyhow. What I mean is that more men than women are fond of them. I know plenty of the gentler sex who wouldn't think of going to a boarding house where youngsters were admitted, and I know just as many men who seek out those places and obtain a certain amount of comfort and satisfaction in their lonely lives in making friends with the youngsters and spending valuable time repairing sundry broken toys or telling wonderful stories in which giants figure to an amazing extent."

"A child's affection is a very delightful thing, and most men feel flattered to be the object of even a mild liking on the part of the small tyrant. There are half a dozen little ones in the house where I board, and I am the familiar friend of every one of them. It's a very delightful and absorbing acquaintance, and I'm fast developing into a story teller of such marked ability that I'll make a fortune in this way, no doubt, after a while."—Detroit Free Press.

Miss Boston in Kansas City. A Boston girl who was traveling across the continent to San Francisco for the first time, sent the following startling information about Kansas City and the West to her father when she reached Kansas City:

"By the Missouri River in Missouri, Dear Pa: The rivers out this way need washing they are so dirty and yellow. This is a great country. Every body in town turns out to see us come in at the stations. Here we are in Kansas City. The houses look like doll houses and all the darkies have a languid air. They must be awful tired. People look kind of foreign and their complexions are so swarthy. Well this will make our fourth night on the train. Good-by with love."

Miss Boston did not come up town. All she saw was the line of negro shanties along the West bluff. She will probably go home and tell her friends that Kansas City isn't the town it is cracked up to be at all, or rather "the urbane metropolitan pretensions, tautologically speaking, have an antinaturalness unbecomingly equivalent to the reputation promulgated."

Her Living Example. A certain gentleman in Lancashire is the proud possessor of a remarkably red nose.

The term powder is used advisedly, as the owner is continually relating stories having a bearing on the brilliant hue of his nasal treasure.

The following is one of them: He was in Manchester one afternoon and, having completed his business, was amusing himself by an inspection of the shop windows.

While admiring some ties in a certain window, and considering whether he should speculate or not, a little girl came out of the establishment looked up at him, hesitated a moment, and finally caught him by the sleeve.

"Please will you come into this shop with me, only for a minute?" she asked.

Arrived at the counter, the little one astonished everybody by remarking: "Theer, miss, murrer wants a ribbon the same color as this gentleman's nose."

The Franks of Monkeys.

On the occasion of our visit to the monkey temple at Banarea we had provided ourselves with popcorn and other goodies which we intended to offer their holinesses. But the monkeys did not give us a chance to do that. They snatched the dainties from our hands, and when our supplies were exhausted they amused themselves by mimicking us.

One of our party, who had a bad cold, used a handkerchief with considerable emphasis. Scarcely had he replaced his handkerchief in his pocket when a monkey seized the protruding end, pulled it out and gave an excellent imitation of the act. Then, of course, some of us had to use our kokaks, and after we had taken several pictures another personification of impudence picked up a little block of wood which lay upon the ground and with it took several snapshots at us.

A third ill conducted simian (a vain female, who deserted her infant for the purpose) grabbed from my shoulders a red chudrar scarf and in a few flying leaps carried it to a lofty miniature. There she put it on and evidently "fancied herself" immensely. Big she was not allowed to retain her prize. In about three minutes at least 40 monkeys had bit a piece out of my precious chudrar.

Then our native guide informed me that the monkeys were very fond of scarfs and that they captured a great many on the stone "gats" near the temple while the owners were bathing in the river. Perhaps on the principle that "miserly loves company" he seemed to think his item of news ought to console me; but, although the "monkeyshines" continued as long as we stopped in the temple "compoed," I no longer found them quite so ludicrous.—Chautauque.

She Was Determined. There is nothing like a determined spirit. As the old saying is, "What is the trouble with most of us is that our minds are nearly made up."

A charming old lady called at a carpenter's shop the other day bearing in her hand a little basket.

"Have you a comfortable chair in the shop?" she asked the carpenter.

"A comfortable chair?" he repeated doubtfully.

"Yes," she sweetly said, "I have come to stay until you have a man ready to go back to my house with me, and do the work you have been promising to do for three weeks. I have brought my luncheon and a book, and if you haven't a comfortable chair I'll have the carriage cushions brought in. I'm going to stay here until I get that man."

The carpenter hastened to say that the old lady carried him away in he could go at once just as well as not, triumph.

Not To Be Fooled. There is a New York physician who takes an active interest in politics and is popular with the "boys," in spite of his jolly disposition he is an extremely thin man, so thin that many a joke is aimed at him. Here is the latest story they are retelling about him: A grocer's boy entered the doctor's office the other day with a basket of fine fruit which some grateful patient had sent him. The doctor told the boy to place the basket in a cabinet which stood against the wall. At the same instant he stepped out of the room, and going into an adjoining one, manipulated a contrivance which caused an articulated skeleton within the cabinet to wiggle its head and limbs in an appalling manner just as the messenger boy opened the door.

With a yell of terror the boy fled. When the doctor had enjoyed a hearty laugh, he picked up a fine apple and followed the boy into the street to give it to him. "Come here, my boy!" he shouted. "Here's a fine apple for you."

"Not on your life!" replied the affrighted youngster, taking to his heels again. "You can't fool me with your clothes on."—New York Tribune.

A Pretty Hug. Every dining room should have its rug. The quality of this rug must, however, vary with the purchasing power of the individual. Two things ought to be remembered. The rug must not be so thin that it rolls up with every chair that is drawn across it, or so thick that no chair can be drawn at all. The rug may be laid on the bare floor, a carpet, a fling or matting. Rugs ought always to be lower in color key than the rest of the room or they seem to jump up at you and make a most unpleasant effect.—Harper's Bazar.

The Macaroni Club. The members of the Macaroni Club were one time leaders of fashion in London, and they were prominent for their eccentricities of dress and manner. They always had a dish of macaroni, which was then a novelty in England, upon the table, and one of their most notable peculiarities was the wearing of a huge knot of hair upon the back of the head. When they held social sway, they set the pace for fashion's devotees. Everything, from the costume of the clergy to the music at public entertainments, was a la macaroni. They flourished during the 18th century.

The Japanese Cedar. There is a mystery concerning the origin of the Japanese cedar. Perhaps it is a relative of the giant red-wood trees of the Pacific coast. If so, how did it get to Japan? Meehan's Monthly says: "The Japanese cedar, Cryptomeria japonica, so common in Japanese gardens, has never been found in a wild state. As in the case of so many of our garden evergreens brought from Japan under botanical names, it is suspected of being a form of something else. There is a striking resemblance between the seeds, and those of our mammoth sequoia."

"Lenny lies the head that wears a crown." That is why kings and queens almost invariably take their crowns off before they go to bed.