

NEBRASKA NEWS NOTES

E.W. Sprigg, a farmer who lives near Wood River, was held up and robbed of \$46 by masked men.

The Fremont Tribune printing plant was burned last week. Loss, \$50,000. It throws seventy-five people out of employment.

The store of Walter E. Pulling at Greenwood was robbed of \$50 worth of clothing.

The annual spring rumor of the erection of a union depot at Fremont is going the rounds.

H. L. Finn of Falls City is in trouble over electric lighting property.

The Albiaon electric light system was tested last week. Albiaon now has both gas and electricity.

Senator Frank Martin of Falls City, who has been seriously ill during the winter, has recovered sufficiently to make a trip to Florida.

Carrie Nation spoke at Auburn and later visited the saloons and gave each keeper a lecture on the evils of his business.

The new \$18,000 Byers hotel at Auburn was opened last week. Carrie Nation was the first person to register.

The complete manuscript of all rulings of the department of public instruction for twenty years was destroyed in the Fremont Tribune fire.

The state fish car will make its first trip of the year over the Elkhorn this week.

Senator Dietrich is pushing the bill for a \$150,000 public building at Hastings.

The jury in the Marshall murder case at Lincoln returned a verdict of guilty and fixed the sentence at life imprisonment.

The rains of last week started farm work all over the state.

A cyclone on Tuesday night caused \$30,000 damage at Omaha.

A smooth young man peddled numerous worthless checks at York last week.

Otto Hitchcock and John Demming pleaded guilty to hog stealing at Fremont and were sent to the penitentiary for eighteen months.

Nebraska City will have a socialist municipal ticket in the field.

B. B. Cain, a politician of Newman Grove, attempted suicide, by shooting himself three times in the head. The bullets were extracted.

A new Odd Fellows hall was dedicated at Table Rock last Thursday.

Dan Kavanaugh, formerly sheriff of Platte county, has been adjudged insane and removed to the Lincoln insane asylum.

According to a decision of the supreme court last week the money received from saloon licenses in cities will no longer be turned into the school fund.

A shotgun in the hands of Harry Johnson of Lincoln exploded, causing a wound in his head which may result fatally.

The excise board of Lincoln has rejected an application for permission to reinstate slot machines in the city.

Thunder storms were quite general over the eastern part of the state the first part of the past week.

A 3-year-old son of Oswald Klopitch at Osceola fell into a kettle of boiling water which his mother had set on the floor, burning his arm so badly that the flesh almost dropped off.

The dedicatory service of the fine new Lutheran church at McCool has been indefinitely postponed on account of an epidemic of scarlet fever.

The Parker will come at Beatrice has occupied the attention of the court for two weeks.

The Lincoln city council has disfranchised the Lincoln Street Railway company.

From present indications Brainard will have a first-class building boom this spring.

The four rural mail carriers at Tecumseh have had their salaries advanced from \$500 to \$600.

Mr. Jensen, who lives near Exeter, caught Charles Bode breaking into his house and commanded Bode to throw up his hands. Instead of doing so he made a dash for Jensen and grabbed his gun barrel with both hands. Jensen pulled the trigger and Bode received the full charge of shot in his leg.

Bishop Latane, the noted reformed Episcopal divine, who died in Baltimore recently, was consecrated by Right Rev. William R. Nicholson of that city and Right Rev. Samuel Fallows of Chicago, in 1879.

When the tops of loaves of bread are burned, instead of cutting off the burnt portion, when perfectly cold remove the burnt part with a coarse grater, brush away the crumbhood cover the top of the loaf with a soft cloth wrung very dry from warm water

The demand for onions has led to the manufacture of an imitation onion which can hardly be distinguished from the real. Some young boys were taken from their benches on the ground of selling garbanzo.

Books and Magazines

Allen French's "The Colonials" begins in a manner so leisurely that readers will suspect that he is "in for" a long Indian story of the Fenimore-Cooper type. A young Bostonian, of the later colonial period, who had run away from home and has been a backwoodsman in the Great Lakes region for years is about to return to New England, when his chivalric spirit compels him to rescue a young white woman from the Indians, and afterward from an evil-minded British officer. He is supposed to be killed, but the girl reaches her family in England. Suddenly the Colonials rebel, the scene of the story changes to Boston, and we are introduced to Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Samuel Warren, General Putnam, Washington, Lord Howe, and other great men of the time as the fighting at Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, and the British evacuation of Boston. Through the three-quarters of the story is long as well as spirited, no space is wasted in explanation; the hero's reappearance is managed so skillfully that the reader does not recognize until long after becoming interested in him, and the last chapter presents a climax that would be creditable to a veteran dramatist. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The story in the Argonaut for March is entitled "The Musical Celebrity," and is the story of the troubles of a provincial musician at an unconventional ball in the Paris Latin quarter. It is adapted for the Argonaut from the French of Guy de Maupassant.

The world has been treated to the "Love Letters of an English Woman," and now it has those of an American girl, printed in a most attractive book, under the title of "Lauriel." The letters are like the girl herself, gay, incisive, sparkling, and yet with an undercurrent of sympathy and tenderness, and above all, a realness that is a most delightful relief from the usual morbid tendency of books of this sort. It is the story of the girl's life, as it is slowly revealed to her in all its sweetness, all its depth. Every woman who remembers her own childhood, and who keeps her sympathy with girl life will delight in this book, and take "Lauriel" herself to her heart of hearts. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.

A story by Mrs. C. L. Antrobus is sure to be received with acclamation, and the pleasure that "Quality Corner" gave is sure to be repeated in "Wildernessor," which is a story of English life, and carries an almost breathless interest from the opening chapter to the close. There is a murder mystery connected with "Wildernessor," about which the interest centers, but there are sweet, clear spaces into which neither the murder nor the mystery intrude. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.50.

The great novel that everybody is heading and talking about just now is "Sir Richard Calmady," by Lucan Malet (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison). It is a mastery delineation of the feminine soul and of the development of a noble man's character under the most warping of circumstances and conditions. The hero is of the unusual type, but he is real, and so also are the diverse other characters in the book, and being real they hold the interest throughout. There is a depth of reasoning, a firmness of grip on the meaning of life that is not usual. This book has placed Mrs. Harrison on the same plane as a novelist with George Eliot and George Sand. In strength and insight, in the wealth of fancy and reflection bestowed upon its execution and in the moving sincerity of its pathos, "Sir Richard Calmady" must rank as one of the very best books of the year. New York. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.

"The Jew as a Patriot," by Madison C. Peters, is the first book which has ever been printed to point out conclusively the soldierly qualities of the Jews both in Europe and America. The book, written by the author of "Justice of the Law," a well-known Baptist clergyman, is in the nature of a reply to Mark Twain's article in Harper's magazine, where he accused the Jew "with a patriotic disinclination to stand by the flag as a soldier." Dr. Peters first points out that the Jews furnished the money necessary for Columbus' expedition and that the wonderfully well planned expedition of Columbus was due to the scientific achievements of Spanish and Portuguese Jews. He takes up the part which the Jews played in the Colonial cause. Although there were only 150,000 Jews in the United States at the time of the civil war, nearly 5,000 Jewish soldiers served in the union and confederate armies. The first official call to organize the abolition movement in 1854 was signed by five Germans of Chicago four of them Jews. Over 4,000 Jewish soldiers served in the American armies during the war with Spain. In the armies of Europe the Jew has likewise been conspicuous. Some of Napoleon's greatest marshals were Jews. Some of the greatest soldiers of Germany and Austria were Jews by birth and inherited genius. The Jewish population of Europe is about 1,000,000. They contribute 25,000 men to the war strength of European armies. The Baker & Taylor company, New York.

In these days young men and women are not found lacking in mental activity, and their errors cannot be laid to intellectual heaviness. But they are inclined to use their faculties wrongly. The result may be seen in the lack of balance, the tendency to run to extremes and follow fads, that must inevitably characterize undisciplined and random activity. Dr. Nathan Oppenheim in his book on "Mental Growth and Control," takes hold of this subject with a sure hand. He aims to explain the make-up of the central nervous system and its workings in a direct and unadorned manner, scientifically but interesting. He defines the differences between instinct and habit; he tells the reader what memory is and what its limits are. Dr. Oppenheim will be remembered as the author of a very suggestive book on "The Development of the Child." He is attending to the children's department of the Mt. Sinai Hospital dispensary in New York.

Mary Stewart Cutting has a charming story of domestic life, "Mrs. Atwood's Outer Raiment," in the March number McClure's Magazine. Its quiet fun, and the simple, truthful sequence of the incident have a refreshing quality like a chapter from Jane Austin.

Thomas E. Watson calls his new book, "Napoleon: A Sketch of His Life, Character, Struggles and Achievements." It will be published by the Macmillan company.

"The Cat's Paw," a story of India, by Mrs. Bertha M. Croker, is published by the J. B. Lippencott company, Philadelphia.

A story of a love that runs by no means smoothly is woven into Owen Wister's new book, "The Virginian; A Horseman of the Plains." The hero is a young Virginian in the cowboy life of the West. The Macmillan company will publish the book in April.

The love story of Richard Longword and Mary Kurkhas, according to William Stearns Davis, is so integral part of the first Crusade inaugurated by Peter the Hermit that if you have one you must have the other. For a beautiful love tale like this one doesn't mind loving through seas of blood and years of adventure and romance. One reads in "God Wills It" (The Macmillan Co.) as elsewhere, that in those dark days, fanaticism and superstition frequently animated the knightly Crusaders instead of the religious exaltation that was supposed to prompt their actions. Mr. Davis gives a fair exposition of the influence the Moor had in the Europe of the twelfth century. In all the history of those days where will one find a finer character than Musa, the Arab? Brave, strong, a typical soldier, gentle loving, with the strength of purpose to renounce all that made life worth living, save honor. He is, after all, the hero.

Benjamin Kidd's new work, "Principles of Western Civilization," though complete in itself, is described as the first volume of a system of evolutionary philosophy. The main thesis of the book embodies a fundamental conception, namely, the shifting of the centre of significance in the modern evolutionary hypothesis out of the present into the future. The future is always of more importance than the present. The majority of whose interest natural selection is of necessity continually discriminating is always in the future. It is not as the early Darwinians conceived, the qualities and causes contributing to a mere free fight in the present, but those by which the interests in the present have been most efficiently subordinated to those in the future, that have controlled the larger and deeper meaning of the evolutionary process throughout life. This is the conception which is applied with remarkable results to the historical process in Western civilization. The principles involved are carried down through western history into the modern world process and into the midst of the current phenomena of the economic situation and of the national and international politics with striking effect. Subsequent volumes in this series will be awaited with no little interest. The Macmillan company, New York.

"To The End of The Trail," a novel of Colorado mining camps, is one of the new books to come from the press to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Its author is Frank L. Nason, a mining engineer, whose professional life has been mainly spent among the scenes which he describes. He has presented certain phases of western life which have hitherto been untouched.

The lovers told about in "Jaconetta; Her Loves," by M. E. M. Davis, are those of a little girl. It is a very sweet little story, and the book is bound daintily. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York. Price \$1.00.

"To Girls: A Budget of Letters," by Heloise Edwina Hervey, is unexpectedly good. Letters of advice and counsel are commonly rot. These, on the contrary, seem to have been written by a woman of rare culture and taste. She treats education, social relations, and personal conduct with dignity and good sense. The book is to be commended. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.00.

Any of the above-mentioned books or magazines may be obtained from the Megraw Stationery company, 1308 Farnam street, Omaha, Neb.

The loneliest missionary in the world is said to be Rev. J. O. Springer, whose station is on the Herschel island, near the mouth of the Mackenzie river, well within the Arctic circle. No ship has been at the island for two winters and the missionary's white neighbors are at Peel river, 250 miles away.

True riches must be measured by what is given to others instead of by what is gained from them.

UNCLE SAM'S SALARY LIST.
It Takes Twenty Millions a Year to Pay Government Employees.

According to the latest official list, there are 19,446 public functionaries of various kinds and degrees employed exclusively in the district of Columbia conducting the numerous departments and bureaus of the federal government. These are the civilian appointees in the executive departments, and do not include senators and representatives and several hundred employes of the houses who vibrate between the capital and their homes in other parts of the country. Nor does this aggregate include 350 or 400 army and navy officers, active and retired. The monthly compensation of these 19,446 civilian employes amounts to \$1,225,798.81. Therefore, the aggregate sum in salaries annually paid out in Washington by the government disbursing clerks reaches the enormous total of \$19,628,505.72. Besides, probably not less than \$3,000,000 additional goes to the senators and congressmen and their subordinates, and perhaps \$1,250,000 more to the army and navy officials, most of whom are high rank, with large pay, there being constantly here not less than sixty generals and admirals, active and retired. These totals form a grand aggregate of \$23,878,050.72 annually paid out in Washington in the single item of salaries.

It is a vast, unvarying, constant stream of cash flowing from the government coffers into the hands of the banks, business houses and professional men of Washington, the official personnel of the United States acting merely as middlemen, because this money is largely spent or permanently invested. In all the departments salaries are paid semi-monthly, and, if desirable, the office-holder can draw sums oftener, if the money is due to him, but this is dependent wholly on the courtesy of the disbursing clerks. It is not singular, then, that there are never any hard times in Washington. The money for these vast salary disbursements is not squeezed out of Washington itself, as is the case with the local government, but the great bulk of it comes from elsewhere, poured into the city's lap by the nation at large from internal revenue taxation, custom duties, etc., mainly levied elsewhere. This is a distinct feature not enjoyed by any other city in the union—similar disbursements in the great municipality of New York for instance, are made from the money raised by local taxation. In other words, it is merely one hand paying the other; the community as a whole is no richer from the transaction. In Washington, on the contrary, every month nearly \$2,000,000 of additional money, never previously available, is scattered broadcast, so to speak, among its citizens. How can there be such a thing as hard times in this town in such circumstances?—Chicago Chronicle.

NEW GRAIN FROM RUSSIA.
Spelt Grown to Some Extent Throughout the Northwest.

In Manitoba they are growing to a limited extent a kind of grain new to this continent. It is called spelt, and is a Russian grain. It also grows in some parts of Germany. The seed was obtained from a Russian settlement in Dakota. The peasants fleeing from the rule of the great white czar had brought this little remembrance of home with them. As for unnumbered centuries their ancestors had been obliged to hoard up the seed against the time of harvest or to suffer death by starvation, so these peasants qualified their faith in the possibilities of the new world to which they came by covertly bringing over with them some spelt. They hoped and believed and prayed that the new world would be a land beyond Jordan for them; that its plains would flow with milk and honey, but it was just as well to take along some spelt seed. The spelt seed was sown, as a matter of settlement finally, and when it was reaped there came the American farmer and the representative of the department of agriculture to see what this spelt really was.

Some of it was sold in Winnipeg, and several farmers in Manitoba agreed to try it and find out if "there was anything in it." The United States commercial agent in Manitoba thinks that there is. He says that all the farmers speak favorably of spelt, and that, though the season was trying, and that, as fifty bushels of grain were produced from one bushel of seed. It is a grain easily grown, stands drought better than most, germinates early, and makes a superior food for animals. The straw is also said to be better than that of other grains grown in Manitoba. Spelt, when sheltered, looks like a cross between rye and wheat.—Chicago Chronicle.

The critic laughs.

The wit is more to be dreaded than your worst enemy. Witty people have a way of slapping a title on you which sticks for life. These things bubble up on their lips and woe to the victim. He or she is ruined and made a public laughing stock; even your best friend will giggle on the sly. One society girl here, a really nice girl, has the habit, however, of sitting in judgment on the family standing of other people. She will make some disparaging remark and conclude with: "Oh, well, you know and I know they are really not in the manner born."

Now, this girl does not come of an aristocratic blood on her maternal side. Her ancestors were simple, honest tradesmen, who never pretended to style or had any ambition to pose as aristocrats. They were in the shoe business. One day the girl was talking as much as usual. The wit, alas, was on deck loaded with back-number facts. "Oh," said Miss Critic, with a toss of her head, as she mentioned a debutante, "of course she is not to the manner born. I always like to express myself in quotations."

"So do I," said the wit, softly and wickedly, "my favorite is 'let not the shoemaker go beyond his last.'"—The Louisville Times.

At the peace jubilee in Boston, 1899, Madame Parson Ross's voice was distinguishable above 1,500 singers, an orchestra of over 1,000 instruments, and in a hall where the audience consisted of 40,000 people.

Newman Hall's tract, "Come to Jesus," of which over 2,000,000 copies have been circulated, was the result of bearing a Primitive Methodist singing to a street crowd the familiar revivalist song, "Come to Jesus Just Now."

The Man of Mystery Dead.

The last chapter in the strange life of old Hans Hein of San Francisco, the silent Man of Mystery, has been written. The police found his shrunken form in a corner of his miserable abode starved to death, one skinny arm stretched pitifully toward his few last scraps of raw bacon, which he had been too weak to reach. He was clad only in a queer thin garment, knitted a dozen years ago by himself out of a grocer's twine.

At 6 p. m. each Monday he habitually went to the grocery for a few cents' worth of food. On January 8 he appeared at the store, left an order, written in a scholarly hand, for two pounds each of bacon and potatoes and 15 cents worth of rice. On this he had lived for eighteen days.

When he did not appear at the usual time, the grocer, becoming curious, called Sergt. Ennis to the Potrero station, and broke into the cottage. The recluse had been dead only a few hours. The wasted body, weighing not more than that of a child, was removed to the morgue. The rooms were bare of furniture, excepting a small stove and a tumble-down bed, which barred the way to the inner room where his wife died three years ago, and a trunk full of some carefully kept dresses of hers. Portions of the bedding he had knitted of wrapping twine.

Strange stories have been told about among the neighbors since this man with the military carriage and the air of Old World cultivation came with his wife and four children eighteen years ago. They say that he was a nobleman, a political exile, scourged from the faterland for a terrible offence, a "remittance man," with a curse hanging over him and his. It is remembered how first the eldest son walked out of that house of silence years ago and shot himself to death; how another son bullet in the city hall plaza and sent a bullet into his brain, but did not die, and how the remaining son and the only daughter were thrust into the mad house fifteen years ago.

For fifteen years the sparrows have built their nests undisturbed in the shutters of the house of the silent exile, for in all that time they have been locked and barred and cross-barred within; nor has any lamp been lighted there, and no smoke was ever seen coming from the chimney. For years Hans Hein had never opened his lips to speak to a human being save one. For years no one saw his wife, and it was whispered that she had been murdered, for she was never seen until one day three years ago the door opened and she was carried out to the potter's field.

Since then the strange exile has remained shut within, with doors and windows barricaded, a vow of silence sealing his lips. Only twice has he spoken in all these years, and then it was to curse two tradesmen who preyed on the past. His orders for food were written and handed to the dealer. His few bills he paid by handing the money through a small hole in the floor into the cellar.

"He is a man of mystery," said Rahiman, the grocer. "He never spoke. There seemed to be a curse hanging over the family—a curse which drove them mad. All the children included, were persons of finished education. Regularly in July he received through Emil Stone, a solicitor of Hasum, in the province of Toning, near Hamburg, Germany, about \$400. Last July it did not come. He wrote in November, but his letter came back. He would not take charity, though I have supplied his needs since July.

"He has been slowly starving for months, awaiting the remittance. I gave him a few pounds of food three weeks ago, but he became too ill to eat even that, it seems. I believe he must have come from some great family in Germany. Perhaps it was some great crime—perhaps treason—who can say?

In all his poverty he carried himself like a prince and always silently gave me the military salute, and wore gloves to the last though his clothing he knitted himself out of twine which I gave him. Letters would come for him, but he would never accept them. He had cut himself off from the world, and up to the last he remained firm.

"He starved, and his secret died with him, but it was pathetic—the look in his eyes each Monday when I told him that his money had not come to the bank yet. Once he walked all the way to the Crocker bank to ask for it, only to creep back weak and disappointed and dying."

Rev. Robt. Collyer, the noted New York divine, has his study in one of the big Broadway buildings. When a young man he learned the blacksmith trade and the anvil on which he hammered out his destiny is at present set up in the study of "Old Trinity" church in Chicago, where Mr. Collyer was some years ago the pastor.

The new marchioness of Dufferin, a daughter of Mrs. Davis of New York, is not only an accomplished pianist, but a thorough connoisseur in china.

Monkey in a Fine Casket.

Lying in state in a beautiful black oak casket bearing an inscription, engraved on a silver plate, Jennie, a Java monkey of the ceropithecid species, aged 12 years, for six years the pet of Michael Meyer, a bird fancier, was seen for the last time in her master's house, in West Thirty-third street, by her throngs of friends recently.

Jennie died of pneumonia after a six weeks' illness, and after several physicians fought in vain to save her life. Now gloom has settled over the neighborhood, for Jennie was a great favorite with everybody who saw her, and especially with the little children on the block. There was only one person who expressed no sorrow when Jennie's death was made known, and that was Angelo Botanno, an Italian fruit dealer, who had a stand near her home.

Ever since Jennie came into the possession of Meyer, Botanno's life has been miserable, for time and time again the monkey had stolen his fruit when unable to get money with which to buy it, and the Italian's profits dwindled considerably during the last six years.

Jennie was one of the most intelligent, refined and best educated monkeys ever seen outside of a museum, circus or zoo. In fact, her late friends and admirers contend that she had no equal in intelligence and refinement, and her only fault was her love for spirits—beer and ale—of which she partook at many times freely. Jennie was a daily visitor at a nearby saloon, where she would buy beer at the bar when she had money enough. When she was in financial straits she would make friends with men in the saloon and throw herself upon their hospitality.

Around Jennie's casket was placed a wealth of flowers and floral wreaths, the majority from her late friends and the little children of the neighborhood. She was dressed in a white shroud and in her right paw was placed a bouquet of roses.

When Jennie came into the possession of Meyer she was allowed to roam at large, and in a very short time she was known to everybody in the neighborhood. She was a constant visitor at the homes of her friends and at the stores where she knew she could get something to eat. In fact, she preferred to take her meals outside her own home with her friends, but at all times she regarded the rules of etiquette. Although of diminutive size, she would always sit in a chair at the dinner table and use her knife, fork and napkin like a well trained child.

Many stories are told of her intelligence. One of these is that one evening last summer a little girl was nearly run down and killed by a Twenty-third street cross town electric car, when Jennie ran into the street and nudged at the little child's skirts, chatting at all the time, and tripping her so