

NEBRASKA NEWS NOTES

R. S. Albright, M. D. has been appointed pension examining surgeon at Beatrice.

B. D. Sheroldy of Carlisle, Neb., has been given an appointment as railway mail clerk.

A rural free delivery route has been ordered established out of Clarks, to begin August 1.

R. H. Davis of Lincoln has been appointed teacher at the Crow Creek, S. D., Indian school.

The preliminary hearing of Al Baird, at Lincoln, charged with complicity in the murder of J. J. Gillespie, has been set for trial before Justice Green on June 15.

Governor Savage and staff will be present at Seattle on July 4, when the keel of the battleship Nebraska will be laid. The governor will leave Lincoln on June 29.

W. G. Lay has resigned his position of manager of the Western Union at Lincoln to accept the chief clerkship at Omaha. Mr. Lay had occupied the position for five years.

Mrs. Fannie Hohn of Humboldt, aged 74 years, was attacked with a fit of coughing which caused the rupture of a pulmonary blood vessel. She died before a doctor could reach her.

The city council of Beatrice, which has been in session as a board of equalization, had adjourned. Personal tax in the city was increased to \$18,053, and assessment on real estate reduced \$125.

The fusionists of the last legislature have arranged for a banquet to be held in the parlors of the Koehler hotel at Grand Island on the evening of the 23d, just previous to the fusion state conventions.

A telephone line is coming into Gibbon from the southeast. It is a farmers' mutual line and starts from Shelton. The matter of a line to connect Lowell and Butler with Gibbon is being agitated and will undoubtedly be constructed.

At a meeting of the citizens of Kearney, called by Mayor Roe, it was decided to vigorously celebrate the Fourth of July at that place. Several hundred dollars have already been raised for the purpose by subscription and the committee on arrangements promises a glorious time.

Chairman H. C. Lindsay of the republican state committee has opened headquarters at Lincoln and is preparing for an active campaign from now until the close of the campaign. Mr. Lindsay announced that as soon as the ticket is nominated the work will commence all along the line.

Mrs. Minnie Stroman and her sister, Miss Annie Anderson, narrowly escaped drowning in Thirty-two Mile creek while driving from Holstein to Leroy. The horse fell into a deep ditch and was drowned and the women were forced to stand on the top of the buggy until help arrived.

Fire, believed to have originated in the engine room, entirely destroyed the Elkhorn roller mills, causing a loss of \$3,000. The insurance was merely nominal. The mills were erected in 1895 by Charles Schiepel, the present owner. Adjoining property was only saved by heroic work on the part of the firemen.

At a meeting of the district officers of the southeastern Nebraska Grand Army reunion at Beatrice, it was decided to hold the Grand Army of the Republic reunion in Beatrice August 11 to 20, inclusive. It is the intention to have a number of prominent G. A. R. men of the country attend the reunion.

Five men and two women connected with a traveling show were poisoned at Plymouth, Jefferson county, Saturday night, and on Monday night the two women, Mrs. E. W. Digger and Miss Myrtle Boyles, were given a second dose of poison. The troupe, which comprised twenty-two members, boarded in its own car, and those who partook of rice cooked for supper were affected.

Marshal Martindale of Exeter received a telegram from the chief of police at Trinidad, Colo., asking him to arrest a Mr. Kellar, stopping at the Phillips house in Exeter. It was alleged Kellar jumped a board bill at Trinidad. Kellar came to Exeter some three weeks ago, declaiming himself to be a noted hypnotist, and gave a series of entertainments in that line in the opera house.

Three men of Nebraska City, H. W. Aird, Will Hill and Daniel Crumes, were overcome by the fumes from the gas company's mains. Mr. Aird was making a pipe connection, when he was choked by the gas. Young Hill, who is employed in Aird's shop, was working in the front yard of his home when he was caught and rendered unconscious. Crumes was working for the gas company in the street, when his lungs filled with the fumes. All will recover.

The country around Winier has again received the proper amount of rain to insure a fine small grain crop without another drop of rain, and the business man of Winier have subscribed \$1,000 toward a Fourth of July celebration.

The controversy over allowing a billiard hall to locate in Humboldt has been brought to an abrupt termination by the issuance of a permit to the applicant by Commissioner Unland, presiding at the hearing, during the afternoon of June 13.

ELSE I'M A LIAR.

Else I'm a liar. Things is all wrong. With people who worry. Along in the hurry. Skuffle and throng. For things what we eat, Held up by combines, On all kinds of meat. Else I'm a liar. Jest hold yer breath. Wait for the turn. Things'll be takin. When men who earn Their livin', are shakin' Sweat from their brow Tryin' ter think how It's done. Jest hold yer breath. Else I'm a liar. There'll come a Jay When things'll break luse. With the devil ter pay. For the men who use Their money, ter corner The things what we need, Their own greed, ter feed. Else I'm a liar. -EDGAR BAKER.

The Green Pocketbook

BY MRS. MOSES P. HANDY.

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AS SHE entered the car almost everyone smiled, she looked so young and pretty and happy. Giles Hammersmith rose and offered her his seat. She took it with a blush, a protest and a "thank you." Giles walked to the end of the car and turned so that he could see her. As she searched her pocketbook for a nickel he noticed what tiny hands she had, and then his eyes fell on the purse. It was made of dark green leather, with silver corners, and was dainty enough for a princess, as, indeed, was everything about her, from the crown of her fur-trimmed toque to the tips of her well-fitting boots.

"She is the prettiest girl that I ever laid eyes on," thought Giles. Yet he knew dozens of pretty girls, not to speak of his own sister, Dorothy, who was a beauty and a belle.

Common politeness compelled Giles to look away, lest the pretty girl should become conscious of his gaze, yet he eyed her furtively from time to time. At Forty-second street she motioned to the conductor to stop the car, and, gathering up two or three little packages, she alighted. Giles followed. The next street was his destination, and he thought that he might discover where the girl lived without going much out of his way.

"I note a number of women left the car at the same corner, and Giles stood back to allow them to pass. When his foot touched the pavement she was gone, but on the ground lay her green pocketbook.

As, here was a clew! Giles put the pretty trifle in his pocket. It was useless to try to follow its owner in the dusk and fog.

Arrived at his own home, Giles examined the pocketbook and its contents. It held but little money, a two-dollar bill and a few pennies, but there was a tiny handkerchief and some calling cards. The handkerchief was unmarked; the cards read: "Miss Lucie Manners, 408 Osage street."

"Lucie," that's a pretty name. Rather French, it just suits her."

Investigation proved that 408 Osage street was not in Chicago. So Giles advertised the pocketbook. Days passed, and the advertisement was unanswered. "Giles," said Dorothy one day, "Grace Judson wants us to dine with her next week to meet a Miss Florence Tyson. Do go, that's a good boy."

Giles hated dinnings, and he rather ungraciously refused to yield to his sister's persuasion. The next day Dorothy was full of Miss Tyson—her beauty and her charms. Giles did not pay much attention to the rhapsodies, but, oddly enough, something that she said made him think of "Lucie Manners."

That very day a note came from "Lucie." Mr. Hammersmith's advertisement had at last caught her eye. The young lady lived in Detroit, and Giles resolved to restore the pocketbook in person, making an excuse of "business."

With some trepidation, Giles awaited Miss Manners in her own drawing-room. He started, when she entered, for this girl was not the one of the street-car. Explanations followed. The pocketbook proved to belong to Miss Manners, likewise the calling cards, but the tiny handkerchief was not hers.

"I was visiting my friend, Florence Tyson. Our pocketbooks were almost exactly alike, and we managed to exchange them. Miss Tyson has told me that she did not discover the mistake until after she was on the street car, on her way home. She had just seen me off at the railway station. Fortunately my ticket was in my satchel and not in my purse. Then Florence lost the pocketbook. It was odd that I should have seen the advertisement and not she, when it is she who lives in Chicago. I saw my name on a bit of newspaper which had been used for a wrapper. Then I wrote to you."

Miss Manners was talking a good deal, considering that she and Mr. Hammersmith were strangers to each other. Perhaps his breathless interest compelled confidence, and after all, she seemed to be claiming another's property; how could she do less than explain?

"She hasn't lived here long," replied Dorothy. "She used to go to school with Grace when they were little girls. Grace did not know she was in the city until she met her, not long ago, quite by chance."

By the exercise of a little diplomacy, Giles succeeded in getting Dorothy to take him to call on Miss Tyson. And, lo! she proved to be "the unexpressive she."

"And did you really fall in love with me at first sight?" asked Florence, three months later.

"At first sight," answered Giles, as he slipped a ring on her finger.

The New Doctrine of Hell. Evangelist: What the other failure of the human race is to be found in the fact that...

ANCIENT HEAD OF MEDUSA.

Not far from Rome is the little village of Nemi, and near by is a lake of the same name. In old days there was a splendid temple of Diana where the village now stands, and on the lake were seen at all times several imperial galleys, on board of which the reigning emperor and his courtiers frequently feasted and made merry. Temple and galleys have long since disappeared, the latter having been sunk in a great storm, but many portions of the temple have been recovered, and some of the ornaments which adorned the galleys have also recently been brought to light. Among the latter is a bronze head of Medusa. Doubly interesting this is, not only because it is a fine specimen of ancient bronze work, but also because it was one of the principal ornaments of Caligula's private galleys or yachts. Under the direction of the Italian government strenuous efforts are now being made to recover any other treasures that there may be in these long-lost galleys, and, as the exact position of several of the galleys is known, it is generally believed that the search will be highly successful.

LARGEST SHARK EVER CAUGHT.



What is claimed to be the largest specimen of a basking shark in the world was recently washed ashore on the beach at the Hotel Ormond, Florida. This great water creature measured 18 feet in length and weighed over 2,000 pounds, and was five feet wide across the back, on which three men could lay in an outstretched line, while his tremendous mouth could take in the body of an averaged sized pony. Just how the mighty monster met his death is a mystery, as the species is known to be fierce and few have been known to have been captured alive.

The shark being of such gigantic size, Messrs. Anderson & Price, the hotel proprietors, telegraphed the presence of the shark to the Smithsonian institution, which, recognizing the value of the rare specimen, at once secured it for the National museum, where the skin and skull are now being prepared for exhibition. It is considered by scientists to be one of the most striking objects there.

While it was lying on the beach hundreds of tourists from Ormond and vicinity viewed the giant form. The shark is a species of the Indo-Pacific basking shark, inhabiting the tropics, and has never before been seen in our waters. In its varied colorations it differs markedly from the majority of sharks, being ornamented with buff spots and stripes on a dark ground. The mouth forms nearly an oblong aperture and is armed with bands of numerous sharp teeth. There are only two of these sharks on exhibition—one in Paris, the other at the British museum, the latter being 17 feet long.

TWO DRINKS, ONE GLASS.

It seems incredible, yet it is a fact, that one can drink water and beer at the same time out of one glass. Any ordinary glass will suffice, and the first thing to be done is to pour beer into it until it is half full, then over the beer is to be carefully placed a piece of smooth linen, and as soon as this is in position the water may be poured into the glass, drop by drop.

As the specific gravity of water is quite different from that of beer, it is through the hollow of the hair, very much like the heat of the atmosphere forces the fluid up in a thermometer. At any rate, it is forced up and often oozes out the end of the hair. Barbers have resorted to singeing in order to keep this oil in the hair. Singeing closes the hollow, seals it, and the oil is absorbed by the hair. If the hair is allowed to grow to any great length there is not enough oil to properly feed it. It becomes dry and finally dies. It cracks open and splits in two separate parts. This process continues until a man becomes bald, often prematurely, and he never knows just how it all happens.

"There is another thing to be considered in this connection. The tension of life is high now, and men are more feverish than they used to be. This condition has a serious effect on a man's hair, tending to deaden it, and it falls out. Between these influences, and others which might be enumerated, bald heads have been accumulating at an alarming rate, and unless the men begin to think more of these things the comb and brush will not be needed in the average household, and the barber will simply close up shop, and the time may not be so far off, either. It may not come in my time, of course, but I am not mistaken about the tendency. The number of bald heads already in existence will bear me out in all I have said."

DRIES CLOTHES INDOORS.

When clothes are hung up to dry in a kitchen or laundry they not only occupy a good deal of room, but they are an impediment to the free circulation of air, and for this reason a novel device, which is intended to do away with these undesirable features, is meeting favor among housewives of Europe.

It consists of a small wooden box, to which are attached several cords. When clothes are to be dried this box can be raised to any desired height, and the cords can be stretched and fastened in the most appropriate places. In this way wet clothes can be removed in an instant to the warmest part of the house, where they will be dried in a few minutes.

BALD HEADS.

The Pessimistic Views of an Old Tonsorial Artist. New Orleans Times-Democrat: The Old Barber was in a gloomy mood. He was talking about bald heads. "Hair may disappear altogether after a while," he said, "and in that event barbers will have less to do than they have now. It will force the barbers out of business. From the way I look at it men are largely responsible for being baldheaded. They do not take proper care of their head covering. Long hair is one of the worst things in the world. No man can keep his scalp clean and wear long hair. If the scalp is not kept clean the hair will become unhealthy. It will finally die. Besides, it requires more nourishment for a long hair than it does for a short one."

"Men starve their hair to death. Hairs must be fed and nourished like any other part of the human system. There is a quantity of oil in a little bulb at the root of each hair, and it is upon this substance that the hair feeds. The oil oozes out into the opening in the scalp, and the hair is fed in this way."

Prepared for the Season.

"Well, Jimmy," said the hard-hearted employer, "I don't see how you will get out of my ball games this season, as your grandmother died four times last summer."

"But, sir," answered Jimmy, "grandpa has married again, although it was against the wishes of the family."

"And still we wonder why men advise their wives to be virtuous."

COLD STORAGE OF WEALTH.

Vault That Billionaires Use for Deposit of Securities.

New York Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch: Many persons who have been amazed during the past few days at the holdings of stock certificates that represent millions of dollars by some of the magnates of Wall street have more than once wondered where on earth the stacks of certificates are stored away over night. Some of the certificates are passed day after day in their business deals from owners to owners who have not strong underground vaults. Nor do all firms on the "street" have vaults above the average kind.

Be that as it may, from this time out the millions in bonds and certificates and other "street" valuables, as well as valuables owned elsewhere, in this city and other cities, are to be stored away in a safe in a deposit company on Broad street, which has just been put in commission. It is the biggest safe in the world. In this safe are already deposited more securities than in any other one place in the world. Wealth untold is represented there by stocks and bonds, jewelry and silver plate. Here also repose the wills of many of the biggest millionaires in America. So vast are the financial interests concerned in this safe that the board of directors in charge of it is made to represent every fraction of the financial world. John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, the Vanderbilts, the Rothschilds, the Harrimans, the Goddards, and other large interests have personal representatives on the board.

The door leading into the safe is a tremendous piece of mechanism. It is circular, eight feet in diameter, and 24 inches thick. It weighs 21 tons. The hinge of this big door weighs 7,000 pounds. The door and vestibule weigh 30 tons, and yet so nicely is the door balanced on ball bearings that a baby might close it with the gentle pressure of its tiny finger. The safe is 53 feet long, 38 feet wide, and 9 feet in height. The walls are four feet thick. The interior is fitted up with 2,000 boxes, but 3,000 more will be added as they are needed. Formidable as the mechanical appliances for safety are, they are not depended on altogether. Day and night men guard the big door. They pace back and forth like soldiers on guard. Three times in the night a third watchman walks through the corridor to see that the sentinels are attending to their duty. If ever a burglar gets anything out of the safe Wall street will go out of business.

GAVE SAGE A FRIGHT.

Man Allowed to Hold a Million Dollars Started to Leave With It.

New York Press: There was unwonted excitement in Russell Sage's office one day last week. A some-time reporter, now a stock broker, who has not yet begun to handle millions, had some business with Mr. Sage. When he was through, he said: "Mr. Sage, let me handle a million dollars. I'd like to experience the sensation of holding so much money."

The veteran financier was in a compliant mood. He handed out a package of a thousand \$1,000 bills, and enjoyed watching the young man fondle the paper representation of wealth.

"Thank you," at length remarked the young man, who is somewhat of a practical joker, as he rolled the bundle up in a newspaper, and took up his hat.

"Hold up! Stop!" shrieked Mr. Sage, touching a bell button, and in an instant the office swarmed with Mr. Sage's employes.

"I have had the pleasure of holding a million," said the young man, laying down the package, "and you have the anxiety of keeping it."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Sage, still somewhat nervous, "but it is a pleasurable anxiety," he added.

LITERATURE OF LOVE.

Business Man's Experience in Search of Reading Matter.

New Orleans Commercial Advertiser: It is amusing to watch a hard-headed, practical business man when he goes to the library for a book these days. The new books are placed on a counter where one can take one's pick. The type of reader indicated above looks long and earnestly at the list of titles, knits his brow, begins at the beginning, and goes over them all again as if he doubted the evidence of his first inspection, purses up his lips, frowns, and saunters out of the library—without a book.

If the looker-on is sufficiently curious to wonder why the hard-headed one could find nothing to suit him, she, too, looks over the titles of the new books, and this is what she sees among shoals of other and similar ones: "Love in Its Tenderness," "Love Idyls," "When Love Is Young," "Love the Harvester," "When the Land Was Young," "Farewell, Nikola," "When Blades Are Out and Love's Afield," "Lad's Love," "Love Is Best."

Truly this has been a strenuous spring for the seasonable writers.

Nathan Hale's Schoolhouse.

The Connecticut chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution have succeeded, in co-operation with the Sons, in their efforts to secure the school house at New London in which the patriot, Nathan Hale, taught after being graduated from Yale. The school house was in danger of being torn down, and the Lucretia Shaw chapter of New London started a subscription list, which it headed with \$500. The house was removed to a site at the entrance of "The ancientest burying ground" last year and the work of furnishing it for its various uses has recently been completed. The upper story has been made a depository for colonial and revolutionary relics, and the lower will be used as the chapter room of the Lucretia Shaw chapter.

Now the beef trust proposes to recoup its enormous legal expenses in the equity suit by raising still higher the price of meat.