THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

He seldom is handsome or natty,
And has none of the charms of the duce,
Is oft more abstracted than chatty,
And sometimes unbearably rude.
He courts us, then slights us and grieves us,
As much as he possibly can;
He kisses us, loves us and leaves us,
This perfidious newspaper man.

Our mothers won't have him come calling,
He's no earthly good as a "catch;"
His morals (they say) are appalling;
His finances usually match.
He's rollicking, reckless, uncaring,
Lives but for the hour, the day;
He's dangerous, dubious, daring,
Not fit for a husband, they say.

But somehow we girls are forgiving,
Perhaps he but needs us the more
Because he goes wrong in the living
And knows the old world to its core.
So we pass up the dude and the schemer,
Who leads in society's van,
And cherish the thinker and dreamer
Enshrined in the newspaper man.
—(Marie M. Hemstreet in The Blue Pencil Magazine).

CORDELIA.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

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CORDELIA HACKETT was out mending her fence. This was nothing unusual, for the fence had a habit of needing mending, and for many a long year there had been no one but Cordelia to do it, and, in fact, to do all the mending and tending and baking and making for the hungry Hackett family. She had smoothed the way down into the valley for her poor, paralytic father, and had paved the way up the hill of life and into an education for her brothers and sisters, and was now thinking of performing the same office for the motherless children of an older half-brother.

Tap, tap, tap, rang Cordelia's hammer as she went along the fence, straightening a slanting picket here and driving a fresh nail in place of a rusty one there; and tap, tap, tap, sounded firm, approaching footsteps on the sidewalk. But the artist of the hammer did not notice. Her thoughts were busy in reviewing the past and in making plans for the future. The week before, her youngest brother had gone out into the world to make a place for himself, and now she was alone—for the first time in her life. She had thought to remain in her pretty, vine-covered cottage and read and study and do just what she liked. But only this morning a letter had come from her brother John, inviting her to live with him and look after his children. Well, of course she would go; but it was with a sharp pang she made the decision.

Presently the nails gave out, and she rose with the intention of going after more. But as she did so she saw the figure of a man leaning on her gate, and a pair of keen, quizzing eyes were looking straight into her own.

An angry flush rose to her face, but was quickly succeeded by a look of pleased recognition.

"For the land sake, Tom Rogers!" she cried, as she stepped forward and gave him her hand, "who ever thought to see you here? And with such whiskers. Why, I declare, I scarcely knew you! Let's see, it's ten years since you went out West?"

"Twelve, Cordelia, twelve," he said, smilingly. "You remember it was the year after father sold his farm. That was in '89—Lizzie White had a lawn party the evening before I left."

"Yes, I remember," giving him an arch look. "You went home with Sudie Adams, and folks did say—"

"Oh, pshaw, Cordelia," he remonstrated; "you and Sudie were together, and I started to go home with both of you, but that little Ed Purcell came up, and you went off with him." Then, with sudden consternation: "I—I beg your pardon. You—ain't married to him, are you?"

"Not yet," placidly. "He comes by every few months and sort o' beats 'round the bush. But, you see, I've had all I could put by hands to without thinking o' such things." Then, with a gay, ringing laugh: "But let's talk sensible, Tom. I gave up marryin' years ago. How are you gettin' on out West? When did you come, and how long are you goin' to stay?"

"Just got in, and you're the first person I've talked to," he answered. "I happened to come this way, and thought I'd stop for old-time's sake. You've got a mighty flowery place, Cordelia."

"Yes, I like it. But won't you come in and sit on the piazza while I make you cool lemonade? It's pesky hot out here."

"Don't mind if I do," with alacrity. "I ain't in no particular hurry, and your piazzy looks right cool an' invitin'. And, besides, I'd like to ask a lot of questions about the boys and girls; what they are doing, and who's married and who ain't."

Two rocking chairs were placed opposite each other on the piazza, and while Cordelia was making the lemonade Tom gazed around with boyish delight. The piazza was screened from the road by honeysuckles and wistarias, and he could count at least a dozen butterflies sailing contentedly about. Almost in reach of his hand was a robin's nest, and as he raised himself slightly to look at the eggs, the owner began to scold him from one of the rafters overhead.

"Just exactly like it was 12 years ago," he murmured, delightedly. "And, on my soul, I believe that's the same old bird that used to scold me so terribly. There, there, there!" as the robbin redoubled her cries; "that isn't the way to welcome a friend. I won't hurt your eggs."

Here Cordelia came out with the lemonade and a small stand, which she placed between the two chairs.

"There, help yourself!" she said. "Now tell me how you've been gettin' on out West."

"Oh, 'jes toler'ble,' as they say out there," he replied, laughing. "Only in my case, the 'jes' toler'ble' means first-rate. I started as a cowboy, and then bought a few head of cattle and some land, and after that pushed ahead pretty steady. I was always hardworking, and so got on faster than some of my neighbors. After awhile a railroad came through, and a village started up less than three miles from my place. That boosted me right to the top. Now, I've got as pretty a ranch as there is west of the Missouri."

"Why, that's splendid!" she cried, her face glowing with pleasure. "I'm awful glad you're doin' so well. Folks around here have an idea that you've been sort of runnin' out."

"How came they to get such a notion?" cautiously.

"Well, I—I believe Ed Purcell spoke of it in the first place."

"Ed Purcell!" Tom rose to his feet in sudden wrath. Then he sat down, with a smothered laugh. "The mean liar! He didn't know the first thing of what I've been doing. You didn't believe him, Cordelia?"

She looked distressed.

"How could I help it, Tom?" she faltered. "Ed said he got letters from you off and on, and I didn't suppose he would tell a story." Then, with an effort to change the subject: "Did you bring your family along?"

"Family?"

"Yes, your wife and children?"

He gazed sharply at her for a moment to see if she was in earnest; then he threw himself back in his chair with a sudden burst of laughter.

"Did Ed tell you that?" he asked, as soon as he could get his breath. "Well, he's a dandy, he is. And did you believe it?"

She did not answer, but he could see from her changing countenance and averted eyes that she had believed it.

"Look here, Cordelia," he said, abruptly, "what do you suppose I came back for?"

"To look around—to see your relations, perhaps," she answered, hesitatingly.

"My relations are all out West. Father and Brother Jake went there soon after I did. No, it was on account of this," taking a small slip of paper from his pocket and handing it to her. "Jake takes the home paper, and sometimes I look it over. Last week I happened to see this item. Read it."

She did so, mechanically.

"We understand that our esteemed fellow-townsman, Paul Hackett, has obtained a lucrative position in the city, and that he will soon depart for the scene of his future labors. This will leave his sister, Miss Cordelia, to keep house alone."

"I don't see much in that," she said, as she handed back the paper.

"Well, I do. Anyhow, it brought me here." His voice had suddenly grown eager, while her gaze fell beneath his, while her face began to flush. "Listen, Cordelia. When I was returning that night, after I had gone home with Sadie Adams, I met Ed Purcell. I felt more like pitching into the bushes than talking, but the fellow was so friendly and soft-spoken that I was obliged to stop through mere civility. He spoke about the weather and the party, and then told me that you and he were engaged. I never liked the scamp, but I didn't suppose he would tell a lie. The next day I started West."

Cordelia was standing now, her face flushed and her eyes blazing.

"Engaged to Ed Purcell!" she gasped. "Oh, Tom! you didn't believe that?"

"How could I help it?" he answered, grimly, repeating her words of a few minutes before. "I didn't suppose he would tell a story." Then all the anger and grimness left his face, and as he held out his arms the tenderness of 12 years' repression came tremulously into his voice. "Cordelia, darling, will you go back with me?"

She made a shy step forward, then hesitated.

"There's John and the children," she said.

"Brother John and the children! He's well to do and can find somebody else to look after them. Will you come?"

The flush grew deeper on her face, but her voice was clear and firm as she answered:

"Yes, Tom."

President Jordan and the other members of the faculty of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, California, have adopted resolutions of regret at the recent death of the Rev. Dr. Horatio Stebbins, late of San Francisco, and a member of the board of trustees of the university. They say that in times of darkness and uncertainty he never lost faith, and his advice was always sane and cheering, and that in losing him the public of the Pacific coast "loses a force making for righteousness that can ill be spared, and the university loses one of the most helpful, hopeful and steadfast of its friends."

Sol Smith Russell's Niece.

Sol. Smith Russell had three young neices living out West, and he was very fond of them. One day, while visiting his brother—a jeweler in Kansas City—he took the youngest of the trio to walk. As they passed a candy shop the child asked for some sweets, and her uncle acquiesced, only on condition that she would not eat any until they got home. She promised and was given the candy. Then they started home.

"Let's wun," said the child, pleadingly, to her dignified, Lincolnic uncle.

"No, my dear, it isn't nice to run," he answered.

"Oh, let's do wun!" she coaxed.

Again he refused. Then the chubby little hand squirmed from his and, dropping down on her knees right on the pavement, she scorned the passing people and in a clear little voice prayed:

"Oh, Dod, p'ease make Uncle Sol wun!"

"It was simply a question of my losing my dignity or her losing her faith in God," said the actor in after years, "so we ran as fast as we could. But we walked together no more."—Philadelphia Times.

Turned Girl's Heads.

"Do you see the tall chap, Petro? Well, he has turned many a girl's head."

"But he is neither handsome nor rich."

"I know that."

"Then how did he turn girls' heads?"

"With his preparations. He manufactures hair bleach."—Philadelphia Record.

Watchdogs are to be placed on night duty with the watchmen in the Louvre Museum, Paris.

One in the Dark.

"Beware," said the fortune-teller, "of a tall, dark man."

"You are trying to black male me!" faltered the fair young maid.

In a letter to the Provincial Journal Edwin C. Pierce calls attention to the fact that Exeter, Charlestown, West Greenwich, Barrington and Little Compton, an aggregate population of 4,789, have as many votes in the Rhode Island senate as the five cities of Providence, Pawtucket, Woonsocket, Newport and Central Falls, aggregate population 283,233

Knowledge of Human Nature Necessary to a Preacher

"IT is not a man's study of theology that makes him a great preacher," said a minister of the gospel, who spoke with the assurance of a man who is a decided success in his profession, "but it is his experience and knowledge of human nature.

"From the moment a man graduates from the theological college to the end of his career as clergyman his experiences are worth recording.

"Really I think my most ridiculous experience, or, rather, the experience showing the most peculiar specimen of human nature, occurred about two years ago. I had officiated at a funeral, and the grieving husband assured me that he wished to pay me something for my services, and would come to see me in the course of a few weeks. I protested, but thought no more of it.

"Six months later he appeared in my home, accompanied by a lady. He said he wished to marry the young woman, and so I tied the knot. Then he asked me to go out into the hall, and he handed me a $10 bill, saying:

"'Say, is that enough for both jobs?'

"Let me tell you of a case which sounds like the tale of a revivalist. One stormy winter's night, when the congregation was small, I preached a sermon on honesty.

"After the service a stranger, who had been sitting in one of the back seats, asked me if he might have a little talk with me. I consented, and took him into my study.

"He said that my sermon had stirred him all up; that several years ago he had told a falsehood, committed a dishonest act, and had thereby got possession of a large sum of money. He said neither his employer nor any one else knew of his dishonesty, but that he had not had a comfortable moment for all these years.

"He was engaged to a spirited young woman, and was about to be married. He wanted me to determine for him whether he should go to his employer, make a clean breast of the matter, and then tell his betrothed, and leave it to her to break or keep the engagement, as she saw fit.

"I talked with him a long while and advised him to clear up the whole affair. I told him that if he did not his marriage would mean nothing to him, as he could not possibly be as good a husband with such a cloud hanging over him, and that probably it would change his whole temperament so that he would not be lovable. I advised him to get the whole thing off his conscience.

"Two weeks after I had a letter from him from a far part of the country. He wrote that he had told his employer, lost his place, ruined his reputation, lost his sweetheart, but now he was having a rest that he had not been able to enjoy for years. He said that it nearly broke his heart to give up his lady love, but that some day he might ask another woman to marry him, and then he could ask her to marry an honest man.

Real Tragedies Encountered.

"But think of what a heavy responsibility the man put on me in asking me what course he should pursue.

"We run across real tragedies every once in a while and some of such a nature that they eat into our very soul and you never can give up sorrowing over them. One wild rainy night a bedraggled woman came to my home.

"She was wet through, her hair was flying down her back and around her face and her garments were worn and frayed. When I came into the room she was squeezing her hands together until you could hear the bones crack.

"'Do you know who I am?' she asked.

"I told her I did not. Then she asked me if I remembered reading in the papers about a woman killing her husband, and said she was that woman.

"I remembered the newspaper story. The provocation for the murder had been so great that the grand jury would not indict her.

She was in a fearful state, half crazy, not because she had murdered her husband, but because she believed she had sent him into eternity without a chance for repentance and salvation. She believed that by repentance her crime would be forgiven her, but she could not get over the idea that she had taken away all chance of salvation from her husband.

"I reasoned with the woman and prayed with her and told her that the question of salvation did not lie in her hands, but in the hands of the Ever Just One and that he would grant mercy where it was deserved and that we mortals could not shape such things.

"I got the woman quieted and in a saner frame of mind and I believed that I had settled the question for her. A month later I picked up the newspaper and saw that they had found her and her children dead in bed with both gas burners turned on. Evidently she had become crazy over the subject and could not stand it any longer.

Annoyed by Anonymous Letters.

"Do you know that anonymous letters are the bane of a clergyman's life? A neighbor of mine went crazy simply because of such letters. He had received so many threatening his life and also demanding blackmail that he did not dare to go out on the streets and finally became insane.

"Generally these letters are not a scheme for money, but are pure devilment on the part of the writer. Of course, we get all sorts of criticism in these letters and numerous suggestions. The only way to dispose of such letters is to throw them into the fire at once.

"The criticisms which a minister must stand directly from his congregation are often most irritating, but a Methodist friend of mine got the better of one old fault-finder. The minister's views were a little more liberal than were allowed by that denomination at that time.

"He had received warning that he was thought to be something of a heretic, so he became very careful. His sermons were a model of Methodism, but he let himself out in his prayers. When he offered these petitions he prayed for everything and everybody and was as liberal as possible.

"The elders liked his sermons, but moved around uneasily when he prayed. Finally one of the elders was appointed to visit the minister and protest.

"'You are preaching heresy,' said the elder.

"'Will you please point out in what sermon I have shown myself a heretic?' asked the minister.

"'Well, it hasn't been exactly in your sermons,' said the elder.

"'Do I preach heresy when I read the Bible?' inquired the minister.

"'Certainly not,' was the reply, 'but you are a heretic in your prayers.'

"'See here,' flashed forth the minister, 'I'm not saying my prayers to you, but to the Lord. So long as he does not object I shall keep right on praying just as I have been doing.'

"Talking about heresy, a young Congregationalist minister who was slowly turning Unitarian had a funny experience. There was a meeting after the weekly prayermeeting to pronounce judgment on him. He was asked to be present and consented.

"Some of the church members denounced the minister's changing views and some declared for him. Suddenly a little woman began to rock back and forth and sob.

"'My creed, my creed, you mustn't take away my creed.'

"A sister with snapping black eyes looked at the sobbing woman in disgust for a minute and then jerked out:

"'Do behave yourself. Who wants your creed, anyway?'

"Sometimes when I pick up a magazine or a new work of fiction I vow that I will write my own experiences and they will be much more exciting than any novel written, but ministers have little time for such writing."

THE BEE'S ECONOMY.

It is One of the Most Wonderful Things in Animated Nature.

"It is as certain as anything can be that at one time the bee was simply male and female. The irresponsible male buzzed about getting his own living, marrying and dying. The responsible female not only got her own living, but that of her children. Somehow, they came to see the advantage of communal effort, and, just as women say now: 'If you'll wash the dishes, I'll wipe 'em,' one female bee said to the others: 'I'll be the mother if you'll get the living.' It was a bargain, and they took the drones to board. Somebody had to look out for them. The queen of a beehive does not rule; she lays eggs. She does not mind the babies. She does not even do her own digesting, let alone getting the food. The attendants that surrond her are not continually bowing and scraping and saying: 'Your majesty;' they are feeding her with bee milk, secreted by glands in their heads. It is like the chyle poured into our blood, food so perfect that the queen does not need to leave the hive from time to time to keep it clean and sweet. She has to be fed continually, for at certain periods she has the power of producing from 2,000 to 3,000 eggs a day, twice her own weight—four times, indeed, for more than half her weight in eggs. In her lifetime a very prolific queen will lay 1,500,000 eggs. Put each of these little grains, one-fourteenth of an inch long, end to end, and they will make a line of a mile and three-quarters.

"She possesses the power of choosing which of her offspring shall be drones and which workers. Some have thought that this was automatic, and that the narrower worker cell touched the button, so to speak, that brought forth a fertilized egg. But the queen will lay worker eggs in drone cells if she thinks fit, so that settles that.

"If the drone is male and the queen female, what is the worker? The New Woman of Beedom. She has given up her motherhood for a business career. Sometimes, though, she lays eggs, but they always hatch out drones, of which it is strictly true to say They have a mother, but no father. If the queen's wings are crippled so that she cannot make her marriage flight, her children are all drones. An Italian queen is a hive of black bees will beget workers of mixed blood, but her sons are pure Italians. Drones are useful as fathers of workers, but they cannot collect the honey they eat. Their tongues are too short.

"The worm when it hatches out of the egg lies in its cell surrounded by bee milk or 'royal jelly,' as it is called. As it grows in size and strength it is weaned, so to speak, by having the milk diluted more and more with pap made of pollen, honey and water, till it finally lives on grown bee diet. If the worker is not weaned, if it lives on the fat of the land till it spins its cocoon, it will be a queen.

"What marvelous, what miraculous transformations occur in the progress from that tiny pearly egg, covered with a fine net like the stuff the women folks call 'blonde;' through the blind and legless grub that soaks its food in as well as eats it; through the chrysalis that lies tranced while the swellings on its shoulders change into a double pair of gauzy wings and that ridge upon its breast is metamorphosed into an ingenious tongue, while the interior organs undergo profound mutations, each step of which traces back through millions upon millions of contributing ancestors."—Ainslee's Magazine.

The Value of an Opera Box.

Ownership of an opera box in the Metropolitan Opera house carries a financial as well as a social advantage. The executors of the estate of Calvin S. Brice recently sold half a box for $35,000. The original cost of the box was $30,000.

Aside from the principle of $30,000 paid originally and the interest chargeable thereto, the cost for a season of opera to a boxholder is $3,000. This is levied as an assessment on each boxholder. Boxes for subscription performances at night rent for $125 and for matinees for $100. Next season the income from this source would be $8,075 for the subscription performances if a box in "the horseshoe" should be rented for each performance and the demand would easily make that possible.

In addition, however, there are seventeen Saturday evening performances and the various extra matinees and night performances that are always crowded into the end of the season. Rent of these would easily make the income from a box $100,000 a year on the basis of next season and others to come.—Omaha Bee.

CUBA'S FIRST BATTLESHIP.

It Was Bought for $5—Never in an Encounter.

"While there is a good deal of talk these days about Cuba," said the man who likes to converse, "it should not be forgotten that the man who was first to float the Cuban flag over an armed deck is in the United States and is not bloviating about it, either. He is Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, author, traveler, soldier, sailor, and a lot of other things. In the summer of 1869 Colonel Ingraham bought, in New York city, for the large sum of $5, the steamer Hornet, which had once been the Lady Sterling, a blockade runner captured by the United States government and made a dispatch-boat for the service of President Lincoln. A wealthy Cuban living in New York had bought her from the government, and he sold her to Colonel Ingraham for $5 because he wanted to. You see she had to belong to somebody and Colonel Ingraham was the best man because he knew his business. She made two trips to Cuba as a filibuster, carrying arms which she took on board at sea so as not to implicate the United States in any act against a friendly government, Spain being on terms with us at the time. Colonel Ingraham was in command.

"In October of 1869 she cleared from Philadelphia for Liverpool and put in at Halifax under stress of weather, or so it was stated. Here she was met by Admiral Edward Higgins, an ex-confederate officer, and formerly of the United States navy. The Hornet remained in Halifax until suspicion pointed so strongly her way that the English authorities were about to seize her a second time, though she had already been searched and nothing had been found on her which she had no right to carry.

She left Halifax in such a hurry that she was fired on from the forts, but got away all right, making the run to Cape Sable, 60 miles, in three hours. At sea Admiral Higgins ordered her course southward, and the 45 sailors on board mutinied, and there was a fight for the ship, the officers winning. Off Martha's Vineyard, the ship was met by several small vessels carrying arms and men, and these were taken on board, and the Hornet became a fully equipped vessel of war, having 26 officers, 300 men, and nine guns, one 100-pounder bow chaser, two 6-pounders, four 30-pounders, and two 20-pounders. Once at sea with this equipment, Colonel Ingraham, who had been in command of her since her purchase, turned her over to Admiral Higgins, the officers received their commissions, Colonel Ingraham becoming commandant of marines, her name was changed to the Cuba, and Colonel Ingraham, with his own hands, raised the Cuban flag over her, being the first Cuban flag ever to go up over an armed deck of a Cuban vessel, and, by the way, there has not yet been another one.

"Not long after this, a month or so, the Cuba was caught in a hurricane and had to put in at Wilmington, N. C., for coal. She had hard coal, which would not make steam, and soft was necessary. The Spanish mail steamer, with $3,000,000 in treasure and 200 Spanish officers from Cuba, had got away from her on this account, and this was worse than a hurricane. She was suspected by the authorities at Wilmington, and, though every effort was made to get away before she could be searched, it was impossible, as her engines had been uncoupled for repairs, and she was captured. Admiral Higgins surrendered her to Colonel Frank of the United States army, but refused to pull down his flag until he had been tried and the ship was finally confiscated. The trial lasted a month and resulted in the acquittal of Higgins and Ingraham; the other officers were sent to Washington under bond and released later, and the men were paid off and discharged. The Cuba, however, was held and sent to New York, under command of Captain Maffitt, formerly of the famous Confederate privateer Florida, and she was later taken to Baltimore, where she was left to rot. I understand she is lying in the mud down there now, and, if she is, the Cubans ought to resurrect her and take her home. Colonel Ingraham is now living in New York City."

A Nice Distinction.

The bronzed and blue-eyed "cap'n" who takes the summer visitors on long and delightful sails in his pretty boat the Phoebe Lou, has never grown rich, although his native town on "the Cape" is full of well-to-do people for nearly four months every year. A newcomer to the place thinks he may have found the key to the captain's moderate circumstances.

One day this young man had invited a party of a dozen to go as his guests for an "all-day cruise" with the captain. At the end of the excursion he found that in the hurry of the early start he had left his money at home.

"I'll be down tomorrow the first thing, to pay you, captain," he said, regretfully, "and I'm sorry I was so careless as to come off without my money today."

"See here," said the captain, gravely tendering the young man a bulging wallet which he extracted from an inside pockets "if you'd fell any easier to settle your bill tonight I can lend ye the money well as not, and you can give it back whenever it's convenient, or let her run till another spring—it's pretty near the end of the season, anyhow. I know how you feel about a regular bill. I alwnys want to get 'em paid up soon as they're due."—Pioneer Press.

AND SO HE DOES IT.

But He Wouldn't if There Were Anybody Inferior to Him.

Washington Star: "You have been with that firm a long time," said the old school friend.

"Yes," answered the man with the patient expression of countenance.

"What's your position?"

"I'm an employe."

"But what is your official title?"

"I haven't any official title. It's like this: When the proprietor wants something done he tells the cashier, and the cashier tells the bookkeeper, and the bookkeeper tells the assistant bookkeeper, and the assistant bookkeeper tells the chief clerk, and the chief clerk tells me."

"And what then?"

"Well, I haven't anybody to tell, so I have to go and do it."

NEWS OF INTEREST TO NEBRASKANS.

Dakota Wants Turgeons.

Lincoln, Neb.—(Special.)—Hearing on the requisition from the governor of South Dakota for C. W. Volaire and Adelore Turgeon, who reside near Dakota City, will take place before Acting Governor Steele. They are charged with shooting at a posse of South Dakota deputy sheriffs who attempted to arrest them for trespassing. The defendants claim that the land is in Nebraska and that the Dakota authorities had no right to arrest them. They are here in person to resist the process.

The trouble all originated over the title and location of a certain piece of land that the Turgeons declared belonged to Nebraska, while their opponents declared belonged to their neighbors on the north.

Mrs. S. S. Adams is the owner of a farm on the north side of the river. She has held peaceable possession ever since 1876. In 1897 a considerable piece of land was added to hers by the action of the river. Whether this action was sudden or gradual is a question that is answered according to the point of view. Naturally, Mrs. Adams declares it was gradual. The Turgeons declare that it was sudden.

At least it was not long after Mrs. Adams secured her new possessions that the Turgeons began exercising dominion over it. The difference grew and finally "Fred" Turgeon was arrested and released only after a perpetual injunction had been issued against him by the South Dakota courts enjoining him from in any way interfering with Mrs. Adams. Shortly after this he tore down one of her fences, and was again arrested, this time on the charge of contempt of court. He was sentenced to a term in jail but managed to make his escape.

Pile Cars in Ditch.

Beatrice, Neb.—Train No. 97, westbound Rock Island fast freight, was wrecked near Thompson, a small station, about six miles west of Fairbury. No. 97 left Fairbury about 5:30 a. m., and was in charge of Conductor Alcott and Engineer Neville. The train consisted of thirty-five cars, an engine and caboose and was pulled by one of the new, heavy engines recently put in use by the road. The load consisted of merchandise and produce, which was scattered in every direction when the cars were piled up in the ditch.

The recent heavy rains in this vicinity had softened the roadbed and just as the big engine and train struck a hill two miles this side of Thompson the rails spread and the tender and eighteen cars left the track and rolled into the ditch, which is very deep along this part of the road. The train was running at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour and most of the cars were badly shattered.

Ten tramps who were on their way to the Kansas wheat fields were riding on the trucks of the train and one of them was caught between two cars and crushed so badly that he will die. Two others were caught in the wreckage and at last accounts their bodies were still in the wreck. The name of the injured man cannot be learned, as he was unconscious when taken to Fairbury for medical treatment, and nothing by which he could be identified could be found about his person.

Washington Notes.

Washington, D. C.—(Special.)—Announcement is made by the civil service commission that examinations for three rural carriers and substitutes will be held at York, Neb., July 26. The successful applicants will have charge of the three rural routes that will be opened out of York on September 1. They must be between 18 and 45 years and their applications must be filed before July 21 with the secretary of the board at York.

Henry T. Clarke of Omaha, who is in the city urging his old claim against the government for rent of certain buildings used prior to the building of Fort Crook, was presented to the president by ex-Senator Thurston. John T. Wertz, also of Omaha, accompanied them.

Pensions have been granted to the following Nebraskans: Increase, restoration, reissue, etc.—Thomas Dawson, Virginia, $10; Frederick Myers, Lincoln, $8; Jonathan F. Gates, Hebron, $10. Original widows, etc.—Emma T. Copeland, University Place, $8.

Otto A. Shanghorn has been recommended for postmaster at Fontanelle, Neb., by Representative Mercer. He will replace A. W. Sprech, who has resigned.

The signal and engineering corps of the national guard which is located at Fremont will be a thoroughly equipped company. The organization has made a requisition for its equipment and supplies which are expected here very soon. The supplies include a complete heliograph apparatus, apparatus for wireless telegraphy, ordinary telegraph apparatus, surveying instruments, drafting tools and other property, making an outfit equal to that of an engineering and signal corps of the regular army. The company armed at present as infantry, having Krag-Jorgenson rifles. The ranks of the company are filled and there are a number on the waiting list.

Baltimore American: "Yes," said Miss Gaddie, "when I told Mr. Frank that I was 25 he seemed surprised." "I believe he did intimate that he couldn't reconcile that age with the way you talked." "Gracious, I hope he didn't consider my conversation too frivolous?" "Oh, no, he merely remarked that you talked like sixty."

The emperor of Japan is to confer the highest decoration within his gift upon Lord Salisbury in honor of the Anglo-Japanese alliance.