

NEBRASKA NEWS NOTES

Linden Tree. General Colby's famous stallion, died at Beatrice. The horse was nearly 30 years old and was presented to General Grant by the sultan of Turkey.

Mrs. Yetter, wife of a farmer living southwest of Superior, committed suicide. The rest of the family had gone away, and upon returning to their home found the woman hanging from a tree.

The 1-year-old son of Conductor Horen of Beatrice had a narrow escape from being drowned in Indian creek. He was rescued by a farmer, who experienced considerable difficulty in pulling him ashore.

The Beatrice city council passed an ordinance granting a twenty-year franchise to the R. V. Montague Investment company of Kansas City, Mo., to operate an independent telephone company in the city.

The York County Telephone company of York filed articles of incorporation in the secretary of state's office. The company capitalizes for \$3,000. Its incorporators are E. A. Wells, J. W. Straight and C. N. Beaver.

E. G. Hobart, of Linwood, a barber, while trying to extract a shell from a 23-caliber revolver, received an ugly wound in the right hand. The cartridge accidentally exploded and the bullet went through the palm.

Charles Q. De France, fusion candidate for state auditor, filed a statement showing that his expenses in connection with his stand for the nomination amounted to \$3.55. Of this amount \$2.25 was expended for badges and the remaining 40 cents for stamps.

A charter has been given to the Laurel Building and Loan company of Laurel, Cedar county. The company is capitalized for \$100,000. Its incorporators are: J. B. Felker, H. A. Akeny, Guy Wilson, C. L. Ward, T. Graham, F. P. Voter, Dr. C. S. Sackett and C. E. Nevin.

The death of H. C. Russell, postmaster at Schuyler, leaving vacant the position, his bondsmen have appointed Mrs. Russell to occupy the position until the expiration of the term, July, 1902 or until some one of the now many aspirants seeking the place succeed in securing it.

The city of Grand Island has just made an ordinance effective authorizing the city treasurer to pay a one and a half per cent premium for \$10,000 of the bonds of the city and the bonds have been called in. The municipality is thus beginning to reduce its interest-bearing indebtedness.

The 8-year-old son of David Herman, who lives near Nickerson, was bitten on the thumb by a rattlesnake and the quick work of the boy's mother, who sucked the poison from the wound, saved the lad's life. The boy's father found the snake and killed it. It had four rattles.

Charters were issued to these new banks: The Bank of Scotia, capital stock, \$5,000; incorporators, Charles B. Goodell, G. W. Fitzsimmons, Charles B. Anderson, Theodore H. Miller, Vincent Kokes, H. D. Coe, Anton Dreda, Clarence Coe, Samuel P. Graham. The Bank of Murdock, capital stock, \$10,000; incorporators, Charles Guthman, F. Wolf, Henry A. Tool, C. E. Moeckenhaupt.

Adison Waite of Syracuse has assumed the position of head bookkeeper in the secretary of state's office, succeeding Fred Miller, who was promoted two weeks ago to the office of deputy. The change was occasioned by the resignation of Deputy F. W. McCartney, who became postmaster at Nebraska City.

The Custer County Editorial association held its annual meeting at the Grand Central hotel in Broken Bow last week. The records of the association show that the business of the members of the association had more than doubled since the organization of the association a year ago. The proprietor of the Grand Central tendered a banquet to the editors and their wives as the compliments of the house. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: D. M. Amsherry, president; Tom Wright, vice president; R. R. Barnard, secretary-treasurer; George B. Blair, auditor.

Information obtained by the state board of banking in connection with the recently closed German bank of Murdock was released by Secretary Royce because of the reports being circulated by some member of the institution, presumably its cashier, H. R. Nitsel. It is being said that the board closed the bank because Nitsel made too large loans. As a matter of fact, one of the irregularities which led to the closing of the institution was the issuance of a certificate for \$3,000 which was never registered on the books of the company, nor was any credit made of the deposit.

Information was received at the state military headquarters from Washington that the Dick bill, designed to promote the efficiency of the militia of the various states, had passed both houses and would be signed by the president. This bill makes provision, among other things, for the holding of national guard encampments at the expense of the general government. The real purpose of the measure is to bring the reserve military forces into closer connection with the regular establishment.

ANECDOTES of GEN. LLOYD WHEATON

First, Last and All the Time This Gallant Soldier Has Been a Fighter. Mild in Times of Peace But Decidedly Tropical in Action.

NOT Many days ago a senator of the United States, in an address in the capitol, professed ignorance as to the identity of Major General Lloyd Wheaton. "Probably some man whom the nation's charity fed and educated at West Point," he sneered. It is true that another letter informed member of the same august assembly promptly corrected the impression, which his colleague's thoughtless gibe was calculated to create.

But perhaps there are other people, not senators, to whom General Wheaton is equally unknown.

But any man who served in the war with Spain under General Lee will be able to tell something interesting about this gallant veteran. There are bronzed young men freshly home from the Orient who can supplement the narrative with picturesque incidents of Wheaton's career in the Philippines. And now and then a white-haired survivor of the great civil war will recall the name of the general, and resurrect from the past some thrilling stories of a dauntless courage and exhaustless resources.

First, last, and all the time, Wheaton is a fighter. He has had a good deal of this kind of work to do in the Philippines. He is a tall, spare man, with a long black beard.

There is a general feeling in the army that the beard and its blackness are matters of his special concern. It is on record that on one occasion, now two years ago or more, a captain who had served with him some years before, but had not seen him for a long time, met him in Manila with the remark:

"Why, general, it seems to me the last time I saw you your whiskers were gray."

Something happened just then that interrupted the flow of the conversation. The captain said afterwards that he thought the ice machine broke.

The most distinctive characteristic of the tall general is his voice. It is very deep of pitch and of tremendous carrying quality. He can shout an order on the field that can be heard by a whole brigade, no matter how hard the battle is raging.

Wanted to Hear the Guns.

On one occasion early in the insurrection Wheaton commanded the first brigade of Lawton's division in a campaign in Cavite province below Manila. Lawton as usual was riding at the head of the column, with only his personal guard, I Troop, of the Fourth cavalry, ahead of him.

They crossed a small stream and came out on an open level field. At the right, some 250 or 300 yards away, was a line of trees, indicating the presence of another stream. Beyond the trees was a cluster of huts, from whose windows white flags were flying. Lawton turned to one of his staffs and said:

"You'll find no insurgents here. They never dare to put out the white flags while their soldiers are around."

Just then the insurgents, concealed in a trench under the trees, blazed away with a pretty substantial volley, followed by a brisk general fire. Wheaton was just at the front with a part of the Ninth Infantry at the head of his brigade.

He swung a battalion of the Ninth around to face the Filipinos and began firing battalion volleys. The 400 guns going off together made a roar like a 12-inch rifle.

At the same time Wheaton sent six companies of the Colorado volunteers across the ford and out into the open plain, where the cavalrymen, who had already dismounted, were scattered about, replying as best they could to the Filipino fire. Wheaton sat on his horse watching the Colorado men running as hard as they could to get into position, and apparently unmindful of the row the volleys of the Ninth were making behind him, shouted to the Colorado in a voice that must have carried clear into the insurgent lines:

"Fire like hell—fire like hell—I want to hear the guns go off."

A Soldier Not a Mouse.

There is no milder-mannered man in the army when "everything is quiet and peaceful." But when there is trouble or work to be done the language of the general is apt to be as tropical as the climate where he is serving. If the regulations were enforced and he were fined \$1 for every word of the large D's he has used, it would have cost him a lot more years.

They tell a story in Manila of the time an outpost on the railroad north of town was attacked, early in the fighting days.

The man who was on guard was not pleased at being a target of even such poor marksmen as the Filipinos, and he ran in and reported to the officer in command of the post that he had been attacked by overwhelming numbers.

Word went up the line to General Wheaton, who started down at once in the armored car. This was a flat car, with pieces of boiler iron set on edge around it. Six-pounder guns were mounted at each end. It was propelled by men who walked along the track, their heads and bodies protected by the boiler iron, but their legs exposed to the inclemency of the weather, whatever the Filipinos could make it.

The general came down the line shooting the night full of six-pounder holes on all sides, and filling the world with the roar of his rage. He got to the post where the alleged attack had been made, and demanded to see the man who had brought in the report.

The man was sent for. The instant he entered the room where the general was, Wheaton, who had been sitting in one corner, leaped out of his chair and half way across the room toward the frightened soldier, exclaiming:

"Bling blank it! Show me a soldier. I don't want to see a mouse."

His First Expedition.

The first time Wheaton commanded an expedition, which involved a boat landing, he made a mistake which he certainly will never be made again by him. If there is one thing that he goes want to do when a fight is on is to be up at the front. He has never shown any inclination to direct the movements of his men from the rear.

But this boat landing business was new to him. He saw the men all stowed in the small boats and the steam launches ready to start with their tows for the beach. It was the landing at San Fabian, on Lingavon gulf, the time which was expected to cut off the retreat northward of Aginaldo and trap the insurgent chief between the lines of Wheaton, Young, Lawton and MacArthur.

Wheaton did not reflect then when the launches started for the beach they would go at top speed. But with the insurgents in their trenches on the beach shooting at the men huddled in the boats, there was no time to lose in landing and the naval officers in command of the launches, who had done the same thing so many times for the army, knew just how to do it the quickest and best.

Wheaton elected to go in a pulling boat, and the gig of the captain of the Manila was sent over for him. Six husky blue jackets manned it. The general took his place in the gig and gave the signal to start.

Instantly the steam launches shot away, each with four boats in tow. The husky blues in the gig gave way for all they were worth, but there was no hope of their keeping up with the launches.

Wheaton soon saw that he was being distanced, in spite of the tremendous efforts of his men. He stood up in the stern of the gig and waved his hat, and shouted in a voice that roared above the noise of the insurgent guns:

"Wait for me! Wait for me! Blank, blank, you, wait for me!"

But with bullets flying all around there was no waiting for anybody. The general waved his hat and shouted himself hoarse. It made his blues laugh so that they could hardly pull, but still not a boat slackened up. He got ashore in good time, but his temper was not in good order the rest of the day. It was not safe for anybody to address him carelessly that afternoon, but he had learned a trick about making a boat landing.

Birkhimer Did It.

On one of the last campaigns before General Otis was relieved of the chief command in the Philippines, General Wheaton commanded a column that was operating to the southward of Manila in conjunction with another column commanded by General Schwan. It was expected that Wheaton would make a feint against the insurgents, and hold them in their position until Schwan could get across the province behind them and cut off their retreat.

But Wheaton is too much of a fighter to do any feinting. When he starts he believes in going ahead until the work is done thoroughly. When the time came for him to make his feint he sent for the colonel of one of the regiments in his command and said, as the story goes:

"Birkhimer, they tell me the insurgents are digging a trench down there."

I want you to take a battalion down and kill 'em."

Colonel Birkhimer did it, and when Schwan got his column across the province it was just in time to give the fleeing insurgents another blow as they ran.

An expedition which Wheaton commanded was moving along a road south of Manila, when it came to a place where a ditch crossed the way, and made it impossible to get anything on wheels, guns or ambulance across. It was a case for the engineers.

The general looked around and failed to see the engineer officer attached to his staff, who had dropped down the road to see something.

"Captain Howland," said the general to one of his aids, "where are the engineers?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the captain. "Down the road somewhere, I suppose. Ill go down and see."

The general gave a snort of displeasure, and turned to another of his aids.

"Captain Webster," he said, "where are the engineers?"

"I don't know, general," replied the captain. "Ill go down and see."

"Hump!" ejaculated the general as the second aid rode away. "Down the road somewhere, I suppose, sprinkling cologne water."

No Respect for Filipinos.

Wheaton's contempt for the fighting qualities of the enemy was proverbial. He had no respect whatever for the Filipinos as soldiers.

A discussion arose at his mess one evening, in which some of the newspaper men who were following the campaign took part. It had to do with the general character of the Filipinos, and the general expressed himself with his customary vigor.

At last, one of the correspondents, thinking that the discussion was getting warmer than it should, ventured a suggestion which he intended to be of a conciliatory nature.

"Well, general," he said, "you'll at least admit that the Filipinos are brave?"

The general leaped to his feet, and struck the table a resounding blow with his fist.

"Brave!" he shouted, "brave!" "They're hounds! They're hounds! They're stand up to be shot!"

The other side of the general's character was illustrated when the forces under his command captured Aginaldo's mother and Aginaldo's baby boy. This happened at Cabaganan. Colonel, then Major, Cronin effected the capture, and the tidings were transmitted to Wheaton by General Hare. Back from headquarters in San Fabian came the message: "Send the baby to me at once." And it was done. No one could have been kinder or more solicitous for his welfare. The general personally interested himself in caring for the infant. He had it properly clothed and fed, and at length sent it to Manila with special directions that every attention be given the boy on the way.

Funston's Training.

It was under General Wheaton that Funston learned to fight the Filipino. Funston, good man though he was when he came to the Orient, did not understand the business as well as he did subsequently.

One day the brigade was in action in a rice field. It was a boiling hot day, Funston's regiment formed the first line of battle. The little Kansas colonel deployed his men in the regulation manner, ordered them to lie down, and opened fire.

Things went merrily for a few minutes. The enemy was hidden in the grass. So were the Americans. The only clue to the presence of either were the flashes of the guns, and the thin haze of smoke. Also here and there a wounded or a dead man.

Then General Wheaton, mounted on one of the stunted native ponies, rode soberly along the slightest head to the bullets that hummed around his ears.

But when he saw dead American soldiers lying in the grass his eyes began to blaze.

"Colonel Funston," he roared, "what's this? What's this? Why don't you charge?"

"I will in a moment," replied the Kansan.

"What the blank dash are you waiting for, then?"

"For the psychological moment, sir."

Wheaton snorted, swung himself from his saddle, and sprang in advance of the entire line.

"Psychological be hung!" he cried. "Come on, boys! We'll skin 'em out now!"

And the whole line, Funston and all, plunged headlong after the general's thin figure, heedless of rice, mud or bullets. The enemy was destroyed.

It was Wheaton's misfortune not to get outside of the United States during the war with Spain. He bitterly regretted the inactivity to which he was doomed in the pest-stricken Florida camps.

Once I remember seeing the general seated in front of his tent on the lawn of the Hotel Royal Palm, in Miami. It was in the latter part of 1898.

"What's new, general?" I asked, stopping for the usual afternoon chat.

"Well," he answered, with an inimitable drawl, "I was thinking that this is the funnest war I was ever engaged in. Here I've been fighting like fury for six months, and haven't heard a bullet yet!"

He hasn't had to make that complaint of the Philippine campaign. J. R. K.

A canvass recently made in regard to the vacation work of the negro students in Atlanta University shows that, of the more than a hundred men and boys questioned, all but one claimed to have done some remunerative work during the summer. Four worked upon farms. Several taught country schools. The rest found employment in the cities or at summer resorts. The total amount earned by these students will aggregate over \$4,600.

A committee has been appointed by the management of the St. Louis exposition, consisting of lawyers from every state and territory in this country, to arrange for an international congress of lawyers and jurists during the progress of the fair.

CALDWELL AND NAME

VILLAGE CALLED AFTER FIGHTING PARSON.

How Rev. Caldwell Gave Hymn Books to Provide Gunwadding for Continental Army.

New York Tribune: For years and years the only claim to fame which the New Jersey village of Caldwell boasted was that it was named in honor of Rev. James Caldwell, than whom no revolutionary hero is held in greater esteem by true Jerseymen. Then Grover Cleveland was elected president of the United States, and the village remembered that he had been born in the old parsonage in the western part of the village. That was a fine thing for Caldwell, and the villagers boasted. Now it is becoming known to many Yorkers as a most delightful suburb in which to live all the year round. Scores of attractive cottages which they have built there show this.

Caldwell is a picturesque village, with all the dignity of age in its heavy, shingled streets and quaint houses, covered with moss and ivy. It is built on a hill overlooking the Passaic river valley, and surrounded by other hills, all well wooded. Beautiful drives lead away through the Orange mountains in various directions. It is a country with many of the best traits of the Adirondacks, and all within 55 minutes of the New York ferry landings.

The story of the man for whom Caldwell is named is known through all Jersey, and the part of it which Broderick told in his poem, "Caldwell of Springfield," is read around the world. It is a strange story, with two tragedies and a humorous bit in between. Here it is, as an old-timer in Caldwell delights to tell it:

"So you never heard of Caldwell, the fighting parson? Well, I declare! I thought every American knew about him. We named the town after him, and as it's as fine a village as there is in New Jersey it's no small compliment to his memory. Down in Elizabeth they erected a monument to him in the church yard. But, do you know, if I was dead, I'd rather have a real live town named after me than a monument."

"As I was saying, it's a wonder you don't know the story, but Ill tell it. Parson Caldwell was preaching down in Elizabethtown when he started to fight the British. He believed in works as well as faith, and volunteered as a chaplain. He was popular among the men from the day he proposed a toast to America on hearing of the declaration of independence. It went like this:

"Harmony, honor and all prosperity to the free and independent United States of America—wise legislators—brave and victorious armies to the United States of America!"

"While he was fighting with Washington's army some Hessian soldiers shot and killed his wife as she stood in the window of their home, at Connecticut Farms. She had a babe in her arms, but the hired fiends did not mind that. The parson heard of it in camp through the conversation of a couple of careless troopers. He came back from his ruined home a changed man.

"He was on the firing line at the battle of Springfield, in June, 1780, and the Hessian troops were opposed to the patriots. The soldiers ran out of wadding, and were about to fall back, when Caldwell rushed to the Presbyterian church and returned with his arms full of hymn books. He rushed up and down the line, throwing the books right and left, and crying out as he ran:

"Put Watts into 'em! Boys, give 'em Watts!"

"And they did give 'em Watts" until the bloody British ran.

"The other tragedy? Yes, I said there were two. I referred to the death of Caldwell. He was shot the next year by John Morgan, a drunken soldier of the Jersey militia. They hanged Morgan, but that did not give back a living Caldwell, so we named the town after him, and, do you know, I'm glad we did it."

Sweden Understood America.

New York Tribune: Now that the question as to who was our friend at the time of the war with Spain has been thrashed out, one might start a discussion as to who really thought that we were going to win. At the Hotel Manhattan recently C. S. Clark of Chicago, was telling of a trip he took through Europe in the summer of 1898, and of what he found the sentiment on this question to be. "Outside of England, which we who were abroad that year felt to be really like home, I found but one place where it was thought we would win. In France we were foolish. In Austria they had us paying an indemnity to Spain, but up in Sweden I found a young officer in a naval station who was confident that we could wipe the Spanish navy off the water. Somehow or other he had managed to see something of the inside of the Spanish navy, and also of the navy of the United States, and hence, he said, came his confidence. I remember, too, he remarked to me, 'If you do whip Spain you will have to double your navy. That's the penalty of victory.' I found many other people in Sweden who were most friendly to us; they all seemed to have a most genuine regard for the United States, and admiration for our power and our methods of doing things."

Making Light From Smoke.

Science: A Belgian engineer, Toblansky, has invented an apparatus for producing light from smoke. It appears that the origin of the smoke is a matter of indifference. It is simply forced into a receiver, where it is saturated with hydrocarbon, and can then be burned, giving a brilliant illumination.

The Great Forests of Texas.

Although usually regarded as a land of plains and prairies, Texas is an important lumber-producing state, and millions of feet of lumber are cut annually in the eastern part of the state. Texas possesses some 64,000 square miles of woodland, the largest area of the kind in any American commonwealth—"The Story of Texas," Pearson's Magazine.

Miss Mudgo works on the sympathies of her audience when the curtain goes up by appearing disguised as a Red Cross hospital on the field of battle.—Chicago Tribune.

THE VALUE OF COURTESY.

Who Would Get on Best Must Have Good Manners.

New York Commercial Advertiser: It is far too common a habit with man people to depreciate courtesy as a superficial attraction, an unnecessary hamper on social intimacy. It is neither the one nor the other. It is very rarely that courtesy in a man is not the outward and visible sign of other admirable qualities within. It is not necessarily an indication of kindness of heart, but it is very often its outward manifestation, and, at any rate, courtesy indicates that a man is not so wrapped up in himself and his own perfections as to forget what is due to other people, especially to women. It oils the wheels of life and good understanding, for every woman will show to better advantage when she feels safe from ill manners and tactlessness. A courteous man will put a woman on good terms with herself, and consequently on good terms with him, whereby he reaps his reward in many ways. Even a bad-tempered shrew is not insensible to good manners; and calm courtesy will often avert an attack of "tantrums" or hysterics.

Seeing the enormous value of this quality of courtesy in the appreciation of men and women, it is very strange that day by day the courteous man is becoming more and more rare, until soon the last specimen will have to be captured for the museum of natural history, to be placed next to the dodo among the extinct species. Had manners ruled the town, and are to be met with where one would least expect them to be found. The older men of the present day still retain some traditions of that courtesy which distinguishes their fathers, and which they have not known how to hand on to their sons. Such courtesy is, alas! now condemned as "old-fashioned." What would those forefathers have said to the young man of the present day who lounges in a room full of ladies with both hands plunged in his pockets; who will stand and talk to a lady in the same attitude; who will seat himself at table before she is seated; who will not rise to open the door for her if she leaves the room; who will remain seated when a lady stops to talk to him in passing, and a thousand other trivial signs and tokens of lack of manners having their root in indolence, conceit and selfishness? That the women of the present day are considerably to blame for allowing young men to behave thus, instead of turning their backs on them and serenely ignoring them, is unquestionable; but "two wrongs don't make a right."

For a man's social career among women courtesy is a trump card. It is not the only one. Women admire a quality (another development of the urge of strength which is the strongest magnet of all for women's honesty, good temper, generosity, and virtues) rather than carried to the point of being, ostentatious in sport of all kinds, and, of course, physical beauty; but a man may have all of these, and youth beside to recommend him and yet not find himself "in the running" with a gray-haired senior who has realized the occult influence of deferential courtesy toward women. Courtesy, like charity, covers innumerable sins. A man may be the greatest rascal on earth, but if he has good manners women will like him and fight his battles. He may be a paragon of all virtues; if, however, he lacks courtesy, it is rough and ill-mannered, his virtues may help his celestial salvation, but will be of no use at all for his social success on earth. Therefore, let the man who wants to be liked by women remember that, however much women may differ in their individual tastes, good manners and good temper have never yet failed to find favor in the eyes of the daughter of Eve.

A Saving in Conversation.

Chicago Inter Ocean: If it were possible to devise a scheme whereby certain obvious and indisputable remarks could be expressed in characters a great saving in conversation and composition would be the result. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat's suggestion of a society for the suppression of hackneyed observations is in line with this thought.

The Globe-Democrat has taken the trouble to point out a few of the time-worn and moss-covered commonplace that would not be missed if eliminated altogether. For example: "It is not the actual degree of heat registered by the thermometer which makes it so uncomfortable; it is the humidity of the atmosphere." "I don't mind the money; it's the principle of the thing." "One never understands the name when one is introduced to a person." "If the water were filtered it would be just as good as the water of any city." "The trouble about going to summer gardens is it takes you so long to get home."

These, of course, are obvious observations peculiar to St. Louis. But we hear a few in Chicago that are equally trite.

GIVEN A DESERVED REBUKE.

Thought New Boarder Reflected Upon Character of Her House.

Philadelphia Times: As a new boarder, he was given extra attention at his first breakfast, and was asked by the landlady:

"Well, how did you enjoy your rest after a change of quarters?"

"I didn't rest much," he replied. "I was troubled all night with insomnia."

"Sir," was the landlady's indignant comment, "you should not say such a thing at table! I've never heard such a complaint before in 22 years as a house-keeper, and I'd have you know, sir, I've had your betters as my boarders! And," she went on, as he flusteringly began to mumble an explanation, "I do not believe you, sir, and am willing to board you free if you find a single one of them bed!"

Wages in Spain.

In Spain a man who works on a farm receives about 25 cents. In the vineyards wages range from 14 cents a day for women and boys at 21 cents for unskilled men, and 42 or 56 cents for those upon whose skill the whole responsibility of the raisin crop rests.

A correspondent of the New York Times says: "How beautiful the Statue of Liberty is now! Nature has annering taste and cannot abide a crudity. The soft green mold she lays over bronze has brought the splendid torch-bearer into a wonderful tone in harmony with water and sky colors."

LUCKY BALDWIN MAY BE DYING.



The famous speculator whose colors were once known on every racetrack in the country and who was at last a bankrupt a few years ago made another vast fortune in the K londe which he has been quietly enjoying lately on his ranch. He believes that he will recover.