"SUFFER FOR OTHERS" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "Without Shedding of Blood There Is No Remission of Sins" -Hebrews, Chapter IX Verse 22-A Sacrifice That Is Practiced by Very Few Voluntarily.



OHN G. WHIT-TIER, the last of the great school of American poets that made the last quarter of a century brilliant, asked me in the White Mountains one morning after prayers, in

which I had given out Cowper's famous hymnabout "The Fountain Filled with Blood," "Do you really believe there is a literal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply then is my negative reply now. The Bible statement agrees with all physicians, and all physiologists, and all scientists, in saying that the blood is the life, and in the Christian religion it means simply that Christ's life was given for our life. Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood is disgusting, and that they don't want what they call a "slaughter house religion," only shows their incapacity or unwillingness to look through the figure of speech toward the thing signified. The blood that, on the darkest Friday the world ever saw, oozed, or trickled, or poured from the brow, and the side, and the hands, and the feet of the illustrious sufferer, back of Jerusalem, in a few hours coagulated and dried up, and forever disappeared; and if men had deended on the application of the literal blood of Christ, there would not have been a soul saved for the last eighteen

In order to understand this red word of my text, we only have to exercise as much common sense in religion as we do in everything else. Pang for pang, hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life, we see every day illustrated. The act of substitution is no novelty, al-though I hear men talk as though the dea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something ab-normal, something distressingly odd, something wildly eccentric, a solitary pisode in the world's history; when could take you out in this city, and before sundown point you to five hun-dred cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of an-

At 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to and men who, by their looks, show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drudging at business early and late? For fun? No; it would be difficult to extract any amusement out of avaricious? In many cases no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No; a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is, the man is enduring all that fatigue and exasperation, and wear and tear, to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that scaffolding, to a quiet scene a few blocks away, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a homestead, for which he wins bread, and wardrobe, and education, and prosperity, and in such battle ten thousend men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury, nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they are gone. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

At 1 o'clock tomorrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk amid the dwelling-houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning; but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear right burning, and outside on the window casement is a glass or pitcher containing food for a sick child; the food is set in the fresh air. This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over, the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in. and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing. and goes up to join the three in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life, Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncoented number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large famits of children through all the diseases of infancy, and got them fairly started up the flowering alope of boyhood and carry off the iron gates of impossibile wheel. The third contrivance also girthood, have only strength enough oft to die. They fade away: some call it consumption: some call it nervous prostration; some call it intermittent or malarial indisposition; but I call it | cue of others; but put together Adam | martyrdom of the domestic circle. Life and Noah and Melchisedec and Joseph inward. The practical usefulness of for life. Blood for blood. Substitu- and Muses and Joshus and flament and those devices remains to be demon-

Or perhaps the mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after his apparel, remembering his birthday with some memento, and when he is brought home worn out with dissipation nurses him till he gets well and starts him again. and hopes, and expects, and prays, and counsels, and suffers, until her strength gives out and she fails. She is going. and attendants, bending over her pillow, ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to

say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words: "My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life. Substitution!

About thirty-six years ago there went forth from our northern and southern homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle for their country. All the poetry of war soon vanished, and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee-deep in mud. They slept in snow-banks. They marched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations, and lived on meat

not fit for a dog. They had jaws all fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay dying on the field the night after the battle, and got it not. They were homesick, and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies. No one but the infinite God who knows everything, knows the ten thousandth part of the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of the anguish of the Northern and Southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For the country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution! But we need not go so far. What is

that monument in Greenwood? It is to the doctors who fell in the Southern epidemics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in these Northern latitudes? Oh, yes; but the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some phials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians, and takes the rail-train. Before he gets to the infected regions he passes crowded rail-trains, regular and extra, taking the flying and affrighted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling of the pulse and studying symptoms, and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow-physician says, "Doctor, you had better go home and rest; you look miserable." But he cannot rest while so many are suffering. On and on, until some morning finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home, and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down; but he fights his attendants until he falls back, and is weaker and weaker, and dies for people with whom part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice-his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the furthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of him who said: "I was sick and ye visited me." Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

What an exalting principle this which leads one to suffer for another! Nothing so kindles enthusiasm or awakens eloquence, or chimes poetle canto, or moves nations. The principle is the dominant one in our religion-Christ the Martyr, Christ the celestial Hero. Christ the Defender, Christ the Substitute. No new principle, for it was as old as human nature; but now on a grander, wider, higher, deeper and more world-resounding scale! The shepherd boy as a champion for Israel with a sling toppled the giant of Philistine braggadocio in the dust; but here is another David who, for all the armies of churches militant and triumphant, hurls the Goliath of perdition into defeat, the crash of his brazen armor like an explosion at Hell Gate. Abraham had at God's command agreed to sacrifice his son Isaac, and the same God just in time had provided a ram of the thicket as a substitute; but here is another Isaac bound to the altar, and no hand arrests the sharp edges of laceration and death, and the universe shivers and quakes and recoils and groans at the

All good men have for centuries been trying to tell whom this Substitute was like, and every comparison, inspired and uninspired, evangelistic, prophetic, apostolic, and human, falls short, for Christ was the Great Unlike. Adam a type of Christ, because he came directly from God; Noah a type of Christ, because he delivered his own family from the deluge; Melchisedec a type of Christ, because he had no predecessor or successor; Joseph a type of Christ, because he was cast out by the apparatus constructed on the plan his brethren; Moses a type of Christ, because he was a deliverer from bondage; Samson a type of Christ, because of his strength to slay the lions and ity: Solomon a type of Christ, in the affluence of his dominion; Jonah a type but its motor, instead of having fans Fitz going. The Australian was literof Christ, because of the stormy sea in which he threw himself for the res- empty pumpkin-shell, with the seg-Solomon and Jonah, and they would strated.

quarter of a Christ, the half of a Christ

or the millionth part of a Christ. He forsook a throne and sat down on his own footstool. He came from the top of glory to the bottom of humiliation, and changed a circumference seraphic for a circumference diabolic. Once waited on by angels, now hissed at by brigands. From afar and high up he came down; past meteors swifter than they; by starry thrones, himself more lustrous; past larger worlds to smaller worlds; down stairs of firmaments, and from cloud to cloud, and through tree-tops and into the camel's stall, to thrust his shoulder under our burdens and take the lances of pain through his vitals, and wrapped himself in all the agonies which we deserve for our misdoings, and stood on the splitting decks of a foundering vessel, amid the drenching surf of the sea, and passed midnights on the mountains amid wild beasts of prey, and stood at the point where all earthly and infernal hostilities charged on him at once with their keen sabres -our Substitute!

The most exciting and overpowering day of one summer was the day I spent on the battlefield of Waterloo. Starting out with the morning train from Brussels, Belgium, we arrived in about an hour on that famous spot. A son of one who was in the battle, and who had heard from his father a thousand times the whole scene recited, accompanied us over the field. There stood the old Hougomont Chateau, the walls dented, and scratched, and broken, and shattered by grape-shot and cannon-ball. There is the well in which three hundred dying and dead were pitched. There is the chapel with the head of the infant Christ shot off. There are the gates at which, for many hours, English and French armies wrestled. Yonder were the one hundred and sixty guns of the English, and the two hundred and fifty guns of the French. Yonder the Hanoverian Hussars fled for the woods. Yonder was the ravine of Ohain, where the French cavalry, not knowing there was a hollow in the ground, rolled over and down, troop after troop, tumbling into one awful mass of suffering, hoof of kicking horses against brow and breast of captains and colonels and private soldiers, the human and the beastly groan kept up until, the day after, all was shoveled under because of the malodor arising in that hot month of June.

"There," said our guide, "the Highland regiments lay down on their faces waiting for the moment to spring upon the foe. In that orchard twenty-five hundred men were cut to pieces. Here stood Wellington with white lips, and up that knoll rode Marshal Ney on his sixth horse, five having been shot under him. Here the ranks of the French broke, and Marshal Ney, with his boot slashed of a sword, and his hat off, and his face covered with powder and blood, tried to rally his troops as he cried: 'Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the battle-field." From yonder direction Grouchy was expected for the French re-enforcement, but he came not. Around those woods Blucher was looked for to reenforce the English, and just in time he came up. Yonder is the field where Napoleon stood, his arm through the man of destiny, who was called by his troops Old Two Hundred Thousand, turned away with broken heart, and the fate of centuries was decided.

No wonder a great mound has been reared there, hundreds of feet higha mound at the expense of millions of left jab on the body and followed with on the top is the great Belgian lion of bronze, and a grand old lion it is, But our great Waterloo was in Palestine. There came a day when all hell rode up, led by Apollyon, and the Captain of our salvation confronted them alone. The Rider on the white horse of the Apocalypse going out against the black horse cavalry of death, and the battallons of the demoniac, and the myrmidons of darkness. From twelve o'clock at noon to three o'clock in the afternoon the greatest battle of the universe went on. Eternal destinies were being decided. All the arrows of hell pierced our Chieftain, and the battle-axes struck him, until brow and cheek and shoulder and hand and foot were incarnadined with oozing life; but he fought on until he gave a final stroke and the commander-in-chief of hell and all his forces fell back in everlasting ruin. and the victory is ours. And on the mound that celebrates the triumph we plant this day two figures, not in bronze or iron or sculptured marble. Fitz's jaw. Again that left went on but two figures of living light, the lion of Judah's tribe and the Lamb that was slain.

Wind-Driven Bieveles.

No less than three attempts to cause the wind to aid the bicycle-rider in driving his machine have recently been made by inventors, one American and two French. In the case of the American and one of the French inventions, of a toy windmill is attached to the machine, and geared to the front wheel in such a manner that the force of the loud cries of "Oh! Oh!" Corbett lauded wind can be utilized in turning the a light left jab on the face, and Fitz acts on the principle of the windmill ! all facing one way, is shaped like an ally covered with blood, but was fightments slightly separated and inclined ing the signs of fast work. Fits went

not make a fragment of a Christ a FITZ IS THE WINNER, uppercuts, but often led wild and

CORBETT KNOCKED OUT IN THE FOURTEENTH ROUND.

Terrific Fighting by Both Men-Corbett's Science Availeth Nothing in the Final Outcome- Fitzsimmon's Strength Decides the Day-Now Heavyweight Champion.

The Corbett-Fitzsimmons Fight.

CARSON, Nev., March 18.-Robert Fitzsimmons, Cornishman by birth, Australian by training and American by adoption, won the undisputed title to champion pugilist of the world in the arena here to-day by defeating James J. Corbett, a Califor-

nian by birth, the champion since 1892, in the fourteenth round of the hottest fight in modern times. The decisive blow was one over the heart following a jab in the neck.

As Fitzsimmons passed his wife he

shook her by the hand and then kissed her. Then he climbed into the ring first. At 11:59 o'clock Fitzsimmons entered the ring amid mighty cheers. He was bareheaded and was enveloped in a Japanese bath robe. In his corner

were Julian, Roche, Stelzner and A half minute later Corbett passed under the ropes and was greeted with ing and uppercutting with the right even greater applause than was his on the breakaway. Fitz landed a very rival. Behind Corbett were Charley White, Delaney, Jeffreys, McVey, Joe Corbett, Billy Woods and Al Hampton.

Billy Madden announced the timeceepers just at noon while Fitz walked leisurely around the ring and chatted pleasantly with all the people in close proximity to the ropes, and Corbett lid a little jig-step in his corner. Billy Muldoon greeted Fitz with: "Hello, Fitz! How are you?" and the Australian replied: "Oh, bloody fine."

Madden then introduced George Siler as the referee, and the next moment both men stripped for the fight. Fitz-simmons refused to shake hands.

The matter of choice of corners wa lecided last night by a "toss-up," Corbett winning the toss. He chose the southwest corner of the ring, wishing to get the sen at his back, leaving Fitzsimmons no choice but to take the northeast corner. Time was called at 12:05 and both men began sparring for the chin. Fitz was receiver general an opening. Then "Fitz" forced Corbett into the corner and tried a left swing.

The Rounds.

Fitz then tried a left swing, when Jim ducked cleverly and smiled. Fitz was very aggressive and landed a light one on Corbett's neck. Jim feinted and landed a left hook on the stomach and followed with a left hook on Fitz's jaw. They clinched, but no damage was done in the breakaway. Corbett landed a right swing on Fitz's ribs and another clinch with no damage came. On the breakaway Fitz landed his left on Jim's head and Jim landed a hard right on Fitz's short ribs. A third clinch and then Fitz landed a heavy right on Jim's head. Jim said, and laughed. Jim landed on Fitz's ribs as the gong sounded for the end of round one.

he had no kinship, and far away from reins of a horse's bridle, dazed and in- ute. A clinch followed, with no dam- and landed left on Fitz's face again; that exhaustion: Because they are his own family, and is hastily put away sane, trying to go back." Scene from a age in the breakaway. Fitz gave a and followed with a right on the body. battle that went on from twenty-five short one on the ribs and a left swing. minutes to twelve o'clock, on the More clinching, with Jim very cautious eighteenth of June, until four o'clock, and looking for the slightest opening. when the English seemed defeated. Jim landed two stiff left swings on and their commander cried out: "Boys' Fitz's head. Fitz swung his left and can you think of giving way? Rememiright and landed lightly on Corbett's ber old England!" and the tide turned, head. The tighting was of rapid charand at eight o'clock in the evening the acter, with both men very lively on their feet.

Round 3-Corbett started right in with that hard left hook on the body. Fitz got savage and tried his left and right at Corbett's head, but did very little damage. Corbett landed anothe dollars and many years in rising, and a right short on the ribs. Jim clinched and then landed a right hard over the heart. Fitzsimmons mixed it up and put the heel of his glove in Corbett's face in the clinch. Jim kept his right working like a piston rod on Fitz's body. They elinched and Fitzsimmons roughed it on the breakaway. As the gong sounded Fitz seemed anxious to continue, but Corbett laughingly slipped his right glove in Fitz's face

and they went to their corners. Round 4-Corbett rushing landed the right again on the body. Fitz was short with his left, but followed it contest. Fitz rushed and Jim met him with a stiff right hand short on the stomach. Fitz was doing the rushing and hitting and roughing it in the breakaways, while Corbett was by long odds making the cleverer fight, play ing systematically with right and left on the body. An exchange of lefts at the head and time was called.

Round 5-Corbett landed his left on the jaw. Fitz's blows had plenty of ateam behind them, but were not as frequent as Corbett's. They clinched and exchanged compliments with one arm loose. Corbett led a very slow left. Fitz landed his left on Jim's neck and Jim then threw a stiff half round with his left on Fitz's nose, drawing first blood. They mixed and Corbett had the better of it. Corbett landed another stiff right on the body and left on the chin. This round ended in favor of Corbett.

Round 6-The two clinched and Fitz tried to wrestle Corbett down amid countered on the jaw. Corbett upperout Fitz fiercely with right and had ing like a demon. Curbett was show down on one knee and took the time itmit He was full of fight on rising. Corbett began slaughtering him with | than twelve pounds to Corbett.

missed many well intended blows.

Time was called with Fitzsimmons looking very much the worse for wear and Corbett puffing.

Round 7-Corbett began forcing the fight, but missed a left swing at the head. Then he uppercut Fitz hard on the face. Fitz began bleeding again, but was fighting like a lion. They were both looking ter a knockout blow. Jim landed a light left on Fitz's sore mouth. Fitz missed right and left swings, and then tried a left swing. which was ducked by Corbett and countered with a heavy right over the heart. Corbett was very tired. Fitz looked like a stuck bullock, but was as strong as the other man.

Round 8-Fitz began forcing it. An exchange with no damage opened. Fitz missed a left swing and was lifted off his feet by a straight jab from Corbett on the mouth. Fitz led a right hand, but Corbett ducked. Fitz landed his left on Corbett's face and Corbett countered with his right on the body. After some sparring for wind, Fitz tried his right at Corbett's head, but was countered heavily on the jaw with Corbett's good left. Fitz had the worst of this round when the gong sounded.

Round 9-This opened with long range sparring. Both were active on their feet. Fitz landed below the belt, and was cautioned by Siler. Corbett landed a stiff left on Fitz's wind. Fitz rushed Corbett, but did very little damage. Jim was jabbing and clinchhard left hand swing on Corbett's jaw and tried a right cross, but Jim was inside. Fitz again tried a right cross. but he was short. He landed oftener during this round.

Round 10. -Fitz spat blood out of his mouth and then tried a hard left swing at Corbett's head and followed with a stiff left and right on Jim's head and body. He was very much cooler and stronger than Corbett at this stage. Corbett made a swing with a straight left on the mouth and Fitz was bleeding rapidly, but forced Corbett back, apparently being the stronger man. They mixed it up and honors were about even, with both fighting hard. Fitz caught Corbett around the neck and dragged him to the ropes when time was called.

Round 11-A clinch opened and then Corbett landed his right on the ribs and was countered with a left jab on for Corbett's left jabs, but was like a bear in strength. Corbett missed a half round hook on the jaw. Fits landed a hard left straight on Corbett's face. They clinched and Fitz crossed with his right on the clinch. They mixed it and Fitz had decidedly the better of this roughing. Fitz fought Corbett to his corner and had him weak as the gong sounded.

Round 12 - Corbett rushed it, but missed with his left and was encountered on the face. Fitz was bent on rushing it and Corbett kept away. Fitz got the worst of it in the rush. More clinching followed and then Corbett landed his left on Fitz's sore nose and followed with half a round at the body. He forced Fitz to the ropes and smashed hard on the short ribs. Fitz spit copious wads of blood. Corbets nd of round one.

Round 2—Corbett advanced to the right and left on the Cornishman's center and forced the fight for a min- face and left on the Cornishman's face He tried a knockout uppercut with the right, but it was a hair too short. This was Corbett's round.

Round 13-Fitz landed a right short on Corbett's ribs and a left on the jaw, but Jim found Fitz with a good left. Fitz rushed Jim over to his corner, but did little damage. Corbett jabbed Fitz lightly on the head and he was back again with the same on the body. Corbett was sparring beautifully and ducking out of some very dangerous blows. Fitz landed his left straight and hard on Jim's face and followed with a hard right swing, but it did no good. Jim's glove was in Fitz's face when Madden pushed the button.

Round . 14 - Corbett led and was blocked. Corbett landed that left jab again on Fitz's head. Fitz countered with a terrible right swing on Corbett's neck and he had Corbett going back for a few moments. Then he landed a terrible left jab on Corbett's stomach and Corbett went to his knees with a frightful look of agony on his face. The timekeepers called the secondsone, two, three, four, five, six, seven. eight, nine, ten, but Corbett came to with a stiff left on Jim's stomach and his feet. He rushed to Fitz and enthey clinched. The were fighting at a terrific rate and it was a beautiful terrible uproar. Then Siler decided that Fitz had won. The blow that did the business landed over Corbett's heart and he collapsed. The last round lasted one minute and 45 seconds.

To Avoid the New Duty.

Boston, March 18 .- In anticipation of the new tariff bill, which is expected to go into effect on May 1, imposing a duty of 1 cent and upwards per pound on all sugars imported into the United States, the sugar imported into the United States, the sugar importers are actively engaged in buying up all available sugar, both in the markets of Germany and Cuba, for prompt shipment to this country in an effort to get the commodity into the market without paying to the government the new tax. new tax.

Alleged Big Defateation CHICAGO, March 18 .- In a bill flied in the superior court for a receiver for the Pacific Loan and Homestead association, it is charged that Dewitt C. Butts, who until last summer was secretary of the association, is a defaulter and has appropriated \$232,000 of the funds of the association.

Weight of the Pugillate. Canson, Nev., March 18. - Corbett weighed this morning 185 poundsthree more than when he fought Mitchell. Fitzsimmons weighed, according to Julian, between 170 and 180. Julian said very plainly that Fitzaimmons would not conceds more

LOWER CORN RATES.

Grain Must Be Shipped Soon or Prove a Dead Loss.

Though the general managers of the Iowa railroads have declined to grant reduced rates for corn, or even place an emergency rate for the month of March, the Iowa board of railroad commissioners is still making an active fight for some concession.

The following is the text of a letter recently sent by C. L. Davidson, chairman of the board, to the presidents and general managers of all Iowa lines.

"The situation in Iowa is very serious, especially in relation to the corn crop of last year. After careful investigation I am convinced that not more than 25 per cent of the corn crop of 1896 can be saved beyond the coming of warm weather and that whatever is done with it, shipping, etc., must be done before that time. In addition to this condition of things the number of stock animals in Iowa to be fed is not sufficient to consume beyond a small percentage of this grain, in amount not, I think, to exceed 20 per cent of the corn crop.

"If I am correct in the estimates made this leaves at least 50 per cent of the crop on hand, which must be shipped within say, five weeks, or be a loss to the farmers and the freight a loss to the transportation companies. With this situation confronting the people and the transportation lines, I write to suggest and proce the necessity of such suggest and urge the necessity of such an emergency rate for, say, the month of March, as will carry this corn to a market, and also to ask that you give the subject that early and earnest consideration which the extreme gravity of the situation demands."

The officials of the Iowa lines, like those of the Nebraska roads, contend that emergency rates would not help the corn growers one whit. They cite many cases where reduced rates have been put in before to help the farmers and that such cuts have always been followed by corresponding falls in the market, the grain market never failing to take up the slack. They insist, therefore, that they simply lose the amount they reduce the rates and the

farmer gains nothing.

Despite the fact that three great corn-growing states, Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas, have united in beseeching the railroads to grant lower rates in order to move some of the great corn crop of the past season, none of the roads in these states have yet come down in their rates. Men who watch railroad affairs closely say there is no probability of any reduction this spring, even though the three governors of the three boards of transportation should continue to pound the railroads on the back. Assistant General Freight Agent Wood of the Union Pa-cific was down to Lincoln during the first part of the week and had a conference with the Nebraska state board of transportation, but no radical changes came out of that meeting.

The citizens of Grand Island have set forth a few additional facts in another petition to the legislature regarding the soldiers' home. Statements which have been published purporting to be a comparison of the death rate of the two homes are misleading. The petitioners set forth that "the hospital at the Grand Island home has the capacity of thirty patients, while the Milford home has no hospital accommodations, resulting in all the invalid soldiers being sent to the Grand Island home, while those sent to the Milford home were able-bodied." Many of the inmates of the Grand Island home are, in afact, sent direct to the hospital in sfact, sent direct to the hospital. The petitioners further call attention the fact that during all the years of existence of the home there have been but 102 deaths and but one of this number has died of a fever. During the first nine months but two deaths occurred, one from consumption and one from paralysis.

Shipping Damp Corn.

The Peavey elevator company, operating in various Nebraska towns, recently tried an experiment in shipping damp corn that surprised the firm. Fifteen cars of damp corn were shipped through to Galveston, and when it arrived there was reported as dry and in a good merchantable condition. This was attributed to the long haul through a dry and windy country. If true this is important to shippers.

Nebraska Honored by Woodmen.

Dr. E. Holovtchiner returned last from St. Louis, where he attended the national convention of the Woodmen of the World. The Nebraska delegates were emphatically in it during the convention. Not only did they succeed in retaining the head-quarters of the order in Omaha but this state secured a flattering portion of the important offices of the supreme

Arrested for Bootlegging.

York dispatch: Isaac B. Doggett of Thayer county was again arrested and brought here and lodged in the county jail by Sheriff Price on the charge of selling whiskey illegally. Ten counts have been filed against him and the case will be heard soon. Doggett was arrested last fall for the same offense. but owing to sympathy for his family the case was dismissed.

New Trial Not Granted.

Auburn dispatch: The hearing on the motion for a new trial in the Stull will case was had before Judge Ramsey of Plattsmouth. Messrs. Flansburg and Burnhard argued the motion at length on behalf of the contestants. The motion was denied and the appeal of Wm. Stull dismissed. The supersedes bond was fixed at \$10,000.

He Escaped Assassination.

He Escaped Assasination.

Hy a lucky chance Milt Doty, a stockman, living on the Niobrara river, four miles south of Butte, escaped a violent death. The family of Mr. Doty is on a visit in lowa and after doing his chorea Doty attended a prayer meeting a few miles from home. On his return about midnight he found his bed riskiled with buckshot and bullets and from the broken windows it was evident a gang of ruffans had attempted to murder him by shooting through the windows of his bedroom to where they supposed he was alceping.