

NEBRASKA POINTERS

STATE NEWS AND NOTES IN CONDENSED FORM.

THE PRESS, PULPIT AND PUBLIC

What is Going on Here and There That is of Interest to the Readers Throughout Nebraska.

Hall did much damage in the vicinity of Battle Creek last week.

Mrs. Mary L. Adams of Lincoln has fallen heir to a large estate in Ohio.

John Hartley Coons, living near Humboldt, has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday.

Nearly seventy non-resident pupils have applied for admission in the Beatrice high schools.

At Wahoe Wend Girg, a Bohemian, about nineteen years of age, committed suicide by hanging himself.

The three banks at David City make a splendid showing in their last quarterly statement.

The Burlington surveyors who have been stationed at Pleasant Dale for the last year, have moved to Milford.

Mrs. John Carmichael, an old resident of Beatrice, was awarded first prize at the state fair on a silk quilt made by her.

The Burlington has reduced the passenger rate from Plattsmouth to Omaha to 38 cents, the same as the Missouri Pacific.

Wilber Lewis, the man who had a leg torn off at the Friend mill, died from his injuries. He had a wife and three children at Arlington.

Some unprincipled person entered the Presbyterian church in Beatrice through a back door and stole about \$4 from a jar containing the birthday offerings.

The new plant of the West Point Creamery company was opened for business last week and is kept busy handling and buying cream from the local farmers.

The Edgar canning factory has closed down after a run of over two weeks. The quality of corn was good considering the dry weather had cut the crop short.

T. O. Hern, manager of the Paine estate, across the river from Nebraska City, sold 25,000 bushels of corn to some elevator men for 50 cents per bushel.

J. B. Smith, who operates the Jersey dairy farm in Gage county, landed twelve first, three second and two third prizes at the state fair with his fine herd of Jerseys.

Pickpockets worked in Nebraska City recently and a number of persons were relieved of their purses. One man was robbed at the depot of \$70 as he was boarding the train for the east and another man was robbed of a smaller sum, as he came in on the Missouri Pacific earlier in the day.

An accident with a fatal ending occurred at Bee, Seward county. Patrick Gorman, a brakeman on the Northwestern freight, while hanging onto the train while it was switching in the yards at that town, was hit by a projecting spout of the Updike Elevator company there and was knocked down and so injured that he died.

As a result of Archdeacon Cope's recent eastern visit, upon invitation to hold services at Springfield Center, Utica, Coopertown and other places, he received from a wealthy church woman, Mrs. Pel Clarke, a check for \$5,000, to be used in the erection of the new church which is now being built in Kearney, but is to be applied especially to building the chancel.

Sheriff Mears of Wayne county took Elmer Mack, who was under arrest in Fremont for stealing his father's team, back to Wayne. The sheriff says that the boy, who is only 15, instead of 19, as he claimed to be, took a load of grain to market for his father, sold it and got the money. He then started south and traded the heavy farm wagon for a cheap spring buggy, which he had when he reached Fremont.

The board of supervisors of Gage county offer a reward of \$500 for the capture of R. Mead Shumway, the supposed murderer of Mrs. Sarah Martin. Jacob Martin, husband of the murdered woman, informed the county attorney that he would give \$1,000 reward for the arrest and delivery of Shumway to the proper authorities, dead or alive. With the state's reward of \$200, this makes a total reward of \$1,700.

A queer damage suit has been started between parties at Blue Springs. Several months ago John Henderson ran a rusty nail in his foot, and as an act of kindness John Swiler let him have some turpentine to rub on the wound. Later blood poisoning set in, and several of Henderson's toes were amputated in order to save his life. Henderson has instituted suit against Swiler for \$5,000 damages.

An effort will be made at Hastings to raise the balance of the indebtedness on the Y. M. C. A. building, which cost \$30,000.

George Joiner, a young man of Nebraska City, had a narrow escape from being electrocuted. He was playing with another, when he grabbed hold of a telephone pole, by the side of which hung a broken wire and which was crossed with the electric light wire. He was thrown forcibly to the ground, and for some time it was thought he was fatally injured. He will, however, recover.

Federal Labor Commissioner



Dr. Charles P. Neill has been a close student of labor problems for many years and has taken a conspicuous part in the settlement of many a conflict between employers and employes. He recently attempted to effect a settlement of the telegraph operators' strike, but his labors were apparently fruitless.

HOME FOR SIGHTLESS.

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA FOUNDS BLIND COLONY.

"Carmen Sylva" Invites Samuel Bowman, the Blind Pianist of Eldora, Ia., to Institution Established in Roumania.

Eldora, Ia.—Queen Elizabeth, who reigns over 5,000,000 loyal subjects in far away Roumania, and who does much literary work under the nom de plume of "Carmen Sylva," has recently established a cosmopolitan blind colony known as the City of Light in Bucharest, Roumania. She has written to a banker in Eldora about her plans, and has invited Samuel Bowman, a blind pianist of Eldora, to come to Bucharest and become a member of her colony. She has taken a great liking to Mr. Bowman, and he is considering seriously the advisability of becoming one of the first American wards at the City of Light.

Horace G. Knowles, the American minister of Bucharest, the capital, has taken a deep interest in the work of her majesty, and writes to the Eldora banker with the queen's letter. He says in part:

"The fundamental principle of her majesty's noble work is to make the blind feel that they are not merely dependents and objects of charity. They are to have their own world, where they will be not only happy, but useful and self-sustaining. Already I have seen enough to enable me to testify that what seems to be the unacquainted merely a dream, can, by patience, generosity, intelligence and Christian charity, be made a reality. All of these qualities and more are possessed by the good and gifted woman who needs no crown to make her a queen."

Queen Elizabeth in her own writing says the City of Light is called Vatra Luminosa, at Bucharest. Already there are 80 members of the colony, with ten languages, seven confessions of faith and 13 trades. She says that one man, although blind, has invented a new printing machine, and an English woman, blind seven years, attends to the correspondence.

Queen Elizabeth in part says in her letter to her Eldora banker friend: "I know your friend will be happy."

AN OLD CONTROVERSY SETTLED

Letter of Cotton Mather Ordering Kidnaping of Penn Found.

Hartford, Conn.—The controversy over the question whether Cotton Mather, of Boston, entered into a plot to capture William Penn and the first colony of Quakers and sell them as slaves in the Barbadoes has been settled, it is said, by the finding of the letter from Mather to John Higginson, of Newport.

The document in the possession of George A. Reynolds, clerk of the fire board of this city, shows that the letter of Cotton Mather was as follows: "Boston, Sept. ye 15th, 1682.—To ye aged and beloved John Higginson: There be at sea a shallop called 'Ye Welcome,' R. Greenaway master, which has aboard an hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penn, who is ye chief scamp, at the head of them. "Ye General court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huxett, of ye Brig Propasse to way-lay sed 'Welcome' as near ye coast of Codde as may be and make captive ye sed Penn and his ungodly crew so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new countree with ye heathen worship of these people.

"Much spoyle may be made by selling ye whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rumme and sugar, and shall not only do ye Lord great service in punishing ye wicked, but we shall make great good for his ministers and people. Master Huxett feels hopeful, and I will set down ye news when his shippe comes back. Yours in ye bowels of Christ, "COTTON MATHER."

Stomach Acts as a Buffer. Wooster, Pa.—John Swallen, 50 years old, a man weighing fully 225 pounds, probably owes his life to the fact that he has a large stomach. While Swallen was making repairs on an iron bridge over the Pennsylvania lines' tracks a scaffold gave way, letting him drop 27 feet to the paved street below. Swallen landed on his stomach, which upheld the fall. He was uninjured beyond spraining his wrist, although unconscious from the shock for several hours.

White Huckleberries Now. Schuylkill Haven, Pa.—White huckleberries, in sharp contrast to the usual deep blue color of the berries, are being found on the mountains in this vicinity. It is believed that the change in color was caused by the cool weather of the spring. The white berries are declared to be as sweet as sugar and more luscious than the ordinary kind.

FREAK CORPORATIONS

STATE OF MAINE FOSTERS GROWTH OF ODD CONCERNS.

List of Those Which Have Died Late ly Through Failure to Pay Taxes Shows Some Organized for Peculiar Purposes.

Portland, Me.—Do you want a company to supply the people of Mars with steam shovels to dig their canals? Do you want to form a company to raise bananas in Alaska? Do you desire a concern to trade in the spirits of the heroes of the past? Well, if you do, come to Maine and file your papers. You can form a corporation with a capital limit only exceeded by the skyline and it won't cost you enough to set you back very materially either.

For years Maine has been the Mecca for those who wished to launch companies. The fees for granting a charter are merely nominal. The taxes are still more so, something like an annual franchise tax of \$5 on \$50,000 capitalization. Almost no questions are asked, and it is as easy for a company with any object whatever, and a few dollars to pay the necessary fees and printing, to get a full-fledged charter as it is for a man to get a drink in the city of Bangor—and no man who ever went to that city and wanted the stuff that cheers but inebriates ever went very dry either.

All sorts of fanciful corporations are filed in the office of the secretary of state in Augusta, and gaudily printed shares of the stock are offered to the public. You need not limit your capitalization—to be sure, the more capital you have the more tax you are supposed to pay, but after you have disposed of your shares you probably won't pay your tax anyway, and will let the charter of the company expire.

The other day a list of delinquent corporations was published, corporations whose charters were to expire on account of unpaid taxes. It filled two pages in nonpareil type, with close spacing at that. But hundreds of others are formed every month, so a few more or less aren't missed very much. All kinds of companies are being floated all the time.

Companies to dig tunnels in regions where travel is absolutely nil; companies to raise mussels and put them on the market; companies dealing in oil; companies dealing in insurance (about all of them have plenty of this for their stock in trade, although it is more commonly known as gall); companies dealing in patent medicines of all kinds; in "synthetic coal," if anyone knows what that is; in amusements and women's wear; in rubber, concrete, paving stones, engines, foods and land are only too common.

The most interesting ones are the freak ones. They abound, from the propagation of cats to the saving of souls. Among a few in the advertised list which haven't paid their taxes are the Baldwin Airship company, the Artistic Display company, the Blue Blazes Heater company, the College of Physiognomy and Sublime Wisdom of Life, the Boston Exploration company, the Beacon Ethical union, the Conscience Law corporation (one corporation evidently has a conscience), a concern organized up in Kittery, for the purpose of dealing in bananas, a company known simply as the Superlative company, which didn't appear to have any business at all; a company for the development of two republics, according to its title, and so on ad infinitum et ad nauseam.

WILDCATS FOR EMPRESS. China's Ruler Commissions Hunter to Get Grizzlies, Too.

Seattle, Wash.—Stephen Mason, an old hunter and trapper, known all over the west as one of the most remarkable of shots, has just received an unusual commission from the empress dowager of China. Through a fur company of this place Mason is commissioned to capture a pair of real live grizzly bears and four live wildcats.

The empress is contemplating an imperial museum of the world's noted but fast disappearing animals, and is to include in the collection the above-named species. Mason will endeavor to fill the order in the wilds of the Cascade mountains near the Canadian international line.

Several months ago a Seattle firm sent three buffaloes and a cage of cougars to her majesty.

It is said the Chinese empress is endeavoring to acquire the menagerie that her subjects may know of the animals of all the earth.

LONGEVITY IN IOWA. Centenarians to Be Found in Many of the Hamlets.

Eldora, Ia.—It is becoming the fashion nowadays in Iowa to live to be 100 years old. Every day new names are being added to the list of centenarians in the Hawkeye state.

Probably the oldest man in Iowa is William Os, of De Witt, who is 103. At Des Moines recently Mrs. Ruth McPherson Morris celebrated her one hundred and first birthday.

At Ottumwa, George M. Lentner celebrated his one hundredth birthday, and at Wall Lake lives a woman who remembers George Washington, and who claims to be about 110.

A MISSING STAMP

By L. L. Robinson

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Leonard Bromfield was one of those children of fortune, who for the greater part of the year had nothing to do. Leonard was by no means a lover of solitude, in general, yet possessing every access to the pleasures of society and companionship, he was suddenly seized, one gay and charming summer, with the desire for solitary rambling apart from the noisy world, so he bade farewell to the haunts of city and fashion, and buried himself in the peaceful shelter of a rural hamlet.

It was on a certain day when, having sought refuge from an ardent August sun, Leonard stood in the Brushville store, idly awaiting the mail. It was on the glass show-case that his eye was resting, and upon a certain white envelope, which he was morally sure had presented itself to his vision innumerable times before; yet for the first time it seemed actually demanding his attention. A rather soiled and crumpled missive, but inscribed distinctly with the address:

Miss Dorothea Winthrop, N—ville, Va.

Half unconsciously he had read these same words repeatedly, but unobserved hitherto, a few less legible pen-strokes on the corner of the envelope now attracted his glance. In



"Is That Letter Detained Only for Want of a Stamp?"

a cramped and apparently nervous hand was traced the old-timed entreaty, "In haste!"

"In haste," repeated Leonard, smiling involuntarily at the innocent device. Another glance, and quickly he noted the absence of the customary stamp.

Turning abruptly to the store-keeper leaning idly over the counter, Leonard asked, briefly:

"Is that letter detained only for want of a stamp?"

"That's all," replied the other, serenely. "It was dropped in the mailbox, just as you see it, two weeks ago, and I put it there, in full sight, thinking whoever mailed it would probably see and rectify the mistake."

"Two weeks!" repeated Leonard, meditatively, "and all for the want of a two-cent stamp! Why, man, I should think you would have put one on yourself," he added, with fine disregard of the principles of finance.

"Well, hardly," replied the postmaster, coolly, "not if you had to handle a dozen or so letters a week. Let me begin that, and half the letters would come in minus a stamp."

"Well, put one on now, at any rate," said Leonard, promptly laying a coin on the counter; "two weeks, indeed, for a letter in haste! Why, there is no telling what is being withheld from Miss Dorothea Winthrop!"

It was Wednesday on which this little occurrence had stirred, for a moment, the surface monotony of Leonard's existence; but by Friday it had quite slipped from his mind, and was not even recalled as once more he stood at the door of the store, serenely awaiting the coach, which was already approaching at its own deliberate pace.

A moment later, and the mail-bag was swung into the hand outstretched to receive it; but, contrary to the usual routine, the driver did not at once direct his course to the stable, for the needed change of horses. Leaving his box, he proceeded to the door at the rear of the vehicle to assist a passenger to alight, a slight, girlish form, and a pale, timid face looked anxiously about.

With tremulous eagerness marking voice and manner, she turned to the nearest by-stander.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Redbank Farm, and where I can get a conveyance to take me there?"

"I think perhaps I can assist you. At the place where I am boarding there is an old buggy and horse, and if I can procure its use and you will accept my services, I will gladly drive you to the farm mentioned."

"The soft gray eyes were lifted to his face with a glow of trust and gratitude that would have repaid the speaker for a far greater offer."

"Oh, I cannot tell you how grateful I should be," she said, fervently, "and perhaps I could sit here in the store, till you have made inquiry."

"Undoubtedly," replied Leonard, promptly, and escorting his protegee to a seat within, he hastened away in her service.

"The ready sympathy and aid accorded her in her dire need, had quickly won the confidence of his fair companion, and her ardent appreciation of the kindness thus bestowed, inspired the desire to render herself as agreeable and as little burdensome as possible; and ere a mile lay behind them, her little story had been briefly confided; how her father, being in adverse circumstances, had left her three months before in N—ville, with friends, while he had gone out in the country to begin life anew."

As the villagers had informed him, the road was neither difficult nor obscure, and in little more than an hour he drew rein before the comfortable looking country house known as Redbank Farm.

Almost before he could assist her, his eager companion had sprang lightly to the ground, and was already at door, while Leonard more deliberately secured the horse. He could not bring himself to leave her thus abruptly, without at least learning the result of her fears for the one so dear to her.

Advancing therefore to the door through which he had seen her disappear, he was met by a woman whose kind face betokened unmistakable gravity.

"It is fortunate you have brought her," she said, with the ready communicativeness common to rural districts, and evidently supposing that Leonard had accompanied her young visitor as a friend or relative. "The poor man has been callin' for her day and night, and I hope now he'll die peaceful."

"What!" cried Leonard, with startled emotion that surprised himself, "do you mean to say he is so ill as that?"

"So ill," repeated his hostess. "Why, he cannot last more'n an hour, I should say. Why was his girl so slow in comin'? I wrote a letter for him myself, when he was first took, near three weeks ago, and I took care to write on the back of it: 'in haste!'"

"For the simple reason that the letter did not reach her till yesterday," replied Leonard, almost resentfully. "How could it go through the mail with no stamp upon it?"

"No stamp!" repeated the woman, a look of deep contrition suddenly overspreading her countenance. "Deary, deary! I never thought o' that! I haven't wrote a letter since I was a girl, when they used to be paid for at the other end. I never thought o' the stamp!"

She turned hastily away, and Leonard instinctively followed to the room near by, where as she softly opened the door, they both stood motionless on the threshold.

"It was truly a scene to move the stoniest heart. With a reckless hand the girl had tossed her hat aside, and kneeling on the floor at the bedside, her head was buried on the breast of the sick man, his wan hand resting caressingly but helplessly on the soft brown tresses. But on his pallid face, worn by illness and many a trace of sorrow, beamed now a smile of ineffable peace and satisfaction, while in whispers came the words:

"I knew you would come, my darling; I knew I could not go without seeing you once more."

Heart-broken sobs convulsing the slight young form alone answered him, till at last came the cry:

"Oh, father, do not leave me! You will not die and leave me all alone!"

The piteous appeal seemed suddenly to disturb that rapture of peace which the fulfillment of his ceaseless prayer had brought, and over the dying face crept a visible shade. Helplessly he gazed upon the head pillowed on his breast, and then as with mute supplication he raised his dim eyes; they fell by chance as it were, full on Leonard's pitying face. In a moment the latter stood beside him.

"I am a stranger to you and your daughter," he said, soothingly, "but if I can do anything for you, you have only to ask."

"Only be a friend to her if you can," whispered the dying man, with painful effort, increased by the emotion stirred within him, and with one more glance of utterable love upon her he was leaving, his eyes closed, and the stillness of death fell softly upon the sick room.

Through all the autumn and winter months that followed, faithfully he discharged the trust so generously undertaken, proving himself the safest of friends and counsellors. In the spring suddenly Leonard awoke to find himself a prisoner fast caught in the net which Love had woven of threads spun by chance.