

MADE BRAVE FIGHT

CONVICT'S REMARKABLE BATTLE FOR FREEDOM.

Record Walk Across Africa Is His—How He Reached Europe Only to Fall Into the Hands of His Enemies.

News was received in London recently of the death of Joseph Creswick, who while fleeing from justice accomplished one of the most remarkable walking feats on record, says the London Globe.

Creswick was undergoing a sentence for forgery in Rhodesia and while being conveyed from one prison to another by train (as reported some months ago) conceived the idea of escaping from his guards. As his legs were heavily ironed the task was by no means an easy one, but one night, when the train in which he was being conveyed was between Bulawayo and Salisbury and his guards were asleep Creswick quietly opened the carriage door and jumped out. When he reached the ground he fell but was not badly hurt. During the remainder of the night he shuffled along in the dark and at daybreak could see the railroad in the distance. He decided to walk in a straight line from it, which he did for several days, still with his feet shackled.

Day after day and night after night he rubbed his irons with the sharpest pieces of rock he could find until at last he was able to throw his manacles aside. After this Creswick went on with great strides through the unknown country in which he found himself, his sole object being to get to some white settlement.

Some weeks after his escape the wanderer had a wonderful piece of luck. In a hut apparently belonging to a settler he found a gun and some ammunition, which under the circumstances he did not hesitate to take possession of. With the gun he managed to shoot several zebras and other animals, which provided him with a welcome meal; but unfortunately his gun got out of order before his ammunition became exhausted and he had to rely upon fruit for his sustenance.

Just when Creswick was coming to the conclusion that he had been walking 'round and 'round without making much progress he fell in with some natives, who gave him certain directions as to how to find "a very long water," which Creswick concluded must mean the River Congo, and for several more weeks he continued his tramp.

Eight months after his escape from the train between Salisbury and Bulawayo Creswick was found by a party of Belgians lying in a weak and feverish condition about two hundred miles from Leopoldville on the Congo. They nursed him back to health and strength. At Bomba, arrayed in all the glory of a pair of cricket flannels and a football jersey provided by his new friends, the fugitive found a ship on which he worked his passage to Antwerp. From there he got a ship to London. That, however, led to his undoing, for while walking in White-chapel he was recognized by Detective Inspector Belcher of Scotland Yard, who arrested him on the charge of escaping from lawful custody.

He was taken subsequently to Rhodesia as a fugitive offender, and for his escapade he was sentenced to a further term of six months imprisonment during which he died.

Fire Means Free Lunch.

The fire alarm sounded and a vagrant who had been huddled in a dark hallway crept out and joined the crowd hurrying to the midnight fire. Presently others of his fraternity appeared.

"Why do all you Johnnies always break your necks to get to a fire?" said a man who was something of a fire fiend himself.

The vagrant pointed to a woman who was emerging from a nearby apartment house carrying a pail of steaming coffee.

"There's the answer," he said. "At every winter fire that gives the firemen a hard tussle the women of the neighborhood bring out coffee and sandwiches to brace them up. Sometimes the firemen have time to snatch a bite, sometimes they don't. Anyhow there is sure to be something left over, and the women—well, it's a hard hearted woman that won't give a poor devil a cup of coffee a night like this."

The man kept an eye on his candid derelict. He got two cups of coffee and two sandwiches.

Favorite Food.

"At the age of 70 years a man has consumed 95 tons of food, it is said," remarked the lady at the head of the boarding house table.

"And how many of those tons are represented by prunes, do you suppose?" asked the man with gray beard and squeaky voice.

Anything Familiar to You?

"Why do men climb mountains?" asks the New York Sun. Possibly it's so that people who don't believe they ever did can organize a party to go to the top of the mountain next summer.

Attractive.

"That widow is very attractive," "Attractive nothing! She is as ugly as a mud fence."

"I was thinking of the insurance she collected on the death of her late husband."—Houston Post.

GOT RID OF THE KANGAROOS

Veracious Sailor Explains How Circumstances Adapted Themself to Do Him a Great Favor.

"Farming on the Murrumbidgee river, down New South Wales way," said the sailor, "I was pestered to death by kangaroos. Every moonlight night they'd come and eat my grain."

"Well, I put out some traps, and one night I landed a fine big kangaroo that I named Joe. Joe got to be quite a pet. He learned to eat out of my hand, and when the cold weather came on, I rigged him up in one of my old sailor suits—blue blouse, flat hat and wide-legged trousers, all complete."

"The kangaroos that had kept away all this time turned up one evening, and just to see what would happen, I fastened a big dinner bell around Joe's neck and let him loose."

"Clang! clang! clang! clang!" "Joe made for his friends like a fire engine. And in the moonlight he looked so weird in his loose suit, flying through the air with great leaps, that the herd took to its heels with squeals of fright."

"Like the wind they made off, and Joe clanged after them. They never troubled my grain no more. In fact, I never seen them again but wunst. That was a morning two days later."

"I was eatin' breakfast, when past the house flew that whole herd of kangaroos, a hundred or more, at a speed I never have saw equalled by man, beast or motor car. Their tongues lolled out, their eyes rolled and their bones fair stuck out of the skin. They was wrecks. Now and then they turned their haggard heads to look back, then tore on at a faster clip than before. And behind them, with his clang, clang and his loose blue togs, came Sailor Joe."

"Well, the bunch disappeared in a grove of gum trees, and that was the last I ever heard of them. True, I did see in the paper the following spring that a mound of kangaroo skeletons had been found 800 miles north of my dugout, and the skeleton on top of the mound had a dinner bell around its neck. Could it have been Joe?"—Exchange.

Leopold II. and Racine.

Among the many stories told of the late king of the Belgians is one which shows his majesty in a pleasing light. A Paris society entertainer was at Brussels and the king, who was indisposed, sent for her to read to him Racine's "Andromache."

The lady obeyed the summons with misgivings, but she was soon undeceived. For two hours the king listened to the reading. The tender passages seemed, so the lady says, to make the least impression upon his majesty, but frequently during the heavier parts he interrupted the reading to observe, "Racine is a powerful writer," or a similar comment.

Toward the end a court attendant announced the arrival of some visitors, who had an appointment. The king turned to the reader and said, "You finish, if you please, mademoiselle," and to the attendant he observed, "Ask the ladies to wait. Tell them the king is engaged with an ambassador."

Royal Red Tape for German Princess.

The feature of the imperial court season will be the debut of the kaiser's only daughter, the Princess Victoria Louise, who was 17 last September. She is the burden of a dispatch from Berlin. She is not pretty, but is tall, slender, graceful and as vivacious as her father. She will be the center of attention at the court balls.

The princess will be obliged to choose her own partners from the young officers of the crack regiments, as no civilian is ever allowed to dance with an imperial princess. Moreover, the princess must not choose the same partner more than once nor at two successive balls, in order to avoid gossip.

The officers she ought to choose are indicated by her ladies-in-waiting. The choice goes by rank and title. Though the princess may lose her heart to any officer she will not be permitted to marry one not of royal birth. Her first season, bound about with all this red tape, is likely to prove somewhat less happy than that of debutantes who are not of royal state.

Emperor in Role of Good Samaritan.

Emperor William acted the good Samaritan in his walk Thursday afternoon, says a dispatch from Berlin.

While returning to the castle through the tiergarten afoot, accompanied by an adjutant, after visiting the hunting exposition in the zoological gardens, his majesty found an unconscious man lying in a lonely spot.

He immediately knelt and tried to revive the man, at the same time sending his adjutant to fetch a cab. When the vehicle arrived, the emperor and adjutant lifted the still senseless man into it, ordering that he be driven to a hospital.

The emperor continued his walk and later telephoned to the hospital and learned that the man had recovered. He was one of the unemployed and had fainted from fatigue and hunger. His majesty ordered that the man be kept at the hospital, and promised to help him find work.

A Slight Mistake.

An old gentleman of 84 took to the altar a very young damsel. The clergyman led the way to the font.

"What do I want with the font?" asked the aged bridegroom.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" answered the clerical wit. "I thought you brought the child to be christened."—Judge.

HERO IS FORGOTTEN

FEW BOSTON PEOPLE VISIT HOME OF PAUL REVERE.

Outsiders Largely Pay Tribute to This Patriot of Revolutionary Days—Children Lead Their Parents to the Place.

Visitors to the Paul Revere house in North square, opened about a year ago as a public museum, number relatively few Bostonians, and according to the custodian the larger number of Boston people who do go to the house are with guests from other places whom they are "showing the sights," says the Boston Herald.

"This is my first visit here," said a Boston business man one day recently, on entering the house. "I am over fifty, and have lived in Boston all my life. I have always had it in mind to come down this way some day, and the only reason I didn't was because I thought I could come any day. I finally got here through the interest of a young son of mine. He came home from school the other day bubbling over with Paul Revere's ride, that the teacher had been reading to him. He asked question after question that I was not able to answer. 'What did Paul Revere's house look like—how old was it now?' His teacher said it was about 100 years old when Paul bought it—a fact that was news to me. The teacher also told him there was an old flint-lock fowling piece in the house which was Paul's own gun, and that youngster wanted to know just what it looked like, and how was it different from other guns. The lad stumped me, so I said I wouldn't put off this visit another day."

According to the custodian, this case is a parallel of many.

"Parents are awakened to the significance of the place, and its teachings when their children begin to ask questions which they find they cannot answer. A little later these same parents will come again, accompanied by their children, and you may hear one say proudly, 'Here son, look at this gun, which was once Paul Revere's, and listen now while dad tells you all about it.'"

"Only a few children come here as yet," said the custodian. "There is much here of historic interest, and children should be taught more frequently about Paul Revere as a matter of patriotism. Once in a while a school teacher brings a delegation of pupils. Sometimes Sunday school teachers do the same."

"In many cases foreign children of the North end can relate more facts about Paul Revere and his famous ride and about the old North church than the children of Boston. I know one bright little American-born Italian boy to whom Paul Revere is the most wonderful hero in the world."

In summer the visiting list at the house is much larger than in the winter months. The summer attendance is largely made up of westerners.

Charles Lamb's Friend.

Who is the most absent-minded man on record? asks the London Chronicle. Our bus conductor, possibly, if one knew more about him, might rival Lamb's friend, George Dyer, who, leaving Lamb's Islington home at broad noonday, walked straight into the New river. He was known to take up a coal scuttle instead of his hat, to walk home with a footman's cockade on, and even to leave one of his shoes under the table and get well on his homeward way before discovering its loss. He called at a friend's in Bedford square one morning, heard that the family was away in the country, left his name in the visitors' book, and a few hours later called again and was astounded to see his own freshly written name. Once when Procter breakfasted with him Dyer forgot tea. The omission being noted, he filled the teapot with ginger. Procter left as soon as he could to get a better breakfast at a coffee tavern, and there Dyer strolled in and asked him how he was, quite unconscious of having seen him earlier.

Old English Bookkeeping.

Not so many years ago our national system of bookkeeping was almost as clumsy as the primitive method of counting on fingers, says the London Chronicle. This was the exchequer way of keeping accounts by means of notched sticks of elm wood called tallies, a plan that strongly resembled Robinson Crusoe's mode of keeping his calendar on the desert island. In the reign of George III. an inquiry was made by some revolutionary spirit as to whether pen, ink and paper could not be substituted, but the whole civil service rose against the innovation. It took many years to get the sticks abolished. And when they were privately and confidentially burned in a stove at the house of lords in 1834 the paneling of the room caught fire and both houses were reduced—with the tally sticks—to ashes. Such is the dreadful thing that happens when the upper chamber touches finance!

A Lot of Them Have.

The beggar approached the pedestrian.

"Could you let me have a quarter to get something to eat?" he asked piteously.

"I have nothing but a two-dollar bill, my good man," said the kindly faced person.

"That's all right, governor," said the beggar, his face lighting up. "I've got change for a two spot."

ASK NATIONS TO SAVE BIRDS.

America to Urge Bird Conservation at International Conference.

New York, February 23, 1910.—To urge the world powers to unite in checking the commercial butchery that is known to be rapidly exterminating the most valuable bird species from the face of the globe, a conservative movement of international scope was organized in this city today. At the fifth quinquennial convention of the International Ornithological congress, which will be held in Berlin on May 30th, an American representative from the National Association of Audubon societies has been instructed to present for the consideration of the nations a plan for uniform protection against the army of poachers that scour the earth to supply its great millinery markets with the plumage of billions of the birds, on whose natural activities the human race must depend for agricultural prosperity and sanitary safety. To enlist Mexico in a tripartite agreement with the United States and Canada in the interest of the migratory birds of the North American continent, a representative from this country is also preparing to appear before the Mexican congress.

Headed by the National association of Fish and Game Commissioners, the North American Fish and Game Protective association and the American Ornithologists' union, as well as the National Association of Audubon societies, this campaign of protest against the rapid destruction of the feathered resources of every land will be carried from this country to all civilized nations. Testimony from the foremost agricultural and hygienic scientists showing the great part played by the insect eaters in checking crop pests and by the sea birds in averting pestilence, is now being prepared as proof of the immediate need of their international protection. Until the authorities of every nation join to check the illegal raids of the scouts for the millinery markets, who are scouring the ends of the earth more widely each year, the ornithologists declare no hope can be held out against quick and final extinction of the most useful bird species that inhabit every land.

Details of the recent raid of Japanese poachers upon the bird reserves of the United States about Hawaii have just been received here and will be laid before the coming international conference with the growing demand for reciprocal bird protection among the nations. Tens of thousands of the most valuable Pacific-American species with the skins and wings of over 250,000 birds have been found to be some of the booty that the revenue cutter Thetis brought back with twenty-five subjects of Japan who had been landed on American soil to put in a year at killing and mutilating the tame flocks on these remote islands. The value of these bloody trophies in the wholesale millinery market is estimated at some \$100,000, while the bird life that the Japanese destroyed in taking them is calculated to be worth to the people of this country at least a million dollars.

"As long as billions of the most economically valued birds of the earth may be destroyed in some countries and shipped to the millinery centers in others, it will be impossible to prevent their ultimate extinction," said William Dutcher, president of the National association today. "For instance the bird of paradise, one of the most striking and beautiful of Nature's creations—is now on the verge of extinction. The sale of the plumage cannot be checked until the nations cooperate to this end. This trade in feathers is the chief cause of the world's alarming loss of its bird resources which are essential to the health and prosperity of the human race every-

where. Migratory birds know no geographical lines and we do not believe their existence should be menaced any longer by the lack of the uniform protective laws we propose to advocate to the world powers."

Dissolution Notice.

The corporation heretofore existing in the name of the Falls City Park and Improvement company—wherein John Lichty, W. A. Greenwald, John Powell, W. W. Jenne and T. J. Gist, all of Falls City and state of Nebraska. This corporation is dissolved by mutual consent.

The affairs of said corporation are all adjusted and settled.

JOHN LICHTY,
W. A. GREENWALD,
JOHN W. POWELL,
W. W. JENNE,
T. J. GIST.

Subscribed and sworn to this 12th day of February, 1910.

John W. Powell, Notary Public.
My commission expires Nov. 24-15.

At The Gehling.

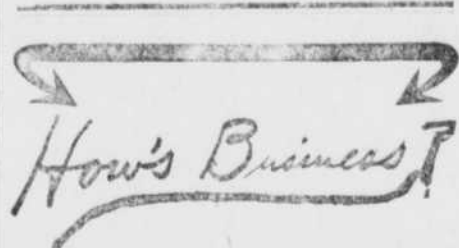
Hypnotism plays a unique part in that musical melodrama, "The Phantom Detective," a part that has caused endless discussion by the believers or incredulous in the wonderful occult art. There are many who claim that no person under the influence can do wrong; others claim they can, and the villain in "The Phantom Detective" supplies an endless topic of discussion by exposing in a complete manner many of the theories held for and against hypnotic influence. Thirty people are in the cast; a chorus of exceptional talent and good looks, the greatest of all quartettes, the American Newsboys' quartette, a case of real lions and two car loads of special scenery, electrical and mechanical effects are used in "The Phantom Detective," which comes to the Gehling Theater Thursday, March 3, under the management of the Rowland & Clifford Amusement Co.

No enterprise that could under present conditions be induced to come to Falls City could possibly bring



to our town as much by way of substantial income, as a standard high grade commercial school, such as Mr. Danner contemplates organizing. It is estimated that in three years the school should have at least 200 students. Two hundred commercial students in one year would leave in Falls City not less than \$40,000 in hard cash, besides the moral and social advantages gained from having such a large body of live, energetic young people among us. We believe that the proposition made to the Commercial club by Mr. Danner Tuesday evening represents, from a strictly economic point of view, the best thing yet offered us. It will be a serious mistake for the city to permit this matter to lay at all. It is a worthy proposition and should be given the necessary support at once.

Pioneer of Shorthand Writing. Phonographic shorthand writing was the invention of Pitman, in 1837.



THIS ad. is directed at the man who has all the business in his line in this community.

Mr. Merchant—You say you've got it all. You're selling them all they'll buy, anyhow. But at the same time you would like more business. Make this community buy more.

Advertise strongly, consistently, judiciously.

Suppose you can buy a lot of washtubs cheap; advertise a big washtub sale in this paper. Put in an inviting picture of a washtub where people can see it the minute they look at your ad. Talk strong on washtubs. And you'll find every woman in this vicinity who has been getting along with a rickety washtub for years and years will buy a new one from you. That's creative business power.

OUR AD. RATES ARE RIGHT—CALL ON US

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Make Success

In Baking an absolute certainty by using

Gold Coin Flour

Don't be satisfied with just fairly good flour, but INSIST upon getting G.O.-L-D C-O-I-N. Ask your grocer.

An Up-to-Date Shoe Repairing Shop

MODERN MACHINERY JUST INSTALLED

Bring in Your Repairing

H. M. JENNE SHOE STORE

HARNESS

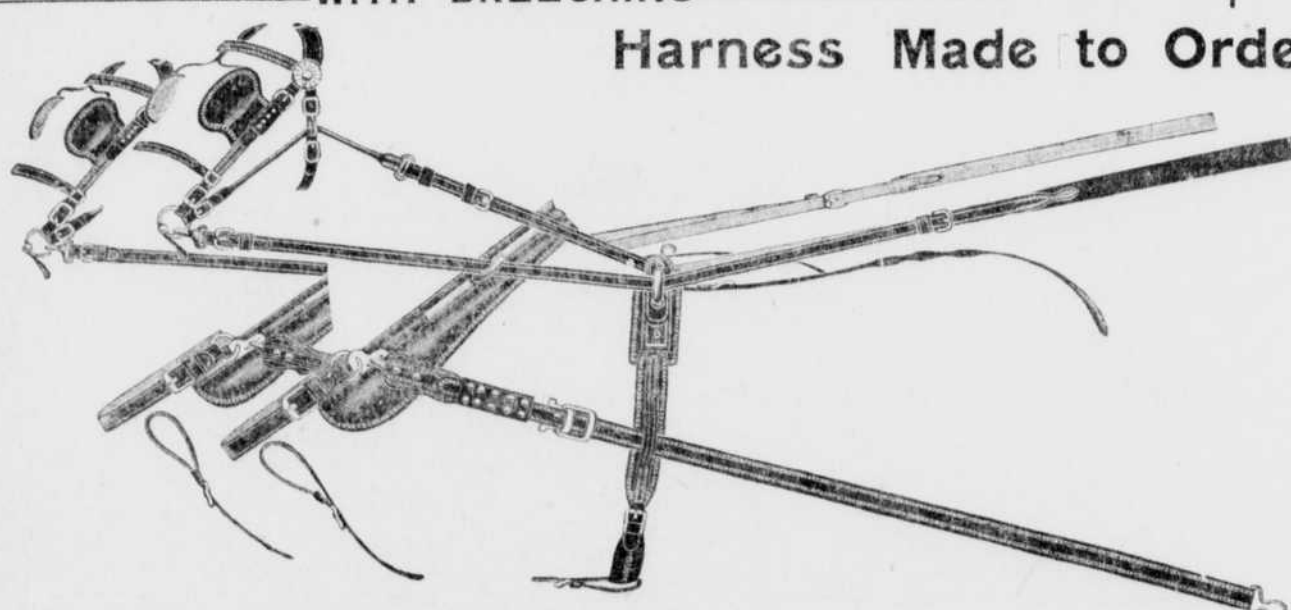
Best Harness on earth is made at Wachtel's. Saddles, Whips, Etc. Everything for the horse. Repairing and Oiling. Phone 384.

WACHTEL

A Good 1½ inch Farm Harness \$34.50

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