Cherry County Independent.

VALENTINE, - NEBRASKA

In Boston 100,000 women of lawful age refused to register and vote on the question of giving themselves the right to vote. Woman suffrage is not popular even among Boston women.

The first assistant postmaster general reports an actual and estimated saving in his bureau during the last fiscal year of $1,395,577. The saving resulted principally from investigation of overtime claims, stopping overtime and undertime and reductions of force. Considering the natural growth of business, the showing is a good one.

The number of pieces of dead mail matter received at the dead letter office during the last fiscal year was 6,319,873, which was a decrease of 781,171 pieces, or about 11 per cent, as compared with the receipts of the year before. This is a very considerable decrease, considering that the quantity of mail matter handled was much greater last year than the year before. Whether the decrease resulted from greater care on the part of the people in addressing mail matter or from greater skill in deciphering on the part of postmasters and clerks is a question that does not admit of a definite answer.

A dispatch from Omaha states that the sugar trust is trying to bar the beet sugar product of Nebraska out of the American market. The story is that the trust has notified jobbers and dealers that if they sell the refined product of Nebraska factories the trust will not sell them the cheaper grades which are not produced by the principal beet sugar refineries. As a consequence it is stated that over $100,000 worth of Nebraska made sugar is stored in warehouses in Omaha. The purpose of the trust seems to be to destroy the beet sugar industry of Nebraska or compel producers to turn over the raw product to the trust to be refined. If a boycott by workingmen is unlawful, as the courts have repeatedly declared it to be, what shall be said of this move of a corporation which has almost a monopoly of the sugar refining business in this country to destroy an industry?

Does it pay a nation any better than it pays a man to persistently meddle in the affairs of others? Did it pay England to step in as she did between Russia and Turkey seventeen years ago and check the progress of events? Russia had fairly whipped the armies of the Porte and had concluded the treaty of San Stefano, by which Turkey gave her important territorial and other concessions, which England, acting in confederation with other European powers, forced Russia to relinquish. What is the result? One result is that Turkey is to-day snapping her fingers in England's face, and perpetrating atrocities upon the Christian population of her dominions identical with the outrages in redress of which Russia went to war in 1877. More than once before this the temper of the English people has been such as to force English statesmen to consider the claims of humanity as well as the suggestions of diplomacy in dealing with the Turkish question. If Russia should undertake to drive the Sultan out of Europe at this time it is doubtful if England would interfere in her behalf. Indeed, the likelihood is strong that England and the other great powers of Western Europe may join Russia in administering the drubbing. In that case there will be a division of the territorial spoils of war. But it is hardly possible that England will be able to longer keep Russia from gaining access to the Mediterranean Sea.

It is time that a special course in the science and art of docking men of war should be established in the United States naval academy or else that some new form of construction of this new navy of ours which has moved so many pens and pencils to flights of poetic and pictorial achievement should be adopted. A few months ago we turned out of our shipyards what was enthusiastically heralded as the fastest cruiser afloat. In our pride we sent her abroad to show her in friendly guise to the Britons—this was before the days of Dunraven and his little international episode. The Columbia had been afloat only a few weeks when it became necessary to put her in dry dock. A war ship has to be docked about as often as a racing yacht and repaired about as frequently and at greater cost. Anyone who follows with any degree of care the career of a modern ship of war from the time it is put in commission will note that the two duties upon which it is most persistently engaged are getting its bottom scraped and going into dock for repairs. Somebody once said that it was more difficult to keep a small sailing yacht than a mistress. To keep a man of war afloat seems to be a task involving more perplexity and diplomacy than the righteous Solomon must have exerted with his whole thousand wives. No sooner did the Columbia come out of the British dry dock than it was discovered that all sorts of things unintelligible to a landsman had happened to her hull. There were dents in her plates and her frames had buckled. Her seams had opened and in general she was reported to be in a state of melancholy maritime collapse. Her commander was court-martialed for his share in the docking and wept profusely on the stand while giving his testimony. What has happened him after his touching display of lachrymose emotion has not been reported. Perchance he too is to be taken from the tossing billows and put into dry dock. But his downfall and punishment, whatever the latter may have been, seemed to have exerted no deterrent effect upon his comrades in the service nor do they appear to have learned any more concerning the mysteries of docking. Only a few weeks ago with much blaring of brass and clanging of cymbals we announced to the world that the United States, which had long lagged superfluous on the naval stage, had launched the most powerful battleship afloat. The world and our people, who incidentally paid some $5,000,000 for this iron-bound craft, were assured that none of John Bull's floating arsenals might longer hope to sail up the Narrows and put New York under contribution. The weight of the armor of the Texas, the power of her armament, her marvelous coal capacity and her superlative speed were all commented upon learnedly by the press of the nation. But the Texas, too, has succumbed to her commander, aided by the sinister devices of the dry dock. She, too, though only eight or ten weeks out of the navy yard, had to be docked, and her frames are buckled and her bottom dented and all the other things horrible and mysterious which can befall a man of war have happened to her. Plates will have to be taken out, frames reinserted, the ship put out of service for two or three months and some hundreds of thousands of dollars expended upon her before the foul work of the treacherous dock can be remedied. Perhaps, however, it is not just to criticise the commanders of these vessels for the disasters that have befallen them. Considering the very considerable time which all men of war spend in the dry dock, the mistake of our naval architects has doubtless been in planning these vessels with a view to any service afloat.

Images You Cannot Count.

Close to an interesting pool in Japan is the avenue of images, representing the Amida Buddha. The idols vary in size, but are similar in design. There are several hundred of them altogether, and they sit facing one another in two long rows. We asked the little Jap who brought us to the place how many of them there were. In an awed whisper he replied:

"Nobody knows."

Then he told us how impossible it was to count them. Each image was made unsightly by having numbers of little bits of paper stuck on to it, and chewed bits of paper which had been spat at it; the object of this disfiguration we failed to discover, though our friend Hojo informed us they were put on by the young priests, a part of whose novitiate it was to attempt to count the Buddhas.

There is evidently something wrong with these idols, for no one has ever been able to reckon them up the same twice over, in spite of sticking a piece of paper to tick each one off. Of course two unsuperstitious Englishmen were not to be humbugged by native stories, so my traveling companion and I, thinking the whole thing ridiculous, decided to count the mysterious images. We started on co-operative lines—each taking a side of the avenue. Our efforts, however, were fruitless, for we had not numbered off more than a dozen each, before my companion—whose eyes were not so good as they had once been—shouted across to me:

"I say, I saw one of them on your side moving; I'm certain I did; they're uncanny—let's give it up."

This interruption, of course, upset all my calculations, but we soon came on the moving image, which turned out to be nothing more than that of an old Frenchman, seated peacefully among the statues, and looking in his white clothes for all the world like a jolly fat old Buddha.

Fiddling for a Howling Mob.

Once Cherubini had to figure as a fiddler in spite of himself. In the stormy days of 1792 it was a perilous experiment to walk the streets of Paris. During an occasion of more than ordinary excitement the composer fell into the hands of a band of sans-culottes who were roving about seeking musicians to conduct their chants. To them it was a special gratification to compel the talent that had formerly delighted royalty to minister now to their gratification. On Cherubini firmly refusing to lead them, a low murmur was heard from the crowd, and the fatal word, "Royalist! Royalist!" went up.

At this critical moment one of Cherubini's friends—also a kidnapped musician—seeing his imminent danger thrust a violin into his unwilling hands and bade him head the mob. The whole day these two musicians accompanied the hoarse and overpowering yells of the revolutionary horde, and when at last a halt was made in a public square, where a banquet was served Cherubini and his friend had to mount empty barrels and play until the feasting was over.

A Buster.

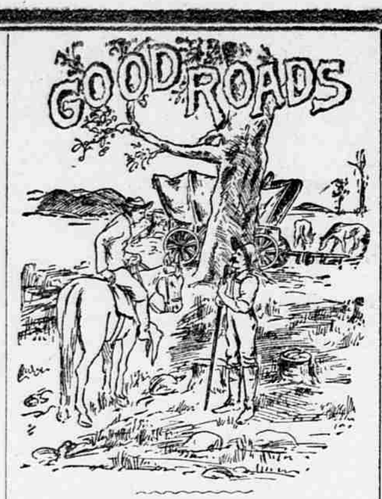
Boys and men who have neither traveled far nor read much sometimes have contracted notions as to the size of the globe we inhabit.

A country lad, brought up in the mountains of West Virginia, once accompanied his father on a visit to his uncle, who lived in an adjoining county. After his return home, he put on airs, and often referred to his visit, relating the "sights" he had seen to his associates, who listened with open-mouthed wonder.

One day something was said about the size of the world, when our hero thus delivered himself:

"I tell you what, boys, if the world is as big out the other way as it is the way me and pap was, she's a buster!"

In a game of ball among deaf mutes the profanity of fingers is perfectly awful to observe.



Too Much of a Good Thing.

It is "sand" that makes a man a "brick,"
With strength to carry his load;
But the average soul is sure to kick
When he finds it spread too bloomin' thick
Along life's weary road.

Value of Good Roads.

"Here in Virginia the value of good roads can be illustrated practically. In those sections where the country is traversed by thoroughfares improved in modern style, farms can be sold without effort. Intending purchasers know that a rich farm would be of little value if there were no way to reach a market with the products. For this reason many fine lands, with riches in the soil, are uncultivated and unsought. Good roads double and treble the value of such property. Let the good work of the Good Roads Association go on.—Lynchburg Advance.

An Argument for Good Roads.

A news item states that an impulse to the movement of good roads on the part of the authorities has been given at Los Angeles by a woman bicyclist, Miss Glover, who is suing the city for damages for severe injuries caused by falling into a hole in the pavement of Broadway in that city. It is thought there that a few verdicts against the city will do wonders toward securing good pavements. This is in accord with the views of the Uniontown judge who says that if a century road is in such condition as to hurt a wheelman the township is liable for damages. All good wishes to the bicycle. It will yet prove the argument for better highways.

Convicts as Road Builders.

The use of convicts on public roads has been intimately connected with the growth of road improvement in North Carolina. As far back as 1867 the State made provisions for the use of convict labor in road building. The Mecklenburg road law is a great improvement, and under its provisions many miles of the finest roads in the South have been constructed. Returns from eighty counties showed an average cost of 30 cents per day for keeping convicts, but by the use of convicts on the roads the cost has been reduced to a general average of 24 cents. Convicts are carefully described and photographed. Shorter term inducements are offered for good behavior. They are employed in road building, much as hired men, under a superintendent and without guard. They are allowed to remain at their homes from Saturday night to Monday morning. This novel experiment has been in operation a year and not a convict has attempted to escape or declined to labor faithfully, and the result has been a decided improvement. An examination of county records shows that but few convicts have escaped, convict health is better in road-building than when in jail, that their labor is more efficient than that hired at 50 to 75 cents per day, the cost of convict keep is reduced and fine roads are thus obtained at a minimum cost.

The Bird Did Not Fall.

People who were walking along a San Francisco street not long ago suddenly heard piercing cries from the upper story of a lodging house, says the Post of that city. A woman was leaning from a window and for a moment it was thought that some brute was trying to throw her out.

A second look, however, showed that she held in her hand a bird-cage. She had been hanging it out of the window to give her bird the sun, when the bottom dropped out. The startled bird was fluttering about the top of its prison, and the woman was screaming:

"Oh, he'll fall! he'll fall! My poor little birdie!"

This was only for a moment. With great presence of mind she turned the cage upside down, so that her pet could not drop out and be dashed upon the cruel pavement. And then the captive went sailing away over the tops of the buildings. For some reason he did not fall.

Edison Burned a Thousand Letters.

Thomas A. Edison went back to his house in Orange, N. J., last evening. He spent the day very quietly in the office of the Edison Electric Light Co. As he did not have anything in particular on his hands, and wasn't wrestling with any big problem, he just sat around and talked to President William D. Marks and the men. He is a most unassuming man, without any trace of big head, and enjoys a good story with all the heartiness of a boy in college.

He told Prof. Marks more strange and wonderful things that he had come upon in his laboratory work than the professor would have believed if he had heard them from anybody but Edison. Now and then he would flash out with one of his ideas, and Prof. Marks would realize that there was a giant at play in his office.

While, as president of the electric company, Prof. Marks began to dispose of a pile of correspondence, Edison told a story of consideration that few busy men would have for their stenographers.

"I get forty or fifty personal letters a day," said he. "People write to me from all parts of the world—not about my business, but their own. My stenographer was sick for six weeks, and the letters piled up, a couple of thousand of them. I didn't have any time to open them myself—other people's business, you know—so I left them there. By and by the stenographer got well; but just before he came back I took the letters and burned them. He couldn't attempt to go through 1,000 letters, could he?"

Prof. Marks' stenographer was impressed by the thoughtful act, but was also much shocked.

"Oh, nothing ever came of it," exclaimed the wizard, easily.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Outwitting an Indian.

Fighters of Indians need to be men of quick wit and a steady hand. Such a man was John Hawks, one of the settlers of Hadley, Mass. An exploit of this pioneer, in 1676, is narrated by the historian of Deerfield. The Indians had made an attack upon Hatfield, and troops from other towns had gone to the rescue. Among the men from Hadley was John Hawks.

Soon after the Hadley men got ashore John Hawks, who was behind a tree, heard some one call him by name. A Pocumtuck Indian, who had taken a position behind another tree, had recognized Hawks as an old acquaintance.

Hawks returned the compliment, and each man began taunting the other, and daring his enemy to come into the open and fight the thing out.

The Indian had the best of it, and was perfectly aware of his advantage. At any moment some of the gathering Indians were likely to come up behind Hawks and force him out of his cover. Under such circumstances, of course, the Indian was in no haste to expose himself.

However, the white man was not blind to the danger of his own situation. Something must be done, and that speedily. He knew what his adversary counted upon, and that gave him his clue.

All at once he sprang from behind his tree, and levelled his gun as if to repel an attack from another direction. The Pocumtuck took the bait, and sprang forward. He would capture Hawks the moment his gun was empty.

Quick as thought the white man wheeled, and before the Indian could raise his gun or reach his cover gave him a fatal shot. It was all the work of a few seconds, and Hawks, though wounded in the ensuing fight, lived to fight other battles.

In the City of Culture.

One of the Listener's friends, a lady, tells him this pleasant story, which rather goes against the common notion of a street car conductor's ways:

"I found myself on a moving electric car the other day minus my purse, having forgotten it for the first time in my life. I motioned violently to the conductor to let me off, so that I could go back after it. To my surprise, he did not stop the car, but came forward to my seat, handing me five cents—to ride home with and pay him some other day. He surmised, no doubt, that I was en route for the library and not for E. H. White & Co.'s. I was almost too much surprised to thank him adequately, but all day I felt as though something joyous had happened to me, and when I met my conductor again, which was not till almost a week after the occurrence, it was like meeting an old friend."

Boston culture sometimes crops out where one wouldn't expect it. In a popular restaurant the other day, where the prices are moderate and the waiters girls, a middle-aged business man, well dressed and of genteel appearance, beckoned to a waitress, pointed to some open windows and then said loudly:

"Can't ye shet down one o' them winders?"

Whereupon the girl called to the head waiter:

"This gentleman wishes to know if you won't please close one of those windows."—Boston Transcript.

Forced to Extravagance.

There is a man in Alexandria, says the Washington Post, who has a great deal of money, to which he is deeply attached. He has a well-preserved silk hat which he would like to wear every day, but silk hats are expensive, so he has been wearing his for these many years on Sunday. The last time the storks visited the Alexandria man's house they were generous. They brought twins, a boy and a girl. The father was sitting in the parlor when some one entered to bring the news. "Well, you're a father now," said he. "Boy or girl?" asked the Alexandria man. "Both—twins." "Great Scott!" cried the father, springing to his feet; "give me my silk hat. I might as well wear it every day now. What's the use trying to be economical, anyway?"

A Mormon Missionary in Maine.

A Lewiston lady says that she was coming up from Durham the other day and her carriage breaking down she had to stop several hours in a lonely house eight miles from Lewiston and while there she was introduced to a reverend looking gentleman who turned out to be a Mormon missionary. He showed her illustrations of Salt Lake City, the temple and the home of the people. He was evidently selected because of his persuasive powers of speech, for he placed the Mormon religion in a pleasant light, comparatively.

No man or woman ever lived who could steadily refuse to play the part of a martyr.

A man who sits around and boasts of his ancestors, makes a mighty poor ancestor himself.

FACTS ABOUT THE LATE EARTHQUAKE.

MAP SHOWING PRINCIPAL CITIES WHERE THE SHOCK WAS FELT.

● Principal cities where shock was felt.
————Route of earthquake from south to the north and northeast.

Initial point and southern extreme, Comayagua and Tegucigalpa, Honduras. Northern extreme, Green Bay, Wis. Western extreme, Beatrice, Neb. Eastern extreme, Cleveland, Ohio. Last point where shock was felt in North America, Chatham, Ont.

From Chatham the seismic shock made its way across the Atlantic to Rome and Naples, where its last wave was felt.

X Charleston, Mo., seismic focus, where shock was severest, causing the earth to open and water and sand to gush forth.

Time of shock—Great seismic disturbance at midnight, Oct. 16, at Tegucigalpa and Comayagua, Honduras. Earthquake at 5:07 a. m., Oct. 31, at Chicago, New Orleans and all points in Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio River valleys. Earthquake at 5:10 a. m., Nov. 1, at Rome and Naples. The time in all these instances is taken from the most definite telegraphic dispatches received in Chicago, science not having recorded the quake.

Latitude and longitude of boundary points of quake:

	Latitude.	Longitude
Tegucigalpa	14.6	86.55
New Orleans	29.58	90.4
Gadsden	34.3	86.5
Charleston, Mo.	36.57	89.21
Beatrice	40.17	96.42
Green Bay	44.30	88.66
CHICAGO	41.54	87.37
Cleveland	41.31	81.42
Chatham, Ont.	42.34	82.20
ROME, ITALY	41.54N.	12.30E

In the history of seismic disturbances in North America none are recorded of so far-reaching influence as this memorable mid-continent shock.

Dawn in a Guainia Forest.

The bats are settling themselves in the hollow trees or under dense masses of creepers, making mouse-like chirpings as they hang themselves up in their places. Here and there a lumbering moth looking out for a safe retreat until evening is fluttering lazily along before retiring to rest. The owl and goat sucker shrink before the light and also hurry off to their hiding places, making room for the brilliant families of day birds which are calling and chirping from the tree tops. The weird voice of the howling monkey now horrifies the stranger, filling him with wonder and recalling stories of banshees and ghosts retiring at cock crow. Then a flock of parrots or macaws is heard screaming far overhead, their glorious plumage flashing in the morning rays in metallic tints of golden yellow, green and crimson. The din would be almost unbearable were the birds near at hand, but Longman's Magazine says that as they rarely fly or perch low, their voices are mellowed by distance. Congregating on the highest trees—afar beyond the reach of the Indian's gun or blowpipe—they take their morning meal of fruit and nuts, chattering away like a lot of rooks in a clump of old elms. Here and there a toucan makes his presence known by yelping like a puppy. Looking up, you see the rich colors of his breast and wonder why his beak is so large and apparently ungainly. From the recesses of the forest comes the ting of the campareno, sharp and clear as a bell stroke, at moderately long intervals. Other birds utter their characteristic notes, most of these being quaint and curious, rather than musical. The birds of the tropics are brilliant in their plumage, but are almost wanting in melody, there being nothing at all resembling the chorus which makes the English woods so delightful on a summer's morning.

Dog Died of a Broken Heart.

Several years ago John G. Burckle removed from his Dakota ranch to Brooklyn, bringing with him, besides his family, a beautiful collie, which was the pet of the household. The death of Mr. Burckle occurred in October, 1893. It was the daily custom of the family to visit the last resting place of their dead, for the purpose of placing flowers upon his grave, and in these sad expeditions they were invariably followed by the faithful animal, who seemed to instinctively realize that these loving remembrances were intended for the master he loved so well. Try as they might, it seemed impossible to restrain the intelligent brute from mourning at his dead friend's resting place, and when the body was removed to the vault he appeared fully aware of what was taking place, and until his death, which occurred six months later, his mute but none the less pathetic appeal to follow the family when they repaired to his master's tomb were difficult to resist. The collie died of a broken heart, it is said, and to-day a faithful reproduction of the devoted animal in stone stands facing the closed bronze doors of the vault, a monument to the faithful love of a dog for his master.—Brooklyn dispatch to Cincinnati Post.

A Grasshopper Raid.

"I remember that during grasshopper time I was near the corner of Seventh and Delaware, and watched the approach of the insects from the west. I remember distinctly that it was in the afternoon. At first I noticed quite a number between myself and the sun. It was not long, however, before they seemed to come in clouds. The sun became darkened exactly as though a thunder storm was coming up. They were flying perhaps 400 or 500 feet high. It must have been less than an hour when the town was literally covered with grasshoppers, and in less than a day there was not a green thing to be seen anywhere. A great many people dug trenches in their yards, in the bottom of which they had piled paper and kindling wood. After sweeping hundreds of these pests into these trenches they were burned up. In walking along the streets one would crush hoppers under his feet. They went as they had come—almost in a moment. I suppose it was go or starve. They had eaten everything in sight, and, as a consequence, thought it best to seek other fields."—Kansas City Journal.

Talking Dogs.

There are but two recorded instances of dogs having been taught to articulate words in such a manner that they would resemble those uttered by a human being. The most famous of these cases was that of the celebrated "talking dog of Zeitz." The owner of this intelligent canine, a small boy, living at Zeitz, Saxony, imagined that his dog's voice strongly resembled certain words and sounds made by men.

Acting on this point, he soon trained the animal, a big Saxon mastiff, to distinctly utter some twenty-odd German words and about half a dozen from the French language. Although the young trainer devoted much time and patience to the queer task, he never succeeded in enlarging his pet's vocabulary above thirty words.

The rival of the famous "talking dog of Zeitz" was exhibited in Holland in 1718. Besides pronouncing several words, the Holland beast could articulate the names of all the letters of the alphabet except "l," "m" and "n."—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Extraordinary Practice.

Clara—"Have you met that young Dr. Huggins yet?"

Cora—"Yes; once."

"He is a homeopathic physician, isn't he?"

"I judge so by the way he kisses."—Yonkers Statesman.