The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXIV.--NUMBER 42. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER 1,238.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

Measles prevail to quite an extent at Silver Creek.

The second musical school is to be established in Lincoln.

A big wolf hunt in Custer county is billed for the 24th inst.

Juniata and Hastings last week felt slight shocks of earthquake.

The Argus claims that Red Cloud has been cleansed of all iniquity.

The ruins of the court house at Aurora are guarded day and night.

A series of cottage prayer meetings have been inaugurated in Fremont.

George Blodgett sold his farm of 240 acres west of Ashland for $8,000 cash.

Forty persons have lately united with the Baptist church at Cedar Rapids.

A wolf hunt near Marquette resulted in the death of one coyote and 102 rabbits.

York raised $800 in less than an hour to provide for the needs of its worthy poor.

The Peavy elevator at Hartington had a close call from destruction by fire.

There have been 130 tons of ice put up for the Kearney reform school this season.

The Grant Sentinel claims that cholera has never affected hogs in that county.

Wayne has an opportunity to secure a planing mill large enough to employ ten men.

The dedication of the Methodist church at Benedict takes place on the 28th inst.

The village of Syracuse has asked permission to add to its territory about forty blocks.

Steps are being taken in Fremont for the organization of a mutual fire insurance company.

Hamilton county gets $3,500 from the insurance companies to apply on its new court house.

A beaver weighing fifty-three pounds was trapped in the Blue river, near Beatrice, last week.

A mutual fire insurance company will be organized by residents of Cedar county, February 22.

Franklin county has purchased the brick creamery at Bloomington and will transform it into a jail.

Dr. George W. Martin, chaplain of the Kearney industrial school, gives a lecture entitled "Only a Boy."

One Bloom, an Omaha policeman, is on the rack for writing a threatening letter to the mayor of that city.

There is talk of organizing a driving park association at Grand Island and holding a summer trotting meeting.

Paralysis of the bowels was the cause of the death of John Kappert of Chadron, one of the best known engineers on the Elkhorn road.

There are only two Chinamen in Richardson county and they have been notified to register as provided by law or prepare to emigrate.

Two Omaha boys under ten years of age imbibed the spirit of adventure and ran away from home. They were captured at Grand Island and sent back.

A burglar tried to enter the postoffice at Beaver Crossing the other night, but two men were asleep inside the building and were awakened in time to scare away the thief.

John Orr of Dakota City offers a reward of $50 for information leading to the conviction of the parties who killed and carried away three fat hogs belonging to the party plaintiff.

Miss Kate Nicholson, of Nebraska City, who lost her mind during religious revival, died last week. The physicians attribute her illness to the excitement incident to the occasion.

An order was handed down by the supreme court last week requiring several persons to appear January 25, and tell what they know of the alleged robbery of the Plainview State bank, which is purported to have occurred July 24, 1893.

William Harstick, the 18-year-old son of Henry Harstick, accidentally shot himself last week near his home in St. Charles township, Cuming county. The charge entered his right arm near the shoulder, tearing out the muscles and arteries.

Last week while Mr. and Mrs. William Miller, who live south of Kearney about a mile, were visiting for a few moments at a neighbor's, their house was entered and thoroughly ransacked. A watch, coat, vest and $6 in cash are the articles stolen.

A systematic charity organization has been effected by citizens of York, with J. O. Steinbach, president; Mrs. C. C. Cobb, vice president; Rev. W. E. Schell, secretary; N. R. Lundeen, treasurer. A committee was appointed for each ward in the city to find those in need of help.

The Union Pacific depot at Cozad was totally destroyed by fire. The night operator noticed flames issuing from the roof, but as there was no fire apparatus in the vicinity, his efforts to quench the flames were unavailing. The fire is supposed to have been caused by a defective chimney.

Jonathan B. Hall sued James Sturgeon for $190.25 damages on account of alleged trespass, says the York Republican, and in H. H. Bowker's court he got a verdict for $1.00, and most of the costs were assessed to him, as Mr. Sturgeon offered him $4.00 in open court to settle the matter before it came to trial.

December 22, 1893, Abraham Haybarger of Shelton married Mrs. Ellen Tyler of Grand Island and now he is sorry and wants a divorce. He alleges infidelity as the first cause among other causes. He has learned since marriage that his wife was at one time an inmate of a disorderly house and hasn't recovered.

A young man named Rhodes was arrested and had a preliminary hearing at Utica on the charge of forgery. About six months ago he went to one of the Utica banks to borrow $100. A note was made out which he took away, coming back two days later with the name of Peter Swanson, a well-known farmer, as an endorser, and he was given the money. It now appears that Swanson never signed the note, and Rhodes was bound over to district court in bonds of $500.

—The poor of Nebraska want work, will you aid them by patronizing Nebraska manufacturers and increasing the demand for laborers. "Western goods for western people," is a good motto to nail over your door. Farrell & Co.'s brand of syrups, jellies preserves and mince meat; Morse-Coe boots and shoes for men, women and children; Consolidated Coffee Co.'s brand of coffee, extracts and yeast; Page Soap Co.'s Silver Leaf and Borax soap; American Biscuit & Manufacturing Co., Omaha, crackers; Union Life Insurance Co. of Omaha.

A committee of comrades from the Southeastern Nebraska Grand Army of the Republic, which includes the counties of Richardson, Pawnee, Nemaha, Gage, Otoe, Lancaster, Cass and Johnson, met in Tecumseh and located their reunion of 1894 at that place, which seemed the most available point.

Thomas Hutchinson of Kearney has completed drawings and written description on an invitation to carry electricity along the rail on electric street car lines and thus do away with the trolley. There is a reward of $50,000 to the inventor who will perfect and put in order such a system, and he thinks he has it.

Mrs. Frank B. Smith, wife of Baggageman Smith of the Rock Island depot at Beatrice, committed suicide by shooting herself through the heart. The cause of the tragedy is owing wholly to temporary insanity. The deceased was but 24 years of age, and the couple had been married but eighteen months. They have one child, born in October last.

On convening of court at Osceola the other day, Judge Sullivan, in an able and exhaustive review of the arguments for and against the motion for a new trial in the Deheney case, overruled that motion and turning to the prisoner, informed him that he had been found guilty of murder in the first degree by a jury of good men. The judge then sentenced him to be hanged on the 4th day of May next.

Several weeks ago E. A. Russell, a photographer from Arcadia, settled in Brownville and was doing a thriving business. One day last week Russell hired a team to drive to Auburn and from there he went to Nemaha City, leaving the team at the livery stable and took the train for parts unknown. It now has leaked out that Russel has another wife in Minnesota whom he deserted several years ago.

T. A. Fort of North Platte, president of the state irrigation association, was in Kearney and held a meeting in the city hall. As a result the Buffalo County Irrigation association was organized, with the following officers: President, L. S. Deets; vice president, Robert Richards; secretary, J. W. Moshier; treasurer, W. S. Hand. The president will call a public mass meeting to be held in two weeks.

The presumption of some people is wonderful, says the Shelton Clipper. Dodge county has something like fifty or sixty thousand sheep within her borders and the Fremont correspondent of the Omaha Bee claims that that is more than are being fed in any other county in the state. Why, bless your soul, Shelton alone is feeding almost twice that number, to say nothing of those being fed at Gibbon and other points in Buffalo county.

About thirty of the leading stockmen of Sheridan and Western Cherry county and the part of South Dakota adjacent thereto met in Gordon in convention and organized the Northwestern Stock association of Sheridan county, Nebraska, and adopted a constitution and by-laws. The object of the organization is the mutual protection of the interest of those engaged in the stock business and the enforcement of the laws relating to live stock.

A. E. Russell, a photographer, located in Brownville a few weeks ago and was doing a thriving business. He left suddenly for parts unknown, leaving all his belongings. It now develops that a wife whom he deserted in Minnesota was on his trail, and the fact had come to his knowledge. Russell, when he left Minnesota, ran away with a servant girl and robbed his wife of a large sum of money. An effort will be made to capture him.

The preliminary hearing at Gering of Milton Sterling of Wyoming on the charge of kidnapping one Harry Roberts from Scotts Bluff county and taking him into Wyoming without legal process resulted in the binding over to the district court of Sterling under $500 bonds. Roberts, who was convicted and is now in the penitentiary at Laramie, is said to be the tenth man who has thus been carried into Wyoming from western Nebraska in the last three or four years.

A Fairbury dispatch says: The sale of eighty acres of land here yesterday recalls a little history. The eighty in question is the one on which John C. Fremont camped in 1842 and from which camp he sent those messages to Washington containing the famous statement: "It never rains in Nebraska. This is the great American desert." Yesterday that eighty sold for $3,500 cash, and the man that bought it thinks it is a cheap slice of the "desert," too. It is in section 26, township 4, north; range 1, east, in Jefferson county.

At the meeting of the board of supervisors at Beatrice the resolution passed at the last meeting of the board directing that suit be at once begun against the indemnifying bondsmen of the Nebraska National bank to recover the $30,000 of county funds that are locked up in the suspended bank was rescinded. This action was taken in view of the fact that the receiver of the bank notified the creditors of the bank that a dividend of 15 per cent will at once be paid on all outstanding claims against the bank.

James J. Duffy lives at Grand Island and has four bright little children to his credit, but he is and has been since December 12 minus of a wife who ran away from home. After she had left he followed her to Lincoln and found her drawing a salary in a cheap hotel as a domestic. They had an interview and they agreed to return home in a week if he would precede her and care for the children until she arrived. He kept his part of the contract but she failed and now she has gone to parts unknown.

Ah Sam, the Chinese doctor at Lincoln, was arrested again last week on a complaint sworn out by the Lancaster County Medical association. This is the third time the doctor has been arrested on the charge of violating the statutes of the state in regard to practicing medicine, the only difference in the complaints being the time of the violation of the law. The medical society proposes to make a test case in order to see what force there is in the new medical law which requires physicians to secure a certificate before dealing out drugs or even professing to heal the sick.

The State Banking board, which took possession of the Farmers & Merchants bank at Talmage, has received a report of its condition. The last report made by the bank to the board was upon December 19, when it showed it held deposits to the amount of $6,194. The other principal liabilities are bills payable to the amount of $4,000. The bank holds notes and discounts to the amount of $18,044, and of this amount $16,394 is secured by two or more endorsers. The bank had but $578 in cash on hand at the date of its last report. Depositors, it is believed, will get all their money in time.

There will be a meeting held in O'Neill on January 30 and 31 to discuss the subject of irrigation, at which every one interested in the matter is earnestly requested to be present. It was decided at a previous meeting held at that place, at which an irrigation society was organized, to issue this call for a general meeting of all the counties of that part of the state interested in the subject, that a general interchange of ideas might be obtained and some plan formulated for utilizing the waters. In pursuance of their instructions the committee issued a call and repectfully requests all who can, from adjoining towns and counties, to be present and participate in the convention's deliberations.

HIS BERTHA.

They left the steamer together, arm in arm; some of the other passengers looked after them, and one or two smiled.

"The Cook's tourist circulars, among other things, advertise the fact that matches have been made on their excursions—congenial persons being thrown together, while doing Europe, who might never else have met," said a sarcastic-looking lady to her husband, who stood beside her.

"Oh, you don't mean to tell me so, my dear," said he.

"Really," she replied; "if no Cook's some other of the same sort, quite as respectable. You might drop a note to the managers of the line to add this item to their list of advantages."

"You think the young people have hit it off, I see," said the gentleman.

"I believe he is going directly to papa to ask for Miss Bertha," said the lady; "that is, if it is not an elopement."

"Seems to be a nice fellow," said the gentleman. "And she is very pretty."

"Pretty!" ejaculated the lady; "she hasn't a trace of beauty. She knows how to dress, that's all."

In spite of this criticism, it was a very charming girl who was walking up the long, busy street that led from the steamer wharf to Broadway; and the young man who walked beside her thought her the loveliest creature alive.

He had told her so many times during the voyage. Now he was telling her something more; he was making her an offer of his heart and hand.

"I know you are an orphan," he said, "and that there is no one to decide the question for you. The captain told me that he gave you lots of information about me, as I asked him to. You know 'm not an adventurer, but a respectable business man with good prospects, and it is only whether you can like me enough to marry me, Bertha."

He had never called her by her given name before, and as she heard him utter it she thought for the first time in her life that it was pretty.

"Oh, I think I could," she said softly. "You are likeable."

"I wish we were where I could kiss you," he said.

She laughed.

"Ah, but you are not, you know."

"I shall not believe you are engaged to me until I have kissed you," he went on.

"Oh, am I?" she asked.

"Are you not?" he cried. "You said you could like me well enough."

"Wasn't that plenty for the first time?" she queried.

"You frighten me," said he. "My darling, tell me you meant it."

"Oh, I meant it," she said; "but you go so fast."

"You will marry me?" he persisted. She nodded.

"Well, then, we are engaged," he said; "and you'll let me go home with you, and introduce me to your old aunt, and tell her?" he went on.

"No, Mr. Wheaton," she said, "it cannot be done in that fashion."

"You must call me Will, or I shall think you mean to jilt me," he said.

"Well, Will, then," she laughed. "Just think the affair over. You and I meet upon the steamer; the captain introduces us; he tells me all about you; he tells you who I am, and that for six months I have been traveling companion to a lady who died suddenly in Paris, leaving me to go home alone. We like each other——"

"Like?" he repeated.

"Well, we like each other so much that I engage myself to you after an acquaintance of fourteen days," said Bertha. "I'm not frightened; I believe I know my own heart—but you must confess that my aunt must be pardoned if she thinks it very sudden. You must give me time to explain; I must show her that respect. I will go home alone, and the day after to-morrow you may come up to Cherrypoint, and I can promise you a pleasant reception. Aunt will have on her best cap, and you will be asked to lunch. You will also hear the family history of the Van Wycks. Don't you see that my idea is better than yours?"

"I see that you have a right to arrange it so," he answered. "And I suppose you will be easily found."

"Take the stage and tell them to stop at the Van Wyck cottage," said Bertha. "Miss VanWyck is my grand-aunt. She lives all alone but for a maid and a little dog. I have no other relations but a sister, who is governess to some children. She has gone to France with the family, so aunt is quite deserted. Don't come to-morrow—day after to-morrow, please."

"I'll try to bear my banishment," he answered.

"And now let us go and get some lunch together."

Two hours later he had bidden his betrothed adieu, and was sitting in his room at the hotel, feeling as if it were all a dream. When he started on that voyage of his he had no more idea that he should return an engaged man than he had that he should become a Mohammedan. But he was very glad. He had never been so happy in all his life.

The hours passed slowly for him, in spite of the fact that he was very busy, and when he had actually completed his journey, and was walking up to the house door, he could scarcely believe that it was only the day before yesterday that he had parted from Bertha.

In his pocket he had a ring of value; in his hand a wonderful bouquet of hot house flowers, and his heart throbbed with a love as genuine as the gem, and as sweet and delicate as were the roses. He had never thought of any woman in that way before. He felt that he was better, as well as happier, for knowing Bertha, and that Providence had been especially kind to him in bringing them together.

"The Miss Van Wycks are out," said the white-capped maid who opened the door when he had rung the shining bell. "But they'll be in soon if you'll please sit down and wait, sir."

So Will Wheaton waited in the pretty parlor, sitting in a chair that had a silken head-rest tied to the back, and laying his cheek against it when he thought that Bertha's might have pressed it recently, he shut his eyes and thought of her, and then suddenly he heard her voice. It came from an adjoining room, separated from the parlor by a portiere; and what it said was:

"Oh, do come in, Mr. Perry; I am so pleased to see you. I haven't had a call since I got home.

Perry—who on earth was Perry? Will Wheaton started to his feet and, standing where the folds of the portiere lay against the door-jamb, peered into the next room.

Yes, there was Bertha. She seemed to have just come in, and was seated in a rocking-chair. She wore that pretty dark blue dress of hers, and the hat with the golden wing in it lay in her lap, and she was looking up into the eyes of a very handsome man who stood before her.

"Do sit down, Mr. Perry," she said.

"May I sit here, Miss Van Wyck?" queried the man, drawing a little footstool to her side.

"Why, yes, if you find it comfortable," she answered, laughing.

Will's blood was boiling.

"I am going to see this out," he said. "It may be one of those confounded mistakes men make in stories. I won't peril my own happiness by needless jealousy; but it looks bad."

It looked worse the next moment, for Perry took the little hands in his and kissed them.

"Have you been away a hundred years?" he said. "It seems so."

The girl laughed.

"And the voyage—was it pleasant?" he went on.

"Awfully stupid," said she.

"It could not have been stupid for you," said Perry. "You must have been surrounded by admirers."

"Admirers!" cried the girl; "don't talk of admirers. There was one man who tormented me all the way over—the most conceited, insufferable creature. The captain thought he was making things pleasant for me by introducing him, but, oh, how dreadful he was. I really believe he thought I should accept him."

And she laughed.

"Am I going mad, or dreaming a dreadful dream?" Wheaton asked himself.

"Do you know, I've been afraid you'd accept some of them," Perry was saying. "I've been reproaching myself for letting you go without telling you how I felt—but I was afraid, Miss Van Wyck. I don't bore you as that fellow did, do I?"

"Of course not," the girl said.

"I'm glad," said Perry. "for I love you so dearly. Darling, can you like me enough to marry me? I cannot live without you."

The next moment Will Wheaton saw the man take her in his arms, and she hid her face on his shoulder; and when he said: "It is yes, dearest?" she answered; "Oh, yes, and I am very happy."

For a moment Will felt as though he must dash through the portiere and stand before them, and upbraid the girl with her falsehood. Then he remembered that he would only make himself ridiculous. It was plain that she had accepted him because she had abandoned all hope of a proposal from Perry whom she had loved all the time. Now she did not even remember his existence.

He must go away while he could, leaving no token of his presence behind him, allowing her to think that he had only amused himself with a girl he met on the steamer.

That would be some revenge. Treading softly, and clutching his bouquet, he stepped out of the long, French window and hurried away, walking blindly in his wrath, and not heeding the way he took. He was stunned—stupefied. As yet he scarcely realized what had befallen him.

He had walked on for fifteen minutes before the spasm of acute agony which was sure to come fell upon him; before he realized what this thing meant to him—that life was no longer worth living; that he should really care for nothing any more.

All unhappy lovers think that for awhile, and it is in this first flush of misery that suicides are committed.

Will Wheaton turned his unhappy glance upon the spot to which he had wandered unaware, and saw that he had come to a lonely and unguarded portion of the railroad. At that moment he heard the shriek of an approaching train, and the thought of self-destruction flashed upon him.

"I will end it all," he said to himself. "I will stand quietly here until it will be impossible for the engineer to stop in time, and then walk upon the track. No one will know anything about it; it will be reported as an accident. Nothing could be better."

He took his place close to the track. As he did so he lifted the roses he had brought for Bertha to his face.

The rush of the train was in his ears; he did not look up.

"Good-bye," he whispered to one, great, white rose that had seemed to him so like her. "I loved you, though you never loved me. I loved you so well that I cannot live without you."

His foot was lifted for the fatal step, when suddenly four hands seized upon him, and two female voices screamed in his ears:

"Oh, come farther back! Oh, how reckless!"

"I nearly fainted when I saw you. Oh, how could you?"

Amidst these shrieks the train whizzed past, and he saw that Bertha held him by one arm, while an elderly lady clung to his coat-tails.

"I suppose you lost yourself and came the wrong way," said Bertha.

"I never saw any one do such a stupid thing before," said the old lady. "But it is a shame not to have a flagman here."

"Oh, if you had killed yourself before my very eyes I should have gone mad," said Bertha.

"I think I have been mad myself," muttered the young man, staring at her.

"Well," said the old lady, "we all grow bewildered occasionally. I come very near being drowned once by trying to get on a ferry boat after it had started. I was thinking of something else; but I haven't been introduced yet, have I? Bertha, do your duty."

"Miss van Wyck, this is Mr. Wheaton," said Bertha. "Will, Aunt Kathrine. And, by the way, I have some one else to introduce you to. When I reached home I found my sister there—my sister Dolly—who had returned as unexpectedly as myself. Dolly and I are twins you know, and people say they cannot tell us apart."

"They dress alike to make the resemblance greater," said Miss van Wyck. "Really, this morning I called Dolly 'Bertha' myself."

"Twins!" gasped the young man, "twins! Good heavens! what an idiot I am—that is—I find that very interesting. I am glad to hear it. I think it would prevent mistakes always to mention it at once. Good Lord! how thankful I am."

Miss van Wyck decided at that moment that Bertha's sweetheart had been drinking—unless he was out of his mind. But Bertha herself guessed something rather near the truth.

However, not until the double wedding had taken place at Miss van Wyck's cottage, and he was on his honeymoon journey with his wife, did Will Wheaton make full confession.

Twenty-five Cent Naps.

It was on the two o'clock up town elevated train on the Sixth avenue road yesterday morning. A fat, drowsy man stumbled into the car. He beckoned to the guard and handed him a quarter.

"Seventy-second street," he said.

"Right," said the guard.

When the train reached Seventy-second street, the guard woke the fat man and the latter sleepily left the train.

"Do you get many such patrons?" was asked the guard.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "Some nights I make as much as $2. Other nights I fall as low as a quarter. But we have regular customers, so I can count on about $1 that comes to me on account of the drowsiness of mankind."—New York Sun.

ARCTIC HUMANITY.

Dress of Esquimau Men, Women and Babies.

These Esquimaux were the queerest, dirtiest looking individuals I had ever seen. Clad entirely in furs, they reminded me more of monkeys than of human beings. Ikwa, the man, was about 5 feet 2 or 3 inches in height, round as a dumpling, with a large, smooth, fat face, in which two little black eyes, a flat nose and large expansive mouth were almost lost. His coarse black hair was allowed to straggle in tangles over his face, ears and neck to his shoulders, without any attempt at arrangement or order. His body was covered with a garment made of birdskins, called by the natives "ahtee," the feathers worn next the body, and outside of this a garment made of sealskin with the fur on the outside, called "netchek." These garments, patterned exactly alike, were made to fit the figure, cut short at the hips, and coming to a point back and front; a close-fitting hood was sewed to the neck of each garment, and invariably pulled over his head when he was out of doors. His legs were covered with sealskin trousers or "nanookies," reaching just below the knee, where they were met by the tanned sealskin boots, called by the natives "kamiks." We learned later that sealskin trousers were worn only by those men who were fortunate enough or able to kill a bear. In winter these men wear dogskin trousers, which are as warm as those made of bearskin, but not nearly so stylish. Winter and summer, the men wear stockings reaching the knees made of the fur of the Arctic hare.

At first I thought the women's dress was identical with that of the man, and it puzzled me to tell one from the other; but in a day or two I made out the many little differences in the costumes. The woman, like the man, wore the ahtee and netchek, made respectively of the birdskin and sealskin. They differed in pattern from those of the man only in the back, where an extra width is sewed in, which forms a pouch, extending the entire length of the back of the wearer, and fitting tight around the hips. In this pouch or hood the baby is carried; its little body, covered only by a shirt reaching to the waist, made of the skin of a young blue fox, is placed against the bare back of the mother, and the head, covered by a tight-fitting skull-cap made of sealskin, is allowed to rest against the mother's shoulder. In this way the Esquiman child is carried constantly, whether awake or asleep, and without clothing except the shirt and cap, until it can walk, which is usually at the age of 2 years; then it is clothed in skins, exactly like the father if it is a boy, or like the mother if it is a girl, and allowed to toddle about. If it is the youngest member of the family, after it has learned to walk it takes its place in its mother's hood whenever it is sleepy or tired, just as American mothers pick up their little toddlers and rock them.

The woman's trousers or nanookies, are made of foxskin, and are hardly anything more than "trunks;" these are met by the long-legged boots, or kamiks, made of tanned sealskin, and the long stockings, or allahsy," of reindeer fur. Altogether this family appeared fully as strange to us as we did to them. They had never before seen woven material and could not seem to understand the texture, insisting that it was the skin of some animal in America.—Mrs. Peary's Journal.

PHONOGRAPH IN LEGAL WORK.

It Takes Down Notes at the Rate of Two Hundred Words a Minute.

The most wonderful of modern inventions, the phonograph, is destined to become an important factor in chronicling the happenings which form the great proportion of the business of the legal profession. The phonograph, so intricate and yet so simple to those who understand it, will, in connection with the better-known typewriting machine, turn out more than three times the amount of work turned out by the old methods of dictation. In one of the offices about a stone's throw from the new court house, where sits a busy young woman whose work must seem only a little short of mysterious to the uninitiated. Even those who are familiar with the methods of procedure are constantly being astonished by what she accomplishes with the two inventions mentioned. It was a little more than three years ago that a Boston firm conceived the idea of saving much of its valuable time by the use of the phonograph. Previously the members had taken the stenographic notes of the case from the court room to the office, where they read about sixty words a minute to a typewriter. Now, instead of doing this, they read their notes into a phonograph at the rate of 200 words a minute—a rate with which no expert on the typewriting machine could possibly keep up, even if she reached it occasionally. The wax cylinders of the phonograph will hold words enough to fill about two pages of copy; these cylinders are removed, placed on a board holding twelve of them, on which are wooden pegs that keep the wax from breaking. These are then dispatched to the typewriter operator, who places them in position, according to their numbers, and touching a spring here and opening a valve there, gets up steam, so to speak. A little wheel at the end of the phonograph whirls around, making eighty-four revolutions a minute. The operator puts the hearing tubes in position, listens for a second or two, while the visitor hears the far away sound of the distinct utterances, and presently the hand begin to rush over the key board. What she hears is coming out at the tips of her fingers. In this wonderful way the typewriter has been known to run off 3,000 words in an hour, and her employers are able to give her work enough in one day to keep her busy three days.

It is not every one who can hope to acquire this difficult accomplishment. One must first be an expert on the type-writing machine. She must have no nerves to speak of, or the constant whirr of the phonograph will drive her distracted. She must be calm, have a faithful memory, never get tired, and work all day and half the night, if the requirements of a particularly hard case demands it. Still there are compensations. If a friend drops in when she has a few leisure moments, or the operator herself feels a desire for a bit of music, she whisks off the cylinder containing the dry legal technicalities, puts in another, and relaxes for awhile, listening to the restful strains of orchestral music, a speech, a comic song, or a chime of bells from a church tower.

THE AGRICULTURAL WORLD

INTERESTING SUBJECTS FOR THE FARMERS.

Profit in Small Things—Irrigation in California—Well vs. Poorly Balanced Rations—Short Farm Notes.

We give a couple of illustrations, not as net profits, but rather as gross receipts. The net profits would vary very much in different sections with different surroundings and cost. Then it is not possible that every one can realize the same prices, says a writer in Farm, Field and Fireside.

A neighbor owned one cow, bought three more at $20 each so the amount of capital was worth about $80. From March 1 to Dec. 1 he has sold $91 worth of butter, the price ranging from 15 cents to 25 cents per pound, besides furnishing the home supply for three persons. Three calves and two pigs were raised largely on the skim-milk. The pigs were bought about the time the account was commenced for $3.50, and sold for $25. Of course they were fed some corn in the latter part of the season. There was an abundance of native pasture, but not any more, which was all they could eat. There was much, doubtless, in good butter-making, which all cannot succeed in, and something in good marketing.

We had a narrow strip of two acres of sod around a forty-acre field which had been broken in early spring; we cut it twice with the disk and planted it to Folger's early sorghum with a two-horse planter, putting the hills about two feet apart, using three pounds of seed in the two acres. No cultivation of any kind was given. The crop was made into syrup, hauling off a part ourselves and a neighbor getting a part to make up, in all 242 gallons. At prices we have been paying, 50 cents, worth $121.

We could not for pressure of other business gather up the seed at once, or thought we could not, so much of it was destroyed by mice and neighbor's calves. But from what we got there was easily twenty-five bushels, which is worth at least $1 per bushel to us. We have made no valuation whatever of the leaves which were left on the ground. They might have been gathered up or stock turned in, but we had no use for them, as rough feed was in supply more than our demand.

Irrigation in California.

The question as to the value of irrigation in any region is not to be determined by the amount of its annual rainfall. It is the seasonal distribution, as much as the quantity of rain, that makes the agriculture secure and enables the cultivator to dispense with irrigation. In many localities in California the idea has prevailed that because crops of winter wheat and barley can be grown successfully without irrigation, such use of water is not desirable for general rural development. But it is to be noted that in those districts of the state in which no irrigation is practiced, and where the lands are devoted to wheat and barley almost exclusively, little or no progress has been made in the past ten or twelve years. Dry farming has tended to decrease the number of farmers and to enlarge the area of farms through the absorption of small farms by the larger ones. The substitution of machinery for hand labor has helped to bring about this unfortunate condition of things. Small farming for wheat has become unprofitable, and the tendency of wheat growing is still to enlarge rather than to decrease the area of ranch properties. On the other hand, where irrigation has been introduced upon plains formerly devoted exclusively to the production of grain, a remarkable improvement has been brought about, as in the southern part of the San Joaquin valley. There the construction of irrigation canals and the boring of artesian wells has made wonderful changes for the better in population and wealth. The irrigated districts are peopled by small farmers and fruit growers, whose prosperity has built up large towns and given vasily increased traffic to railroads. Southern California, likewise, presents marvelous proofs of the great advantages of irrigation over dependence upon rainfall. Similar examples of prosperity and progress through irrigation are to be found in scattered localities of Northern California and numerous other localities, particularly in the foot-hills on the eastern border of the Sacramento valley.—Californian.

Cement Floors.

Cement is largely replacing boards for flooring of summer kitchens, poultry and dairy houses, for stables, piggeries, cowsheds, walks. Wherever the place, the principle is the same: Dig out sufficient to admit from 12 to 20 inches of stone, large at the bottom, with smaller to fill in the chinks. Pound the stone well together, so there shall be no after settling, and to leave as little space between as possible. Mix one part best cement and two parts sharp sand with water, to be thin enough to pour, and use for filling among the stones. The next coat should be thicker and be a couple of inches above the stones, and not used until it hardens. Whether walk or floor, prepare always for the wash; that is, have a slope to a drain that will prove a water shed. The beauty of the floors, aside from their indestructibility, is that they can be washed, but to have all the good that should follow flushing there must be a drain. Some say cement floors are too cold for poultry and cattle sheds and pig pens. No one questions this, but no one supposes such floors are to remain bare, but are to be covered with litter. Tons of leaves have already been gathered for the poultry house, in one place several loads of earth have been brought in and is already scattered 2 inches deep over the floors. The droppings, raked up once a week, go into barrels under cover for use in the garden next spring. In the cow and pig pens and in the stables the litter is straw, and a good generous bed of it. The floors in the horse cow and pig houses should have drains for carrying the liquid manure to reservoirs prepared to save it.

Well vs. Poorly Balanced Rations.

From a late bulletin of the Maryland agricultural station, on data as between a well balanced vs. a poorly balanced ration, we give a summary of conclusions as follows:

For fattening steers a well balanced ration is very much more profitable than a poorly balanced one.

Steers fed on a well balanced ration made an average daily gain of 2.78 pounds; those given a poorly balanced ration, made an average daily gain of 1.79 pounds.

The increased profits from this test showing a difference of 7.06 per steer were in favor of the well balanced ration.

With a well balanced feed ninety days is ample time in which to prepare an animal for market.

Where the more nitrogenous foods are used, it is believed nearly as good daily gains can be made by mixing the grain with cut corn fodder as though hay were used.

The use of cut corn fodder, instead of hay in feeding cattle, may make the difference of a profit instead of a loss.

Fifty per cent more manure was made from the animals receiving the well balanced ration than from those receiving the poorly balanced one.

The manure is also much richer in plant food.

Seed Potatoes.

It is of prime importance in successful potato culture to secure as nearly perfect seed as possible. A very good plan is to select seed as you take the potatoes from the hills in the fall. But if it is not done then, the seed supply should be secured before storing the crop away for the winter. Select well developed potatoes, with smooth surface and free from scab. Medium sizes are best, as these are more apt to be well ripened and more nearly perfect. If, however, the vines have been kept growing until all the tubers were fully ripe, the smaller ones make as good seed as any. The important thing is to get ripe tubers. We have always advised storing in out-of-door pits, covered just enough to keep them from freezing. If there is danger of an early thaw in the spring it might be well to cover the pit with a layer of straw. Seed potatoes should not be kept in a cellar. The eyes will start before planting season and much of the substance of the seed will be lost.

Best Way of Making Hay.

The poor men in Finland accidently discovered the best way of making hay. Having no meadows of their own they cut the grass off waste lands, and for want of roads they stuffed it among the branches of neighboring trees to wait the winter snows when they could carry it home on sledges. After a wet season the farmers noticed this hay was better in quality than they made from better grass, so they made imitation trees by setting up poles 10 feet long with long traverse pegs, and heaped the grass loosely upon them; the result was excellent. Even in wet weather only a small portion of the outside was dissolved while the inner portions exposed to the air beneath and protected from rain above, are dried in perfect condition. Mowing can be carried on in spite of wind and rain, and when once the grass is placed upon the drying poles it may be left without serious damage until the weather changes.

Short Farm Notes.

Feeding apples in small quantities stimulates the appetite of most cows.

Now that the weather is cold put plenty of straw on the floor and add a little meal to the cows' rations.

It is best to have cows go dry not over five or six weeks. About ten months of the year ought to represent the time a cow can be milked.

Corn kernels having a flinty, glazed surface contains an excessive amount of starch while the dull-colored, shriveled grains have an excess of sugar.

One million acres of oats were sown in Scotland last spring and the value of the crop is estimated at $35,000,000. Only 280,000 acres were devoted to the production of other cereals.

Practicing rotation in the production of crops is not only a most excellent course for preventing soil exhaustion, but the best means for preventing the multiplication of weeds and insects.

Keep the cows indoors during the winter if you are aiming for butter and milk only. Except that a short time out of doors ought to be the cow's right when the weather is warm.

When baling hay, don't employ a man with a poor old press; get a good machine. It don't cost any more to send your hay to market in an attractive manner.

The average price of Irish butter in the home market has advanced during the past three years, and may be partly attributed to the introduction of separators and the creamery system of butter making.

It is estimated that under the most unfavorable circumstances an acre of properly cultivated willows during the first three years will produce from 3,000 to 5,000 peeled willows, ready for market.

The recent introduction of so-called self-bleaching varieties of celery has also very much reduced the work and cost of bleaching, high banking with the spade and shovel now being unnecessary with these varieties.

An easy and it is claimed a successful way to oil harness is to use crude petroleum. Add a little lamp black and apply without washing the leather. The oil will not only take off the dirt but will soak into the leather, softening it and making it waterproof.

If the cattle are stanchioned all day do not neglect to give them a brushing or carding. When loose they can attend to it themselves, either with their tongue or by rubbing or by both. When you change their surroundings do not deprive them of this health-giving privilege.

Ice can be kept in the simplest kind of a structure. The essential conditions are that it shall be packed in a mass, that there shall be no air spaces at the bottom, that it shall be surrounded by a non-conducting material, and that it shall have ventilation and be secure from wet.

The rhubarb and asparagus beds should be well manured now, so that the fertility can be sinking down to the roots as the snows of winter melt into the soil. The more generous you are with the manure the more profitable will you find these items of your garden.

Fertility tends to make fertility. Good crops grown from the land, fed to good stock upon the land, and the by-products returned to the land with due care, will make better land, bigger crops, and enable the feeding of more stock. Then you have more manure again, and the same round goes on and grows more money as it does so.

It is foolish business to plant seeds without testing their germinating power. It is so easily done that there is no excuse for omitting it. Place them between two cloths and keep them damp and in a warm room for a few days. Probably more will germinate than than in the earth, but if 90 per cent prove good you may safely plant them.

Decaying matter of any sort, even piles of rotten wood about the premises, is a constant menace to health and a breeding place for insects that will do damage to your crops. Do not think that because the snow covers them up that it prevents them from doing harm. Get all such things cleared up before you consider yourself ready for winter.

There is one thing that must be avoided in buying a run-down farm. That is, the effort to make it yield good crops at once, and to improve in condition while doing it. Such a course will only make the land poorer. Be content to do one thing at a time, and let the first be the building up of the soil. Then the good crops will come in their own good time.

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Statement of the Condition at the Close of Business July 12, 1893.

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Loans and Discounts		$ 241,467 57
Real Estate Furniture and Fixtures		16,784 90
U. S. Bonds		15,250 00
Due from other banks	$57,876 31	
Cash on H