The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXIV.--NUMBER 51. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER 1,248.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

Work is rapidly proceeding on a new depot at Sidney.

Work has commenced on a new elevator at Surprise.

The Town Citizen is the name of a new daily paper in Beatrice.

Deuel county farmers are posting notices warning hunters to keep off the grass.

A number of farmers in Colfax county will grow beets for the Grand Island factory.

The assessors of Phelps county decided to list property at one-fifth its cash value.

Cuyler Schultz, the Hall county murderer, is now on trial in St. Paul on a change of venue.

Over 300 teachers attended the Northern Nebraska Teachers' association meeting in Columbus.

Harry Stebbins of Holbrook killed a swan that measured seven feet from tip to tip of its wings.

There is complaint on the part of some Hastings insurance companies that others are cutting rates.

The Fremont Foundry company has secured the contract to put in a system of water works at Friend.

A man's body was found in the southern portion of Chase county last week with a revolver by his side.

Attorney General Hastings gives it as his opinion that it is not necessary for women to register in order to vote at school elections.

Hon. Church Howe, department commander of the G. A. R., will be the guest of the Hastings post April 14 and will deliver an address.

In the trial of Cuyler Schultz at St. Paul for murder, no denial is made of the crime. All efforts are directed toward proving insanity.

The total bank clearings for Lincoln for the month of March aggregated $3,232,638, as compared with $2,569,776 for the corresponding month a year ago.

A burglar ransacked the premises of T. M. Wright, of Fremont, but all he got was ten cents in pennies that his little girl was holding for the Sunday school.

Reports from Otoe county are to the effect that the recent cold weather and high winds have greatly damaged the wheat crop. In several instances whole fields have been ruined.

The general store of E. W. Sayer of Gering was entered by burglars and the cash register broken into and robbed of about $60. The robbery is attributed to local talent.

A Kearney dispatch says that the present indications are that the proposition to vote $60,000 to enlarge the canal to 9,000 horse power will be carried by a handsome majority.

A $10,000 system of water works will be put in at Wakefield this summer, bonds to the extent of $7,000 being voted last year, but owing to the financial stringency were not sold.

The ice dealers of Tecumseh are engaged in cutting prices for next summer's contracts. Arrangements can now be made to have ice delivered in any quantity at 10 cents per 100.

During a drunken row at Nebraska City Henry Steel stabbed Clark Wolsey three times, inflicting painful, but not dangerous wounds. Steel is a cripple, having lost both legs a few years ago.

Burglars forced an entrance into the butcher shop of W. H. Cooper, at Auburn through a rear window and cracked the safe. They only succeeded in ruining the safe, and did not get inside of it.

Friends and admirers of J. D. Calhoun, late publisher of the Lincoln Herald, presented him with a fine gold headed cane previous to his departure for Tampa, Fla., where he will hereafter reside.

A number of Kearney young fellows have organized themselves into a "nigger" minstrel aggregation and call themselves the Electrical Sparks minstrel company. Some of the members have been on the road and are all good band men.

Some complaint is reported that the recent dry, windy weather has uncovered and removed very much of the seed of the spring sowing and in many cases may cause a reseeding. The greatest damage is reported from the rolling farms.

It is said that some farmers will be obliged to sow oats again, as in fields sown early the oats had sprouted and were killed by the late cold weather. Potatoes not planted very deep were frozen and much garden stuff that was growing is dead.

V. M. Street, the newly appointed postmaster, of Nebraska City, took charge of the office last week. F. E. Helvey, the retiring postmaster, goes to South Omaha, where he will act as secretary for the Nebraska Live Stock Commission company.

A few days ago, while Lorenzo Shields, who carries the mail from Kearney across to Minden, was driving alone in his top buggy, a man rode up beside him and grabbed the pouch. Shields drew his gun and the fellow droped the mail pouch and skipped.

At Juniata Marshal Van Buskirk arrested two suspicious characters with an extra supply of new clothing. At their trial the clothing was found to have been stolen from Barnes' clothing store in Hastings. They were sent to jail to await further developments.

Custodian John M. Burks has received orders from Washington to send in an estimate of the cost of making a number of necessary improvements in the government building at Lincoln. The improvements include painting and refurnishing of some of the rooms.

John J. Danielson, manager of Lininger & Metcalf's implement house at Holdrege, was severely hurt by his team running away and throwing him out of the buggy. His face was badly bruised and cut, his shoulder dislocated and the bones around it shattered.

The best help that you can give a man is work. Nebraska manufacturers do this with the help of their customers: Farrell & Co's brand of syrups, jellies, preserves and mince meat: Morse-Coe boots and shoes for men, women and children: American Biscuit & Manufacturing Co., Omaha, crackers.

Mrs. Bertha Hoyer, who attempted to commit suicide at Grand Island by eating matches, died in agony at St. Francis hospital. A post mortem examination was made and the coroner's jury brought in a verdict in accordance with the facts as stated. She was a quarrelsome and dissipated person and leaves a family.

L. Ransom, charged with larceny from the person, was bound over to the district court of Adams county by Justice Morledge. Ransom and a man named Carroll and the "Montana Kid" went through the pockets of a drunken companion while engaging in a stag dance and divided the proceeds. The "Kid" turned state's evidence.

The leading harness and saddler firm of Peterson & Hansen, Wakefield, was closed under a chattel mortgage held by Henry Allen. Liabilities, $2,000; assets, about $1,500. Tightness of the money market and inability to collect outstanding accounts was the cause of the failure.

Brick makers of Fremont report liberal sales of material that seem to indicate a prosperous year in the building line.

T. B. Hord & Co. of Central City made their second shipment of export cattle last week, consisting of thirty cars a train each over the Union Pacific and B. & M. roads. The cattle will be loaded at Baltimore for Liverpool. This firm shipped a train of export cattle two weeks ago. They still have some 2,500 head in their yards.

Michael Blessing, a farmer living near Saltillo, was seriously injured last week in Lincoln by a runaway accident. His team became unmanageable in the dark and ran away. Blessing was thrown out of his buggy, dashing his head against the curb stone. He was seriously injured, but will probably recover.

The Standard Cattle company last week discharged all their surplus help kept over for beet culture, which relieves about twenty-five or thirty workmen, many of them heads of families occupying houses on their grounds. This was in accordance with Allen's policy of no beet work this year, and sanctioned by the president of the company.

Friday of last week was pay day at the Omaha Indian agency, but collectors were not granted the usual privileges of being on the spot as soon as an Indian drew his pay, but were obliged to wait until their man came outside the inclosure. This seemed to be a new plan, but Captain W. H. Beck was rigid in the enforcement of the order.

A very large levy will be placed upon taxpayers of West Point for next year. This is done in order to pay off accumulated judgments and also pay for the new school house. As there will be one saloon less, the revenue for the schools will be $500 less, also the new school's expenses will amount to $500 per year, thus making $1,000 extra to be raised, besides the increase to pay off judgments.

An old fellow that acts as janitor for several business houses in Grand Island was alone in William Conow's drug store and after doing the night's work, as is supposed, he threw the contents of a two-pound can of gunpowder into stove. An explosion followed that knocked the front out and wrecked the building generally, scattering the stock over the room. The old man was severely burned.

The government experiment station at Schuyler has been discontinued. It is to be continued by the Oxnard Beet Sugar company, to which has been delivered the large store of mother beets. They will operate the station without expense to the government, not so much as an experiment station, however as one for the production of seed, two tons of which they have agreed to furnish the government for distribution.

Henry Brush, a German, hung himself on his farm in Arizona precinct, six miles east of Tekamah. He was found in his stock yard, some thirty yards from his house, hanging to a small tree by a hitching strap. He was 55 years old, was fairly well-to-do and no cause is assigned for his act. He had lived in the county for over fifteen years with a butchelor friend. He is not known to have any relatives in this country.

A. R. Hanson, a school teacher in the Rust district, six miles west of Waverly, is charged with forgery and it is also said there are several other causes of action to be instituted by parties elsewhere. A garnishee writ was served upon W. J. Trumble, the district treasurer, against the $50 in salary yet due Hanson. Hanson has resided in that locality six months, having charge of the Jordan school during the winter.

The Southeastern Nebraska Teachers' association, at its recent meeting in Beatrice, elected the following officers: President, George R. Chatburn, Wymore; vice president, Professor Crabtree of Ashland; secretary, Miss Mattie Gregg, Tecumseh; treasurer, C. R. Atkinson, Fairbury; executive committee, A. A. Reed of Crete, W. H. Skinner of Nebraska City and the president and his secretary. The meeting was an unusually interesting one.

Quite a stir was created in St. Paul the other day when Sheriff Kendall arrested a young man, Ora C. Huff, alias J. R. Copeland. Detective McIntyre of the Adams express company had been after him several days, and finally traced him to St. Paul and, with the assistance of the sheriff, caught his man. The accused is wanted at Oronogue, Kan., for robbing the B. & M. depot and express office and for forgery to the extent of several hundred dollars.

Robert G. Donovan, for the past eight years and inmate of the State Hospital for the Insane, was found dead at the end of a curtain cord at an early hour the other morning. He had tied one end of the cord to the iron bars of the window in his room and had made a running noose of the other end, which he placed around his neck. He had been dead several hours when discovered by an attendant. Donovan was formerly a citizen of Plattsmouth and was a B. & M. engineer.

Mike McCann, sent to the penitentiary for three years for attempted murder, was released from the state penitentiary on parol last week to commence a new life. He secured a marriage license and was united for life to Mattie Davenport. When McCann went to the penitentiary Mattie was a frequent visitor. She attached herself to him with a devotion as marked as if both had been bright and shining ornaments in the upper crust. Now they are married and both propose to lead honest and industrious lives.

The barn, granary, cribs and adjoining building of Charlie Johnson, two miles west of Arlington, were totally consumed by fire. The loss includes the buildings, ten head of horses, six double harnesses, 500 bushels of oats, 2,000 bushels of corn, fifty tons of hay and other goods, including farming utensils. The loss is quite heavy and only partially insured. The fire originated from matches in the hands of Ray, the 10-year-old son, who accidentally killed his little sister about a year ago while playing with fire arms.

Ira Wakeland, son of Willis Wakeland, a well-known farmer near Brock, left his boarding place in Nebraska City rather suddenly and under peculiar circumstances. It seems that he attempted to alienate the affections of Mrs. Ruhe, the wife of a farmer living near his country home, and that he has been staying in the city very quietly in his hope to avoid the wrath of Ruhe, who threatened to shoot him on sight. On hearing that Ruhe was in town he jumped from a second-story window, made off toward the Missouri Pacific depot, boarded a freight train and was seen no more.

Private Iron Hawk, a private of troop L, Sixth cavalry, died March 30, 1894, and was buried at Fort Niobrara with all the military honors due an enlisted soldier of the United States. Private Iron Hawk had been a long time in the post hospital, and died from a complication of diseases. He was enlisted April 7, 1891, at the Rosebud agency, S. D., and was ordered to be discharged under the provisions of general orders No. 80, A. G. O., 1890, on July 6, 1894, per special orders No. 27, headquarters department of the Platte, dated Omaha, Neb., March 16, 1894.

HARVY LANGFORD.

"It's hard work pleasing you, Harvey Langford. I gave to the attempt long ago," said Ina Barlow, with a shrug of the shoulders.

They were pretty shoulders white and dimpled, gleaming from under the dainty muslin dress; but the shrug was undeniable, and followed up by a toss of the head and pout of the red lips.

"I should not suppose one could judge of the difficulty attending an untried task," retorted the young man. "You know well enough what would please me, Ina, and you are also fully aware that you constantly pursue the opposite path. Will Strong and Jo Dering are good enough fellows in their way; but, for all that, you need not reserve all your smiles for them. Let them know how matters stand between us—"

"And how is that?" interrupted the girl, with a quick flash of her eye.

"Ina, didn't you give me your promise a month ago?" And the young man's honest brown eyes looked steadily into hers.

"I told you when you got to be overseer at the mines I would think about it. There's plenty of time between now and then for me to change my mind—if, indeed, it has ever been made up. At all events, frowns and fault-findings won't make me any the more eager for the day to arrive."

"Ah, darling, when that hour comes, the frowns will have been chased away forever. Come, dear, tell me if you love me just a little. Perhaps I am unreasonable, but I can't help it, Ina. When I see you with other men, and you seem so cold and indifferent to me, I feel as though I could kill them and snatch you away where no eye but mine could dwell on your beauty. There, dear, I must leave you. Say goodnight, and give me a corner in your dreams."

The girl's eyes had softened now. The bright, young mouth quivered, and the full, red lips were raised to meet the warm, glowing kiss her lover left upon them.

"I do love you, Harvey," she whispered, "if you would only not be so cross."

"I know it, dear," he answered.

And gathering her in his arms, as though she had been a feather, he pressed another kiss upon the chestnut crowned head, and then went out into the night.

The scene just enacted was no uncommon one. Though but a rustic beauty, whose views of life were bounded by the village horizon she had grown up a willful, petted thing, with her feet as carefully guarded from the rough paths as any high-born lady in the land. True, the pretty arms were often bared to the elbows as the little hands worked busily in and out of the dough, but it was only when the whim seized her and some especial treat was to be prepared for the father whose law was her wish. And though neither silk nor satin rustled in her train, the pretty muslin, the fresh calico, relieved by bright ribbons at throat and waist, left their their absence unnoted. On the clear, young brow no shadow of care had ever rested, and so she had grown up a thing of light and shadow, frowns and smiles, but with the light so dazzling as to obscure the shadow, the smiles so sweet they even seemed to chase away frowns. Admiration was to her what the dew is to the flower, and it was little wonder that ofttimes Harvey Langford's heart grew still with honest dread, or that he longed for the day to come when he might gather this flower to his breast.

The present overseer of the mines was growing old and unfitted for his post. With the new year a change was to be made, and words the principal had dropped into his ear had given him the hope he was to be the successor. He could make for Ina then a home such as she left, only glorified by their mutual love; and as he wends his way homeward his breath comes short and quick in thinking of that time.

Another month rolled by and Harvey Langford spent his days in strange alternation of joyful hope and jealous anger, though latterly the former was slowly dying out. Ina began to treat him with suspicious coolness. She no longer bore allusion to the fulfillment of her promise, and her smiles grew more frequent to others as they lessened to him. He was pacing up the long lane leading to her door on one October afternoon, revolving many bitter thoughts and determining to make Ina one last appeal, when, turning a bend in the road, he saw two figures a short distance ahead. There was no mistaking the straight young figure, with the pretty hat coquettishly placed upon the night-curls; but the man's heart beat thick and fast, as in the tall, manly form at her side, he recognized Will Strong.

No wonder she had grown cold and hard, when she held secret meetings with this man. He could hear no spoken word between them, but he saw that the girl's head was bent low, one little foot tapping the dust and her ungloved hand clasped within those of her companion. He was talking low and earnestly, and when she answered the air of coquetry always with her had disappeared. Her manner was as grave as his own. He could almost see the crimson flush upon her cheek, for her head was raised now, and she was speaking in low, rapid tones. Then she ceased, and Harvey Langford's face grew white with the pallor almost of death, and from his eyes shone a fierce flame, as he watched the man before him bend and kiss the lips turned to him, then turn and hasten in the opposite direction.

A few quick imperious strides brought him to her side. Her head was turned from him, her face buried in her hands; then she felt his grasp upon her arm, and, looking up, saw in the stern, pale face before her that he had seen it all. The blue eyes were wet, the long lashes clinging to the fair, delicate cheek, the little mouth half apart and quivering; but the picture brought no softness to the eyes which drank in all its beauty.

"Parting from your lover, were you? For how long—twenty-four hours? A pity any one should have witnessed the tender scene! Child! Woman! Devil! What are you and what have you done this day?"

"Nothing that I have cause to blush for;" and the face raised to his was pale as his own, the eyes flamed with an answering flash. "If you had come to me like a man, Harvey Langford, I could have told you all you want to know, but you came instead to spy upon my actions, and you have received a spy's reward. From this moment you have lost the right to question, or I to answer. I have made a narrow escape from the jealous meshes in which you would have bound me, but the toils are broken. I am free, and so are you."

"I am not the first man who lugs a serpent only to feel its sting. God pity the man who takes your fair face and your false heart to sit beside his hearthstone. Heaven help me! I thought the inner life as pure and spotless as the outward show. Listen, girl! For you I toiled; the thought of you made labor sweet; the hope that your beauty would brighten my home, your smile welcome my coming, had made of me a better man. All, all is now but ashes in my grasp. I plucked the opening blossoms, only to find that I had gathered Dead sea fruit. Were you to come to me to-morrow a suppliant for the place I once so proudly offered, I would spurn you as now?" And shaking off his grasp from her arm with one look of bitterest contempt, he left her where he had found her.

"Harvey! Harvey!" she cried out at last; but his figure was far away, his ears deaf to her appeal, and like a wounded bird she sank upon the ground.

The dull November days were drawing to a close, the trees were stripped of their brilliant foliage which so lately had adorned them, the earth lay cold and bare, waiting for its snowy mantle. When on a gray, chill morning, a low rumbling sound in the vicinity of the mines caused men to look at one another with anxious dread, which at last found vent in the fearful cry:

"The mine's on fire!"

It was not long ere all the population had gathered to the spot—the women with palid faces, but lips that issued forth no moan, the children clinging to their skirts, sobbing, though for what they knew not.

"The wall will soon fall in! Some one must go to the rescue!" said a voice.

Then Harvey Langford stepped forward.

"I am ready," he said, and in his eyes shone a calm determination, a quiet fearlessness, which showed, though he fully appreciated the danger, he would not falter.

"Harvey," whispered a voice in his ear; and falling back a step, he turned to see the fair beauty of the girl he had once so madly loved.

"Well, what do you want?" he questioned roughly. "To look once more upon your work ere I go to my doom?"

"No, Harvey," the sweet young voice faltered; "to beg you, for my sake, not to go. I have suffered so, Harvey. Let me tell you how. It was not as you supposed. Will Strong had asked me to marry him, and I—I had told him I could not, because—because of my love for you; and when I said that, he told me you were a good, brave fellow, and since I could not care for him, he only hoped I might be happy; and then, Harvey, he begged me just to give him one kiss to take with him into his new life, and so I—"

"Gave it—yes, I saw it all. A well told story, Ina Barlow—a story that you may whisper in my dead ears when they bring, an hour hence, perhaps, my lifeless body from the mine." And with a harsh laugh, he pushed away the little hand laid so pleadingly on his arm. "Stand back, men; I am ready." And in another moment the descending shaft hid him from their sight.

Minutes passed, which to those waiting seemed endless hours. The smoke came up in thick, hot gusts, and an awful silence fell upon all. Still came no sign from those shut from their sight of whose fearful danger the low, rumbling sound and dense smoke gave proof.

"The old shaft;" at last exclaimed a voice. "Could one enter by that, he could go below and warn the men which way safety lay."

But the opening was so small, a child only could effect a passage, and in that childish heart lay the heroism which should nerve it to face such dangers? Into Ina Barlow's pale face came a gleam of color, one glance at the slight fissure, one prayer upon the pure lips and she stood forward.

"Take me!" she simply said. "I go to save the man I love!"

In her eyes shone a dauntless courage, and no man dared say her "Nay." But when she had at last gone into that awful chasm, which seemed to swallow up all in its vast, yawning mouth, a groan burst from the lips of those present—a groan, followed by a cheer, as Harvey Langford's form appeared again in sight and one by one the miners followed. In that fearful peril which he had just escaped, a sweet young voice seemed again to echo in his ear, a dim wonderment to pierce his brain as to whether its ring of truth were real, a wild desire to look again upon her face and read therein the secret; but in vain he searched to find her fair beauty. The chestnut-crowned head was nowhere to be seen, when, in rough whispers, from mouth to mouth passed the knowledge of her deed and his quick ear caught it.

"Cowards!" burst from his white lips.

"You would let a woman do this thing!"

"She said she went to save the man she loved," said one.

And in Harvey Langford's eyes there shone such joy as hid the misery there written, while on his lips uprose a wild prayer, as once again he plunged from their sight. Lying where she had fallen, like a lily blown from its stem, white and senseless, he picked her up and bore her to the shaft. Many strong arms came to the rescue; but the cheers fell on dull, lifeless ears, and for a while they thought death had claimed them both. But life held too much promise, and when, scarcely three months later, the new overseer of the mines claimed his bride, distrust had vanished from both their hearts, and while kind and cheering wishes fell like hail upon them, in Harvey Langford's simple, quiet words, "My Wife!" as they stood upon the threshold of their new home, sounded the thanksgiving of a new life.—Jenny Wren in New York Ledger.

Odd Place for a Piano Factory.

There was a piano factory at Wartburg, Tenn., before the war. The singular thing about it was that Wartburg was about 100 miles from the nearest railroad and in the heart of the Cumberland mountains. The wood of which the instruments were made had to be brought from New York and then hauled 100 miles over the mountains to Wartburg, which was a German colony. The pianos were made by a practical musician, and when an instrument was ordered he would finish up the different parts at Wartburg and then haul them to the home of his customer, generally many miles away, and put up the piano there. One of them is now at Wartburg, and the building where they were made still stands, though no longer used as a piano manufactory. The town, which consists of about two hundred people, is away from the railroad and has not grown since the war. The home-made instrument, of over thirty years ago, is still in good order and in constant use.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

ADVENTURES OF TWO YOUNG ARGONAUTS.

They Sailed From 'Frisco in Search of Alaskan Gold—A Bulldog's Nature—A Tragedy in Mid-Air—A Terrible Cholera Tragedy.

Seven hundred miles from the Pacific coast, in an open yawl, two boys were recently picked up by an east-bound British steamer. The condition of the lads was such that it required many hours' constant work on the part of the ship's surgeon to restore them to a physical condition whereby they became able to tell the story of their wild adventure.

One of the boys was fifteen years old, and the other sixteen. They were San Francisco school boys, and had long been chums. They were bright and fearless. Imbued with an instinct to search for gold, which is implanted in many of the youths of the gold producing State of California, these young fellows had become fired with an ambition to search for the precious metal in the bleak wilds of Alaska.

These boys were great readers, and eagerly sought out and perused all of the many stories of the untold and undiscovered treasures of our Alaska possessions. They became thoroughly wrapped up in the notion of becoming the pioneers in a movement to uncover the rich stores that have remained hidden in mother earth for untold centuries.

Without means that would enable them to take passage in any of the vessels trading with Alaska, these lads were in a quandary as to how to reach the Arctic Eldorado. With infinite courage and an exhibition of that pluck which is common with all American boys, they were determined to take the perilous sea voyage in an open boat, trusting for their safety in the limited knowledge of navigation and their unlimited confidence in their strength and perseverance.

They procured a good-sized yawl in San Francisco bay and fitted it out with a stumpy mast and stored it with what they thought was an ample supply of provisions. This took some time to accomplish, for the boys were working very quietly, knowing that if their plans were discovered they would be stopped and their golden dreams dissipated.

One morning in January, long before the Golden Gate was made to feel the warmth of the sun's first messages of heat and comfort, the hardy voyagers embarked in their frail craft, and breaking out their canvas silently stole out to sea. Two seats were vacant that day in one of San Francisco's schools, and two households were thrown into consternation by the unaccountable absence of a beloved member of each.

Hours became days and days weeks, and still no news was received of the missing boys. The parents of each were inclined to believe that they had met with some sudden death, probably by drowning, and efforts were made to drag certain portions of the bay where it was thought their lifeless remains might be entombed.

Meanwhile, out on the broad bosom of the ceaseless Pacific a little yawl was speeding toward the land of golden promise. The first part of the journey, according to the boys' story, was uneventful and tiresome. The only way they had of maintaining their course was to hug the coast and speed northward. For five days and nights this was done without great effort, but before daylight on the morning of the sixth day a storm came out of the east and drove the yawl rapidly out to sea.

The united efforts of the lads alone enabled them to prevent their little vessel from filling and capsizing. In their tireless work, extending over a period of twenty-four hours, they ceased to keep track of the course they were being driven, and when the sun came through the clouds on the seventh day, and the sea calmed down sufficiently to enable them to give heed to their location, they were unable to even conjecture their whereabouts.

Their lack of information prevented them from figuring even roughly the distance they had been driven by the storm, and they were equally uncertain as to the direction they had taken. They adopted the only course open to them, and that was to head for the rising sun, in hopes of eventually reaching the coast line. This they did, and held their course for three days without sighting sail or land.

On the morning of the tenth day an alarming discovery was made. The provisions were exhausted, and but very little water remained. The consumption of food had been much greater than they had expected, and the salt water that had been shipped during the storm had played sad havoc with the supply of sweet water.

On the eleventh day not a scrap of food remained, and on the thirteenth day not a drop of water was left. The boys recognized their perilous position, but their hearts were still strong and their hopes beat high. They reckoned that the coast was near, and determined that when land was sighted they would beach their craft, unmindful of the terrors of the surf.

But they were away off in their reckoning, for, while they thought they were holding a due easterly course, which they were able to do in the early hours of morning, at night they wandered aimlessly on the vast ocean and were far from land. This state of affairs lasted until some time during the night of the fourteenth day out from San Francisco.

Weakness from exhaustion naturally following the lack of food, and almost crazed with thirst, the young mariners became unconscious and sank in lifeless heaps in the bottom of their boat, more dead than alive.

In this condition they were found by the British vessel and carried to Vancouver. In due course of time they were restored to their parents in San Francisco. They still insist that they will some day visit Alaska, the land of golden promise.

A Bulldog's Nature.

A savage looking bull dog, which belonged to a schooner lying at a wharf in San Francisco, fell into the bay the other day, unnoticed by any one on board. After vainly trying to scramble up the vessel's side, says the Call, he caught hold with his teeth of a rope attached to a small boat lying alongside. Then he attempted to place his fore feet on the line to use it as a rest, but in this he was again unsuccessful, for every time he made the attempt the small boat would back, the rope would sag and the brute would duck beneath the surface.

Every time he came up again he was hanging by his teeth with a sort of death-like grip to the line. This exercise, without beneficial results, seemed to exhaust him even more than his attempts to reach the deck of the vessel. For a few moments he rested, then turning his ugly face and his wicked eyes toward those on the wharf he set up a howl.

A Newfoundland leaped into the water, true to his instinct, and swam toward the struggling bulldog. The latter, also showing his nature, regarded the rescuer's approach as a challenge to fight. Releasing his hold on the painter he turned and not only put himself on the defensive, but growled and snarled, and finally made an attempt to bite the one that would have helped him to a place of safety. The Newfoundland, not a coward by nature, but not a fighter, realized that his good intention was not appreciated or understood by the brute that had given such howls of distress, turned and swam to the boat steps, from which he made his way to the wharf, shook himself and trotted away. In the meantime the unappreciative terrier swam to the painter got another grip with his teeth on it and howled anew.

About this time some one belonging to the schooner seized the rope, hauled the shivering brute alongside and seizing him by the skin of the neck, hauled him on board.

A Tragedy in Mid-Air.

The weasel is a dainty and luxurious liver in his way. He steals the freshest eggs, selects the tenderest chickens of the brood, and will sometimes kill several for a single meal, sucking the warm blood, and eating only a small bit of the flesh.

He is not only sly and cunning, but remarkably courageous. He will often attack an enemy much larger and stronger than himself, and does not lose his wits, even in imminent peril. This heroic quality is sometimes strikingly evinced.

Two wood-cutters were eating their midday lunch upon the border of an Adirondack forest, when they noticed a large hawk circling in the sky over head, evidently with his eye upon something near them. He was gradually narrowing his circles while approaching the ground, and it was apparent that he would soon drop upon his victim.

The men looked about cautiously, without movement or noise, and presently discovered a weasel stretched out upon the warm side of a log, not far away, probably sunning himself after a long morning's sleep, for the weasel does his sleeping in the daytime, and his work at night. This was no doubt the prey which the hawk had a mind to make his dinner. But the weasel quietly blinked at the sun, either unconscious of the danger, or indifferent to it.

The men had just made this discovery when the hawk came gliding down, swift and sure as an arrow, seized the weasel with his powerful talons, and rose again almost perpendicularly. All seemed at an end for that weasel.

Soon, however, the movements of the great bird became strange and unnatural. His wings worked rapidly and convulsively, as if making a great effort to sustain flight; then he began to sink, slowly at first and with frequent recoveries till, finally, he fell straight like a plummet to the ground—dead! From under the outstretched wings crept the weasel, apparently unharmed.

What had happened? The weasel had quickly stretched his long, supple neck up under the hawk's wing struck his teeth into a vital part, and sucked out the life-blood.

The muscles of the hawk relaxed as the blood was rapidly drained. There was a last desperate effort at flight; the wings flapped uselessly in the air; and the heaviness of death brought him swiftly to the ground, almost upon the spot where the weasel had been basking in the sun.

New Use for the Telephone.

Here's a story of the telephone as it is used, or abused, in Russia. The use of the instrument to intimidate prisoners is the invention of a police inspector at Odessa. A man was one day brought into the police station, charged with having committed a serious robbery. The inspector had some difficulty in proving the case, and had recourse to an ingenious stratagem. He went to the telephone in an adjoining room, and asked the clerk at the central office to speak into the instrument the following words, in a solemn tone, "Isino Smellanski, you must confess the robbery; if you don't you are sure to be sentenced, and your punishment will be all the more severe."

He then sent for the prisoner and questioned him again, threatening to appeal to the "machine" to get the truth. The thief burst into a laugh, but the inspector held the telephone to his ear, and gave the preconcerted signal. The result was as expected. The rogue, terrified by the warning uttered by the uncanny "machine," at once made a clean breast of it.

Didn't Tangle Him.

The satisfaction that every one must feel at the triumph of the boy, about whom the Massachusetts Ploughman tells this anecdote, is due to the same feeling which prompts a big-hearted man to take the part of the "undermost dog."

Walter was the important witness, and one of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said:

"Your father has been talking to you, and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try to tangle me, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time."

The lawyer didn't try to tangle up that boy any more.

Then he was Famous.

The influence of American travelers in Europe is well known to be considerable, but a correspondent of the Boston Transcript records an instance as to which there must have been some exaggeration.

A crippled old woman whom I met in Leamington often amused me by her original speeches. One day I spoke of Shakespeare, and remarked that I wanted very much to visit Stratford-on-Avon.

"Law!" said the old woman, in a scornful tone; "who was he? On'y a plowboy, and he was never thought nothin' of till them Americans came over and took him up."

Foolish Confession.

Mr. Nuwed—Why don't you wear your wedding ring, Agnes?

Mrs. Nuwed—Because it hurts when people squeeze my hand.—Hallo.

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