The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXV.---NUMBER 9. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER 1,257.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

A McKinley club has been organized at Bennett.

York finds it necessary to levy an occupation tax.

Bellevue is moving for a motor line from that village to Omaha.

Gretna expects to have a creamery in full blast before June is out.

The high school of Kearney graduated seventeen pupils this season.

A Massachusetts capitalist talks of building a paper mill at Norfolk.

The town council of Curtis has shut down on billiard and pool playing.

Reports have it that Congressman Dave Mercer will soon take to himself a wife.

Grand Army men of Holt county will hold a reunion at Atkinson July 2, 3, 4 and 5.

A memorial day was never more universally observed in Nebraska than this year.

Joe and Mage Douglas, two Nebraska City boys, have been arrested for stealing harness.

Nebraska stands second in membership in the M. W. A. order, numbering already 14,000.

The thieves who broke into the Union Pacific depot at Kearney on Decoration day secured $1 8 in cash.

While bathing in an artificial lake near Culbertson Ole Olson went beyond his depth and was drowned.

A division of the Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias has been organized at Wayne. There are thirty-two members.

Burglars broke into H. E. Pankonin's hardware store at Louisville and succeeded in getting three double-barreled shot guns.

By a runaway in Hastings Wm. Houston was thrown violently to the ground, receiving injuries which it is thought will prove fatal.

Pawnee county farmers appear to be fairly prosperous. One of them living at Steinauer is about to build a brick barn to cost $7,000.

The large elevator of William Loudon at Superior was burned. It was filled with grain, and no explanation of how it took fire can be given.

Jefferson county's old settlers' association has decided to hold the reunion this year at Endicott on August 30 and 31 and September 1 and 2.

A. P. Hazard's store at Belvidere was broken into by thieves, who secured $18.75 in money, a gold watch and a revolver by blowing open a safe.

Colored people of Nebraska will hold a fair at Omaha July 3d and 4th. The exhibits at this fair will be confined to the products of the colored people.

The meeting of the Polk County Sunday School Officers' association will be held at Osceola on June 26, and an extensive program has been prepared.

Governor Crounse issued an extradition warrant for the arrest of Leonard Annis, who is wanted in Waushara county, Wis., on the charge of incest.

A fiend at Firth drove a team of colts belonging to Alex Ellis into a barn and then set fire to the structure. The animals were consumed with the barn.

The South Omaha board of charities will not dispense any more support until September 1st, when the work will be taken up where it was left off.

Fire in Brock destroyed $40,000 worth of property. The conflagation is supposed to have been started by burglars. There was comparatively little insurance.

Arlington is the latest Nebraska town to discover a shortage in the school treasurer's accounts. But it is not the present treasurer that is implicated Over $400 is missing.

The Callaway Courier reports a very poor outlook for crops in western Custer. Small grain is a complete failure and corn must have rain soon or it will share the same fate.

While fishing near Waverly Henry Cox was seriously if not fatally shot. Some of the party were firing at a target, when Cox rose up just in time to get a bullet in his back.

Plans have been completed and arrangements made for the erection of a 100-barrel flouring mill at Bocius. The business will be managed by a local grain dealer, H. H. Leech.

The former Wisconsin people living in Milford are getting up a reunion and picnic for the Fourth of July, and expect to make it one of the most pleasant affairs ever given in that place.

George Corliss, a young man 18 years of age, was drowned in the Elkhorn river near Ewing. About a dozen others were in swimming at the time, but could not render him any assistance.

Mr. Mercer has introduced in the house a bill appropriating $25,360 to reimburse the city of Omaha for money expended in the construction of pavements adjacent to government property in that city.

The oldest man in Nebraska lives in Dawson county. He was born in Virginia in 1799, the year George Washington died. His name is Martin Hensley and he is still in the enjoyment of good health.

Sweet post 108, G. A. R., Sargent, is the first post in the country to invite a colored man to deliver the Decoration day address. Dr. M. O. Ricketts of Omaha was the speaker and gave a very acceptable talk.

John Hall of Elk Creek, one of the oldest citizens of the town, was treated to a dose of tar and feathers. He is accused of assaulting May Ogden, a little girl about 8 years of age, daughter of Mrs. J. B. Ogden.

A passing engine on the Rock Island near the Albright depot threw sparks on some hay in the feeding racks of some Rock Island stock cars and set them on fire. Four cars were burned and several damaged before the switch engine and the fire companies could get in their work.

E. F. Stephens, proprietor of the Crete nurseries, gave mortgages to the extent of from $10,000 to $15,000 to secure creditors. The cause of his financial difficulties were the hard times, small cash delivery of this year, the poor spring and the recent frost, which ruined nearly all of his small fruit upon which he had depended for relief.

Deaf mutes of Omaha and Council Bluffs will picnic at Hanscom park, in the former city, July 4th. Prominent speakers among the deaf will be present and make addresses, games will be indulged in, prizes awarded, etc. The whole affair is in the hands of a strong committee.

Mrs. Alma Codding, wife of Rev. Ray Codding, formerly a missionary to Africa, died of African fever at the home of A. B. Codding in York. Mrs. Codding had been sick but a short time. Mr. and Mrs. Codding returned from Africa a short time ago for Mr. Codding's health, he having just recovered from an attack of African fever.

During the month of May there were filed in Otoe county farm mortgages aggregating $22,445, and city mortgages aggregating $1,050. The releases are almost phenomenal. Releases on farm mortgages were filed amounting to $42,330 and on Nebraska City property amounting to $2,100.

The residence of Frank Fisher, a farmer residing about two miles south of Barenston, was destroyed by fire with its contents. Cause unknown. The loss will amount to nearly $1,500, with no insurance.

Mrs. Wride of Grand Island, who has been an inmate of the insane hospital since the death of her husband a year ago, is recovering the use of her mental faculties and will soon return to her friends fully restored.

Kearney is agitating for a rousing celebration of the Fourth. The state meet of the League of American Wheelmen is to be held in that city on that day, and this is expected to bring in a large crowd of outsiders.

A Lincoln business man who had paid his forty-two workmen with bank checks was gratified to find that only six of them had been cashed by saloon keepers. The greater number had been deposited in savings banks.

Sergeant Kimball of Fort Niobrara had his collar bone broken and ankle severely sprained while riding on herd guard. He was trying to prevent his herd from crossing the Niobrara bridge. When making a quick turn his horse fell, causing the accident.

The mortgage record for Gage county for the month of May is as follows: Chattel mortgages, filed 191, amount $45,881; realeased 171, amount $70,805. Farm mortgages, filed 46, amount $68,550; released, 55, amount $80,095. City and town mortgages, filed 33, amount $18,000; released 25, amount $12,880.

J. B. Burdick, living near Berwyn, was trying to repair his windmill during a heavy storm. In some manner his left hand was caught in the gearing and horribly mangled, and in order to extricate himself from the plight Mr. Burdick had recourse to his jack-knife, with which he amputated his hand at the wrist.

The veterans of the four grand regiments which Wisconsin gave to the cavalry service during the civil war will gather at Madison, Wis., July 3 and 4, for regimental and brigade reunions. A very attractive program has been arranged. For full particulars address E. D. Coe, secretary, Whitewater, Wis. Quite a number of the old boys live in Nebraska.

As M. Nichols, a carpenter of Norfolk, was passing along the street he was approached by two men, one of whom presented a revolver and requested him to throw up his hands, but in doing so knocked one thug down and immediately grappled with the other and got possession of the revolver, which he turned upon his foes, firing three shots at them as they fled.

In the centre of the cemetery at Gibbon has been erected the past year a soldiers' monument of Barre granite at an expense of $1,000, and with the statue of a soldier to be added later, will cost nearly or quite $2,000. The erection of this monument was undertaken by the ladies of the W. R. C., May 1, 1893, and memorial day it was dedicated, being entirely paid for.

Companies D, F and G of the Twenty-first infantry left Sidney last week under the command of Colonel Clyster, by special train, for Plattsburg, N. Y. The city turned out en masse to witness their departure and general regret was expressed, as this change is a practical abandonment of Fort Sidney. It is uncertain what will be done by the war department in reference to the grounds.

Up at Benedict, says the York Times, they had two prayer meetings for the express purpose of praying for rain. The attendance was large and the prayers were earnest. The second prayer meeting had hardly closed when they had a fine shower in Benedict. You can put this and that together and believe what you are a mind to about it. As for us, we believe the Lord is the best and only rainmaker.

N. T. Gadd, a former clerk of the United States land office at Broken Bow, was arrested and taken to Omaha. His arrest was made at the instance of the register and receiver, Messrs. Reese and Whitehead, upon evidence submitted to the federal grand jury on the charge of taking from the mails and express offices unknown to them, moneys intended for homestead entries and final proofs. The amount will aggregate somewhere in the vicinity of $2,500.

The president has signed the bill providing for allotments of lands to Mary Barnes and other Indians on the Otoe reservation in Gage county. These lands had been occupied by Mrs. Barnes and her sons for twenty-five years past, and are in a state of cultivation and improvement. They were withheld by order of the secretary of the interior from the sale of the Otoe and Missouri reservation lands sold under the act of 1881, and have been in her possession ever since.

A Washington dispatch says: Nebraska occupied the floor of the senate for nearly three hours this afternoon in the person of Mr. Manderson, who made an uncommonly able and exhaustive speech in advocacy of protection to the beet and cane sugar growing interests of the country. Senator Manderson spoke through a large portion of the time without consulting the very full notes which lay upon his desk. He made a strong argument in favor of the constitutionality of the bounty.

Some time ago the farm of Julius Teschner, situated nine miles southeast of Stanton, was visited by a strange dog, which, after a fight with a large watch dog on the premises disappeared. Soon the watch dog began to display symptoms of hydrophobia and was killed, but not before three cows owned by Teschner were bitten. Subsequently the cows went mad and were killed. A small dog, a pet of Mr. Teschner's children, then began to show symptoms of the dread disease and was also killed. It is feared, however, that the virus has been communicated to one of Mr. Teschner's small children, who was playing with the little dog when the first symptoms were noticed in the latter.

At Ord the suit of Sorenson against Masin et al. for $10,000 damages under the Slocumb law, ended in a verdict for $300. Two witnesses were fined $20 for contempt in disobeying the subpoena and John W. Rice, a prominent citizen, was placed under $500 bonds to appear June 7 to answer to the charge of having paid them to remain away. There is great excitement over the affair.

Louis Faber, an old German farmer, while in Neligh attending the circus, had a pocketbook containing $500 snatched from his hand. The thief, who is supposed to have been a circus follower, was not captured.

The case of the widow of Adam Butterbaugh of Nebraska City against the Chicago Packing and Provision company for damages was settled last week on the payment of $500 by the packing company. Butterbaugh was scalded to death by the bursting of a steam pipe while employed by the packing company, and his widow commenced suit for $5,000 damages.

Anton Zovadny, a Bohemian boy 17 years old, residing five miles from Weston, made a suicidal attempt by shooting himself in the head with a shotgun. He became despondent over his love affairs, his best girl having decided to marry another suitor.

A SIREN'S DEFEAT.

"WHERE is Blanche to-night, mother mine?"

She is gone down into the country, Val, to spend a month. A little rustic cousin of hers is about to be married, and she wants the benefit of Blanche's fine taste about the trousseau and the wedding."

"Ah, poor Blanche! I pity her, immured in a country house in December! What will she do, unless she finds some man to flirt with?" laughed Valentine Monroe, throwing his handsome length lazily on the cushions of a divan in his mother's luxurious boudoir.

"There's no one to flirt with at Hazelmere. It's a very quiet neighborhood, and I don't believe the girl that's going to get married would ever have found a husband, only that a young man just happened to live in the house—nephew to her guardians, I believe—and they fell in love. Nothing but propinquity, you see, Val, that makes so many matches. Heigho! I wish it had been as successful in your case with Blanche."

"Dear mother, don't bring up that old grievance again."

"But, Val, let me urge dear Blanche's claim just once more. Poor girl, ever since she came to live with us, five years ago, when her parents died, she has worshipped you, Val, and it is cruel that you don't take pity on her tender heart."

"One doesn't like to have a girl throw herself at one's head, mother. Blanche might have waited till I asked her to love me."

"But, Val, you ought to be grateful to her for loving you really. Any other man would go on his knees to thank her, and you know it. She is the belle of her set, beautiful and rich; and, as she says, she can bring any man to her feet but you."

"And I wants me just out of perversity, eh?" laughed handsome Val, and the big diamond on his white hand sent out a blinding flash of light as he tried to smother a yawn.

"No, she loves you fondly and devotedly, my son, and she is just the girl for you, too—a very queen of beauty. Come, I will tell you her secret, poor girl. It was for your sake she has buried herself in the country."

"I don't comprehend."

"I'll explain, Val. Well, only the night before she left she told me in tears, that she was maddened by your indifference, and was going away to test your love. She thought you might miss her, and find out you loved her, by your sorrow at her absence."

"Did she think I could not enjoy my dear mother's society alone?" he queried, affectionately.

"Don't begin to flatter me, dear, thinking to turn off the subject! Oh, Val, why won't you marry Blanche? She surely has reason to complain if you don't, for you have flirted with her ever since she came here."

"Beg pardon, it is Blanche who has flirted with me. Mother, you know that girl has flirted from her cradle!"

"She only does it to make you jealous, Val."

"No, it's her nature. And she cares no more for the sufferings of her victims, than little boys do for the butterflies whose wings they pull off. She can be very cruel when she will."

"TAKE YOUR RING, PERRY GRANDISON."

"But not to you, dear, because she loves you so much. And she is so fond of me, too, and is just my choice for a daughter-in-law. Oh, Val, do give me your promise to marry Blanche!" implored the handsome, worldly mother, who coveted the queenly heiress for her son's bride.

Handsome Val raised his careless, laughing face to her, and for once it was grave and earnest, even sad.

"Mother, you've been telling me secrets. I'll tell you one. I cannot marry Blanche, because I—love another girl!"

"Val!" she almost shrieked, in her surprise and dismay.

"I love another girl," he repeated, hoarsely. "No, it isn't any one you know. I met her last summer at the sea-side. She was a guest of some friends of mine. Oh, mother, how lovely she was!—not a queenly blonde, like Blanche, but rather petite, with a mass of curly dark hair, a pale, mignon face, with the sweetest red mouth, a dimple in her chin, and such eyes! pure, forget-me-not-blue, hiding under thick, curly lashes, black as jet. She was a thousand times prettier than Blanche, to my notion."

"Oh, heavens! and you are engaged to her! It will break my poor Blanche's heart!"

"I am not engaged to any one, mother, for my little beauty was engaged before I ever met her. She told me so when I asked her to be mine. But, before heaven, I believe she liked me well, and if she had only not worn that other fellow's ring—confound him! I might have won her for my own."

"Ah, I am very glad she is married to another man. There's a chance for Blanche yet," cried Mrs. Monroe, with a sigh of relief.

"But she isn't married yet, mother, for I made her swear solemnly to send me wedding cards when it came off. For, as long as she is single, there's some hope, you know. And I swear that I'll marry no one until my little beauty is lost to me forever."

"And then—then would you have Blanche?" eagerly.

"As well her as another, since I should have no heart for any but my lost love," gloomily.

The weeks slipped away, and one morning, when the mail came in, his mother cried, eagerly:

"Wedding cards for you, Val. Perhaps it is that girl!" and she could not keep the joy out of her voice and eyes.

He tore the cards from the envelope, with nervous fingers.

"Great Heaven! the cruel blow has fallen!" and he staggered to his seat, his hand before his eyes.

"Why, what is this?" she cried, examining his cards. "Val, it is the girl at Hazelmere, Blanche's cousin, pretty little Bessie Gray!"

"That is her name," he sighed, heavily.

"Oh, Val, remember your promise! If this girl married her betrothed, you would marry Blanche!"

"Yes," he answered, with the acquiescence of despair.

"I am so glad, so glad! Val, shall you go to the wedding?"

"Yes, I will see her lost to me forever! Then, I will bring Blanche back as my betrothed!" he answered, with the recklessness of a torturing despair for his blighted love-dream.

He arrived at the pretty Southern homestead in the morning of the day set for the wedding. A blundering servant took his card when he asked for Blanche, and sent him into the conservatory.

"She's in there, cutting flowers for the bride's bouquet."

Some one was helping his cousin, and he paused at the sound of voices, and peeped through a thicket of blossoming pink azalias.

Blanche's companion was a young, fine-looking man. He cried out, in a passionate voice:

"Blanche, this is cruel work for us both! Oh, if these flowers were only for you, my darling!"

"Hush! you must not say such things to me—you, who will be married to Bessie Gray tonight!"

"Not if you forbid it, Blanche, for my fate lies in your hands. Ah, poor little Bessie, I loved her dearly till you came, but the glances of your eyes drove me mad, and my love turned from her to you. Do not upbraid me, dearest, for surely I have read your heart aright, in your tender blue eyes, and you love me as well as I do you. This marriage would make us both very unhappy. Oh, Blanche, let us fly together before this fatal bond is riveted that sunders us forever. We can be married quietly in Washington, and go abroad——"

"Stop," she cried, in clear, ringing tones. "You insult me, Perry Grandison! Why, I have never dreamed of loving you! I only amused myself with your vanity, because you happened to be the only man about! I shall never marry any one but my handsome cousin, Valentine Monroe! As for you, sir, you must keep your troth with Bessie!"

"I will, for I despise you now that I know you were only flirting with me, and——" but he turned with a start, for the outer door of the conservatory opened, and a petite figure entered, the dark curly head held high, the mignon face very pale, the tiny white hand holding out a pretty pearl ring.

"Take your ring, Perry Grandison, and may God forgive you for your falsity," cried Bessy, her voice shaking with stifled tears.

"Oh heavens, Bessie! you have heard all. But forgive me, I pray you dearest, for I was caught by a siren's wiles. I only fancied I loved her, and, at the discovery of her falsity, my heart turned back to you with a warmer love."

"And I despise you!" she replied, scornfully. "There will be no wedding to-night."

"Ah, Bessie, don't say that rashly," cried a yearning voice, and Valentine Monroe stepped from his concealment and took her hand. "I, too, have heard all, and I rejoice in this craven's falsity, since it gives me another chance! Oh, Bessie, when I courted you, by the sea, last summer, you almost owned that, but for a prior engagement, you might have liked me. Can't you love me now? can't I take Grandison's place to-night?" he prayed earnestly.

"Yes-es, for I know I shall love you better than I ever could have loved Perry Grandison," she murmured, blushingly, and let him slip his ring on her little hand.

And Val really married sweet Bessie that night, but Perry and Blanche did not stay for the wedding. They departed in haste repenting their treachery and hating each other—Perry to seek forgetfulness abroad, and Blanche to weep her heart out in a vain despair.

A True Scholar.

Theodore Mommsen, the famous historian of Rome, had not only the appearance, but the manner of a scholar. Once during the half-hour's drive from Berlin to Charlottenburg, the car in which the professor rode went badly off the track. The rest of the passengers alighted, the horses were removed, and the stranded car was left until help could be found. Mommsen remained reading his book. An hour passed, and the sound of levers and jacks and the plunging of horses' hoofs aroused him from his reverie. With no sign of discomposure, he rose from his seat and went to the door. "Ah," said he, "we seem to have come to a standstill."—Argonaut.

A Matter of Opinion.

Jack—Is it pleasant to kiss?

May—There is only one thing sweeter.

Jack—What's that?

May—To be kissed! (And the clock struck 12 four times in succession without thinking.)

Had His Suspicions.

"It is very kind of the boys to come around and serenade me," said the candidate for congress, "but I would like to know what venomous scoundrel put them up to playing 'There's no Place Like Home.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

What Ailed Her.

He—Great heavens, madame, are you going to have a fit?

She, trying to whistle — Whee-whee-I'm trying to whistle for Filo. Won't you whistle for him for me?—Texas Siftings.

LIKE SARDINES IN A BOX.

Gotham's Swarming Population and Its General Ignorance of America.

New York is a city without homes says a writer in the Forum. Among old residents and new, native and foreign; among the poor, the well-to-do and the rich, the question is almost universal: "Where do you live now?" How many in the whole great city have lived ten years in one house? How many have lived five years where they live now? New Yorkers are as nomadic as the Bedouins; but the Bedouins have a much wider range, and this is an advantage. To be confined to one little island and yet to have no home is to acquire the vices and to suffer the limitations both of the tramp and the serf. There may be disadvantages about neighbors and friends, but after all it is civilizing to have them. New Yorkers have no neighbors and few real friends. The housing of New York is not good. The people are packed away like sardines in a box, or dishes in a cupboard; some cupboards have four and some sixteen shelves; only a very few families enjoy an entire cupboard to themselves. The people suffer from too great proximity; they are often—and perhaps commonly—too close for moral and physical decency. Light is a rare and precious commodity. Sewer gas first hand is not good to breathe, but breathed several times in succession by different persons becomes noxious.

In spite of the commercial character of the people of New York city, in spite of the small army of commercial travelers whose address is New York, it is still true that the great body of the people know next to nothing of the rest of the country. The West knows the East, the East does not know the West. This is true because the West came from the East in the first place, and because thousands of Westerners visit the East while only hundreds or tens of Easterners visit the West. The struggle for existence in New York city is so severe that the body of the people have not the time, if they had the inclination, to acquire general information. Life with them is intense and swift, but it runs in a very narrow channel after all. In a very real sense the people are provincial. They ask the visitor from Kansas City if he knows their friends in St. Paul. They ask the visitor from Denver whether he enjoys any religious privileges in that city of churches. Many of them not only know nothing of America beyond a few streets of the metropolis, but they actually take pride in not wanting to know anything.

THE DUCHESS' REGIMENT.

How Her Grace of Gordon Raised a Regiment of Highland Laddies.

Near the close of the last century rumors of a French invasion alarmed Great Britain and roused military ardor to such an extent as to lead to fresh regiments being raised. In a series of interesting sketches by the Honorable Mrs. Armytage of "British Mansions and the Mistresses of Past and Present," recently published in Tinsley's Magazine, the raising by the famous duchess of Gordon of the battalion of Gordon Highlanders, which has held such a distinguished place in British military annals, is thus described: "The duchess of Gordon is said to have had a wager with the prince regent as to which of them would first raise a battalion and the fair lady reserved to herself the power of offering a reward even more attractive than the king's shilling.

"At all events, the duchess and Lord Huntly started off on their errand, and between them soon raised the required number of men. The mother and son frequented every fair in the countryside, begging the fine young Highlanders to come forward in support of the king and country and to enlist in her regiment, and, when all other arguments had failed, rumor stated that a kiss from the beautiful duchess won the doubtful recruit.

"She soon announced to headquarters the formation of a regiment, and entered into all the negotiations with the military authorities in a most businesslike manner, reporting that the whole regiment were Highlanders save thirty-five. Lord Huntly was given the first command of this corps, they and ever since known as the Ninety-second or Gordon Highlanders, and wearing the tartan of the clan."

Emerson and Ruskin.

On the occasion of Emerson's last visit to England he sought out Ruskin and went to his house to see his pictures and other works of art there. Ruskin talked with amazing volubility about his treasures until the sage of Concord, himself a somewhat reticent talker, could no longer bear the stream of pessimistic words. "At last," he said afterwards to a friend, who has only recently made public the anecdote, "I could not endure it any longer, for his thoughts were as black as night, and I took a sudden leave of him."

Mistaken Identity.

Mrs. Fangle—Why don't you ring the dinner bell, Bridget?

Bridget—I couldn't foind any, ma'am.

Mrs. Fangle—Why, it's on the dining-room sideboard.

Bridget—Och! An' is it thot one it is? An' versilf tould me last noight as thot was the breakfas' bell!—Life.

An Encouraging Sign.

Farmer Meadow—How is your son doing in the city?

Farmer Harrow—He hasn't said much about his business, but he writes me that he's got lots of friends there.

Farmer Meadow—That's encouragin'. That shows that he ain't had to borrow money yet.

What They Mean.

Sweet Girl—What do the papers mean when they talk about a womanly woman?

Father—They mean one who knows how to make pumpkin pies.

The Connecting Link.

Mrs. Van Veneering—Do you know the Richleys well?

Mrs. Jere Mandering—Like a book. We employ the same dressmaker.—Life.

UNCLE SAM'S MADE SUN

BIG ELECTRIC SEARCH-LIGHT AT SANDY HOOK.

It Throws Its Rays Over the Atlantic for a Distance of Eighty Miles—Perched on a Tower Ninety Feet High—The Largest Projector Ever Made.

The largest electric search-light in the world, larger even than the famous projector on the top of Mount Washington, has been purchased by the United States government for the purpose of experimenting in coast defense. It is at Sandy Hook proving ground where it is perched on top of a tower 90 feet high, from which it sweeps the waters in all directions.

It is undoubtedly the largest projector ever made. It measures five feet across the front of the lens, and though the strength of the arc is 47,000 candle-power, yet this is magnified by a special mechanism which is a part of the lamp itself, until the beam of light reaches a candle-power of 194,000,000. So strong is it, in fact, that it is possible to detect its darting light eighty miles away.

The fact that the search-light, so successful on our men-of-war, might prove of great utility in coast defense has been suggested before, but no good opportunity presented itself until last year when a German firm of electricians exhibited the present big lamp at the Chicago exhibition. Then the ordnance department decided to buy it and commence the series of experiments at the Sandy Hook proving ground.

Of late years immense strides have been made in the offensive facilities of the navy department, and, while the systems of defense have wonderfully advanced, they have not in many instances kept pace with the other end of the science. A very good instance can be found in the performances of the torpedo boat Cushing. The little craft built by the Herreshoffs has been able so far to defy even the search-light. Since she has been painted green it is almost impossible to find her in the water with the search-light now used by naval vessels. At Goat island last summer she played about the water near the man-of-war and was never discovered until she had signaled that she had been prowling about and could have blown any or all of the big battle ships out of the water. On several occasions she ran up within a few yards of the San Francisco and the Miantonomah in the face of the search-lights and was not detected.

With the big search-light at Sandy Hook it would be impossible for the Cushing to play such pranks.

The lamp was made especially for the Chicago exhibition by Schuckert & Co., of Nuremburg, Germany, says the New York Journal. It was mounted on the northwestern corner of the roof of the manufactures building, and when it was operated, three evenings each week, its light was detected in Milwaukee, over eighty miles away. When completely mounted it stands about eight and one half feet above the platform on which it is erected. The space within the lamp is large enough to allow five or six men to ensconce themselves.

The most important part of the lamp is the large parabolic mirror, which is used to magnify the light from the carbons. It has a working diameter of five feet and a thickness of seven eighths of an inch. It is a remarkable piece of glass, and six months were consumed in the labor of grinding and polishing. The back of the glass is heavily coated with silver, which is protected by a coating of specially prepared paint. It has been proved by experiments that this style of mirror is best adapted for projecting the rays of an arc lamp for search-light purposes, as it furnishes the reflection of the intense rays more than any other kind. In fact, an electrical engineer, speaking of it, says that though great improvements may be made in search lights in the future, the parabolic mirror must form an integral portion of the mechanism of the lamp.

The carbons in the lamp are very large, and a device is provided by means of which they can be separated immediately, and the arc, which depends on this separation, established automatically, so that it is only necessary to turn on the current to get the full force of the light at once. This device will make the lamp very valuable for naval purposes.

Although the lamp weighs in the neighborhood of 2,000 pounds, it is so perfectly poised that a child can swing it about. So it can be worked by hand or by means of electric motor.

The lamp is mounted on a tower. First a wall 30 feet above the sea level was built. On top of this wall stands the tower, 60 feet high. The height of the lamp and stand, 8½ feet, places the total height of all at 98½ feet. From this eminence it is possible to command a very extended horizon, and with systematic operation of the light it would be almost impossible for a large vessel to approach within a destructive distance before it could be seen.

The chief trouble will be the detection of the small and almost invisible torpedo boats. The performances of the Cushing show what has to be contended against, even if the boat's presence in nearby waters is known.

Her Final Answer.

He had proposed to her in an extremely florid and luxuriant, not to say tropical and soulful, manner, and she had received it with laughter and merry gibes. Naturally this course of treatment didn't improve his temper. "What do you take me for, anyhow?" he asked, furiously indignant. Again the provoking laugh. "I don't take you for anything," she replied; "I reject you utterly. Good evening, sir." And she left him to his meditations.—Detroit Free Press.

She Didn't Mind It.

Bridget's mistress had asked her if she overheard a rather angry conversation between her husband and herself.

"Oh, yis, ma'am," replied Bridget, "but sure I didn't moind it. I'm used to it. I'm married myself."—The Waterbury.

INGERSOLL'S KINDNESS.

How He Helped a Needy Reporter to Make a Few Dollars.

Colonel Ingersoll has the kindest of hearts toward all mankind, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. Only a few days ago a newspaper man told me a character story about him. This newspaper man found himself in New York out at elbow, unable to get work, and unwilling, of course, to ask alms. In his strait it occured to him to go to see Colonel Ingersoll, although he was quite sure that the colonel would not remember the single occasion when they had met.

"Well, what can I do for you, young man?" said the colonel, coming right to the point.

"I am a newspaper reporter and want you to give me an interview."

"On what subject?"

"Any subject you please, sir."

"For what paper?"

"For any paper that will buy it of me."

"Well, that's cool! Don't you know my time is valuable?"

"Yes; but I am in a tight place. I am out of work; I don't know which way to turn. There is no market for what I write. There is always a market for what you say. Talk to me twenty minutes and it will be $25 or $50 in my pocket."

"But I would rather give or lend you the money."

"I couldn't take it as a gift, and I have no right to ask a loan. I want to earn it and I think I am justified in asking charity to the extent of a few minutes of your time."

"All right," was the cheery rejoinder. "Fire away with your questions."

The reporter "fired away" on the first topic that came into his mind, and soon had material which he made into copy salable to a syndicate for $100. Nor was Ingersoll's good nature exhausted with a single interview. Said my friend: "I ate, drank and slept on Ingersoll for a month, or until I got regular work, and whenever he gave me an interview he went over my notes and touched them up until the matter was in his best style. That's the sort of a man Ingersoll is."

Laid His Wires Well.

The foresight Lord Rosebery displayed in arranging his matrimonial plans is illustrated in the following anecdote: Shortly after he had returned from his continental tour, he was one of a house-party at Mentmore, a lordly pleasure house which Baron Meyer Rothschild had built for himself in Buckinghamshire. One evening, at dinner, the conversation turned on the exquisite decorations of the room. Lord Rosebery's observation to his next neighbor, by way of epilogue to the conversation, was: "Yes, this place would suit me excellently." When, seven years later, he had married the daughter of the house, and was the owner of Mentmore, his friend, happening to meet him, reminded him of this observation. Lord Rosebery replied with assumed gravity, but with a tell-tale twinkle in his eye: "Well, of course you know the unexpected always happens."—Argonaut.

An Eventful Day.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the editor. "If that wasn't a queer experience!"

"What was that?" said the foreman.

"There was a man in here just now who didn't seem to know any more about how a newspaper should be run than I do."

What She Meant.

Minnie—How in the world can you say that Mrs. Tellit is a woman of intelligence?

Mamie—I meant that she had all the neighborhood intelligence that was going.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Are you making any plans that reach beyond this life?

When you bid your sin goodby, don't shake hands with it.

A fool empties his head every time he opens his mouth.

Growth in knowledge is the only cure for self-conceit.

Much bending breaks the bow; much unbending the mind.

There is nothing more beautiful on earth or in heaven than love.

Weakness on both sides is, as we know, the trait of all quarrels.

The best remedy for self-conceit is to be well introduced to yourself.

Speak but little and well if you would be esteemed a man of merit.

Be grateful for your blessings and it will make your trials look small.

It is much easier to be contented without riches than it is with them.

Don't talk much about yourself when you want to be listened to with profit.

One reason why there are not more good boys, is because good fathers are so scarce.

People who are wrong in their thinking are sure to be wrong in their every day life.

MANNERS OF MEN.

In an Oregon court a laborer who has an Italian name, but looks like a German, had a linguistic duel with the court interpreter. He understood each question but replied to it in a different tongue until the interpreter acknowledged himself beaten and asked the court for protection.

Suicide statistics, covering a period of twenty-five years, in New York city, offer some interesting deductions. They show, among other things, that the Irish and the negroes are not given to self-destruction. The Germans show a much larger percentage of suicides than either of the races above mentioned.

A rancher on Vashon island, Wash., has his house painted more expensively than any other house in the state. Last fall he found a box which contained about 200 pounds of what he thought was a fine quality of fire-proof paint floating in the sound. The paint was packed in small tin cans and bore a foreign label, and as it had cost him nothing he thought he would paint his house with it. The house is now painted inside and out, and in doing so the greater portion of the paint was consumed. The rancher has discovered, much to his sorrow, that instead of fire-proof paint he has his house covered with about $3,000 worth of smuggled opium, which was thrown overboard by smugglers.

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

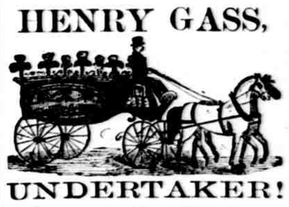
RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$ 241,467 57
Real Estate Furniture and Fixtures	16,784 93
U. S. Bonds	15,240 00
Due from other banks	57,876 31
Cash on Hand	59,743 89
Total	$333,196 56

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	$ 60,000 00
Surplus Fund	30,000 00
Undivided profits	4,576 60
Circulation	13,500 00
Deposits	225,119 97
Total	$333,196 56

HENRY GASS,



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