The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXV.--NUMBER 10. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER 1,258.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

Oakland will celebrate the Fourth.

A barb-wire factory is being built in West Point.

Harvard will vote July 2 on the question of water works.

A chapter of Royal Arch Masons is to be installed at Wayne.

Rain makers operated at Beatrice and brought a good shower.

Nelson schools turned ous six graduates—four boys and two girls.

The sheriffs of the state will meet in convention at Hastings June 28th.

It has been decreed that nickel-in-slot machines at Tecumseh must go.

The seventeen-year locust has made its appearance in Box Butte county.

Nebraska City is completing arrangements for a good celebration on the Fourth.

The Long Pine Chautauqua assembly is advertised to take place June 29 to July 30.

In the cow boy hundred mile horse race at Chadron four of the animals were killed.

The citizens of Flattsmouth have raised over $1,000 to celebrate the nation's birthday.

June 39 the annual state convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians will be held in Tecumseh.

Universalists of Nebraska had their state meeting at Tecumseh last week, with a good attendance.

H. A. Babcock & Co. of Lincoln bought $120,000 of 4½ per cent twenty year bonds of Dakota county issue.

Hammond & Young of Schuyler have the contract to sink thirty wells at Columbus for the city water works there.

Mrs. J. D. Rhodes and her two daughters were thrown from their vehicle and the former seriously injured.

Grace, the 18-year-old daughter of Mayor Kneebrig of Falls City, died last week. She was a very popular young lady.

M. H. Erwin, who lives two miles north of Table Rock, had his new double harness stolen from his stable last week.

Notwithstanding that there has been considerable building this spring, the demand for houses to rent at Newcastle is unabated.

The barn of Fred Menz of Seward was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Loss about $700, with $200 insurance.

It is rumored that a move is on foot to organize a stock company at Ponca, the object of which will be to build a steam grist mill.

Sam Payne, the Omaha negro who is supposed to be responsible for the death of Maud Rubel some time ago, has been arrested in Iowa.

Deputy United States Marshal Coble of Springview arrested John Strahlecker, charging him with selling liquor to Indians.

The Fremont postoffice makes a good showing of business for the last year, notwithstanding the dull times. It shows a decrease of only $900.

The alfalfa crop, though but few have engaged in its cultivation in this section, says the Kearney Democrat, is being harvested and is a very good yield.

Receiver Westervelt of the Citizens' National bank of Grand Island, paid out nearly $30,000 last week, on the second dividend declared by Comptroller Eckles.

A rabid dog belonging to Mr. Wells, near Unadilla, bit a 9-year-old son of Arthur Jones severely in the hip, and also bit a number of dogs and several head of cattle.

Tramps entered the farmhouse of James Trimble, near Stella, when the folks were absent and got away with a new suit of clothes and many household necessities.

The ten-mile bicycle race between the Grand Island and Hastings teams resulted in favor of Hastings. Time 29:02½. The two-mile race was won by Roush of Grand Island. Time 3:59.

W. F. Vail, city ticket agent at Omaha of the Burlington road, died last Sunday. He had undergone a surgical operation for an intestinal cancer from which he had been suffering for about a month.

O. D. Thatcher's barn, at Hastings, was struck by lightning and set on fire. Before it was discovered the flames had gained such headway that the structure was entirely destroyed. The loss was $500.

A. K. Webster of Lincoln, who has shown signs of insanity for some time, was taken to the Lincoln asylum for treatment, having been examined by the insanity commissioners and pronounced demented.

After one year of quiet, base ball has been agitated again, and a new nine has been organized at Schuyler, with J. C. Sprecher, editor of the Quill, as manager. Grounds will be fenced and an amphitheater erected.

A number of English gentlemen are trying to organize a cricket club in Kearney. Nearly enough members have already been secured and it is quite probable that several games will be played there this season.

The $60,000 canal bonds of Kearney have been sold to Green & Van Duyn of Lincoln, and work is now being pushed as rapidly as possible on the canal enlargement. The pay roll this month will probably run over $3,000.

The Nebraska City Press says: "If Otoe county farmers continue to pay off their mortgage indebtedness for a few months longer at the ratio prevailing during May, it will soon be distinguished as 'the unblanketed county.'"

The State Cycling club will hold their state meet in Kearney on July 4 and the Kearney Cycling club are making extensive arrangements to have a good time. The track is being put in first-class order, and when completed will be one of the fastest in the state.

Mrs. Eloise Rudiger has been acquitted of the murder of "Baron" Reiser of South Omaha last November. The second trial of the case was even a harder fought contest than the first, and the attorneys for the prisoner were freely congratulated when their client was no longer a prisoner, but a free woman.

A number of farmers at Fritsch are trying pumping in a limited way for irrigation purposes, with indications that more of it might be done to advantage where water does not have to be lifted over 300 feet. A number are pumping with considerable success along Red Willow creek.

While on their recent visit to California Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Haskins of Pawnee City visited the locality where the former worked a mine years ago. Mrs. W. picked up a number of pebbles as mementoes, and when they arrived in that city a few days ago Mr. H examined them and found among them a gold nugget that will assay $12 or $14.

The stringency in the money market seems to have affected matrimonial matters somewhat, in Gage county at least. The records in the county judge's office show that up to the present date eighty-six licenses to wed have been issued during 1894, as against 122 for the same period of 1893.

At Nebraska City Paul Lyon was bound over to the district court in the sum of $500. Lyon was a clerk at Morrison's jewelry store and is charged with getting agay with several hundred dollars' worth of goods, most of which were recovered.

Hundreds of St. Paul citizens of Danish nationality met at Dannebrog on the 6th to celebrate the Danish national holiday, held in high esteem by them as being the date on which they were granted a constitution by Frederick VII in 1849.

Mrs. Christine Brady of Grand Island, the widow of Joseph Brady, a cigar maker, who died about two years ago, committed suicide by taking fifty grains of arsenic in water. She died in terrible agony. She had been worrying over financial matters.

A storm at Franklin did considerable damage. The roof of the high school building was taken off, carried two blocks and dropped on top of the Congregational church, breaking the roof of the church. Chimneys and small buildings were blown over in profusion.

In obedience of the decision of the supreme court Auditor Moore has paid to Scotts Bluff county the sum of $7,495.73, the amount which the last legislature appropriated for the relief of the country for expenses incurred in the trial of George Arnold on the charge of murder.

The annual assembly of the Long Pine Chautauqua will occur June 29 to July 10, inclusive. The Chatuqua has become one of the permanent institutions of Long Pine and has already become famous throughout the west as the most desirable resort for summer rest and recreation.

As Mrs. A. M. Thomas of Lincoln was passing down the walk in the rear of her house, a man and woman seized her and cut off her hair, which hung down her back. Mrs. Thomas was, of course, very much frightened and called for aid, but her assailants wore masks and were not recognized.

In answer as to the query as to Buffalo Bill's politics, the editor of the New York Advertiser says: "Colonel Cody is a true and proud American, and a loyal one at that. At present his politics is 'Wild West Show.' He is speaker of the house of the congress of the world's rough riders."

The theory that alfalfa will not stand dry weather has been utterly exploded by those who sowed alfalfa this spring. During this unprecedented dry spell, where other grasses have utterly dried up, alfalfa is still growing. Much more alfalfa will be grown in Sarpy county in future.

Frederike Noultens, wife of Dr. F. Noultens of Adams county, has filed suit for a divorce in the district court. Extreme cruelty and the habit of throwing various articles of furniture at the plaintiff and through the windows are the grounds on which the prayer for separation is based.

A celebration by the Ancient Order of United Workmen took place in Blue Springs, the occasion being the accession of the 100th member since the lodge was organized, a little more than a year ago. There was a grand parade, headed by the girl band. Visitors from Wymore and Beatrice were present.

Tom McDermott of Fremont brought town recently two magnificent specimens of pelican shot by him on the Platte, near his place in Saunders county. He shot three more, but they couldn't be got out of the river. One of the birds measured six feet five inches from tip to tip of wings and five feet six inches from tip of tail to end of the beak.

A peculiar accidental death occurred ten miles southwest of Beatrice, H. W. Williams being the victim. He and his son were out hunting rabbits. Williams fired at one with the shotgun he was carrying, and while the boy was searching for the dead rabbit his father fell to the ground and in a few moments expired. He had been killed by the concussion of the explosion.

The State Pharmacests, in convention at Hastings, chose officers as follows: President, H. Gering, Plattsmouth; first vice president, A. V. Pease, Fairbury; second vice president, E. E. Cupps, Superior; third vice president, H. A. Snow, Omaha; fourth vice president, H. M. Bates, Hazard; fifth vice president, C. B. Compton; secretary, W. L. Heilman, Tecumseh; treasurer, Jerry Bowen, Wood River.

"Say a word and I will choke the life out of you," was the startling salutation that met the ears of Mrs. A. M. Thomas of 1307 Rose street, Lincoln, as she stepped out into her back yard the other evening. Then, without a word of warning, she was seized from behind by a masked man and held while a woman, also masked, drew from her clothes a pair of scissors and cut off the beautiful tresses near her head that hung over her shoulders. It was but the work of an instant and then both disappeared.

The livery and feed barn owned by Beauchamp & Son at Ord, burned last week. The cause of the fire is unknown; insurance, $500. The barn was rented by McDaniels & Dumard, and was full of stock at the time of the fire. Most of the horses were saved, but nine were burned, including a valuable trotting colt valued at $700, and all the vehicles. Three valuable horses were turned loose and, apparently badly frightened, ran upon a railroad bridge. They fell from the bridge, resulting in the death of two of them.

Henry Brunse, a German living about two miles west of Napier, was stabbed fatally by a man named Charles Hill, claiming to be a special constable from Chelsea, Holt county. Hill, who has no papers to show his authority, having lost his warrant in the fracas, says he was deputized to arrest one Gottlieb Krause, who also resides near here. Krause resisted and called for help and about thirty-five or forty Germans responded. In trying to get away, he says, he stabbed Brunse, who was striking him with a heavy whip.

A farmer named Schock, who lives in Dixon county, formed the disagreeable habit of whipping his wife and children about four times a week. Neighbors finally turned in and gave him treatment for it, hanging him up a time or two until he was black in the face and then kicking him across a quarter section of valuable land. He hasn't felt like renewing hostilities since.

A 9-year-old son of Mr. Wilson, living near Wahoo, was crushed to death last week by a wall falling upon him at the brickyard. He was present where the workmen were cleaning out an old kiln, when the wall fell without warning, killing the boy instantly.

The Order of Railroad Conductors and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen of the Southern Nebraska district, which includes she southeastern part of the state, will hold their annual picnic in Dillon's grove, in Tecumseh, July 13. For the past four years these picnics have been held in Falls City. Citizens will see that the visitors are properly entertained.

The Knights of Pythias of Hastings held memorial services at their lodge rooms, after which they marched to the cemetery and placed flowers upon the graves of deceased members. There was a large turnout of members and many citizens were in the procession.

THE GREAT JHOOT DEMON.

"WHAT do you think of him?"

"Horrible!"

"Is he not a beauty?"

"Ugh! A look at those white, glassy eyes is enough to make one's blood turn to ice. Whatever possessed you to have such a monster mounted?"

Colonel Bob Downing laughed at my plainly-expressed horror of the terrible beast he had set up in his smoking room—a creature more repulsive even than in life, because of the taxidermist's faithful reproduction of a most suggestively ferocious and cruel expression on the face of the stuffed animal.

"I had him set up there, Taylor, because of the associations," said Colonel Downing, finally. "But for the Great Jhoot Demon I should have still been knocking about the world a confirmed old bachelor, instead of being comfortably settled here in London with the nicest little wife that ever man had."

"You told me there was an interesting story connected with your marriage," I observed.

"It is interesting and highly dramatic," he went on. "Light your cigar and take that easy-chair, so that you can keep the monster in view. It'll be a realistic aid to your imagination as my history of how I won Mrs. Downing develops itself.

I adopted his suggestion, and never in my life did I listen to a story with such interest.

Every word thrilled me, and I could well imagine myself an actor in the whole drama, and fancy that the lifeless beast within touch of my hand was alive and again the murderous demon of an Indian jungle.

Just before the colonel began, I noticed that a small monkey, which had before escaped my attention, was perched among the limbs of a dwarf tree in front of the demon, that the taxidermist had used to give his subject a more life-like pose.

I realized that the monkey was part of the picture, for its grinning face was turned toward the demon, and clinging to the limb with one paw, it had the other extended, as though pointing to something ahead.

"What has the monkey to do with it, colonel?" I asked, my curiosity aroused.

"The Lungoor? You shall hear. He plays a very important part in the story."

With this assurance I was forced to be content, and settling himself in his chair, the colonel began.

As an enthusiastic scientist and mighty hunter, he had traveled over every part of the globe, his wanderings having been chiefly in the wildest and most inaccessible portions of our planet.

Three years ago, while in search of a peculiar plant which grows only in the deepest of East Indian jungles, and which he was employed to hunt up and secure specimens of, for a celebrated inventor, who wished to experiment on the use of the pith of the plant in some electrical contrivance, the colonel found himself at Ramgarh, a Bengalene village at the foot of the Behar mountains.

Here he was the guest of an ex-army officer, Edward Meaney, whose beautiful daughter, Katharine, made a deep impression on the colonel's susceptible heart.

To use his own description, "she was a woman among women, courageous, gentle, kind, sensible and accomplished."

The major was the owner of an extensive plantation, situated about sixteen miles from Ramgarh, where he had a very comfortably appointed bungalow, in which he lived a portion of the time, his only companion being his beautiful daughter.

Major Meaney had a smattering of botanical knowledge and when his guest described the plant of which he was in search, the major said:

"I think that I have met with it while hunting for the Jhoot Demon, in a dense jungle that lies to the southwest of my place."

"Hunting the what?" demanded the colonel, whose sporting instincts were aroused at the mention of a creature of which he had never before heard.

"The Jhoot Demon."

"And what in the name of all that is horrible is a Jhoot Demon?"

"It's the name the natives have given to an enormous man-eating tiger, which is the terror of that whole country."

"Oh! the demon is only a tiger! And you say you have hunted for him?

"Repeatedly."

"Ever get a shot?"

"Never."

"I'll try my luck," said the colonel, carelessly. "I'll combine business with pleasure. When I'm hunting for this plant, I'll look up his demonship."

"Be careful that the demon does not look you up instead," continued Major Meaney.

"Nonsense! I'm not an ordinary shikari (tiger hunter), but a man who has slain over a hundred of the beasts."

"That's exactly what poor Dick Culverton said, and Dick shot over fifty tigers in twelve months once, on a wager."

"And did the tiger get him?"

"Yes. In the past ten years the demon has killed every shikari, native or European, who went out against him. He has never even been seen, and, as he never mangles a body, but only sucks the blood through an orifice made over the jugular vein, the terror that the Jhoot Demon has inspired is not surprising. He does not confine himself to jungle manhunting, and, although he never forces a door, he has got into house after house. Last March he killed two of my servants, and a third, who was lying beside them, was not even awakened."

"You excite my interest."

"I shall do well if I develop your caution. Before I went on half-pay, I was in command of a cantonment which was pitched on what is now my plantation. Two of my subalterns—likely lads—went out for him and the next day were found dead like the rest."

"Boys are proverbially careless."

"Doubtless. One of the poor lads, with his last strength, had managed to scratch in the soft ground the words: 'Look out for a L——.' But no amount of conjecture could solve the riddle of this uncompleted sentence."

"I shall certainly make it my business to hunt up the demon."

"Poor Dick Culverton left a message also, as creepy and mysterious as that written by the boy. He had managed before life left him, to grasp a twig, which was found in his stiffened fingers, and this rude pen had written in the sand two letters before his strength failed him."

"Those letters?"

"A M—," answered the major.

Far into the night, Major Meaney talked of the Jhoot Demon, its cunning, its ferocity, its murderous rapacity, and the colonel nodded his head, and more firmly than ever resolved to hunt the terror of the jungle to his death.

The day following they set out for the plantation—the colonel, Major Meaney and Miss Katharine.

The bungalow was built close to a palm thicket, and the colonel was given an end room, the windows of which, protected only by a mosquito netting, overlooked this grove.

The front corner room was occupied by Katharine Meaney, and as all were weary from their day's journey over the rough roads, they retired early.

There was a full moon, and the colonel, arrayed only in his pajamas, seated himself at the window to smoke a cheroot before retiring.

His feet were elevated on the low sill, and he was gazing dreamily out toward the palm grove, when there was an almost inaudible rustle of leaves among some low shrubbery which grew close to the bungalow, and looking sharply in that direction, he saw a little gray brown paw very cautiously putting aside the twigs.

Behind the paw he could discern two small green eyes attentively regarding him.

"A lungoor!" he muttered to himself, as it vanished from view. "A monkey!"

Then he sprang suddenly but noiselessly to his feet, and his whole frame quivered with excitement.

"A lungoor—a monkey!" he repeated, in a whisper. "What was the message that poor lad left? 'Look out for a L——;' a lungoor, he meant. And Culverton's two enigmatical letters, written with the twig as he lay dying, 'A M—.' A monkey he meant. By George! there's mischief afloat!"

Moved by a sudden inspiration, for which he could never afterward account, he picked up one of his heavy express rifles, both barrels of which were charged with explosive ball, and opening the door of his room stepped out into the wide verandah that encircled the bungalow.

A mass of creepers growing up to the thatched roof afforded him a place of shelter, from which he could keep his eye on the shrubbery and command a view of the window of Katharine Meaney's room.

He had scarcely got himself into position when the lungoor hopped out into the clearing, the shrubbery shook, and there followed the little creature one of the most repulsive-looking monsters his eyes had ever beheld.

It was a gigantic tiger, absolutely naked, not a hair anywhere—a huge, ghostly, globous monstrosity—a very Caliban of tigers, as big as a bison and as long as a crocodile.

As the ghostly creature crept after the monkey, he followed the slightest

THE COLONEL'S RIFLE RANG OUT.

curve and deviation of his guide with the delicate alacrity of a needle under the influence of a magnet.

The monkey crossed the little cleared place and made straight toward one of the windows of the room occupied by Kate Meaney, alongside of which was the beautiful girl's bed.

Holding his breath, Colonel Downing followed with wide, staring eyes, the movements of the two strange companions.

The adroitness displayed by the tiger was suddenly converted into a subject of horrified wonder, for, as the brute approached the window behind which lay the sleeping girl, he turned his hideous face up to the moon, and the watcher, standing breathless among the sheltering creepers, saw that his eyes were of a dull, dead white, without light, intelligence or movement.

The creature was stone blind, but for all that evidently knew what lay before him, for the saliva of anticipation was clinging to his wrinkled jaws like a mass of gleaming icicles.

The monkey, when it had come within jumping distance, gave a low, signal cry, made one vigorous spring through the window upon Kate's bed and then leaped upon the headboard.

The little guide was instantly followed by the tiger, but while his huge, hairless body was in mid-air the colonel's express rifle rang out.

The tiger uttered a scream of agony, his great forepaws dug at the air viciously and his huge body fell with a crash upon the floor of the verandah.

The monkey, with a shrill cry, sought to escape, but a ball from the second barrel stretched it lifeless beside the dead body of the Jhoot Demon.

Of course the shots alarmed the household, and the reader can imagine the gratitude of Kate Meaney when she realized that but for the bravery and sagacity of her father's guest she would have fallen a victim to the terrible demon.

It is no wonder, then, that seeing the interest he had excited in the beautiful girl's heart, the colonel pressed his suit, and was rewarded before many days by becoming her accepted husband.

The native servants carefully removed the skins of the demon and his monkey guide, and as I glanced toward their stuffed forms, when the colonel arose and announced that lunch awaited us, I could not repress a shudder of horror.

ARMY APPOINTMENTS.

West Point Men Not Necessarily Preferred for Promotion.

An impression that West Point graduates by virtue of their influence at Washington obtain the best appointments in the army, and in that respect have an advantage over men who entered the service as civilians, is shown to have no foundation by Lieutenant H. L. Hawthorne, Fourth artillery, who writes a letter on the subject to a Boston paper. It was called forth by a complaint that "the military academy graduates are responsible for the constantly manifest tendency of the last thirty years to pass over men whose record really entitles them to staff duty and appointments, independent commands, or attractive details, in favor of West Pointers." First drawing attention to the facts that four of the seven major generals of to-day sprang from civil life, and that General N. A. Miles, who is a non-graduate, will in a short time become commanding general, Lieutenant Hawthorne says: "Now as to the staff appointments. The adjutant general's department is made up of nine non-graduates and eight graduates. The inspector general's department is composed of six non-graduates and one graduate. Both of these departments receive their members by choice from the captains of the line of the army, and these figures do not seem to indicate that preference has been shown to the graduates. The proportions in the other staff departments is as follows: Judge advocate general's department, seventy-five per cent non-graduates; quartermaster's department, sixty-one per cent non-graduates; subsistence department, thirty-five per cent non-graduates; pay department, eighty-eight per cent non-graduates. The other staff departments, except the chaplain's, are not filled by selection, so they need not be considered. Of the nineteen holding rank as general officers, ten are non-graduates. In the regiments of cavalry, six of the ten colonels are non-graduates. In the artillery but one of the five colonels is a non-graduate; while in the infantry seventeen of the twenty-five colonels are non-graduates."

ADVERTISING.

The Secret of Success Through the Medium of the Newspapers.

The success of advertising depends upon the advertiser. He must have goods the people need and offer them in an attractive way. He must have the goods he advertises at the price stated. A "fluke ad." is a very poor investment for any business man. Loss of confidence in a business announcement means a loss of trade.

All advertising does not pay. There must be judgment used in making investments in advertising space as well as the purchase of any goods. Advertising is not a one quality and a one-priced article any more than woolen goods, broadcloths, oranges or meats. The medium for advertising, the circulation and number of readers, must all be considered. There are catch-penny advertising schemes offered in every town which do not afford a fair return for the money invested.

The newspapers of a place are always better than "the occasional opportunity" for announcing bargains, and always give a better return. It is a fair estimate to count five readers for every paper, and the larger the number of papers issued the more valuable the space. The money paid in catch-penny schemes for a single issue is frequently enough to pay for the same space in a daily paper for a week. The paper may issue as many papers in a day as the whole special edition and place the "ad" before six times as many people in a week for the same price. Money carelessly spent for printer's ink does not give profitable returns.

There is a chance for scholarship, ingenuity, invention, eccentricity and wit in preparing an advertisement; but honesty is always the best trademark, and, as it cannot be copyrighted, all are free to use it. Put work into an advertisement and it will work well—put sense in it and it will bring dollars to your till.—Norwich Bulletin.

Other Things Didn't Matter.

Judge—Am I to understand, madam, that you want to withdraw your suit for divorce? Woman—Yes, y'r honor. "But you have charged that your husband neglected you, starved you and maltreated you most shamefully." "If you please, sir, I have just found out that the young woman I saw him with last week was his sister.—New York Weekly.

Until Tired.

Stranger, on election day—When will the polls close?

Election Manager—There's no tellin'; old Bill Jones is jes' got here; he's a voter from 'way back, an' he's jes' jerked his coat!

Killed by His False Teeth.

At Liverpool recently a boatswain of a ship in that port was seized with a violent fit of coughing, during which his teeth became lodged in his windpipe. He died before they could be removed.

Perfumes From Chemicals.

Chemistry seems likely to furnish substitutes for the expensive perfumes now made from flowers. It has long been known that the exact odor of the banana is produced in the laboratory.

Long at His Toil.

Alfred Norton has been in the employ of the custom-house of Boston as inspector since 1837. He resigned his position during the late war, but when peace was restored resumed his duties.

UNDER A SAILOR'S BAN.

THE STORY OF AN ACCURSED SHIP.

A Spell Put Upon the Whaler by an Indian Who Had Been Abandoned on an Island—A Crew Unobtainable for Years and the Craft Burned.

Twenty-five years ago one of the stanchest whaling crafts that sailed from New London, Conn., was the schooner Franklin. She was new and able. She made several successful voyages to the Antarctic and then a sailor put a hoodoo on her that resulted in her being tied up at a wharf, and there she remained until a few nights ago, when she was destroyed by fire.

The story of the Franklin, as related by a correspondent of the Globe-Democrat, is one of the most interesting yarns that the old whalemen relate. In 1871 the Franklin was in charge of a man named Holmes. While cruising around the Antarctic ocean for seals he one day landed a boat's crew on an island for the purpose of killing what seals they could while the schooner kept on prospecting for rookeries. The captain told the men that he would return in about ten days, and provisions sufficient to last the men that length of time were given them. The vessel didn't come back, and the men concluded that she was lost. Two hundred and fifty miles distant was a locality known as Potter's Cove, where the whaling bark Nile had headquarters. With the idea of reaching that point in time to take passage on the Nile, the men took the carcasses of several seals and in a small boat started. They arrived at Potter's cove the day after the Nile left.

From an old try works that had been left there they made a shelter for themselves, living on the oil of seals and sea elephants until the next spring, when they concluded to go to Cape Sheriff and kill all the seals they could find before the vessels began to arrive. They got jammed in the ice and were obliged to return. Three of the crew refused to make another attempt to cross the strait and were left behind. The four men that went were lost. The three remaining passed through terrible hardships. Finally two of them died, and, according to the story of the survivor, a Montauk Indian named Garby, he ate the flesh of his companions. He was found nearly dead. He was finally brought back to New London on the schooner Z. P. Simmons. Garby learned that the Franklin had returned all right. The captain told him that he didn't return for the men on account of head winds that made it impossible. The Indian sued the owners of the vessel, with the idea of recovering damages, but the case went against him.

This infuriated the man, and he ran down to the wharf where the Franklin was moored, and standing in the midst of the deck, called down a curse on the craft. The man was arrested and locked up. He was called crazy. This charge was not sustained, and Garby was set free. He suddenly disappeared, and has not been seen since. It takes but little to arouse a sailor's superstition, and when the story of Garby's strange action ran along the water front there was an ominous shaking of sailor heads. Considerable trouble was experienced in getting a crew for the Franklin, but one was finally secured through the medium of a shipping office, and the craft started for the sealing grounds. Everything ran along smoothly until the vessel was in the vicinity of Cooper's island, in the South Atlantic ocean. One night a sailor on watch ran into the forecastle and aroused his mates. The man was laboring under great excitement, and told the men that while pacing the deck he had seen six skeletons grinning at him from the bows of the vessel. The men ridiculed the sailor's fears, but he refused to return to the deck. The mate was told the story and he ordered the sailor back to his watch. The man, under a threat of punishment if he refused to do duty, went on deck again. He had been alone but a short time when he rushed into the forecastle again with the same story. This time the man was hysterical, and within an hour was a raving maniac. He was secured, but before morning managed to get free, and, running on deck, jumped overboard and was drowned.

Two days later the men in the forecastle went to the mate with the story that they had seen the night before six skulls in the forecastle hatch. They wanted him to land them on Cooper island. They had already had enough of the Franklin. The captain refused to do as the men requested.

One night, about midnight, a sudden wind arose, and all hands were called on deck to shorten sail. The wind rose to a hurricane and kicked up a heavy sea. The captain stood at the wheel and the men were scattered about the decks doing their best to keep themselves from being blown overboard. Suddenly one of the men cried out in a terrified voice for the others to look over the windward quarter. All eyes were turned in that direction and a phantom boat containing six fleshless bodies was seen hovering on the crest of a wave headed for the vessel. The captain watched the strange craft until it passed out of sight across the bow of the Franklin. The occurrence was too much for the nerves of the sailors, and when the storm abated they insisted upon embarking in a small boat for the Falkland islands. The captain tried to persuade them to remain and agreed to take the schooner into port, but the men were terror-stricken and, with the exception of one man who refused to go, took the boats and left the vessel.

With but two men at his command the captain kept the Franklin on her course. He had never been able to explain the phantom boat. Its appearance had proved to him that the fear which had scattered his crew was not altogether unfounded. He was a man of good nerve, but he was considerably shaken one night while he stood at the wheel to see a skeleton suddenly appear on the opposite side of it and grasp the spokes with its bony fingers. The captain stood his ground until he got the Franklin safely back into New London harbor. Then he left her. Many attempts were made to get a crew for the vessel, but without success. Finally she was tied up and gradually fell into decay. The fire that consumed her was of unknown origin, but the sailors say it was the result of the curse of Garby.

WIFE AND MOTHER.

The Fat, Overdressed Woman Thought Children Were Such a Bother.

This is a true bill. It was raining one afternoon. The shoppers, whom no sort of weather can deter from the delight of "going about," and the actors, who know they look distinguished in big mackintoshes, were treading the pavements of Broadway, getting up appetites for dinner, according to the New York Herald. The sidewalk, as far as you could see, was roofed with umbrellas. It was dismal enough. Halting on a corner to watch the panorama, I saw marching majestically through the ruck one of those ponderous and pompous females of ill-concealed middle age, with much powder, gay brocade, neat booting and the inevitable bell-bespangled pug dog. She had diamonds in her ears, and how she had fitted her yellow gloves over so many and such giant rings was a mystery. Beside her toddled a flaxen-haired child, four years old maybe. She was fully up to her mother's standard in the matter of dress, and was as pretty as a picture withal.

The toddler picked her way independently along the dirty pavement until the gorgeous creature whom she called mamma and her smug faced rival whom "mamma" called "Fido" stopped at the muddy crossing.

Then she looked up, expecting to be carried or piloted across. "Mamma" gathered up her sumptuous skirts, got a firm grip on them and then paused, looking from dog to baby and back again three or four times and then at the expanse of mud. Then she stooped—corset or no corset—grabbed the handle of "Fido's" shaw! strap and sailed on blandly across the street.

When she set "Fido" down, sweet and clean, the baby daughter was still picking her timid way among people and vehicles, until a broad-shouldered young man picked her up and finished the journey for her. Mamma thanked him with a smile, which carefully concealed the teeth, and he lifted his hat and passed on.

"Children are such a bother."

Surprise of His Life.

Sir William Don was a handsome lad, who, when he came into his fortune, spent it in gambling, in the space of four or five years, and then went on the stage. He was one of the most eccentric characters to be imagined, and odd things always happened him. In America he always went about under his title, and as baronets were not very common in those days his manner of writing his name, "Sir William Don, Bart." was sometimes misunderstood. To his great amusement, he was often addressed as "Mr. Bart." One story is told of him in illustration of his business habits. He had hired a cab for a short drive, and at its close asked the driver if he had any change.

"No," said the man, and as the fare was fifty cents, Sir William tore the bill in two and gave him half.

One day he said to a friend, "My dear John, if you will take a walk with me, I will give you the great surprise of my life. You will see me pay a bill!"

And he did pay it, astonishing the tailor even more than his friend. He died in Australia, while still a young man, poor and despairing.

The Hard Part.

"Here's a piece in the paper I had around me lunch," said Pledding Pete, "that tells how Chauncey Depew says it's easy to make an after-dinner speech."

"'Course it is," replied Meanderin' Mike. "De element of difficulty is in de dinner."—American Industries.

Had to Take Him.

Satan—Who are you?

New Arrival—I died from excessive cigarette smoking, and St. Peter wouldn't let me in.

Satan—Hum! Well, we'll receive you, but you've got to go off and air yourself first.

COLONIES OF THE WORLD.

Portugal has 2,800,000 people in her colonies.

The German colonies have a population of 385,000.

The colonies of France have 32,000,000 population.

In 1888 the population of the British colonies numbered 232,000,000.

The annual commerce of the British colonies amounts to £448,000,000.

Algeria is held by a standing force of 54,000 men, nearly all from France.

The French penal settlements in New Caledonia have about 9,000 convicts.

The British colonies have an annual revenue of £119,000,000 and a debt of £423,000,000.

Denmark once had extensive colonies; now their population numbers only 130,000.

In 1840 the British colonies, excluding India, had a population of 5,000,000; now 17,400,000.

In 1814 the population of British territory in India numbered 40,000,000; now it is 214,000,000.

Spain has over 400 islands in the Eastern seas, mostly comprised in the Philippines and Moluccas.

The total population of the Dutch colonies is estimated at 30,000,000 or more than six times that of the mother country.

Russia has no colonies in the proper sense of the word. All the additions to this gigantic empire have been by military conquest and annexation.

The Spanish dependencies now have a population of 8,500,000. In the days of Spain's greatest glory the colonies were estimated to have 150,000,000 people.

The area of the British colonies is 8,000,000 square miles, that of the French 3,000,000, of the Dutch, 660,000, of the Portuguese 206,000, of the Spanish 170,000, of the German 99,000 and of the Danish 75,000.

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JACOB GREISEN, HENRY BAGATZ,
JAMES G. REEDER.

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

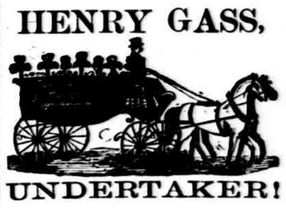
RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$ 241,467 57
Real Estate Furniture and Fixtures	16,784 99
U. S. Bonds	15,200 00
Due from other banks	37,826 33
Cash on Hand	21,867 56 59,743 89
Total	$333,196 36

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	$ 60,000 00
Surplus Fund	30,000 00
Undivided profits	4,576 00
Circulation	13,500 00
Deposits	225,119 37
Total	$333,196 36

HENRY GASS,



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