The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXV.--NUMBER 14. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER 1,262.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

The contract for the Wilber water works has been let.

Lincoln is already preparing for celebration of Labor Day.

The Fremont Chautauqua opened with a large attendance.

Odd Fellows of Fairbury will put up a new hall to cost $10,000.

Charlie Hall, living near Ragan, lost thirty-five pigs by drowning.

Fullerton is having a building boom in spite of the general depression.

Herman Backer of Dodge county has been locked up on the charge of bastardy.

The State band of Lincoln is preparing for a series of concerts throughout the state.

Hogan's army, 500 in number, made a stop at Nebraska City on their way down the river.

Millard Fillmore, a well known citizen of Beatrice, died last week. He was 53 years old.

The school census just completed shows 605 children of school age in Ord's school district.

The assessment in Douglas county shows a decrease of nearly one million from that of last year.

The sixth annual reunion of the old settlers of Cass county will be held at Union, August 8 and 9.

A waterspout at Crawford struck the mill dam and damaged it to the extent of several thousand dollars.

Edith Green, an Omaha colored girl of 26 years, attempted suicide by taking chloroform. Doctors pulled her through.

Two men have been arrested and are held at Guide Rock who are supposed to be the murderers of Drummond in Holdrege.

Frank Pugh, who left Fremont on his wheel for Walworth, Wis., a distance of 520 miles, reports his safe arrival in five days.

Parties arrested at Red Cloud for the murder of Drummond in Holdrege have proved not to be those wanted and have been turned loose.

A proposition will be submitted to the voters of Boyd county to issue $20,000 in bonds, and also to decide whether to adopt township organization.

There is trouble in the ranks of company H, Second regiment of the Nebraska National Guard of Tekamah, that may result in disbandment of the company.

The annual banquet of the Nebraska Manufacturers' and Consumers' association will be held in Nebraska City July 13. Secretary Morton will be among the speakers.

Joseph Klinkacek, insane, confined in the Kearney jail, committed suicide by tearing his clothes into strips and making a rope, which he used, fastening it to the cell door.

A vacant two-story frame building belonging to Isaac Huff at Orleans was discovered to be in flames at midnight and was entirely consumed. The fire was of incendiary origin.

Donale Reed, a small boy of Weeping Water, put his finger between the rolls of a clothes wringer while in motion and had it returned to him in a frightfully demoralized condition.

The stock yards and sheds at the grounds of the Colfax County Agricultural society were burned, some 800 feet of the structure being consumed, entailing a loss of nearly $600.

At the last meeting of the Lincoln board of education a motion was adopted dispensing with all extra teachers, including those in music, elocution, drawing and kindergarten work.

While the salute was being fired in Seward on the Fourth a can containing over two pounds of powder exploded, burning Mack Anderson badly about the head, breast and arms.

"About 4,000 bushels of millet seed," says the Lexington Pioneer, "have been sold by dealers in this city since the late rains set in. This means that 8,000 acres have been seeded to millet."

At South Omaha on the Fourth Alexander Ruge, a lad 15 years of age, and a number of other boys were firing off powder in tin cans and having a big time when an explosion occurred that nearly scalped Alexander.

W. Murphy, a brakeman on the Elkhorn, was instantly killed at Beaver Crossing. He was struck by a bridge while going up a ladder on the side of the car. The body was taken to his home in Fremont for burial.

A lawn tennis tournament was held at Hartington recently for the championship of Cedar county. Messrs. Jarvis and Holtz of Randolph vanquished their opponents and went home the proud victors of the day.

The Oxnard Beet Sugar company at Grand Island is renovating its boilers, will put in a new granulator and is overhauling the factory generally, preparatory to making more sugar this fall than has ever been made in any previous year in Nebraska.

Rev. George E. Taylor of Indianola has given up his position as general missionary for southwestern Nebraska, and will assume the duties of financial agent for Doane college. The change is made on account of lack of funds to push mission work in the west.

When a retail dealer patronizes home industry he enables the local manufacturer to employ more men, who in turn become his patrons. Western goods for Western people: 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.

The section about Hay Springs was visited by a heavy rain storm. Theodore Thomo, a young man living on Pine creek, was killed by lightning during the storm. He was working in a field when struck. Farmers report much stock killed, but grain was uninjured.

A most terrific hail and rainstorm passed over the vicinity of Wallace, doing great damage to crops and breaking most all unprotected glass on the west side of buildings. Two inches of water fell. The track of the hail was about one mile wide. Lots of hailstones measured four to six inches in circumferences.

Samuel J. Elkins of Little Rock, Ark., visiting at the home of his brother in South Omaha, was assaulted by a stranger whom he refused money. The man struck at him with a knife, inflicting a wound on his neck that might have been fatal. Mr. Elkins will recover.

Mrs. Wiles, widow of the late James Wiles, living four miles from Plattsmouth, lost her barn filled with hay, her farm tools and four head of hogs by fire. The barn was struck by lightning during a heavy storm. The carriage was saved, but everything in the barn at the time was consumed. Loss about $2,000; insured for $800.

The residence of Mrs. Edna Melrose of Nebraska City was totally destroyed by fire. The fire was undoubtedly of incendiary origin and nothing was saved. The house has had a shady reputation for many years. The inmates lost all their personal belongings.

Several saloonkeepers of Fremont are in trouble and must answer to the charge of selling beer to minors.

The Weston bank of Weston, Saunders county, has filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state. The authorized capital stock is $24,000 and the incorporators are D. H. March, W. Hogenbeck, Joseph Woita, H. F. Blink, Charles Perky and Joseph Pestal.

Several North Platte boys amused themselves exploding cartridges with a coupling pin, and only quit their foolishness after a rebound of one of the bullets penetrated the abdomen of one of their number. The doctors, though unable to find the ball, think the boy will recover.

While returning to Norfolk with a party who had been bathing in the Elkhorn, Frank L. Hull, landlord of the Pacific hotel, was stricken with heart disease, and before medical attendance could reach him, died. Mr. Hull was formerly connected with the Paxton in Omaha and was very popular.

The grand barbecue held at Chadron was a marked success. Two oxen were roasted whole, which, with stacks of bread, barrels of lemonade and pickles, constituted the bill of fare. Hundreds of farmers from all parts of the country were in attendance. The Chadron hose team gave an exhibition run of 200 yards, dry test, in thirty and three-fourths seconds.

All of the buildings, except the dwelling house, on the extensive Taylor stock ranch near Clinton, seven miles east of Rushville, were destroyed by fire, with four head of horses, hay and considerable other stuff belonging to Bert Loomer, the tenant. The property burned was owned by J. H. Taylor of Omaha. Estimated loss, $3,000. Insured in the Omaha Fire.

The town of Nelson has been quarantined on account of the prevalence of scarlet fever. The schools were closed in April on account of the prevalence of this disease, and there are several cases in town yet. The young boys of L. L. Shattuck died recently of this disease. Meetings and gatherings of all kinds have been suspended for the present and the authorities are making every effort to prevent the spread of the disease.

The German Evangelical Lutheran Orphans' Home society of Nebraska, with headquarters at Fremont, has filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state, signed by Peter Graef of Fremont, W. A. A. Hamann of Snyder, Ernest Fiach of Scribner, August Stark of Fremont and Herman Langemeyer of Hooper. The object of the society is to provide a home for needy orphan children and provide education.

A hail storm destroyed all crops on the section extending from the Industrial school at Kearney west for about six miles. Everything was literally pounded into the ground. Damage to the Industrial school buildings will approximate $1,000. About 700 large panes of glass were broken. All crops on the school farm were destroyed. It is difficult to estimate the loss, there being 325 acres of garden truck which promised a heavy yield.

The United States experiment station at Lincoln has made full preparations to help out the farmers who are troubled with chinch bugs this season. Last year the station showed what it could do toward eradicating this pest when it had a mind to, and it is willing to do the same this year whenever application is made for aid. All farmers who need relief should not hesitate to apply to Prof. Lawrence Bruner, in charge of the station there, for he will prove helpful to them.

Mrs. Henry Cleming, living near Murdock, was terribly injured by a vicious bull. She was alone on the farm, the men having gone to a neighbor's to work in the harvest field. In the morning she went to the pasture to see the cattle and was there attacked by the bull. The brute knocked her insensible at the first blow and then pawed and butted her at will. When ever the woman attempted to get up the bull would attack her. When rescued she was badly hurt, but may possibly recover.

The state board of health met last week and revoked and annulled the certificate of Dr. R. L. Wanzer of Dixon county for unprofessional and dishonorable conduct. There were three charges against him. First, for having received his certificate from the board through fraud, representing himself to be a graduage of the Geneva, N. Y., medical college; second, assaulting a female patient with criminal intent; third, for being an habitual drunkard. All the charges were sustained by the board and his certificate was revoked.

Matthew Gering of Plattsmouth has filed briefs in the case of Harry Hill, under sentence of death for the murder of Farmer Akeson. Hill's companion, Benwell, is under a life sentence for his share in the crime. Hill's only defense was insanity due from liquor. Gering's brief closes in this way: "As conscious of the imperfections of this brief as in the justice of this cause, the life of this wayfaring and unfortunate man is commended to this court, to whose decision he must bow, in sincere hope that a new trial be awarded to him or the punishment reduced as he deserves."

Roger Knowles, the 18-year-old son of T. W. Knowles of Elk Creek, was the victim of what will prove a fatal accident on the Fourth. With a number of companions he had bored a hole in a log, filled it with blasting powder, attached a fuse to it and drove a big wooden plug in the hole. As the fuse burned off and no explosion followed young Knowles advanced to examine it. He got down on his knees, with his head directly over the plug, when the delayed explosion occurred, sending the plug into his head with terrific force, fracturing the skull, tearing his head open until the brain was exposed and horribly disfiguring the face.

The prohibition state convention, held at Lincoln, placed the following ticket in the field: E. A. Girard of Platte county for governor, Mrs. Belle G. Bigelow of Lancaster county for lieutenant governor, D. L. Pond of Holt county for treasurer, Lem J. Smith of Lancaster for auditor, Mrs. Octavia H. Jones of Adams for secretary of state, John W. Long of Sherman for attorney general, Miss Beremide Kerney of Cass for supertendent of public instruction and Henry M. Hill of Gage for commissioner of public lands and buildings. C. E. Bentley was named as the choice of the convention for United States senator.

The cart and harness that was stolen from Anderson the night of the murder at Holdrege have been recovered and the horse found dead, with a bullet hole in its head. They were well concealed from view about one-half mile south of the Kearney bridge in the elm bushes that grow about the site of the old Dirty Woman's ranch. The buildings on the ranch have been deserted for some years. The robbers cut their way into the bushes, unhitched the horse, turned the cart upside down and shot the animal, leaving the harness on the horse. This gives officers a clue to work upon. There is now $1,200 reward offered for apprehension of the murderers.

THE PORTRAIT.

A cheerful wood fire burnt on the hearth, imparting a ruddy glare to the brass fire set, lending a polish to the furniture, and covering the walls with flickering and varying shadows. So bright was its blaze that the lighted candles were eclipsed.

Within everything spoke of comfort, without raged a tempest. The driving sleet pattered on the windows, while the rude blast, at times seemingly subsiding, sighed through the leafless trees that stood near the cottage, and again with renewed force whistled in its fury. Through the day and night preceding the evening of which we speak, had the storm continued; and only those who have witnessed an "old-fashioned" snow storm in a bleak New England town, can paint from imagination and memory the gloom of nature.

Upon one side of the fire-place sat the faded wreck of a beautiful girl in the person of a care worn and grief subdued matron. Her daughter seated opposite bore a striking resemblance to her mother, and forcibly reminded you of what the mother must once have been. A laughing curly headed boy completed the circle, and though his features bore another stamp, if appealed to you would hesitate ere you could pronounce either the handsomest.

"Charles, turn your face a little more from the light," said the mother. "Jane, stand by me a moment. Now smile again, my boy." The mother's eye in rapid succession turned from the smiling lad to the portrait of his father which hung upon the wall, and again from the canvas to the living resemblance of one long since departed. Tears dimmed the widow's vision—the affectionate daughter threw her arms around her mother's neck seeking by endearment to soothe her grief, while the boy seated himself at her feet and clasping her hand wept because she sorrowed.

She was a mariner's widow; her husband perished in a winter's gale upon the coast within a few miles of his home. Seated as now upon a similar evening the young and happy wife held the boy at her feet then an infant, in her arms; the daughter introduced as a young lady was then a playful child. As she gazed upon her babe's face she dwelt in anticipation on her husband's return. What would he say upon being presented with a pretty boy—his very image—born in his absence? Filled with fond hopes as a mother; and with happy feelings as a wife, she learnt she was a widow! Stretched upon a bed of sickness, wretched in mind and body, she asked not for life, but rather looked upon the approach of death as a welcome event. Her prattling girl was brought to the bedside and her smiling babe laid in her arms. The mother's feelings were awakened, and she shuddered as she thought of her children, denied a mother's presence and a mother's care. With a renewed desire for her health she mended slowly, and like the bruised reed though bowed down she lived on.

The daughter was now seated by her mother's side, while the boy still maintained his position. The burst of grief had subsided, and she sat in silent thought.

"Hark, mother! hear Canute bark," said the lad.

"Open the door, my son—remember if he is a dog he has feelings."

The boy obeyed and a Newfoundland dog bounded into the room, shaking the snow from his rough coat, ran toward his mistress, then again to the closed door expressing his discontent by plaintive and incessant barking.

"Why, Canute, what's the matter?" said the girl, patting her playmate in romping days—Canute wagged his tail but barked the louder. "Well we will see," and she moved toward the door. The sagacious dog was already there, and raised himself as though he would essay to open it himself. Though out of doors he did not leave the step but continued to bark and whine the more. Master Charley had donned his hat and joined the dog, who now trotted off through the drifted snow.

Jane had become as impatient as Canute, as she looked out to see what could be the matter. She could not see her brother, but the dog came running back, and jumping up, rubbing his nose against her hand and frisking about to assure her that it was all very well. Away he jumped again, and the next moment she saw her brother leading a person toward the house, while the dog seemed beside himself with joy. He now sprang through the half open door and sought the presence of his mistress.

But the young lady here had the advantage of Canute, for she could talk; and she now told her mother that "Charles was assisting a man to reach the house who appeared nearly exhausted."

"Well done, old Canute, why you have as much intelligence and kindness as many reasonable persons," said the widow, patting the dog in her turn.

"God's blessing on him, madam, for if he had not come athwart me and stood pilot I should have perished in the storm. He can telegraph for relief, and hang out a signal of distress equal to a wreck master—but excuse me. I stand before you, madam, a wrecked sailor, penniless and hungry, and would beg you for food and shelter."

"You are welcome," said the widow, "but excuse my absence."

Jane drawing a chair to the fire for the sailor, saw him seated, then followed her mother out of the room. However, she soon returned and busied herself in preparing a supper for the way worn guest, who seated at ease and warmed through had fallen asleep. Canute sat on the hearth stone and bestowed glances of approval upon the proceedings, the fair hand that regulated them, and the person so much a debtor to his sagacity.

Every comfort and luxury that a kind heart could suggest and their circumstances command fell to the share of the wrecked mariner. As he enjoyed the bounty provided he asked if illness was the cause of the absence of his hostess.

"No sir," replied the daughter. "It was in a similar storm to this that my father, who was a sailor, perished upon the coast. Mother always dwells upon the loss of him whom I was too young to recollect. This storm led her to think of the one that blighted her fondest hopes. I know her thoughts; for this evening she was noticing the resemblance between my brother and this, the portrait of my father. Feeling as she did at the time, your appearance, and tale of shipwreck, so affected her, that she was obliged to retire."

The stranger gazed in silence upon the portrait as if very strange, he muttered; when leaning his head upon his hand he was lost in study, as if recalling some former incident. His eye caught the coffee urn which graced the board, starting suddenly, a gleam of intelligence lighted his countenance, as he beheld it, tears dimmed his vision.

"Oblige me, young lady, by reading the inscription that that urn bears."

"Presented to Capt. —— as a memorial of our esteem to one who periled life to save his fellow beings."

The stranger had bared his arm and called the attention of the girl to a name indelibly marked in India ink upon it.

"Arthur Frayle!" she cried. "The same name stands upon the urn, only it reads Arthur Frayle, R. N."

"The same, my girl."

"You then knew my father?"

"I did at that time. I was in the British navy, and stationed off the Irish coast. My wife and daughter embarked in London for Ireland. Exposed to a dreadful gale in the channel the vessel was wrecked, many lives were lost, but my wife and daughter were preserved among others by your father's daring."

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Years had passed away; from the small cot the widow now enjoyed a comfortable mansion. The fire burned as bright, the inmates were the same as in the commencement of our tale, and still happy in the company of each other. Canute lay stretched upon a rug in front of the grate, a massive gold collar shone on his neck, while a young gentleman amused himself by placing his foot upon his tail.

"Come, Mr. Charles, as you may thank Canute for your education and profession please to find some other way to express your gratitude," said the sister.

"Hey day! Miss Jenny, do you kiss him, pray, as I believe that's the way the ladies pay their debts?"

"I never was guilty of repudiation, was I, Canute?" The dog emitted a faint but joyful bark in the negative; for old age forbade other demonstration of pleasure at her notice who had never slighted him.

"Oh, mother, let me take father's portrait to the artist's, for there could never be a better painting of me. I want a cameo cut from it."

"Never! Charles, shall that picture be moved—for if it had not been for that portrait Captain Frayle says he should never have known your father's widow. No, there it shall hang beside that of Captain Frayle's while I live. To me they are company and when you leave me alone I sit and look at them for hours. The one reminds me how grateful I should feel to Providence for such a husband. The other tells me not only of the captain's generosity, but through the memory of your father's deeds we are amply provided for."

Nothing Unscaled Among the Alps.

To-day, when every great peak has been thoroughly explored, when famous climbers have achieved the most difficult summits alone, or at least without professional guides, but few remain the mere ascent of which confers any brevet of distinction in this field of athletics. As in all professions, and in all sports which boast semi-professional experts, the standard has been raised. In order to take a high rank, or to "make a record," the aspirants for the honors of the Alpine club must traverse such peaks as the Matterhorn and descend on the opposite side, or across the Dom du Mischabel, the highest peak on Swiss soil, which presents little difficulty until one descends the steep rock face above Saas. There are still a few summits left which are admitted to be somewhat "tough," and one of the most successful enthusiasts in the matter of rock peaks has recently given his verdict in favor of Chamouny as a happy hunting ground.—Scribner's Magazine.

A Grievance in Sight.

"I'd like to know what ails these spectacles!" grumbled Mr. Skinnphlint. "I've always taken the very best care of them, but they've begun to fail me. I can't see through them well any more."

"Why don't you take them back to the man you bought them of?" asked Mrs. Skinnphlint.

"I would if I could," he rejoined, savagely, "but he died fourteen years ago."

He Was Eclipsed.

"Bluffem seems different from what he used to," remarked a man on F street.

"In what way?"

"He was once so self-reliant and boastful—one of the people, you know, who seem to know it all."

"Oh! He's had that taken out of him."

"How?"

"His son, aged 21, is home from college."

Not That Way.

The unknown had tried to get out of the world by the water route, but a policeman had rescued him.

"Who is it?" inquired a reporter, happening along.

"Only a tramp," replied the officer.

"I guess not," said the reporter. "A tramp doesn't like water well enough for that."

Not to Touch Water.

The Salesman, in the dry goods store—Yes, this is a very pretty piece of goods, but, to be honest about it, I must tell you that it will not wash.

The Fair Purchaser—Oh, that doesn't matter. I only want it for a bathing suit, anyway.—Chicago Record.

Coffin Wood Is Mined.

Trees from which coffin wood is taken in Tonquin are mined instead of being taken from the living forest. They are found buried under a sandy soil.

MYSTERIES IN FLORIDA.

An Underground River That Makes Things Very Lively in Its Neighborhood.

Two miles south of Gainsville is a prairie, says the Florida Times-Union. At certain seasons strangers wonder why it is called a "prairie," for they look upon a broad stretch of water so deep that storms churn its surface into rolling white-capped billows. At times the commerce of the lake is done by a steamer, while at other times there is not water enough to float a canoe. In fact, I have crossed the prairie in a steamer, and again have gone over identically the same route in a stage from whose wheels clouds of dust would roll.

On the edge of the prairie, half walled in by rocks, dense with immense trees draped in long festoons of moss, is a pool of water called "The Sink." The depth of it has never been sounded. From this sink an underground river flows and makes its way no one knows where. Sometimes an acre of land, trees and all, will fall into the underground river, and then the drainage of the prairie is obstructed and the prairie "goes dry." In a year or two the river will have swept around the obstruction and then the prairie "goes wet." In the neighborhood of Gainesville there are hundreds of these sinks, all of them as round as a dollar and averaging from a quarter to a half acre in extent.

North of Gainesville is a pretty and mysterious spot called the "Devil's Mill Hopper." A large stream of water comes down the hill with considerable force and disappears in a pool that has no visible outlet. Near Brookville is another pool very similar to the Devil's Mill Hopper. A stream of water pours into it and disappears in a whirlpool in the center. Throw a log into it and it will circle the pool many times, gradually drawing nearer to the center. Suddenly the log will disappear.

Some grewsome stories are connected with the Brookville pool. It is said that the place is haunted, for the reason that many a man, and woman, too, has mysteriously disappeared in it, never to be heard of afterward. In the pioneer days of that part of the country, so the story goes, there was a secret society which washed all its dirty linen in that pool. In other words, if a man or woman gave grave offense to any members of that society he or she was gagged, bound, and in the darkness of night thrown into the pool.

Costly Toys.

People do not realize that it costs a great deal of money for an officer of the army or navy to comply with the regulations as to dress. He must have the same amount of civilian clothes as an ordinary citizen to wear when he is off duty. Then he must have a fatigue uniform, which costs him never less than $15, and usually more, a dress uniform, which costs at least $100, and a special full dress, worth from $125 to $150, and an overcoat, costing from $50 to $60. He is required to have a number of caps and hats with plumes and that sort of thing, which cost $5 to $50; his epaulets cost from $25 to $50, his swords and belts from $5 to $65, and various other little fixings that are quite expensive. At the beginning of his service it usually costs an officer of the army or navy from $300 to $750 to get his outfit of clothing, and whenever a change is made in the regulations concerning uniforms, of course the expense is renewed.

Surely a Mistake.

Poor Mike was very ill—almost as ill as he was short, and what that meant those who knew him can best say, for physically he was hardly more than a dwarf.

The doctor was called in and after investigation, informed Mrs. Mike that her husband was suffering from actinomycosis, a name which appeared to strike terror to the soul of the anxious woman.

"Act phwat?" she said.

"Actinomycosis," replied the doctor.

"Him?" cried Mrs. Mike. "Ah, dochtor, how can yez say thot? A little man loike Moikel couldn't hould the name ofut, much liss th' disease thot goes wit ut."—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine.

Unconquerable Habit.

"Isn't it a beautiful night, Clarence," she whispered tenderly as her head rested against his shoulder.

"Yes," replied Clarance, the barber, very absent-mindedly, as he ran his fingers softly through her golden hair. "Fine night. Better have that hair trimmed up a little, though, hadn't you? Looks pretty ragged, you know, and it really needs a shampoo, too."

New Remedy for Diphtheria.

A new remedy for diphtheria is being tried with success in New Zealand. It is very simple. Put five drops of sulphuric acid in a tumbler, given so the child can swallow it. If the throat is obstructed give it with a teaspoon until the passage is cleared, then administer a wine glass every two hours. Burn sulphur in the room as strong as it can be borne.

The First Gas Lamp.

It is said that as early as 1660 Dr. Clayton distilled coal in a retort and produced gas, which he confined in bladders, and was accustomed to amuse his friends by burning this gas as it issued from holes in the bladder pricked with a pin. This was 150 years before gas lamps.

Auntie's Inconvenient Claim.

A feature of an entertainment at a colored Baptist church at Steubenville, Pa., was the mock marriage of "Aunt" Edie Jacobs, aged 80, and William Dade, aged 65, and now "Aunt" Edie claims William is her lawful husband.

Swallowed a Needle.

A needle was swallowed by John Minchin, of Goshen, N. Y., and for three weeks thereafter he had incessant hiccoughs. A physician pumped out the needle and then John's hiccoughs ceased.

A Sensitive Plant.

The "chaste mimosa," is so sensitive that the near approach of a human hand, even without touching its leaves, will cause them to shrink away.

FRISKY THUNDER-BOLTS

PLAY FREAKS WHICH WE DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

The Action of Lightning Has Been Studied by the Weather Bureau, But no Satisfactory Conclusions Have Been Made by Scientists.

So mysterious and little understood is electricity even now that it is so widely utilized for mechanical purposes, that its vagaries in nature excite the utmost interest.

The action of lightning as an explosive is a subject that has elicited special attention from the weather bureau of late. Up to date no theory has been found to account for it satisfactorily.

Inasmuch as 200 people are killed every year by lightning in the United States special protection for the person is surely called for. One ingenious scientist has invented an umbrella with small copper chains attached to the ends of the ribs. These are long enough to reach the ground. A thunder storm coming up they are loosened and permitted to dangle, while the owner of the contrivance walks along in perfect security. Under such circumstances metal about ones body is dangerous—for example, the wires in a lady's bonnet. But this peril may be overcome by fastening similar chains or copper threads to the framework of the headgear. Though a bolt should destroy the bonnet, the electricity would spare the wearer and pass off into the ground.

An instance on record is that of a lady who raised her arm to shut a window as rain began to fall on a summer's day. There was a sudden blaze of light and, though she was unharmed, her gold bracelet disappeared so that no vestige of it could be found. A sulphurous smell was observed in the air. This, scientific men say, is quite usual when lightning strikes, being due to an excess of ozone generated by electricity. The atmosphere in its usual condition contains one ten-thousandth part of ozone. When this proportion is increased inconvenience is felt by men and animals. It has been suggested that sometimes persons found dead after a stroke of lightning, though showing no marks of injury, may have been suffocated by ozone.

Lightning does occasionally strike twice in the same place. A few years ago St. Aloysius' church, in Washington, suffered. A flash ran down the lightning rod to within twenty feet of the ground. Then it left the rod, passed through twenty feet of air space to a water pipe and broke a washstand. Six years later the same thing was repeated in every detail, the electricity leaving the rod at the same point, jumping to the water pipe and smashing to pieces the washstand, which had not been mended. The Church of the Incarnation, in Washington, was also badly hit. To prevent a repetition of the accident the edifice was protected by a very elaborate and costly system of rods. The most important rod, of course, protects the steeple. It ought to terminate in a sharp point, but the church authorities thought it more appropriate that it should be surmounted by a cross, on top of which was placed a rooster. Thus the usefulness of the defensive contrivance has been almost wholly destroyed, for so it stands at present.

At Stratsund, in Pomerania, says the Philadelphia Times, a church was the scene of a very appalling occurrence. On a Sunday, the building being full of people, a ball of fire entered and fell upon the altar, thereupon exploding and doing great damage. As to the nature of phenomena of this sort science knows almost nothing. Such globular lightning is seen quite often, but nobody can guess how it is formed. All that can be said is that it is electricity very highly concentrated. Balls of lightning are sometimes seen rolling along the surface of the sea. Occasionally they strike vessels. As a rule they burst violently with a loud noise and disastrous effects.

The Washington monument would have been destroyed by lightning long ago but for the protection afforded by the most complete and admirable arrangement of conductors ever devised. Standing 555 feet high, in the middle of a wide space of flat ground, the gigantic obelisk is dangerously exposed. The apex is surmounted by an aluminum cap, which is connected with rods that pass down into a well 60 feet below and beneath the water level. On April 5, 1885, during the passage of a heavy thunder cloud, five immense bolts of electricity were seen to flash between the monument and the cloud within twenty minutes. No damage was done. Two months later, on June 5, the obelisk received a tremendous stroke, which slightly cracked one of the stones at the top, but the injury was of no importance.

Big ships nowadays are usually equipped with a system of conductors running down the masts and so arranged as to carry off lightning into the sea. In old times fire from the skies was one of the most serious perils that threatened mariners. During fifty years, from 1790 to 1840, no fewer than 280 vessels of the British navy were struck, causing a loss of $750,000, killing 100 men and badly injuring 250 more. When the protected ship is hit, the electricity passes down the mast into the ocean as water runs down a pipe. She may reel under the blow, but no damage results. One of the most severe encounters was that of H. M. S. Fisgard which received such a tremendous discharge that the vessel appeared to be covered with fire. At the same moment there was an explosion as if a broadside had been fired from each side of the ship. She suffered no injury. Lightning has been known to produce secret burning in the heart of masses of timber. In 1794 the Dictator, sixty-four guns, was struck at Martinique. Two days later smoke was seen issuing from her figurehead, which, when cut down, was found to contain a nest of fire.

Great Art Catalogues.

The work of preparing catalogues for the great sales of art objects held now and then in Europe and America is a matter of great expense and much time. Such an illustrated catalogue is now being prepared in this country. One of the most skillful of artist engravers has been engaged off and on for several years in preparing illustrations, and by the time letter press and illustrations are all ready the catalogue will have become an expensive volume.

ANOTHER TARPON TALE.

How a Green Hand Caught His First Big Fish.

"Princes, dukes and lords," says one man who is "on record" for a 170-pounder, six feet five inches long, to a Chicago Times writer, cross the ocean and fish for days and weeks in the boiling sun in the hope of catching tarpon; and yet when I landed my first big fish I felt as if I had done the work of three day laborers.

"I have come to the conclusion that as a school for excuse-making tarpon-fishing presents an extraordinary department for training. So many things happen and so many big fish get away that a gentleman who follows this business soon gets very prolific in giving reasons why he did not catch fish.

"Before 7 o'clock we were all out in the river with our guides, in small boats, ready for the sport of the day. I had hardly been well settled in my boat before I saw the waters part as if a waterspout were let loose, and coming out, splashing, I saw a fish, shining as burnished silver, spring into the air six or eight feet, shaking his head and showing his red gills in the most vicious and angry way. My guide yelled out with a voice which could be heard a mile 'Tarpon! tarpon!' but when I saw this fish at the other end of the line jumping out of the water and splashing around I concluded that there was trouble ahead for me and that the fish was a bigger man than I was, and that I had undertaken a tremendous job to get him into the boat.

"As the commander in chief of the party had told my guide that I knew nothing and was green enough for the Fort Myers cows to eat when it came to fishing I thought it was best to let the guide handle the fish awhile until, in the language of the streets, I might 'catch on.'

"I soon discovered that, notwithstanding Col. Young's orations and speeches on the subject of tarpon fishing, it was not such a big job after all. In about eighteen minutes after a hard fight, I landed my first tarpon and had him in the boat. My heart was touched with a sense of pity as I recalled what a brave and gallant fight the fish had made for life, and how useless the sacrifice of so beautiful a thing to gratify my ambition to be known as a great fisherman. He looked up at me out of his meek, gentle, tender eyes with a reproachful glance that not only brought sorrow, but shame for having so needlessly sacrificed so beautiful a living thing; but, like a tiger, having tasted blood, I wanted some more, and I caught another fish weighing 166 pounds, and then two more, and now I am registered as a taker of tarpon."

Not a Millionaire.

Dacer—Jack, those doeskin trousers bag at the knees. That's a poor compliment to the bride. Jack, a Chicago groomsman—Gad, man! Do you think I can afford a new pair of trousers every time I'm married? I'm no millionaire!—New York Town Topics.

Recruits in the British Army.

Of the recruits in the British army last year 32,094 were born in England, 3,567 in Scotland and 3,860 in Ireland. One thousand three hundred and five of these young soldiers were under 17 years of age.

A Fair Guess.

Wife—Professor Garner says the gorillas have only eight words.

Hubbie—I guess there are no females among them.

SAID IN JEST.

Carrie—I don't care; Emily looks worse than I do. Maude—Come, dear, I wouldn't be unmerciful.

"I hear Bilker lost his job. Wonder if he's struck anything since?" "Er—yes; all of his friends and two-thirds of his acquaintances."

"Do you pay for poetry?" asked the pretty girl. "Y-yes," replied the editor, with some hesitation. "What do you pay?" "Compliments."

Boarder—Whew! This milk has an awfully queer taste. Landlady, tasting—Well, no wonder. There's neither chalk nor water in it yet.

Bacon—I understand that Crimsonbeak treats the cook like one of the family. Egbert—I guess he does. I notice she's got a black eye most of the time.

Bacon—My wife thinks there's no one like me on the face of the earth. Egbert—Well, she hasn't traveled much. There are some very homely men back East.

Grump—I wish a fellow could borrow money as easily as he can borrow trouble. Hump—If you could make money as easily as you can make trouble, you wouldn't need to borrow any.

"How is the doctor getting on with your wife's case?" "Best in the world; seems almost too good to be true." "What was the trouble?" "She had completely lost her voice, and he is certain he can never restore it."

Lover, quoting Shakespeare—Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee. And when I love thee not—Modern Sweetheart, firmly—And when you love me not, Timothy, it will cost you somewhere about $500 damages.

"The gentlemen that came to see papa said I was one of the most intelligent children they ever saw," said little Jack. "Indeed," said the proud mother. "Did you recite 'Little Drops of Water' for them?" "No'm. I refused."

When Snidewell got religion and got up in meeting to say that he had made up his mind to cast his burden on the Lord, Mrs. S. was heard to remark: "I don't know as I care, so long as I am eased of at least a portion of it in the future. 'Tisn't to be expected that Daniel would ever bear his burdens himself."

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

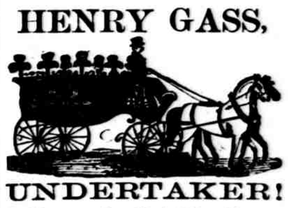
RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$ 241,467 57
Real Estate Furniture and Fixtures	16,781 90
U. S. Bonds	15,200 00
Due from other banks ... $37,876 31	
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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