

The Columbus Journal

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COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1894.

WHOLE NUMBER 1,264.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

Nuckolls county got a fine rain last week.

The Cedar county institute convenes August 5th.

Central City has a church membership of 815.

Rev. A. S. Ostrom, of Omaha, 68 years old, died last week.

The Methodist camp meeting opens at Central City on the 27th.

The second death has occurred at the small-pox pest house in Lincoln.

John Miller, an old resident of Gretna, has become a county charge.

Fifteen self-binders have been sold to Sarpy county farmers this year.

Glanders is said to have appeared among the horses of a Saunders county farmer.

The populists of Frontier county will hold their convention at Stockville August 10.

Waco has a newly organized tent of Maccabees, with seventeen charter members.

Mrs. Kubel, of Omaha, was last week fatally burned by the explosion of a gasoline stove.

If Spanish coin dated 1892 was turned by a Dawson county farmer while breaking grain.

H. A. Waterman, an old settler of Plattsmouth, died on the 15th, aged eighty-one years.

The Otter county Teachers' association held a very profitable session, with large attendance.

The steam threshers are at work in Seaward county and reveal a very short crop of small grain.

The arisan well at Arapahoe is now 900 feet deep and men are working day and night to reach water.

John Brat of Butler county threshed his water wheat and was greatly surprised that it yielded thirty bushels per acre.

The Nebraska City building and loan association filed amended articles of incorporation with the secretary of state.

William Martin, who recently died at Fremont after a continuous residence of twenty-five years, had passed his eighty-fifth birthday.

The thirty-five new wells at the Columbus water works are now sunk, the depth being from forty-five to eighty-two and one-half feet.

Judge C. W. Wheeler, an aged resident of Auburn, was overcome by the heat a few days ago and has since been in a critical condition.

While out hunting George Denham of Beaver City, 15 years old, lost his right arm at the elbow, the cause being the handling of a shotgun.

Mr. McCormick, whose fruit farm adjoins Blair on the south, shipped about 40 bushels of raspberries this season, which brought a high price.

Young George Charlton of Beaver Crossing stepped in the way of his father's mowing machine and it is now mowing all the trees on one foot.

The residence of Mrs. M. J. Johnson, of the Episcopal church of Ord, has received a call to a church in Minnesota, and will leave in a few days for his new charge.

A bucket fell on the head of Asa Christensen, who was in the bottom of a well, at Herman, and fractured his skull. He is in a precarious condition.

T. O. Ellis and Alex. Ellis were arrested for carrying a sawed-off shotgun.

The M. E. society of Norfolk has purchased a tent \$500 in size to accommodate the camp meeting to be held at Columbus August 10 and 11.

The Bart County Veterans association named Tokamak as the place for holding the sixth annual meeting. A big time is expected.

Blaine county now has the prospect for the largest crop of corn in its history. The hay crop, although rather light, will be more than sufficient for the demands of home stock growers.

The farmhouse of James McAllister, living nine miles west of Fort Union, was burned last week. The fire is supposed to be the work of tramps. Loss \$1,000, insured in the Ethna for \$500.

Ashtab was broken into and robbed of two gold watches, silverware, articles of clothing and several pies and cakes. It is supposed to be the work of tramps.

When the family was at supper, lightning struck the dwelling of Alexander Anderson, about four miles west of Barwell, and the house, with some extent and stunning the family. Mr. Anderson himself was the most severely injured, his recovery being doubtful.

Mary Kirby, a 15-year-old girl from near Crawford, was taken to the industrial school at Geneva by Deputy Sheriff Handy. The girl had become infatuated with a man named Anderson, and the parents objected and thought that a good way to put a quietus on the girl's affections.

When the wife of a laboring man or farmer buys Nebraska goods she increases the demand for labor, makes it easier to obtain profitable employment, and makes a better market for the products of the farm.

Farrell & Co's brand of syrups, jellies, preserves, and mince meat; Morse's boots and shoes for men, women and children; American Biscuit & Manufacturing Co., Omaha, crackers.

Mrs. Andrew Reed, living one mile east of Newman, died last week after peculiar circumstances. She was apparently as well as ever in the morning, but when the hired man, who was working in the field near by, came into the house about 11 o'clock to get a drink he found her lying across a bed.

Green & Van Dusen, bond brokers, have sued the county of Lancaster for \$5,000, which they allege is due them for fees for negotiating the \$175,000 of refunding bonds for the county last winter. The arrangement between the brokers and the commissioners did not specify the amount of the commission.

A sad accident happened to Chas. Dwork, the nine-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Dwork of Schuyler, at the home he was residing at. A foul ball struck him squarely in the face, knocking him senseless, breaking his nose and cutting a terrible gash in his face.

John Barton, the eleven-year-old son of Ex-county superintendent E. R. Barton, living about three miles southwest of Aurora, was thrown from a horse, striking on his head and face. He was rendered unconscious and is dangerously ill if not fairly injured.

Extensive improvements are being made at the Nebraska City distillery.

James M. Jarrett sold his farm of 240 acres, nine miles southwest of Nebraska City, for \$18,700, \$35 per acre.

A number of farmers in the vicinity of Friend have formed an association, which each precinct, and each has bought a patent loop for weeding fence. They regard barb wire as dangerous for horses.

The residence of F. D. Mitchell, at Wayne, was broken into by burglars a few weeks ago and ransacked from one end to the other. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell are in New York and the amount stolen is unknown.

A dwelling house owned by Mrs. Smetter of Jackson was destroyed by fire last week. The building was unoccupied, having just been vacated. The origin of the fire is unknown. The loss is about \$800; no insurance.

Not satisfied with what has already been accomplished in the way of building up their organization, a number of members of the Lincoln Commercial club has decided to acquire permanent quarters, and is negotiating for suitable rooms.

The commonwealers at Sidney are being released every other day in squads of seven to twelve. This will continue until all are liberated. The other night two of the commonwealers incarcerated in the guard house saved their way out and escaped.

The farmers of Hall county who planted many of their acres in sugar beets this year are training themselves that they did so, because the beet crop will be a big success, while the small grain amounts to nothing and the crop is very much in doubt.

Mrs. William H. Johns, residing about ten miles north of Omaha, became violently insane and will be taken to Norfolk. She has been confined for some time, but has been gradually growing worse, and is more violent with her own family than with strangers.

Alfred Jensen of Hildreth, fell off a horse from a freight train, between Chalco and Gretna and fractured his skull. After wandering about until noon he was found partially insensible and brought to town where he received medical aid and is resting well.

The most successful teachers' institute ever held in Buffalo county closed last week. At the close of the session 80 teachers of the county who were present made Superintendent Wiley a present of a fine upholstered chair and passed resolutions thanking him and his wife for the success of the institute from an educational standpoint.

Daniel MacDonald was found dead in his bed at the home of Joseph Sharp in Lincoln. Deceased was 61 years of age and had been employed by Mr. Sharp on grade work. He acted as a cooper in the camp.

MacDonald had no relatives in this part of the country. He was buried by the grand jury. He being an ex-soldier.

The county board of Holt county were in session last week. Nothing was accomplished in the Scott bond case, and a settlement is not likely to be made. The case against the bondsmen will come up for trial next month.

The bondsmen offered the full amount of the shortage of the first term and \$2,000 on the second charge, but the offer was not accepted.

The farm house of Adam L. Smith near Jamaica was broken into and five hundred dollars worth of clothing, coats and suits, and a number of other articles were stolen. The family was away at the time.

While Richard, of Fremont, was carrying a mortgage covering twenty acres of land, some shirts, coat and vest, he was riding on the Elkhorn track in front of a train loaded with stock. When he was taken from the train it was found that his right leg had been nearly severed by the low knee and he had received other severe bruises. He died soon after the accident.

Katie Link and Jennie Estel have been received from Omaha at the Lincoln hospital for the insane. Both were insane at the time they were taken to Omaha and the mental derangement of Katie Link is attributed to a love affair with a Buffalo county man, which resulted in the death of the latter. The Methodist hospital a year or two ago. No cause is assigned for the insanity of the other woman.

The residence of John Train, eight miles southeast of Liberty, together with its contents, was completely destroyed by fire. Mrs. Train was suffering from a severe pain in the head and neck, and she was taken to the hospital for the insane, where she is now recovering.

Some of the men who struck on the Union Pacific will have an opportunity of prolonging the strike indefinitely. It has been decided that the western strikers will not be opened in full for several weeks, and perhaps not until fall.

At Cheyenne, where the principal western shops are located, there are usually employed 425 men, and there are at some times more than ninety-three men. At other terminal points the reduction is correspondingly large. There are now 103 engines lying idle and in first class shape, and these will be put in service when necessary.

General order No. 2, from headquarters Nebraska National guard, General L. W. Colby, commanding, received last week, directs the First brigade, consisting of the First and second regiments of the First and cavalry, and the First and second regiments of the First and light artillery, to go into camp for annual instruction at Burlington, Neb., Lincoln, from August 14 to 20.

During a storm near Gandy Mr. and Mrs. J. W. West, while returning from the blizzard river, were struck by lightning. Mr. West was killed, and when he returned to consciousness he found his wife dead by his side and one of the horses dead.

Coroner Martin has commenced suit against the supervisors of Dodge county for his fees for the inquest upon the body of the unknown brakeman who was shot and died in that county, although the body was first discovered on the top of a box car on an eastbound train just over the line in Douglas county. The suit was rejected at the last session of the board.

I. P. Chapman, owner of a stone quarry in Sarpy county, has filed a complaint against John W. Benson, his son-in-law, charging him with carrying concealed weapons with intent to inflict great bodily injury upon, or kill or attempt the said defendant.

KOSMYS. MAGICIAN.



How very interesting in it," exclaimed Mrs. Van Eyck. "See, I call it creepy," said her husband.

"Amanda was always fond of the sensations to entertain her house parties," said the beautiful Mrs. Lloyd.

"I notice that Carroll did not put much," but I had better see."

"No; but he looked hard enough at the performer and his pretty daughter, especially the latter."

"Mr. Batcheller, help me to serve tea," came the hostess' voice from the other end of the veranda. And the conversation changed over the five o'clock teacups.

That night, after the ladies had retired, Kosmys and Carroll were left alone in the smoking room. The latter had asked various questions as to the former's power or art. As Kosmys answered he shaded his eyes with his long, narrow hand, curved at the tip, a rapacious, false hand.

"I am not sure," said Carroll, "but I do not incline to like the man—he had a distrust of his evasive, veiled eyes. Kosmys was, perhaps, 40. He had a black beard, and his hair was growing thin."

"I must tell you that you are preparing a disappointment for yourself," he remarked at last, composedly, "if you seek to go into these matters too far. The most profound ultimate elucidations are only for those who have gone through a preliminary training—a rare case, as I need not remark."

"I do not understand your daughter's role in all this," Carroll said brusquely. "Would not your magic succeed if exercised on a chance person in your audience?"

"No law of the natural or supernatural sort can operate without the proper conditions," said Kosmys shortly. "The condition here is sympathy."

"When Carroll retired he found his mind abnormally active, and knowing that he could not sleep, raised himself on the pillows, after extinguishing the light. Then there happened to him something forever unexplained. A red gleam, as of coals, shown in one corner of the room. Presently a smoke came, and in figures began to form—a man and a girl. Carroll's blood was now hammering in his ears and temples. He recognized Kosmys' black beard and shifting eyes, under the overhanging brows. But, more, he recognized the girl; it was the man's daughter, that exquisite, pathetic creature, with the haunting eyes, who had not been out of Carroll's thoughts since the magician had first been invited to entertain at the banquet."

But no. Suddenly he seemed to feel, distinctly, that she was not the daughter of Kosmys. The two were as strangers to each other, and the man was pursuing the girl with hot passion, cruel and fierce, and she, with despairing prayers and energy, was defending herself.

Carroll sprang up. But the picture in the smoke had changed. What he saw now was the girl alone—the girl, as she had appeared to him the first time, a few days before, when she had come to him in a strange, cowed beauty, and the look of wistful eyes that implored compassion.

"Of course I can never explain it. You can't. But I am morally certain that it is not she. That I might have been entrapped, a child, trained to aid him in his work, and, finally, having grown to woman's estate, pursued by attentions that were odious to her. She saw that it was interesting to her to be so, and she might help her. She dreaded him. She thought he would discover her attempt. And he evidently did. He found out that she had written to me and he killed her. Naturally all this is moonshine to you."

"The other smoked gravely a moment."

"Not necessarily. I am less materialistic than my confederates. I believe in the existence of things beyond my comprehension. Nevertheless, you're a child, and I am not. The girl was agitated and the strain upon her was too great. Remember Bishop. He had gone through no end of mind-readingly seances. Yet he died suddenly, directly after one. You can tell when the brain and body will refuse to go farther."

"Carroll fell into deep reverie. His face was pale and drawn."

"That man was hard hit," said the doctor to himself.

Men of All Nations.

A visitor was shown the pay roll of the Mount Carmel, Pa., collieries the other day. He discovered that the superintendent was an American, the bookkeeper a Canadian, one of the assistant bookkeepers a Frenchman, the outside foreman a Dutchman, the shipper a Welshman, the miners were Irish, English, Dutch, Polish, Hungarian, Italian, French, African, Russian, Swedish, Norwegian and Austrian.

Comparing Notes.

"Yes, we had a frightful experience, said the returned traveler. Have you any idea how it feels to be hemmed in by icebergs?"

"I think I have," replied the other. "I once attended a five-o'clock tea in Boston."

Two Wonders.

Ada—I've been wondering all day why you weren't invited to the Bigelow's party last night. I know it was wonderful why you were—Life

DON'T NEED A HIRED GIRL.

There is a crusty old bachelor on Fourth street who is known as Louieville Post, who is a confirmed woman hater and who never misses an opportunity for saying something sarcastic and disagreeable about the fair sex. But he met more than his match the other day in a plucky little woman who, metaphysically speaking, wiped up the earth with him, much to the delight of his friends, who were greatly amused at his discomfort.

"Because Adam never read the newspapers until the sun got down, he said, 'the palm trees, and the stretching, yawned out: 'Isa't super-most ready, my dear? Not he. He made the fire and hung the kettle over it himself, I'll venture, and pulled the radishes peeled the potatoes, and he chopped the kindling, brought in the coal and did the chores himself, and he never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pom-poms on her head."

"The little woman stopped a moment for breath and went on with renewed vigor: 'And Adam never stayed out till 12 o'clock at a political meeting, harrumphing for some candidate, and then scolding his poor wife as she was sitting up and crying inside the gates. He never played billiards, rolled tenpins and drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never looted a corner grocery and saloons while Eve was raising little Charlie in the cradle at home. In short, he did not think she was specially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a wife's burden. He was a strong, healthy man, and Eve didn't need a hired girl, and with it is the reason that her descendants do."

She drew another breath and was about to continue, when the bachelor, who had been looking at her eyes and nose, said:

"They wanted fire."

While Thomas Campbell was prosecuting his studies at the university of Glasgow, he occupied apartments with an elder brother, who, though no poet himself, was a most admirable critic, but a severe one. Mr. Campbell had gone down to the breakfast-room one morning, leaving the poet to take his leisure. He had nearly finished breakfast, when his brother entered with a copy of verses in his hand, which he laid on the table as an excuse for his delay, at the same time requesting Mr. Campbell's opinion of their merit.

"Your lines are admirable, Tom, my boy," said the elder Campbell, after calmly perusing the verses; "but they appear to me to want fire, and the merciless critic committed the paper to the flames. The poet barely succeeded in restraining his effusion, but after a little reflection he threw it into the fire for the second time, acknowledging the justice of his brother's bon mot—Argonaut.

Colors From Coal Tar.

Coal tar, formerly considered a waste and a regular nuisance to gas workers, is now utilized as one of the most valuable color producers. Chemists have extracted from it 16 shades of blue, the same tint as that of various tints of yellow, 12 of orange, 9 of violet, besides numerous other colors, shades and tints. A late magazine writer in summing up an article on "Uses of Coal Tar," says: "Your lines are admirable, Tom, my boy," said the elder Campbell, after calmly perusing the verses; "but they appear to me to want fire, and the merciless critic committed the paper to the flames. The poet barely succeeded in restraining his effusion, but after a little reflection he threw it into the fire for the second time, acknowledging the justice of his brother's bon mot—Argonaut.

St. Petersburg is a city of gourmets. The long nights in winter, and the excessive cold and discomfort out of doors, drive the inhabitants to indoor pleasures. They consequently pay great attention to the cuisine, and the cooks become *cordons-bleus*. The best cuisine is, of course, the French, and there are French chefs in many of the houses, but the Russians have a number of national dishes they are fond of, especially soups—cabbage soup, osten with sour cream, cucumber soup, and a cold soup, which they swear by, but which is not very agreeable to foreign palates. The root vegetables, turnips, beets, etc., are remarkably good; so are watermelons and cucumbers, white game, snipe, woodcock, partridges, white partridges, hazel grouse, black cock, *coq au vin*, and hare are all abundant in their season and good. In the way of fowl, the salmon is excellent, and they have trout, pom-fish, perch, grayling, etc., and a striped bass, which is the famous sterlet, which I do not think deserves its reputation. Its roe makes the best caviar. The regular Russian restaurant is not to be seen in St. Petersburg. There is one in Moscow, they call the Hermitage, which is thoroughly Russian. A feature of these restaurants is an immense mechanical organ, which grinds out lively airs during dinner. One can hardly talk. The correct thing to do is to take before dinner, a "zakuska," which being interpreted means a preliminary lunch, a small glass of *figuer*, generally "wodka," with salt fish or caviar, or a little cheese. It is supposed to whet dulled appetite. Besides the pleasures of the table, the Russians rely greatly upon cards to pass the long winter evenings. They play a great deal and play high. Whist, with some modifications in the counting; baccarat, and a game they call "quint", something like "Boston," are their principal games. Cards are a monopoly in Russia, and their importation is strictly prohibited. The profits on their sale go to the support of the Foundlings' Hospital, and it is magnificently supported. Any infant can be brought there, and no questions are asked either as regards the mother, the child, and no payment is necessary. It is said to be the only place in Russia where no passport is required.

A MIRACLE IN MISSOURI.

The Achievements of Medical Science Far More Wonderful Than the Magic of the East.

The Remarkable Experience of Post Master Woodson, of Panama, Mo.—Five Ten Years a Cripple—Today A Well and Hearty Man.

From the Kansas City Times.

The people of Rich Hill, Mo., and vicinity, have recently been startled by a seeming miracle of healing. For years one of the best known men in Bates and Vernon counties has been Mark M. Woodson, now postmaster at Panama, and brother of ex-State Inspector of Mines, C. C. Woodson of this city. The people of Rich Hill, where he formerly resided, and of his present home, remember well the best form, misshapen almost from the semblance of man, which has painfully bowed its head across the walks season after season, and when one day last month it straightened to its full height, threw away the heavy butt of cane which for so long had been its only support, from total helplessness, and walked erect, firmly, unhesitatingly about the two cities, people looked and wondered.

The story of the cure in case here comes the marvel of the two counties. Exactly as Mr. Woodson told it to a Times reporter, it is here published.

"For twenty years I have suffered the tortures of the damned and have been a useless invalid; to-day I am a well and hearty man, free from almost every ailment. I don't think my case has ever suffered more acute and constant agony than I have since 1874. The rheumatism started then in my right knee, and after a few months it had spread to my left knee, the ailment having settled in the hip. Despite constant treatment of the most eminent physicians the rheumatism grew worse, and for the last four years I have been compelled to go about bent half toward the ground. In the winter of 1890-91, after the rheumatism had settled into its most chronic form, I went to Kansas City in search of medical advice. I was there for six weeks, and for six weeks I was treated in one of the largest and best known dispensaries of that city, but without the slightest improvement. Before I returned to my home I had a severe attack of rheumatism in my right knee, and I used for months with the same result. In August, 1892, I went to St. Louis, and there conferred with the widely known World of Orthopedic practice, and Dr. Kaley of the city hospital. None of them would take my case with any hope of affording me more than a temporary relief, and so I came home weak, doubled with pain, helpless and dependent."

"About this time my attention was called to an account of a remarkable cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People of locomotor ataxia, rheumatism and paralysis. I ordered some, and after a few days I began to feel better. I began to take them, the rheumatism had developed into a phase of paralysis; my leg from the thigh down was cold and numb, and I could not be kept warm. In a short time the pills were gone, and so was the pain. I was able to attend to the duties of my office. To get about as a well and strong man, I was free from pain and I could sleep a sound and restful night's sleep, something I had not known for ten years. To-day I am practically, and I believe, permanently cured of my terrible and agonizing ailment. No magician of the far East ever wrought the miracle which you have wrought. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

To verify the story beyond all question of doubt Mr. Woodson made the following affidavit:

STATE OF MISSOURI,)
COUNTY OF BATES,) ss.
I, M. M. Woodson, being duly sworn, depose and say that the foregoing statement is the true and correct as I verily believe.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of March, 1894.

JOHN D. MOORE, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Sent by mail for \$2.50. 255 yards of "Turkey red cloth," St. Louis Republic.

A Fortunate Circumstance.

A lady who has attained considerable wealth was calling on a new neighbor. She is much given to bragging, and was going far beyond any previous effort. The neighbor seemed to be all in seriousness, but you can't tell better than the story of a woman. Finally Mrs. Small said: "Oh, Mrs. Cool, you have such a pretty, little home! You ought to be very proud of your home. Why, I can remember when I didn't have much better than this myself." Mrs. Cool responded: "Yes, I think it was when you worked in my aunt's kitchen." The call was perceptibly shortened.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Platinum.

The supply of platinum, owing to its free use in electrical enterprises, has increased so much that it is constantly increasing demand. The principal source of supply is the Ural mountain deposit. These some years ago were said to be inexhaustible, but the statement was made with no consideration of the future heavy demand in electrical service. These mines are at present being worked to their fullest capacity with orders and contracts to years ahead of delivery.

As to Advertising.

Merchant—Do you think advertising pays?
Book Agent—No, I don't.
Merchant—Why not?
Book Agent—Why not? Because it takes all the people to your store to buy goods, and I can't find anybody at home to sell a book to that's why not.

The Chinaman and His Wife.

Chinamen when they refer to their wives—which is as seldom as possible—speak of them as "my dull thing" or "the thorn in my ribs," or "the mean one of the inner room." Children similarly are styled "insects," or "worms," much as we say "chicks" or "cubs."

A Crank's Fate.

Friend—That old crank Whitehair, who always refused to have a doctor, died last night.
Dr. Dorem—I knew it. I knew it would happen. I prophesied forty years ago that he would die some time.

HE BECAME A CHAMPION.

After Trying Many Things He Struck the Right Thing at Last.

"No," said the young man to a Buffalo Express writer, "I must confess that I did not win renown in college in the usual way. When I first went there I decided I was not cut out for an athlete, and I made up my mind that I would win achievement away from that institution of learning with all sorts of medals and degrees, and I went at it hammer and tongs. I dug and dug and dug, and I burned the midnight oil, and all that sort of thing for six weeks. Then I found that there were a dozen men in my class any one of whom could give me a handful of brains and then have more left than I had, and I kind of quit the whole thing. I went into the gymnasium, throwing my former lessons about athletics to the winds, and spent hours there each day. I did all sorts of exercises, and just when I had concluded that I was about cool enough to do something publicly, I ran across a lot of the crack athletes at work, and after watching them for half an hour, gave my gymnasium rig to the first man I met and never entered the place again."

"I can't say the amount of about the only thing left open to me: I set out to be known as the brightest writer in the 'Varsity. I wrote a whole lot of stuff for the college periodicals, and sat down and waited for it to be printed, so that I could be hailed as a genius. The editors didn't look at the stuff in the light I did, and they refused every blank word of it. All avenues for greatness seemed closed to me, and I was pretty blue some days. Finally I hit on something which I made a grand success of. I was the greatest man in my line Harvard ever had."

The tall young man paused impressively, and then said: "I came away from that institution of learning owing to my superior ability as a person who preceded or had followed me."

Sweetening Sugar with Salt.

Professor Zagar, a German chemist and an expert before some big Berlin physiological society, accidentally discovered the fact that sugar's sweetening properties are not so potent as we think them to be. The strength of the sugar is much augmented thereby. He also says that the very weakest possible solution of quinine and water produces a similar effect. The explanation which the learned professor gives of the above seeming incongruity is this: That, be the saltiness or bitterness ever so feeble, providing it is sufficient to excite the follicles of the tongue at all, it imparts an increased sensitivity to the organs of taste.—St. Louis Republic.

Curious Alleghany Springs.

There are several springs along the range of the Alleghany mountains in Pennsylvania, which are of great curiosity. From these springs a very considerable current of hot air passes continuously, sufficient at any time to blow a handkerchief out of a person's hand, unless it is held very close to the face. The phenomenon has never been explained, but it is generally believed that they indicate caves, and that the breeze comes from the internal air passages. The best known of these is called Blowing Springs, and is at the foot of a lookout mountain, about six miles from Chattanooga. This is visited by a great many curiosity seekers and scientists. Others not so well known are found in North Carolina and Georgia.

Atlantic Cables.

It is probably not widely known that only seven out of the seventeen Atlantic cables are in use—on having given out from various causes. Estimating the cost of each cable at \$3,000,000, here is an irreclaimable investment of \$30,000,000 safely buried beneath the ocean to a depth ranging from a few fathoms to over five miles.

The Port of Paris.

The importance of the movements at the port of Paris, which includes the whole department of the Seine, will astonish many readers. The arrivals in 1893 gave a total tonnage of 1,621,566 tons and the departures 6,654,811, which, compared with the preceding year, shows an increase of 27,185 tons and 78,140 tons, respectively.

The Kites of Normandy.

A form of sport very popular in Normandy is that of flying kites, which are some of them, of very large dimensions. There has been a competition at Rouen, on the heights of the city, where a kite of 8,500 feet and would have soared higher but for lack of string.

He Was Much Outraged.

Tramp—I'm very much obliged for that piece of fresh meat you gave me, mum. Young Hoo-keeper—You are welcome, Tramp—Yes, mum. It was a little too doughy to eat, mum, but it tightened my leaky shoes up elegant.—N. Y. Weekly.

Fore-told.

Mrs. Cowdiger—I bought a necktie here yesterday, and the one you sent home wasn't any good, like a His wife—I'll send you one, madam, was picked out by your husband a month ago in case you ever bought one in a fit of a pack.

A Him-I Mean.

In Holland the peasant girl who is without a beau at fair time hires a young man for the occasion. As good dancers command a high price, two maidens