The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXV.--NUMBER 20. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER 1,268.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

The Russian thistle has appeared in Platte County.

There is general complaint of sneak thieving at Grafton.

The starch factory at Nebraska City has resumed operations.

The dwelling of Wm. Felkner, Fairbury, was destroyed by fire.

The record for the Fremont clearing house last week was $84,000.

The Fillmore county fair will take place September 4, 5, 6 and 7.

The Burlington road has been reducing expenses at Nebraska City.

The Box Butte county institute this year had an unusually large attendance.

The German Lutherans at Scribner are building a neat parsonage for their minister.

An old settlers' reunion and district fair is to be held at Bayard September 13 and 14.

The strike at South Omaha is a thing of the past and all troops have been withdrawn.

By the explosion of a gasoline stove Mrs. Brown of Omaha was last week burned to death.

Fremont has got to erect another school building to accomodate the increasing children.

George Meisner, a wealthy citizen of Shelton, has finished and occupied a $35,000 residence.

James Scott died in Columbus at the advanced age of 78. He was a veteran of the Mexican war.

Permanent survey for the Columbus canal has been completed. Excavating will soon commence.

The second day of the Nebraska State Holiness camp meeting at Bennett found every tent taken.

E. E. Carson, a carpenter, fell from a window in the Pueblo hotel at Pender and died several hours later.

Mr. Waterman, at Dorchester, has 30,000 bushels of old corn which he expects to sell for about $22,000.

The Beatrice canning factory is now running full blast and will continue in operation through the season.

Bicycle thieves are very active in Fremont. A number of first-class wheels have lately disappeared.

The M. E. and Christian churches at Bradshaw will dismiss their pastors till times get better if it takes a year.

The little daughter of Commissioner Thorp of Garfield county, fell into a barrel of water and was drowned.

The Loup river is carrying so little water that it is fordable in many places and cattle are tired of living in it.

The small-pox scare at McCook is subsiding. The four cases are convalescing and a rigid quarantine is enforced.

Mr. Pegan's store at Admah was entered a night or two ago and a large amount of money and a draft for $105 were stolen.

A band of five State university students has begun a series of union evangelical services in the Presbyterian church at Pawnee City.

H. M. Henry lost seventy-five tons of hay by fire on his land one mile east of Wayne. He says the hay was worth at least $8 a ton to him.

Herman Post, who resides north of Fremont came very near being killed by a Jersy bull when he attempted to lead him from the stable.

Sneak thieves broke into E. A. Stewart's grocery and J. H. Stewart & Co.'s hardware store at Blair. They succeeded in getting a few dollars.

Joe A. Elliott of Fremont made an assignment in favor of his creditors by giving two mortgages on his stock of lumber, amounting to $4,703.40.

The wife of Daniel Nelson, a farmer near Butte, was brought before the board of insanity and adjudged insane. She was taken to the Norfolk asylum.

Ach Smith, who was sentenced to five years for shooting at Reese Robinson with intent to kill in Omaha last November, has appealed to the supreme court.

The business done at the South Omaha postoffice has decreased considerably in the last year, and it has gone back from a first-class office to one of the second class.

Adam Vrzel, living ten miles southwest of Atkinson, met with the serious loss of having his dwelling, together with its contents, including $30 in money, destroyed by fire.

The 15-year-old son of George Fetchner, foreman in the B. & M. shops, was drowned in the river at Plattsmouth, while swimming. The body has not yet been recovered.

Two strangers, who have been camping just north of Nebraska City for a week or so, were arrested, charged with the theft of eight hogs from the farm of General Van Wyck.

Logan county farmers are feeling good over the prospect of at least half a corn crop and a very fair yield of potatoes and hay. Recent rains have helped them out wonderfully.

Pugilist Robbins, of Plattsmouth, died from the effects of injuries received in a recent contest in the ring. A number of sports who were connected with the affair have been arrested.

Times are always prosperous when labor and capital are steadily employed. 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.

A mass meeting was held at the court house in Beaver City to discuss a proposition for bonding the county for $100,000 to improve the roads and give employment to the needy. A vote taken on the question of calling an election was defeated by a large majority.

The pastures are pretty poor picking for stock now, says the Waco World, but if it continues dry the crows will have pretty good picking after a while.

Fremont is aroused over thieving gangs, who are laying hands on some of the best bicycles in the city. Some of the wheels have been recovered but none of the thieves have been captured.

Fire totally destroyed a barn and two horses—one a valuable stallion—the property of Charles Snodgrass in the west end of Columbus. The fire department responded but could be of no assistance as the fire was half a mile beyond the limit of fire plugs. There was no insurance.

Herman Past a farmer living a few miles north of Fremont, was attacked and seriously injured by a bull. He was thrown from the stable in which he was attacked and across the yard and escaped by crawling into the barn, but not until his clothing was torn from his body and he was seriously gored and bruised.

Howard Richardson, residing east of Fremont, was bitten by a rattlesnake on one of his toes, and the leg from the knee down swelled to about three times its natural size. It was feared for a time that he could not recover, but late reports from his physician are more favorable for his recovery.

The Nebraska Manufacturers and Consumers association gave a big banquet at Beatrice, at which everything on the bill of fare was Nebraska made. The association will give a feed in Fremont soon.

J. A. Elliott, a lumber dealer of Fremont, made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. Two mortgages, covering stock and accounts, were given, amounting to $4,700. Liabilities are estimated at $5,550.

At a meeting of the directory of the Dodge County Agricultural society the secretary, James Huff, was authorized to make all necessary repairs and improvements at the fair grounds and employ a band for the fair.

W. D. Jones, at Elk Creek, met with an accident on Thursday, which resulted in a broken arm and other bruises. He was working in the bottom of a well when a rock was accidentally rolled into the well from the top.

A petition has been circulated and signed by a majority of the taxpayers of Humboldt asking the mayor and city council to call an election to vote bonds for a system of water works, and a mass meeting has been called to discuss the matter.

Michael Hogan, a farmer living five miles north of Columbus, accidentally shot and killed himself. He leaves a wife and family. He was about fifty years old. He was getting through a wire fence when the gun was accidentally discharged.

A threshing steamer belonging to A. Hudson of Valparaiso broke through a culvert in the road near the Richardson & Hughes ranch. Hudson and Al Gilpin went down with the engine, and Gilpin was caught and so badly scalded that his recovery is doubtful.

During a thunder shower lightning struck the big barn owned by Mark Butler. It, with eighty tons of timothy hay, was consumed. The barn is just outside of Geneva, and the fire department was called out but could do nothing. Loss $2,000, with no insurance.

Chauncy Adams, a boy about 14 years of age, living with his parents in South Brownville, was attacked by a ferocious dog and bitten and lascerated in a horrible manner. His thigh and one arm were literally crushed under the grinding process of the mad brute's ponderous jaws. The beast was killed, but no one can tell whether or not it was rabid.

A. R. Smith, living five miles south of Wallace, shot himself in the breast, dying almost instantly. His wife had just left the room to get water for a child when she heard the report and went to him. He was sitting up in bed. He gave a scream and fell back on the pillow dead. The revolver was on the floor. It is not known whether the shooting was accidental or not.

Ed Franklin, who has a farm about three miles west of this city, says the Lincoln Journal, has three large, fine looking ears of corn exhibited at the Capital hotel. An explanation card which accompany's them says that he has 160 acres of standing corn from which he may gather sixty bushels of similar ears per acre. The ears will average fifteen inches in length.

A sad accident occurred in front of the residence of Mrs. S. W. True, one mile north of Seward, which resulted in the sudden death of the youngest daughter of John M. Strayer. Mrs. Strayer and three daughters were just leaving Mrs True's home in a carriage drawn by one horse when, by a sudden cramp of the carriage, it was turned over and all thrown out, almost instantly killing the youngest girl and severely bruising the others.

George Fletcher, a boy about 14 years old, was drowned in the Missouri at Plattsmouth. He and about seventy-five others were in swimming near the confluence of the Missouri and Platte rivers nearly all day. About 3 o'clock the boys all came out of the water and dressed and it was noticed that one suit of clothes was without an occupant. This was the first that any one knew of the accident. The body had not been recovered at last accounts.

It is with some feelings of alarm that the county commissioners of Douglas county anticipate the coming of winter, realizing that it means a heavy drain upon the charity fund. Already the number of applicants for assistance is rapidly increasing, although this a season of the year when the commissioners contend that people should be able to take care of themselves. During the month of July, just closed, 404 families were assisted at the county store, the number being almost as great as during the coldest month of last winter.

There are several gardens within a short distance of Thedford that will prove to any fair minded person that irrigation means a small fortune to those who have land that is available to the ditch. J. W. Purdum, for an experiment, planted his garden on a piece of ground with a northern slope, and purchased a small force pump and placed it at the top of the slope, and, during his leisure moments, would run water around through his garden, and he has this year the finest and largest garden vegetables he has ever raised, eastern states not excepted.

A McCook despatch says: In view of the fact that some of the neighboring towns are seeking to make capital of the fact that there are a few cases of smallpox in McCook and are grossly misrepresenting the state of affairs here, it has been thought best to state the exact facts. There are but five cases of smallpox in the city and these patients have all been placed under rigid quarantine and are getting along nicely. There is but one new case in the city and the authorities feel confident of being able to not only confine the outbreak to its present limits but to entirely stamp out the disease. There has been but one death, the initial case, an infant. There is absolutely no cause for alarm. The limit for new exposures is about paseed.

Murray, the burglar who was in jail at Neligh, for the burglary of the depot at Elgin and escaped, has been recaptured and securely ironed. Murray escaped while Clark, the deputy sheriff, was gone to get breakfast for the prisoners. The cell lock had been unfastened with a key and the other lock torn off, but the recaptured crook will not say how he unlocked his own cell.

While the family of H. E. Stein of Clay Center were at breakfast, thieves entered the front part of the house and departed with Stein's watch and several rings of Mrs. Stein. There were several suspicious looking persons noticed around town during the forenoon.

The returns from Mrs. C. H Smith's stock sale do not indicate that the prices of horses have gone to smash in Lancaster county, says the Lincoln Journal. Everything offered was sold at good prices. All of the twenty-two horses were taken readily. One team that was bought last spring for $145 sold at $180. One three-year-old mare brought $125, one sucking colt $40, and so on through the list. The cows brought from $30 to $50. The farm tools went at prices that prevailed in the spring, and hay brought $8 per ton in the stack. The Lancaster farmers showed at this sale that they had plenty of money and even more than the average city man.

A NEWSPAPER STORY

THE city editor opened the door and peered impatiently through the clouds of smoke rolling over the long center table in the reporter's room.

"Did you get that story, Carleton?" he asked.

"Carleton's not in yet, Mr. Howard," one of the men replied. He—"

But the door shut with a bang, to open a minute later, when the same worried voice inquired:

"Where's Bud? No, I suppose he's not to be found, either! Did anyone ever know him to be on hand when he was wanted? Here, Bud," as the grimy-faced galley and general utility boy in question came in with his proofs, "go down to the foot of F street and find Carleton. There's a wreck off the point, but it won't do us any good unless he gets here with that copy pretty soon. We go to press at 3 o'clock—in just two hours. Bud—"

He stopped with a half smile, for the boy was already part way down the stairs on his way to the street.

None of us knew exactly why we gave the weird, shriveled specimen of boyhood the name of Bud. Possibly it was because of the certainty we felt that he would never become a blossom. He was a thin-shouldered, shrunken-chested little fellow, small even for his 12 years, with a sharp-featured, unchildish face and the suggestion of eternal croup in his voice. He had drifted into the office one stormy night about a year before the time of which I write, and, although his request for "a place" had been promptly refused, he had calmly stayed on and became a fixture. He was not communicative about himself, and we were not particularly curious. One of the women proofreaders discovered before long that the gray rat under her desk was not a more constant habitue of the office than was Bud. He spent the hours between the time the paper went to press and the arrival of the day men at 11 o'clock sleeping on a pile of empty mail sacks in a dark corner of the engine room, but from that time on he was alert and ready for business. As "understudy" for Frank the regular galley boy, he was fast picking up the knowledge of printing and had occasionally displayed a surprising amount of information regarding the general makeup of a newspaper, strongly imbued with the idea that all things were secondary in importance and must be subservient to its requirements. Nothing pleased him so much as an errand of the kind just given him by the city editor, and we all knew that he would return if he was alive.

Carleton was a new man on the paper, a little green in the business, but with a "nose for news" and a sense of honor and the eternal fitness of

IT WAS THE SMALL BOAT.

things, coupled with reliability of statement. Mr. Howard had looked over his staff that night before giving the assignment.

"Get to that wreck, Carleton," he said testily. "You are the only man here who can write it up without having the waves roll mountain high." And the new reporter had torn a thick section from the block of copy paper and hurried away.

Bud found no difficulty in locating the wreck, although he could see its dark spars outlined against the sky much better by running along the water front as far as H street. The storm, which had been raging for three days and had finally caused the disaster, had subsided a trifle, and from this distance the great, black hulk seemed resting easily upon the waves. On account of the hour there were but few spectators—only the hurrying life-saving crews, the patrolmen and the inevitable groups of ragged wharf-rats. And Bud observed, with delight, that not another paper had a reporter on the scene. He looked around for Carleton and some one told him that the "coap" that had been writing there for a long time, sitting on an overturned small boat, had at last righted the little craft and set off for the half submerged ship.

"He hadn't oughter, either," the man continued. "This water ain't as peaceful as it looks. We had a hard pull gettin' in the last trip with the passengers, and the wind is risin' higher every minute."

It was true that the clouds had begun to roll again, while the lightning threw ever sharper and more jagged fangs across the sky. The crew on shore made hasty preparations to put out. There were still many people aboard the wreck, a number of them women and children. Bud was the first one in the boat.

"Come out of that, youngster," said a sailor. "Be quick with you!"

"I'm goin'," cried the boy. "I've got to see Carleton—I've got to, I tell you!"

The sailor's hand was on his collar, but Bud clung to his seat with desperation, the muscles of his little hands standing out like a gladiator's.

"I've got to get something for the paper," and his voice rose to a shrill scream.

The man lifted him out, sat him, not ungently, down on the wet sand and pushed off the boat. With a fierce cry the boy was after him, clinging like a monkey to its side. The sailor loosened the boy's hands and he dropped backward into the water. He scrambled to the shore and stood choking with impotent rage, strange oaths pouring from his lips and his frail hands beating at the air.

The wind increased in violence. The thunder was terrific, and the heavens were cut with broad, white blades. The night grew ever blacker, but he could see by the flashes that the lifeboat rolled heavily and seemed in distress. He sank down and dug his hands deep into the sand. All at once a peal of thunder shook the solid earth; a flash of lightning leaped down and seemed to lap up the sea and ships. Bud uncovered his eyes, and in a moment his shrill voice was added to the chorus of agony sent up from the flames of the fated steamer. Lightning had struck her, and the boy had heard the sailors say that she carried a consignment of coal oil.

The light was bright enough now, and the watchers could see a small, dark object leave her luminous side and head toward shore. It was the small boat. Bud screamed in ecstacy as he saw a man, Carleton, work at the oars. The time seemed an eternity, and the boat, overcrowded as it was with women and children, seemed to make no progress. It was in danger of swamping. How long before the explosion must occur?

The boy threw himself face downward upon the beach and waited. Presently he lifted his eyes and saw the man in the boat rise and gently put back the hands that were extended toward him, as if in entreaty, and then with a long leap spring into the ocean. Bud saw him strike out with strong, confident strokes, while the boat, relieved of its weight, made a leap forward. Then there was a sudden darkening of the sky, as the flames swirled downward followed by a long, reverberating shock and roar; a glare that turned the heavens into fire, while the waves hissed around the scene with the foam at their lips stained red. There was a hurrying back and forth along the shore; the whirling of long ropes, lasso-like, over the waters, and, after a while, a few charred, blackened shapes upon the beach.

Bud opened the office door at 2:30.

"This is a nice time for you to show up," growled the city editor. "Where's Carleton? Did you get that copy?"

Bud approached the table slowly, fumbling in his coat with trembling hands.

"I've brought the copy," he said, his lips drawn and ashen. "It's a little wet 'cause 'twas in his pocket, an'—" the boy put his hand up to his throat and sobbed hoarsely—"you see, he—got drowned."

SOCIAL AMENITIES.

The Widower Has the Conceit Taken Out of Him.

The physician in one of the interior small towns is a great tease, and the general storekeeper is a widower with an idea that he is irresistible among the ladies. The doctor drives an aged mule called Jane to his gig, says the Detroit Free Press, and the widower more than once, when he has met with the doctor with a lady in his gig, has guyed him for not driving a better animal. The other day the doctor appeared in the store.

"There's a friend of mine out here wants a bale of hay," he called to the proprietor, who was at the far end.

"What's his name?" inquired the widower.

"It isn't a his, it's a her," corrected the doctor.

"Oh, ah, a lady?" smiled the widower, take me out and introduce me."

"Certainly," responded the doctor.

"Wait till I slick up a bit," and the widower washed his face and hands, combed his hair, put on a collar and coat, gave himself a brushing and started out with the doctor.

"How old is she?" he asked as they reached the door.

"About 18 or 19, I should say.

"Married?"

"Oh no," and as the doctor stepped outside the storekeeper stepped behind the counter and slipped a peppermint drop into his mouth. He thought the lady was in the gig standing at the rack, and just as he reached it he straightened his necktie again and cleared his voice and the doctor stopped.

"Jane," he said blandly, "let me present Mr. Blank, the gentleman from whom you will get the bale of hay," and Jane stuck out her nose to the widower in such a pleasant, friendly manner that he was utterly overcome, and with a snort he turned and fled back into the store.

Just to Please Baby.

One day recently two ladies, one of whom carried a baby, entered a well-known furniture shop and signified their desire to look at some carpets.

The salesman cheerfully showed roll after roll, until the perspiration literally streamed from every pore. Finally one of the ladies asked the other if she didn't think it was time to go.

"Not quite," was the answer of her companion; and then in an undertone she added: "Baby likes to see him roll it out, and we've plenty of time to catch the train."

To Avoid Collisions.

Lieutenant F. Boyer of the French navy, to avoid collisions proposes to introduce at the top on all fast sailing steamers an electric light, which will cast a beam ahead to indicate the direction in which the vessel is steering. So long as the approaching ship was not in the actual pencil of light it would be unnecessary for her to alter her course.

At the Poultry Show.

"Great snakes! There's fifty-seven little chicks in that box! How could one hen hatch out as many as that?"

"A hen didn't do it. They was hatched in a—in a incubus, you dern fool."

Not Necessarily Young.

"Is she still of tender years?"

"She is certainly very sensitive about them."—Det oit Tribune.

CROZIER'S HISTORY.

LEFT ON A BARREN ROCK IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Description of Fearful Scenes on the Deck of a Wrecked Steamer—The Dead Cast Into the Sea—Subsisting on Crumbs of Hardtack and Water.

There appeared on the streets of Lawrenceburg, Ind., recently a remarkable old man. His thin and scattering hair was silvered with the frost of nearly four score years. His wan and beardless face bore the marks of bitter suffering, but his tall, spare form was as straight as an arrow, and his step that of a much younger man. He is known by thousands of persons throughout the adjacent portions of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky as "Old Perry Crozier."

"It was in December, 1854," he said to a St. Louis Republic correspondent. "I had taken passage on the steamer Winfield Scott to go from San Francisco to Panama. Captain Budd was in command. It was about midnight. I could not sleep and was walking the deck and watching the huge foam-crested billows. The captain and his friends were in the room having a merry time with wine and cards when the steamer struck a rock. Every soul on board was aroused by the terrible shock. The captain rushed from his room and seeing the situation gave orders through his trumpet to back the vessel and then rush her with all force possible forward so as to land her as far as possible up the ridge of rocks that rose in jagged form above the top of the roaring surf that shot its foaming spray in fleecy clouds around our vessel.

The boat rose with the swell of the sea, and, propelled by all the force of her powerful engines, seemed to almost leave its bed of tumbling waters, and leaped high up on the jutting reef of rocks, where it hung for several hours swaying at the mercy of the surging waves. Everything was confusion. The boat was bending and breaking to pieces, and everybody was trying to get off it as fast as possible. In their excitement many sprang from the wrecked vessel and were dashed to death on the hard-faced rocks, or were swallowed up in the swirling waters. Over fifty persons lost their lives in this manner.

"Many heroic scenes were witnessed, and all the strongest traits in human character were plainly revealed.

"The avaricious loaded himself with his worldly treasures, thus increasing his weight and making his descent down the blistering rope more terrible on his tender hands. Others showed the nobleness of their natures by trying to help their family or friends first and looking after their own safety afterward. A devoted mother bound two small children to her person and reached the rock in safety with her precious burden. The husband and father having become bewildered with fright, leaped overboard and lost his life before the rope escape had been provided.

A young son, about nineteen years of age, with his invalid father strapped to his back, made the fearful descent, and although his hands were burned to the bone by slipping down the greased rope, he rejoiced at preserving the life of his sick parent, unmindful of his own sufferings. But the poor man never survived the shock of his unfortunate condition, and died the following day, and the brave boy who faced death in his effort to save that father, saw his corpse consigned to the remorseless waves that broke about the base of their cheerless retreat.

Strong but selfish men fought like maddened beasts and trampled over the weak and helpless in their furious efforts to be the first in leaving the stranded steamer. I was about the last one to leave the boat before she went to pieces. As I was hanging over the edge of the vessel, and suspended fully sixty feet above the rock, the steamer broke in two, and I was jerked by the momentum high in the air and sent swinging like a pendulum backward and forward over the turbulent waters.

Two men, who were on the rope with me, loosened their grip and fell into the raging sea and disappeared forever. I held on to the swaying rope with all the tenacity I possessed. My arms were almost wrenched from their sockets, the cords and muscles pained as if they were being torn asunder, and my hands burned as if clasping a coal of fire. Yet life, amid all these torments, was too sweet to surrender, and I hugged that rope with a grip that could not be broken off. My strength was giving out when one of the crew caught the swinging rope and pulled me to the rock.

Merciful Providence did not forsake us. The winds that had proved our destruction now proved a blessing, for they blew to the rock several casks of drinking water that had escaped from the hold of the broken steamer and a number of boxes of provisions, with many articles that in our destitute condition contributed to our comfort.

For thirteen wearisome days and nights of wintry weather we were huddled, without protection or shelter, on our desolate and isolated quarters, and with only the scantiest allowance for our sustenance. A few mouthfuls of hard tack and several table-poonfuls of water once a day was each one's apportionment. Fortunately we were able to capture a few sea lions, and they contributed largely to our support. But many were unable to endure the hardships we were undergoing and died. When death claimed a victim the body was cast into the sea. Several became crazed from their sufferings and ended their existence. One big fellow below became insane and attempted to murder his companions. He injured several persons severely before he was overpowered and tied with ropes. On the thirteenth day after our disaster the steamer Golden Gate, having been carried out of its course by a storm, discovered our distress signals and came to our rescue and we were taken aboard and kindly cared for. How many lives were lost I never inquired, but there were a great many, I know.

HIS FIRST ENGLISH ESSAY.

A French Pupil's Slightly Involved Method of Describing a Holiday.

An English university magazine prints the following essay on "A Summer Holiday," written by a French pupil in an English school: "The time which I was spending to accomplish that journey was eight hours by express train, starting from the Montparnais station. This road is a very pleasant one, and without account the numerous towns which the peoples are going so often are: Baths, swim, the immensity of the large space occupy with that water, and so wonderful aspect, chiefly when we were seeing that for the first time: the great many steamers, sailors, fishing boats, moving in the sea with a astonishing easiness, the fishes of all kinds took each day by the fishermen along the shore, and the games, such as croquet, lawn tennis, cards, and many others, when the tide begins to go away. In that place it begin at 2 o'clocks to 5, and then the place it was occupying before is full of people amusing themselves, and the children carrying their things begin to make many sand mountains, among herselves seeing with a great joice the pleasure which occupe their children. When the weather is clear and the sky without any clouds, they let a boat and sail along a little distance, walking here and there, fishing in the rocks the lobster putting their breeches on the knees in order do not make their feet wet, and when the dusk begin to fall, they start from the seashore and entering in the houses or hotels, discute about the pleasures of the day. Oh! then how they find themselves happy in these hours of peace always thinking to their pleasure. They do not doubt at all the kinds of sorrows in this short life, and do not think no more to the poor people, whom has not so much good, in order to rejoice himself as well as these fortunate traveives making every year the same thing in order to preserve their own health in breathing the well doing air of the sea, which give appetite, strength, and finally making their own desire in execution, that is to say their own well-being.

The Dick Dress.

"We were sitting on a piaz a like this—a party of us—all young ladies except myself who was trying to be the beau of the party and to say the proper thing in the most approved way.

"'My new dress came home today,' announced one—Miss Kitty she is called, I think—and oh, such a love it was"

"'And what is the material of your new gown?' I asked, trying to be very much at home in the conversation.

"'Duck,' said she.

"'Duck' repeated I. 'Indeed! Now tell me, do you not find those feather dresses rather warm in summer?'

"And then came the laugh. Now, will you tell me what they were all laughing at?"

Mappa Mundi.

On the wall of the south aisle of Hereford cathedral, in England, is preserved the celebrated "Mappa Mundi" (data circa 1282-1300). The map is chiefly filled with ideas taken from ancient historians.

Menu Cards Are Old.

A German historian says that the menu card celebrated its 400th anniversary in 1889. It was first used, by Duke Henry of Brunswick at the session of the German reichstag at Regensburg in 1489.

More Information.

Tommy—Maw, the teacher wants us to give the difference between "hope" and "expect."

Mrs. Figg—Well, I hope to meet your father in the next world, but I hardly expect to.

STORMS AND DROUGHTS.

January 13, 1810, quicksilver froze hard at Moscow.

In 1775 hailstones said to weigh twenty ounces fell at Murcia, in Spain.

In 1005 there was a frost in England July 1 that destroyed nearly all the vegetation.

In the year 310 hardly a drop of rain fell in England, and 40,000 people died of famine.

The seven years of drought and famine in Egypt recorded in Genesis began in the year B. C. 1708.

In 764 the cold at Constantinople was so severe that the Black sea was frozen for fifty miles from shore.

At Bombay twenty-four inches of rain have fallen in a day; at Genoa, thirty; at Gibraltar, thirty-three.

In 1656 a hail storm at Norwich, England, wrecked houses and killed many animals that could not reach shelter.

In 1544 the winter was so severe in Europe that in Flanders wine was frozen and was cut in blocks and sold by weight.

The heaviest rain ever recorded in Great Britain was in Argyle, December 7, 1863—seven inches in twenty-four hours.

The wettest place in the world is Cherrapungi, in Assam, where the average rainfall for fifteen years has been 493 inches. In 1861 it was 905.

In 1402 the cold was so severe in Russia that the Baltic sea was frozen over. In 1469 this occurred again, and horsemen rode from Denmark to Sweden.

In 954 a drought began in Europe lasting four years. The summers were intensely hot and the famine prevailed everywhere; 3,000,000 died of hunger.

One of the heaviest snowfalls known in this country was February 19 to 24, 1717, when the snow remained five to seven feet deep all over New England.

In 1771 an unprecedented drought prevailed throughout India. Scarcely any rain fell for a year, and hundreds of thousands died of famine, whole districts being depopulated.

In 1837 drought and intensely hot weather prevailed in Northwest India. Over 800,000 persons perished from famine. Similar destruction was wrought by the same causes in 1865 and 1868, over 2,000,000 persons perishing of hunger in the two years.

A DETROIT BUILDER.

HE TELLS A REMARKABLE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

CAME TO DETROIT ABOUT FORTY YEARS AGO.

Levi Elsey's Experience Worthy Serious Attention.

From the Detroit Evening News.

Away out Gratiot Avenue, far from the din and turmoil of the business centre, there are many attractive homes. The intersecting streets are wide, clean and shaded by large leaf-covered trees, and the people you meet are typical of industry, economy and honest toil. There are many pretty residences, but none more inviting in its neatness and home-like comfort than that of Mr. Levi Elsey, the well-known builder and contractor, at 74 Moran street just off Gratiot. Mr. Elsey is an old resident of Detroit, having moved here about forty years ago. He has erected hundreds of houses in different parts of the city, and points with pride to such buildings as the Newberry & McMullan and Campaw blocks in which he displayed his ability as a superintendent.

"I have seen Detroit grow from a village to a city," he observed yesterday in conversation with the writer, "and I don't think there are many towns in America to-day equal to it in point of beauty. I know almost everybody in the city, and an incident which recently happened in my life has interested all my friends.

"It is now about eight years ago since I was stricken down with my first case of illness. One cold, blustering day I was down town and through my natural carelessness at that time I permitted myself to get chilled right through. When I arrived home that evening I felt a serious pain in my left leg. I bathed it that night, but by morning I found it had grown worse. In fact it was so serious that I sent for my family physician, and he informed me that I was suffering from varicose veins. My leg swelled up to double its natural size and the pain increased in volume. The agony was simply awful. I was laid up and never left my bed for eight weeks. At times I felt as though I would grow frantic with pain. My leg was bandaged and was propped up in the bed at an angle of 30 degrees in order to keep the blood from flowing to my extremities.

"I had several doctors attending me, but I believe my own judgment helped me better than theirs. After a seige of two months I could move around, still I was on the sick list and had to doctor myself for years. I was never really cured and suffered any amount of anguish.

"About two years ago I noticed an article in the Evening News about my friend, Mr. Northrup, the Woodward Avenue merchant. In an interview with him he stated that he had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and that they cured him. I knew him very well, having built his house out Woodward Ave., and I thought I would follow his suggestion. I must confess I did so with marvelous success. From the time I began to take the Pink Pills I felt myself growing to be a new man. They acted on me like a magical stimulant. The pain departed and I soon was as strong and healthy as ever. Before trying the Pink Pills I had used any amount of other medicine without any noticeable benefit. But the Pills cured me and I was myself again.

"When a person finds himself relieved and enjoying health he is apt to expose himself again to another attack of illness. Some three months ago I stopped taking the Pink Pills, and from the day I did so, I noticed a change in my condition. A short time since I renewed my habit of taking them with the same beneficial results which met me formerly. I am again nearly as strong as ever, although I am a man about 56 years of age. I tell you, sir, the Pink Pills are a most wonderful medicine and if they do as well in other cases as they did in mine they are the best in the world. I freely recommend them to any sufferer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Chased by a Water-Spout.

William H. Hallock, who not long ago was a passenger on a steamship of the Pacific Mail Company, tells of an exciting experience while the ship was off the coast of Guatemala. A waterspout of tremendous power suddenly appeared near the ship. In the midst of the consternation the Captain ordered his course reversed, and soon the steamer was driving along, with the waterspout in pursuit. Its crest was hidden in a dark mass of cloud, its base seeming to operate like an immense revolving colendar, while the entire external periphery formed a cushion of foam, over which the sea bird screamed, occasionally seizing upon the dead fish which came within reach. The spout itself formed a sort of spiral cylinder, streaked with opaque parallel lines through its whole length, from the surface of the sea upward. These lines were evidently ascending columns of water, for afterward, when the upper and lower sections became detached, the accumulated volume of water overhead immediately began its descent within the body of the spout, as though it had been the valve of an immense syringe. The water thus released must have been equal to several tons, as it was solid and almost black and returned to the sea with a loud roar, all the other parts of the aerial structure gradually dissipating. Perhaps the most singular of all was the serpentine form assumed by the section nearest the clouds, which moved off at first almost horizontally and then turned up itself in a perfect coil, so that for a moment, when the end of the aqueous rope—or whatever it was—switched around squarely to the eye of the observer, showing a section, it resembled a ball of ink. When the spout was in its finest condition lightning several times flew through the penumbra in zig-zag courses, making a spectacle not only terrible in the manifestation of power, but sublime and beautiful.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Step Onward.

Hospital Nurse—These new patent fire escapes are great blessings.

Hospital Doctor—Indeed they are. It is much easier to cure fracture than burns.—New York Weekly.

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

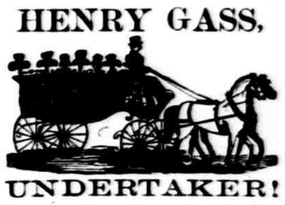
RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$ 241,467 57
Real Estate Furniture and Fixtures	16,784 93
U. S. Bonds	15,200 00
Due from other banks $37,876 31	
Cash on Hand 21,867 58	59,743 89
Total	$333,196 39

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 39

HENRY GASS,



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