The Columbus Journal.

VOLUME XXVII.—NUMBER 5. COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA. WEDNESDAY. MAY 13, 1896. WHOLE NUMBER 1,357.

OPERATIC PRELUDE.

IT WAS 8 O'CLOCK and the drug store next the opera house was as radiant with the costumes whose richness was of the parquet- circle type as was the foyer of the great hall near by. It was the usual before-the-opera crowd, composed of representatives of a class of people who are well-to-do yet not such strict adherents to the canons of society as to be prohibited from attending to a few trifling matters that had been put off till the last minute. Ladies under the protection of their escorts braced themselves for the coming performance with various soft drinks that were served rapidly by the skillful attendants; ladies who had tucked their safety under the shadow of their own wing and had discarded masculine supervision altogether, haggled over the price of boxes of bonbons and scowled at the clerk, who insisted upon receiving the regulation price for all such dainties, and ladies whose escorts were yet to appear leaned wearily against the heavy showcases and impatiently watched the avenue entrance through which they were every moment expecting the other half of the combine to put in an appearance.

The latter class was not without a plentiful sprinkling of men. The one who of all the waiting, pushing, passing crowd was first to arrive was a gentleman. He came in at 7:30 and took up his station at the corner of the cigar stand near the door, a position from which he could get a fair view of every newcomer, and there he stood, a good-looking, dark-mustached, fashionably-attired monument of patience, till the minute-hand on the clock opposite, pointed to 8 o'clock. Then he shifted his position a little. At five minutes past 8 he shifted again. At ten minutes past 8 he got desperate, and leaving the counter, which for the last forty minutes had served for a pedestal for his weariness, he cut a wide swath through the then decreasing crowd and made his way toward the far end of the store.

There were but five ladies left in the public trysting place at that time. One was middle-aged and had two little girls with her; three of them were accompanied by gentlemen; the only one for whom he could possibly be looking was the tall blonde in the rear of the room. He stopped and studied her furtively again before addressing her. She was very pretty. Her hair was that rich, beautiful brown that shines in the light; her eyes were large, long-lashed and white-lidded, and her complexion was touched with that exquisite tint that reaches its rarest perfection when brought in contrast with somber colors. The lady undoubtedly realized the possibilities of her face and the rich black of her costume was relieved only by the ermine lining of her wrap.

The gentleman hesitated a moment. "She doesn't tally exactly with the description given," he decided, comparing the pretty picture before him with a photograph which he evidently carried in a convenient pocket in his mind. "The fact is, she is decidedly prettier, but perhaps a desire to avoid all show of egotism prompted her to go a little slow on the enumeration of her many charms. A woman as good looking as she is can afford to speak faintly in her own praise. It must be she. I'll risk it, anyway."

A relieved look passed over the lady's face and she arose as he came nearer.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I am looking for a lady I have never seen. Have I made a mistake, or is this Miss Gilbert?"

A perceptible shade of disappointment flashed in her blue eyes and she

IS THIS MISS GILBERT?

hesitated an instant. She glanced at the clock. It was 8:15, and the opera had already commenced.

"Yes," she replied, quickly, "and you?"

He put his own construction on her hesitancy, and smiled in his own conceit.

"Robert Lang, of course," he returned. "What a fool I was to let you wait here from 7:35, the time when you came in, until now. But I was fearful of making a mistake. You are so much prettier than you gave me any idea of."

"You are very kind," she laughed, "but let's hurry. The music is now well under way."

The drug-store door closed heavily behind them and the clerks settled down to a brief season of comparative quiet. Half an hour ticked itself monotonously away and the clock above the refreshment counter registered 8:35. A man who looked enough like the puzzled hero of the early part of the evening to be his twin brother hurried across the avenue with a reckless disregard of murderous cabs and cable cars and rushed into the universal club-room. The only people present were the attendants and two gentlemen buying cigars. It was obvious that the late arrival was on the lookout for none of these, for he sat down gingerly on a seat near the door and glared around with unconcealed disgust. He waited five minutes, then as no one else came who appeared to be more pleasing to his fancy he pulled his collar tightly around his ears and started out. He had stepped one foot on the sidewalk and was still holding the knob of the half-open door, when he noticed a woman who turned the nearest corner and came rapidly toward him. She brushed past him and went into the drug store. Involuntarily he turned and went in after her. She had brown hair, blue eyes and a good complexion; moreover, she was dressed in black and wore a wrap with ermine lining.

The anxious, searching glance with which she regarded the occupants of the room finally rested on him and she started back with a little cry of alarm. He laid his hand on her arm and led her to a seat near the side entrance.

"Now," he said, sitting down beside her, "what are you doing here?"

"I came to meet some one," she faltered, meekly, "and he isn't here. What are you doing?"

"I came here to meet some one, too," he retorted, sharply, "and she isn't here, either."

"I'm late," she hazarded, for want of something better to say.

"Yes," he returned, "so am I."

They sat there for a few moments, each maintaining an obdurate silence. Presently one neatly gloved hand stole out from under her ermine-lined wrap and rested lightly against his sleeve.

"Frank," she said, twisting herself around so he could get a half-view of her pretty face, "I've been awfully foolish, and I want to confess." There were tears in her eyes, but they did not lead him to the stool of repentance. "After we had our quarrel last week and decided to separate, I was so miserable—I can't tell you how miserable. You will have to try to imagine. I have tried to bear it as though it were really a matter of small import, and to keep people from learning just how much I have grieved I have avoided them as much as possible. It sets me wild to hear them jest and make merry when my heart is literally breaking. In Sunday's paper I read the advertisement of a young man, a stranger in the city, who wanted some one to accompany him to the opera two evenings this week. I answered and we made an engagement to meet here to-night at 7:30. I couldn't get away from home on time and I suppose he has left long ago. I should not have come at all, Frank, but, judging by the description he gave of himself, I concluded he must look like you. His name is Robert Lang. Oh, Frank, I was so foolish and reckless. Pray forgive me."

The tears brimmed over then and formed a little rivulet down either cheek. The fingers on his coat sleeve perceptibly tightened their grip and he laid his own right hand protectingly over them.

"I thought there must be something like that in the wind," he said. "The fact of the matter is, Nellie, I was on just such a chase myself. A lady, also a stranger in the city, advertised in Sunday's paper for an escort for one evening this week, and I offered to lend her my services. We agreed upon to-night at 7:30 as the time and place of meeting. I couldn't get here any earlier. Upon my word, I don't think I should have come at all, only I was convinced she must look like you, and if I couldn't have the original I thought I would try to content myself with a passable substitute. Her name is Katherine Sutton. I wonder what became of her?"

"Why should you care?" was the pouting comment, "when you have me?"

"That's so," he replied, "why should I?"

Six months later Mrs. Frank Kennan looked up from the morning paper, choice paragraphs from which she was sandwiching into her nimble mind between the bites of buttered toast, and looked at her husband curiously.

"Frank," she asked, "what was the name of the lady you were to meet at the drug store that night?"

"Miss Sutton," he answered, carelessly; "Katherine Sutton. Why, what made you think of her?"

"Oh, nothing. I learn by the morning paper that a marriage license has been issued to Robert Lang and Katherine Sutton, that's all. You know, Lang was the name of the gentleman I should have seen. I was just wondering if they didn't console themselves with each other and go to the opera together. It's strange we never thought of that before. Such a thing is possible, you know."

"Oh, yes," he said, "it's possible."

He Knew What He Wanted.

I had an interesting experience the other day in one of the cut-rate drug stores. There was a rush of budding pharmacists to wait upon me.

"I want a bottle of Dr. ——'s cure. How much is it?"

"Eighty-three cents," was the reply, "but we have one of our own make which is just as good——"

"But I don't want that."

"If you don't get cured after taking ours bring back the bottle——"

"I insist I don't want it."

"And get your money, although you may have taken all the medicine. We guarantee ours, and can't the other."

The fellow kept on talking, and I don't know but what he is still at it, for I didn't wait to see him stop, neither did I buy what I wanted, after all. I went to a neighboring store and purchased what I thought I desired, and not something "just as good" or "better" than what I purchased. There is some satisfaction in knowing what you want and getting it without the interference of a drug clerk.—Boston Post.

Qualified.

Alkali Ike—"So old Bill Jaggett is dead? Wall, he could shore drink a powerful sight of whisky. But then, he was a pretty fair sort of feller, after all."

Cactus Jack—"Wonder if his brother-in-law ever got well from the effects of the fight him an' Bill had—time Bill mighty nigh cut him to shoestrings. But, then, Bill was a pretty tollable sort of cuss."

Poker Jim—"Beat me outer over $100—clean steal, d—— him! But, then, I s'pose I ort to say he was a middlin' decent sort of feller now that he's dead!"

Three-fingered Babcock — "They never exactly proved that thar horse stealin' on him, did they—time he narrowly escaped bein' lynched? Wal, he was a sort of clever feller, after all."

Hank Bitter—"Helped tar-an'-feather him once myself; but he was a pretty fair sort of feller—if you are absolutely certain he is dead."—Exchange.

A wealthy Englishman living in Wiesbaden has tendered to the city a donation of 20,000 marks, with a provision to apply the interest to the assistance of dramatic authors for the first performance of their works.

A KANSAS TOWN FEUD.

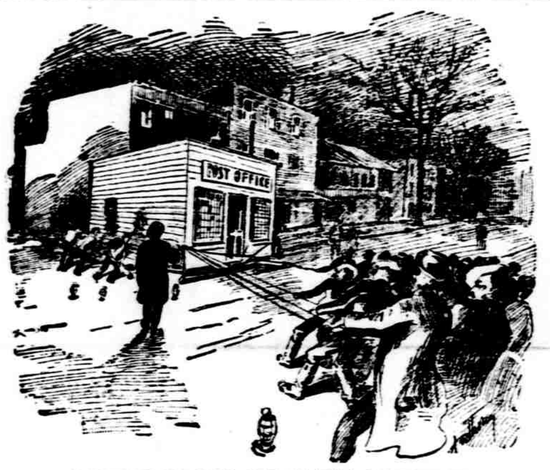
HOW THE POMEROYS DEFEATED THE M'GILLS.

Moving a Post-Office for Cause—The Government Unwittingly Aided the Pomeroys to Defeat Their Historic Foes.

MCGILL CITY, the county seat of Gresham County, Kansas, is a very small place, but large enough to contain a feud that for deep hate and wild fury passes anything ever heard of in the wilds of Kentucky. The feud divides the town into two factions that relent not for day or for night. Whenever a stranger comes to town he is immediately enlisted on the one side or the other, and must stand by the faction he has chosen, says a recent dispatch to the New York World.

The rival factions center each about a leader who is rich. On the one side is Pomeroy; on the other McGill. The principal street of the town is the line between the two. No Pomeroyite ventures into the territory of the McGillites, and no McGillite ever crosses over into the Pomeroy regions. This main street is the frequent battleground, and many a fray has raged there, with the town officers divided between the two contending parties.

The bitterest pill the Pomeroy faction has had to swallow has been the presence of the postoffice on the McGill side of the main street. It was no small thing, when you come to think of it, that every time a Pomeroy man wished to get his mail he had to cross over the edge of the McGill territories and receive a favor of the McGillites, his hated enemies. This was lately aggravated by the fact that the Postmaster, O. B. Kirkly, was a Pomeroy man. All day long he had to breathe the McGill atmosphere. Only a strong sense of duty kept him from resigning. Otherwise the salary would have been no inducement whatever. He endured this as long as he could, and then began to plot to have the postoffice changed to the Pomeroy side of the street.



POMEROY FACTION STEALS THE POSTOFFICE.

He secretly negotiated with the United States government, and by working very stealthily got permision to move the office without any one finding out what he was doing. A week ago yesterday morning, while the McGillites slept unguarded, a posse of fifty Pomeroyites gathered in the shadows of the buildings on the Pomeroy side of the street. At the signal they swept down upon the postoffice, and, with ropes and rollers, got it across the way. When the first McGillite come forth in the morning he saw the postoffice seated across the way, looking as calm and contented as if the Pomeroy side of the street had always been its home.

An hour later the McGillites marched across the street, armed and prepared to bring the postoffice back. On its front door was an official-looking document. The McGillites read the government order, authorizing the change. They saw that they were beaten. The Pomeroy faction gathered and fell to jeering; "Why don't you move it back?" But the McGillites dared not, because they feared to enlist Uncle Sam on the Pomeroy side. So they gnashed their teeth and melted away. There have been several small riots in the main street since the moving of the postoffice, but no serious trouble, as trouble goes in Hill City.

All the Letters in the Alphabet.

Some ingenius trifler has discovered that there is one verse in the Bible which contains all the letters in the alphabet: "And I, even I, Artaxerxes, the King, do make a decree, to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that, whatsoever Ezra, the priest, the scribe of the law of God of Heaven, shall require of you, it shall be done speedily." (Ezra vii., 21). Of course it will be seen that J is left out; but then J and I were originally the same letter. It will further be seen that the letters are duplicated and reduplicated.

Building and Loans.

It is stated by one who has investigated the subject that the average yearly expenses of a co-operative building and loan association of Philadelphia is $350. In most cases no salaries are paid except to the secretary, and he receives about $150 per annum. There are over 400 associations in Philadelphia.

Might Work.

"It is easy to attract the masses with free food and coffee," said the missionary worker, "but the attracting of the young men of the—er—better classes is a problem of much more depth."

"Try free skirt dances and cigarettes," suggested the man who is nothing if not practical.

When sound can go but in only one direction it travels far. An old well at Cerisbrook castle, Isle of Wight, is 182 feet deep. On a still day a pin can be heard to strike the water.

DOWN RIVER ON A STURGEON.

Exciting Ride Until the Fish Was Beached on a Sandbar.

Among the many incidents of the olden time that interest us now, Dr. J. Russell Hawkins tells us of one that happened in James river, at the falls of Richmond, in the year 1779, says the Richmond Religious Herald. He assures us that many of the leading citizens of Richmond at that time were eye-witnesses to the fact, and that he had it straight from them.

It was concerning Martin Hawkins, an uncle of the doctor. This uncle was a great hunter and fisherman. In those days James river was well stocked with shad. In May they came up from the sea, and hundreds of people, fond of the sport, would assemble on the rocks in midstream along the falls, and with dip-nets would supply themselves with all they wanted. Our hero was at his post watching for a catch, when along came an immense sturgeon, and stopped to rub his sides against the rock, according to the habit of sturgeons, when Mr. Hawkins concluded that if he could only get his hands into the gills of the monster he might succeed in landing him. Accordingly he crept to the side of the rock, stooped over, and began rubbing the sides of the fish near the tail, and proceeded quietly toward the head, until at last the gills were reached. With a sudden thrust the hands were sent home to the very inner jaws of the fish, when it gave a lurch that jerked the fisherman from the rock. He fell astride the fish's back, but his hands were held as in a vise. For a moment all was surprise and interest, then both fish and rider sank in the deep, roaring waters of the flood. The spectators were aghast with fright. They thought their friend was lost. But, after a few moments, fish and fisherman came to the surface about 100 yards down the river, and remained at the surface long enough to breathe, then sank again. A moment later they rose again, and then again and again, as the waters bore them away. They passed under Mayo's bridge, half a mile from the starting point.

People along the shore became excited and gave chase as best they could. In the meantime the fish was being exhausted and the rider had discovered it and began to try to steer for a sandbar, then a little way below them. This he reached successfully. And here, after a struggle, he dragged his trophy ashore on the Chesterfield side of the river, or on the side opposite from the point of starting. Richmond was then a small town, and in a little time this strange adventure was known to every inhabitant. An ovation followed. The fish, which measured ten feet and weighed 300 pounds, was served up in a manner to suit every taste, and the night that followed this episode was spent in high glee, and the distinguished adventurer was ever afterward known as Martin Hawkins, the sturgeon rider. This gentleman died in his 73d year at the residence of a friend, Daniel Burton, about ten miles west of Richmond.

Marriage by Wholesale.

A wholesale marriage ceremony was performed in Odd Fellows' hall at Hockessin, a few miles from Wilmington, Del., the other afternoon. Eight couples of colored people were married simultaneously by the Rev. William Jason, president of the State College for Colored Students. The ceremony was witnessed by more than 300 people. Explaining the circumstances which brought the about wedding Mr. Jason said: "God must know that when I went among these people and tried to bring them to God they were a bad lot. At first I did not get much encouragement, but after I had labored with them for several months I saw that even the hardest ones were touched. In nearly every instance where a man and woman were living together no marriage ceremony had been performed between them. I told them that it was wrong and sinful; that it was a violation of the civil law and an offense against divine law. That's why I performed this wholesale marriage. At first they objected; but when one couple who had been living together for four years consented to let me marry them the others gave in, and I hope in time that all the rest will follow in their footsteps."—Baltimore American.

Truth Hurts.

St. Petersburg is excited over the horsewhipping of Prince Mestchersky, director of the Grashdanin, by two sons of an official who felt insulted by an article in the newspaper. The young men say they whipped the prince, but he says that he turned them out of his house without being struck.

Physical Strength.

Physical strength is highly rated in Switzerland. In several cantons the custom still prevails of holding wrestling matches. The champions taking part in these athletic sports belong to the most diverse ranks in the social scale.

A New York judge rules that hugging and kissing a girl against her will is a species of assault taxable by a fine of $10. A sort of an X raid, as it were!

PICKED IN 5 SECONDS.

LONG ISLAND'S CHAMPION FOWL PLUCKER.

Feathers Fly Like Snowflakes—Feat Is Performed So Quickly That It Is Almost Impossible to Follow His Movements.

HERE IS AN ACcount of the feats of Frank W. Gurner, of Eastport, L. I., who claims the title of "Champion Chicken-Picker of the World." He is willing to bet $5,000 that he has a right to the title and his record is one chicken picked clean in five seconds. This extraordinary performance Gurner has repeatedly accomplished, and in all the contests in which he has taken part has distanced his competitors to such an extent that it was almost painful to witness their puny efforts.

Some time ago Gurner thought he had a rival worthy of his metal in John Daly, of Fire Island, who had a great reputation as an expert in this line. A friendly contest was proposed. Daly in an evil moment accepted.

The chickens were produced and Daly went to work. Gurner did not move a hand, but watched his opponent.

When the latter was half through Gurner doused his fowl in scalding water, tossed it in the air, rubbed it after his own peculiar method and before the astounded Daly knew what had happened the chicken was handed to the judges without as much as a pin-feather on it.

The Greenport champion fared even worse, and after a ridiculously one-sided match Gurner offered to pick four chickens to the Greenporter's one, but even with this handicap the offer was refused.

In the presence of a Sunday World reporter last week Gurner equalled his record time of five seconds, and then offered to pick one "slowly" in twelve seconds, to show how it was done.

This is what happened: Gurner plunged the fowl into scalding water, seized it and threw it into the air, caught it as it came down with one hand around each wing. With lightning-like rapidity the right hand then shot out, carrying away all the feathers of the wing on that side. The same motion on the opposite side carried away the feathers on that wing.

The chicken was then laid on Gurner's right leg, and Gurner, both hands moving like piano keys operated by a rapid player, literally struck off the feathers on the upper side. It was immediately tossed over to his left leg and similar treatment followed on its other side. The chicken was then placed between the operator's legs and a clawing movement of the hands followed. When this ceased the chicken was absolutely picked clean.

Some Modern "Big Things."

One of the largest checks ever drawn in this country was $16,000,000, by President Roberts, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in payment of 200,000 shares of P. W. & B. R. R. stock.

The English Royal Naval architect says that a "perfect" modern man-of-war should weigh not less than 25,000 tons, and cost at least £2,000,000 or $10,000,000.

The pavement in front of the William H. Vanderbilt residence in New York city cost over $40,000. The single stone lying directly in front is the largest known paving stone, and cost, transportation and all, $9,000.

A redwood plank exhibited at the Kansas City exposition was 16 feet long, 7 feet 9 inches wide and 5 inches thick.

The largest bronze casting ever made in America is the buffalo's head which hangs at the eastern entrance of the Union Pacific bridge between Omaha and Council Bluffs.

The largest statue in the United States is Bartholdi's "Liberty Enlightening the World," which stands on Bedloe island, New York harbor. The statue alone, without base or pedestal, weighs 400,000 pounds.

The highest building in the world, monuments and towers not considered, is the Cologne Cathedral. The height of this building from the pavement to the copper tip on the spire is 511 feet.

The great hammer at the Woolwich Gun Works, Woolwich, England, weighs forty tons, and its drop is a sheer fall of forty-four feet three inches.

The 5,000-horse-power pumping engine in the mines at Freidensville, Pa., raises 17,500 gallons of water at each revolution of its gigantic fly-wheel.—St. Louis Republic.

For A Linen Shower.

She is, indeed, a fortunate young woman whose friends give her the benefit of a linen shower at her betrothal. A linen shower will go further to give her beautiful things for her table than any other way devised, and the embroideries will be doubly charming as the gifts, perhaps the work, of thoughtful friends. But sometimes the friends run short of ideas and think that one can have enough center pieces or doilies or bureau scarfs. "Tidies" are out of fashion. What gift in linen can be made that will be at once novel and pretty? There is no lack of things. Picture frames, pin trays, pin cushions, laundry bags, night-dress cases, ornamental towels for looks, not for use; sachets, sofa cushions—these are a few suggestions. The necessary linens for table, bed and toilet are furnished, it is to be presumed in the trousseau. What the linen shower provides is only the luxuries. Everything, therefore, must be extremely fine and daintily worked, else the purpose of the gathering and gift presentation is defeated.—New York Herald.

Women in Politics.

Victoria doesn't rule England. It is the freest land on the face of the earth—that is, for Englishmen. And why is this so? Simply because the dear, good old lady doesn't interfere in politics. And let me say that it might be better for this country if the ladies did not interfere in politics.—Rev. H. H. Conwell.

A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL.

How the Woman Popped the Question by Rhetorical Distortions.

Woman—Life is a beautiful thing.

Man—Yes, indeed; especially in Paris.

Woman—What's that?

Man—Ef—um, I said: Yes, especially in pairs.

Woman—Oh, Henry! This is so abrupt! But I—I am willing.

Man—I was about to say that especially impartial observation has justified me in agreeing with you, to live——

Woman—Oh, Henry, You surprise me so, but I—I accept.

Man—Yes, it is best to accept the world as it exists. I was saying to live nobly is a beautiful thing. By the way, what if Uncle Sam should annex Cuba?

Woman—Oh, Henry! How metaphoric!

Man—Metaphoric?

Woman—Calling yourself Uncle Sam and me——

Man—I believe the annexation would be disastrous to all concerned."

Woman—Oh!

Man—But the whole political situation in our country is bad at present. These domestic broils will ruin us.

Woman—But, Henry, we haven't quarreled.

Man—Eh? What's that?

Woman—I said we hadn't quarreled. You said——

Man—I said nothing about ourselves. I regret that I have not succeeded in making you understand

Woman—But you have, you have, indeed. I don't know what to say to you, you have startled me so! But, of course, if you insist, I suppose I shall have to give way and say yes. You are so impetuous, so hasty!

Man—On the contrary, I am very slow. I even fail to appreciate your——

Woman—Nonsense, Henry. All men say they fail to appreciate us. For my part, compared with you, I know I am not worth anything.

Man—What's that?

Woman—I say I am really not worth anything.

Man—What of that? You have a beautiful home here, and I am sure your father won't begrudge——

Woman—I am sure he will not. I wish you would ask him right away.

Man—Ask him? Ask him what?

Woman—What you did me.

Man—Good heavens! Miss Durham, what was that?

Woman—If you could have me for your own little wifey-lifey!

Man—I never——

Woman—Certainly not! I know you never did. All the men say they never proposed to any other girl. And, Henry, dear Henry, papa's in the next room. I'll tell him you wish to see him. You, darling, you!

Man—Oh, Lord!—New York Herald.

HE COULD FIGHT.

One Blow Secured a School for the Pale, Thin Young Man.

In the mountains of the south the schools are still maintained upon the subscription plan. A traveling man just returned from that section gave the following account of an examination of an applicant for a school:

"I was stopping at a cabin all night," said he, "and a pale, slender young man came during the evening to talk with my host."

"I am thinking of starting a school here," he said, "and I wanted to see if you would subscribe."

'Kin yo' read?"

"Yes."

"Kin yo' write?"

"Certainly."

"Kin yo' figger?"!

"Of course."

"Air yo' married?"

"No."

"Wall, we did want a married man nex' time. The las' three teachers has run off with gals, an' thar ain't enuff gals in this hyar neighborhood now. But I don't s'pose none of 'em would want a lean feller like yo'. I don't reckon yo' not bein' married 'll make much diff'rence. Couldn't expect sich a po'ly feller ter be married Then thar's one thing. Me and Bill Simpkins an' Alf Toney is all gwine ter school an' larn ter read an' write. I done licked Bil lan' he done licked Alf, so I reckon the only one ter settle with is me. We ain't gwine to 'bey no man we kin lick. Kin yo' fout?"

"I studied boxing," said the stranger. 'Don't know nothin' 'bout thet. Does makin' boxes make muscle?"

"Try one and see," was the cool rejoinder.

The big mountaineer hit at the little man, and when he regained consciousness had his head in the wood box and his feet sticking up in the air.

Looking about him with a dazed expression, he said:

"Young feller, shake. I'll go with yo' some day an' we'll git thet school. An' say, young feller, set me ter work on them boxes, will yo'?"—Washington Star.

Whisky for Sore Heels.

Drug store business in Kansas is much the same as in other prohibitory communities. There is a large consumption of liquor for medicinal purposes. An examination of the drug store returns of Topeka for January discloses a prevalence of colds, over one-half of the affidavits on which liquor was sold being for "the disease of cold." The drug store records show that liquor is furnished for such flimsy reasons as "the disease of old age," the "loss of an eye," for "use in store," and for "cramp in the heel."

Unintentional.

In an obituary notice printed in a Kansas City paper of the late deputy warden of the Missouri state penitentiary, who had held the office more than forty years, appears the undoubtedly well-intentioned statement that "Probably no man in Missouri enjoys a wider acquaintance among the public men over the entire state."

Correcting Needed.

The Indiana youth who nearly spoiled the celebration of his 107th birthday anniversary by breaking his arm in a game of baseball should be interviewed in the woodshed by his father.

At the present moment out of the seventy-one members of the Irish nationalist party ten are Protestants.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The air pressure on a person of ordinary size is sixteen and a half tons.

The highest mountain in the world is Mount Everest, in the Himalayas—twenty-nine thousand feet, or five and three-fourths miles.

In the normal state a dog executes twenty or thirty respiratory movements a minute, but while he is excited or running in the heat of the sun this increases to 300 or 350.

It has lately been established that the temperature of the carbon in the electric arc is about 7,500 degree F., or about forty times the difference of temperature between the boiling and freezing water.

The camel's foot is a soft cushion, peculiarly well adapted to the stones and gravel over which it is constantly walking. During a single journey through the Sahara horses have worn out three sets of shoes, while the camel's feet are not even sore.

The frog deposits its eggs in shallow water, where the warmth of the sun promotes speedy hatching. The common snake often selects a bed of decomposing vegetable matter. The crocodile and the clumsy sea tortoise go ashore to lay their eggs.

When the common earth worm is cut in two to the tail there grows a head and to the head there grows a tail, and two animals are formed. As the wound heals a small white button is formed, which afterward develops into rings and a perfect extremity.

The duration of sunshine in the various countries of Europe was recently discussed at a scientific meeting in Berlin. It was shown that Spain stands at the head of the list, having on an average 3,000 hours of sunshine per year, while Italy has 2,300 hours, Germany 1,700 hours and England 1,400 hours. Madrid has almose three times as much sunshine as London.

INDIGESTION.

The Disease Will Create the Symptoms of Heart Disease, Kidney Disease, Etc.

From the Standard-Union, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Few women have had a more miserable existence and lived to tell the tale than Mrs. Anna L. Smith of 311 Pulaski Avenue, Brooklyn. With all the comforts that money affords, with all the happiness that many loving friends can give, the joy of Mrs. Smith's life was blasted for years by the terrible ravages of sickness. The story is most interesting as told to a reporter:

"I was an invalid for years, suffering first with one complaint and then with another. The thing which caused me the most discomfort and made me offensive to my family was the worst case of indigestion imaginable. I had the best physician we could find, and occasionally his prescriptions relieved me temporarily. But the pains and misery would all soon return again. I became desperate, and started in to try remedies of which I read. Among them were the Pink Pills. I took the pills and followed out the directions to the letter, and before many days I began to feel like a different woman. For six weeks I took the pills regularly, and I can truthfully add after that I was as well any one in the family. This change for the better in my condition has caused my relatives and friends to take the pills. We buy them from the drug store of John Duryea, at the corner of DeKalb and Sumner Avenues.

"I assure you it was impossible for me to oversee my household for three years. Now I visit my kitchen every day, do my own marketing and shopping; in a word, look after everything connected with my home and family.

"Oh, yes, I still keep taking the pills. I take one daily after dinner. Prevention, you know, is better and cheaper than cure. I verily believe one half of the women who are suffering from the ills which our sex are heir to would be up and well if they could be induced to give the Pink Pills a fair trial. I certainly recommend them heartily and and feel grateful to the physician who put them on the market."

Mrs. Smith is a woman of some means and standing in the community and, therefore, her testimony will be accepted without question by all thoughtful people.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

The Kingdom of Women.

One would haddly think of going to the country of the Czar to find an example of Women's Rights, but there is a place in Russia, Smoleusk by name, where women are said to govern every thing. This is not because they do so better than men, but because the town is so dead that in order to earn a living all the men are compelled to go way, thus leaving matters entirely in charge of the women. Plainly, the ideal and complete kingdom of women is a place where no men can get a livelihood.

New Inventions.

Inventors have known for some time past that possibly the best paying invention ever patented was the pneumatic tire for bicycles, but they were hardly prepared to receive the report just made public, that a syndicate of English capitalists had bought the pneumatic patent tire business for Great Britian, paying $15,000,000 for a group of American inventions. Three improvements which may cause the syndicate some trouble, were patented this week; a Brooklyn inventor received a patent for a tire comprising a flexible cast ng filled with compressed felt; a Scotchman received a U. S. patent for a hollow, elastic, air-filled hub; while an Omaha inventor has just been allowed a patent for a compensating buffer tire, which has been tested and found to work admirably. Sues & Co., Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebr., will give free any information relating to patents.

The editorial pages of the Review of Reviews for May are especially strong in their treatment of current foreign affairs and international topics. The Cuban war and its relations to Spanish politics, the boundary difficulties between Brazil and French Guiana, other South American Matters, the present status of Canadian politics, American policy toward Turkey, the Soudan exposition, England's position among the Powers with reference to Egypt, the British alliance with Italy, Russian interest in Abyssinia, the rising in Matabeleland, and the Budapest Exposition, are subjects which fall within the month's survey and which are intelligently discussed in the Review's department of "The Progress of the World."

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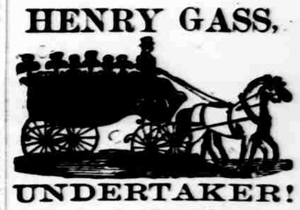

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