

TIDDLYWINKS.

A Children's Story. A FRAID? O, no! I'm not afraid of any four-legged creature that ever grows! said Tiddywinks. Tiddywinks was a fat, fine-looking fowling fellow with beautiful red and gold plumage, which glistened brightly in the spring sunshine. His tall feathers were long and glossy, proudly arched above his back, with a graceful droop towards the ends...

GUIANA GOLD FIELD.

A MINER'S PROSPECTING TOUR AMONG THEM. The Romance of a Frenchman's Discovery—Flourishing About Over, Unless a New Territory is Opened—An Astute's Discovery. HOMAS Dalglish, an old Arizona miner, has written an account of his own personal adventures among "The Gold-Fields of Guiana," for the Century. Mr. Dalglish says: The first fine placer on the Oyuyun was found in 1833 by a Frenchman named Jacobo. His outfit was furnished by two Portuguese named Carrara and Rosa. They took out from two hundred to three hundred pounds a month for two or three years, the gold being worth one hundred and ninety-five dollars a pound. When I reached there, in 1833, the placer was in full working order. Jacobs said to have disposed of his gains at Monte Carlo; Carrara died insolvent; Rosa left a few thousand; that is, in brief, the history of the owners of one of the richest placer-mines in that country. The mine was sold in 1836 for fifteen hundred dollars, and Jacobs is now simply an employe in the placer. The Barnard syndicate has taken out a great deal of gold from placers situated on the Oyuyun river; but it is my impression that placer-mining is about over, unless new territory is opened up. Quartz-mining is still in its infancy.

ANIMALS' ILLUSIONS.

Birds and Beasts Are Most Commonly the Victims. Birds are perhaps more commonly the victims of illusions than other animals, their stupidity about their eggs being quite remarkable, says the Spectator. Last year, for instance, a hen got into the pavilion of a ladies' golf club and began to sit on a golf ball in a corner, for which it made a nest with a couple of pocket handkerchiefs. But many quadrupeds are not only deceived for the moment by reflections, shadows and such unrealities, but often seem victims to illusions largely developed by the imagination. The horse, for instance, is one of the bravest of animals when face to face with dangers which it can understand, such as the charge of an elephant or a wild boar at bay. Yet the courageous and devoted horse, so steadfast against the dangers he knows, is a prey to a hundred terrors of the imagination due to illusions, mainly those of sight, for aying, the minor effect of these illusions, and "bolting," in which panic gains complete possession of his soul, are caused, as a rule, by mistakes as to what the horse sees, and not by misinterpretation of what he hears. It is noticed, for instance, that many horses which usually start away from objects on one side more frequently than from objects on the other. This is probably due to defects in the vision of one or other eye. In nearly all cases of aying, the horse takes fright at some unfamiliar object, though this is commonly quite harmless, such as a wheelbarrow up-side down, a freshly fallen log or a piece of paper rolling before the wind. This instantly becomes an "illusion," interpreted as something else, and it is a curious question in equine neuropathy to know what it is that the horse figures these harmless objects to be. When Russian ponies first began to be shipped to Harwich, they usually objected to pass near a donkey. This reluctance was explained on the hypothesis that the ponies seldom saw donkeys in Russia and mistook them for bears.

HUNTING FOSSILS.

PREHISTORIC QUADRUPEDS FROM THE ROCKIES. ROY HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN, Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology in the American Museum of Natural History, contributes a paper on "Prehistoric Quadrupeds of the Rockies," to a current magazine. The article is illustrated by drawings by Charles Knight, giving careful reconstructions of these strange beasts. Prof. Osborn says: Before describing the animals themselves, we may stop to note what our present knowledge of them has cost in human skill and endurance. Every one of these pictures is drawn from a complete skeleton heaped out of the solid rock, and each of these skeletons represents years and years of arduous exploration in which Wirtman, Hatcher, Peterson and others sent out by the American Museum, by Princeton, or by Yale, have become famous. Our party found the Titanomachus in a broiling alkalii canon of South Dakota. Its head was protruding from a hard sandstone cliff, and the chest, limbs, and trunk were chiseled out by the man under a rude shelter which lowered the noon temperature to 106 degrees. They were encouraged to think that the whole beast had been mired in a standing position. This was probably the case originally, but suddenly they came across a fault; it appeared that the hind limbs had been swept away; and it required two years' more searching before the bones of an animal of a corresponding size were secured. Every other skeleton has its own story of determination, disappointment, and surprise.

THOUGHT IT WAS A HORNET.

How a Grocery Clerk's Cure for Cough or Sore-throat. A country store is the scene of many interesting happenings on the Philadelphia Times. One of these occurred in a small village in the upper part of Dutchess county. The clerk was a bright, smart, active country lad who was equal to all emergencies. He found that a certain denizen of the place, named "Jake Brown," always found convenient sitting on the counter in the back part of the store near the cracker barrel and that when the clerk's eyes were not upon him the old man's position allowed him to pluck a number of biscuits. The clerk soon grew tired of this and he arranged a good-sized needle with a spring in a hole on the counter under the slicked covering, with a long string, which could be pulled at any point in the store. One extremely hot day in June the old man entered the store and took his position as usual on top of the counter near the cracker barrel. The clerk was apparently engaged with a customer, but had his eye on "old Jake," and when he was reaching for the crackers the string was pulled. "Jake" went up in the air, landing on his feet in the middle of the store. He felt for the object of attack, he wearing only overalls. Not being rewarded in his search, he mounted the counter a second time and was about to make another dash for the cracker making when he felt another thrust which lifted him in the air again. He started for the attic above the store. His prolonged absence caused the clerk to go up to the attic, where he found it as hot as an oven, to see what was going on. He found the old man in the middle of the floor, shaking his overalls furiously. The sight was laughable. The clerk asked him what was the matter. He replied: "This morning, while mowing in the meadow, I struck a hornet's nest, and one of the pecky things has crawled up the leg of my overalls and has struck me twice, and I'm hunting for it." The clerk wore a smile.

DERVISHES DANCING ON A SWORD AT OLD BUDA MOSQUE.

In the supplementary exhibition of 'Old Buda' stands a reproduction of an Old Buda mosque, built of stone, majolica and wood, in a mixture of Turkish and European architecture, with minaret and cupolas, and a small kiosk in the Indian style for a sleeping fakir, writes J. Zangwill, the novelist. Here Moslems and Dervishes assembled to say or dance their prayers, and for a flourish you may ascend the gallery and watch them below. The mosque opened on the holy night of Balaram, the most solemn feast of the Mohammedan year, and quite a crowd planked down their silver to listen to the pious worshippers. Here Moslems and Dervishes assembled to say or dance their prayers, and for a flourish you may ascend the gallery and watch them below. The mosque opened on the holy night of Balaram, the most solemn feast of the Mohammedan year, and quite a crowd planked down their silver to listen to the pious worshippers. Here Moslems and Dervishes assembled to say or dance their prayers, and for a flourish you may ascend the gallery and watch them below. The mosque opened on the holy night of Balaram, the most solemn feast of the Mohammedan year, and quite a crowd planked down their silver to listen to the pious worshippers.

TESTING STRENGTH OF CABLES.

They Must Be Able to Endure a Great Strain Under All Conditions. From the Boston Transcript: The increase in the use of high tension, high potential currents, cables are being made of greater strength and efficiency. The copper core, which carries the electricity, is thickly covered with rubber, impregnated jute or other insulating material, and for some purposes not only armored with heavy twisted metal rods, but covered with lead. In this way a cable for very heavy currents may be elaborately brought up to a diameter of two inches or more. The increase in the capacity of cables within the last few years has been extraordinary. When Mr. Feranti, about six years ago, said he would supply current from the Deptford (London) central station at a voltage of 10,000 he was laughed at by many electricians, who maintained that no insulation could be made efficient enough to withstand the commercial use of such a current. Nowadays such an insulation would be taken as a matter of course, and cables have to stand a much more intense strain. Siemens recently gave some interesting details of a very complete test to which a large electrical firm had put a cable of their manufacture. They first put it under pressure of 45,000 volts, but it did not mind. He said, "They increased the voltage to 60,000 and left it on for half an hour. But still he was unharmed. Then they tried the bending test, and put on 50,000 volts, and it stood it all right. After that they stripped off the lead covering and soaked it in water for twenty-four hours, and again tried it with 50,000 volts, with the same result. They then put it in a hot room, 160 degrees Fahrenheit, and kept it there for two weeks, and after they increased the temperature to 212 degrees for twenty-four hours, they finally tested it with 50,000, but it still held good. After such an ordeal, Mr. Siemens maintained, there need be no fear of the cable standing in India or anywhere else.

THE OLD RELIABLE.

Columbus - State - Bank (What Bank is the Best?) ... Buy Good Notes ... COMMERCIAL BANK OF COLUMBUS, NEB. ... COLUMBUS JOURNAL! ... A weekly newspaper devoted to the best interests of the county of Platte, the State of Nebraska, the United States, and the rest of mankind. ... HENRY GASS, Undertaker. ... COLUMBUS JOURNAL. ... PRINTING OFFICE. ... CLUBS. ... BEST PAPERS. ... COUNTRY.



HOLDING HIM BY THE TAIL

Legged pullet, running full tilt from behind the barn. "Cut, cut! O! I've had such a fright!" "What—what—what—what was it?" stammered Tiddywinks, while the hens clustered anxiously around him, as if for protection. "O, dear! I don't know," panted the pullet, still trembling with fear. "I—I was scratching near the barn—when it pounced right at me! Such a terrible creature, with such a terrible mouth! And it opened its mouth, and went 'C'—'C'—'C'—' and I ran away as fast as I could fly!"

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