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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1900.

☞ To Subscribers of THE JOURNAL—Please look at the date opposite your name on the wrapper of your JOURNAL or on the margin of THE JOURNAL. Up to this date, your subscription is paid or accounted for.

Coming Events.

Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, New York, May 1 to November 1, 1901.

Second Annual show of the Butler county Poultry association, at David City, Dec. 11-15.

The Sixteenth annual meeting of the Nebraska Dairymen's association will be held in the Dairy building on the State University farm, Lincoln, December 18, 19 and 20, 1900. Address, S. C. Bassett, Gibbon, Nebr., for programs or other information.

A TORNADO in Ohio November 23, swept over Delaware and Knox counties causing a loss of $20,000. The path of the storm was only about a quarter of a mile wide and touched the earth in spots.

FIVE thousand people, it is said, witnessed the football game Thursday afternoon between the Nebraska university team and the Minnesotas. The score was twenty to twelve, in favor of the latter, considered, under all the circumstances, as very good for Nebraska. The Minnesotas were the heavier weights, the Nebraskans, it is said, with a few less fumbles and a little better kicking in the early part of the game, would have won. The money that changed hands on bets went mostly to those betting on Nebraska at odds against Minnesota.

SCARCELY too much could be said of the effective work of the republican state committee in the late campaign, and especially of the service rendered by L. A. Williams, editor of the Blair Pilot, who was placed at the head of the press bureau. The needs of the country press were appreciated by him, and, so far as he could do so, were fully met. In more than thirty years service in newspaper work in Nebraska, we have never known the absolute needs of the country editor as a campaigner so justly recognized as during the political campaign just closed.

OSCAR BOIZ, 21-years-old lies at the point of death at his home in Bristol, Penn., his parents declaring that his condition is due to the hazing received at the West Point military academy about a year ago. It is said that tobacco juice was poured down his throat, red pepper thrown into his eyes, hot grease poured on his bare feet, a tooth knocked out, and fiendish operations generally indulged in. It is to be hoped that the time will speedily come when this fiendish and cowardly violation of law will cease. It is a murderous disposition only that leads to the commission of such deeds.

THE charitable and educational institutions of Nebraska must cease to be the playthings, the rewards and compensations of practical politics. The laws should be revised and so amended that each establishment may be governed by a board of trustees, who shall be named to the senate and confirmed by that body. The trustees should be non-partisan. They should be selected because of character and adaptation to the duties of the place. They should have free power to employ and to discharge all employees. With such a system, scandals, extravagance and inefficiency would soon disappear.—The Conservative.

As to U. S. Senators.

Under this heading we purpose giving, from week to week, such information and speculation as may be of current interest.—ED. JOURNAL.

Hon. George D. Meiklejohn, Assistant Secretary of War, is a conspicuous example of the subordinate coadjutors of Cabinet officers—of the conscientious and hard-working "assistants" who really do four-fifths of the departmental chores, and do it with intelligence and fidelity. We incline to Mr. Meiklejohn, primarily because he is a conscientious and efficient laborer, and next because he has proudly refrained from seeking cheap notoriety and cheaper adulation through the medium of the newspapers. So far as we can see, Mr. Meiklejohn has contented himself with honest and enlightened activity in the discharge of his official duties, and has left the matter of his fame and celebration to contemporaneous history. We do not recall in his case a single instance of heart-to-heart confabulation with the correspondents. We cannot put our finger upon an ebullition or even a paragraph that connects him with any conspiracy to parade Meiklejohn as a hero, a victim, or a wonder. Above all things, he has been modest and self-abnegating.

It seems proper, however, to refer to Mr. Meiklejohn's useful services in the War Department; his honest and courageous treatment of the canteen question, and his uniform courtesy toward those who have had contact with him in his official capacity. All our under secretaries are beset and overworked—Mr. Meiklejohn is a conspicuous type. We believe that those who have knowledge of him will certify to our commendation. But this is not all. Mr. Meiklejohn has contributed much to the success of the republican party in the campaign just now closed. A citizen of Nebraska, which state was supposed on all hands to be a Bryan state, he nevertheless went there, some time ago, and took with him the propaganda of the Philadelphia platform. It is not for us to say that he alone carried Nebraska for Mr. McKinley, but we know that he was conspicuous in the republican fight; that he gave weeks to the advocacy of the cause; that he was prominent among the orators and champions of his party, and that in the end Nebraska gave a handsome and most unexpected majority for McKinley.

It occurs to us, therefore, in the light of all these facts, that Nebraska can go farther and fare worse in search of a man to represent her in the United States senate. We disclaim the impertinence of a suggestion to the Nebraska legislature. Enough for us to present our estimate of Mr. Meiklejohn's services and to picture him as he is regarded here in Washington.—Washington Post.

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It is a foregone conclusion that a warm time will develop down at Lincoln during the coming session of the legislature over the senatorial situation. Two United States senators are to be elected by the republican members and already many names have been advanced as belonging to appropriate candidates. Now that Edward Rosewater has won a victory in Douglas county, it is practically conceded that he will be one of the senators. While Mr. Rosewater is peculiar in some things, yet he is consistent in his fights for what he considers right, and we believe the state would be well represented by him in the United States senate. With one of the senatorships given to Mr. Rosewater, there remains another to go somewhere else. This is where the battle will come in. Foremost among those mentioned is D. E. Thompson of Lincoln, then comes Hon. Geo. D. Meiklejohn of Fullerton, John L. Webster of Omaha, R. B. Schneider of Fremont, Dave Mercer of Omaha, Ex-Governor Lorenzo Crounse, and then some more. With all these men in the field, it can readily be seen that a choice is not going to be quickly reached, and none of those now prominently before the people may be elected.—Norfolk News-Journal.

The nation's congress sho'd do something adequate for the nation's shipping interests, and for the reclamation of its waste lands.

Personal Mention.

Fred. Williams was in Lincoln a few days last week.

Mrs. E. H. Chambers spent last Thursday in Lincoln.

Miss Mary Borowiak was in Genoa a few days last week.

Prof. Campbell of Platte Center was in the city Thursday.

Mrs. M. Cassin went to Schuyler Saturday to visit friends.

Miss Georgie Post returned home Sunday from Chicago.

Ralph Turner came up from Lincoln to spend Thanksgiving.

Mrs. G. B. Speice has been visiting relatives at Council Bluffs.

Mrs. W. T. Rickly went down to Omaha Thursday to visit relatives.

Miss Ethel Henrich spent Thanksgiving with Miss May King in Omaha.

Miss Olivet Bowers returned Thursday from a two weeks' visit in Schuyler.

Prof. and Mrs. Rose of Fullerton spent Friday in this city on their wedding trip.

Mr. Limbach of Utica spent Thanksgiving with the family of Frank Rorer.

Miss Lundstrum of Omaha visited Miss Katherine Speice a few days last week.

J. C. Swartsley came up from Lincoln to visit relatives over Sunday, returning Monday.

Miss Winnie Young, who is teaching near Monroe, visited a few days at home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Nicol returned Friday from a visit with friends at Silver Creek.

Gus Becher, jr., who is attending business college in Omaha, spent Thanksgiving at home.

Mrs. Harry Nichols of Omaha is in the city visiting her mother Mrs. Laughlin, on her way to Idaho.

John Coyne of O'Neil, visited a few days last week with the families of S. J. Ryan and James O'Neil.

Mrs. Paul Hoppen, Mrs. L. Phillippe and son Harold went down to Schuyler Thursday to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Jones and daughters are visiting in their old neighborhood west of Platte Center.

Lawrence Hohl who is attending the law department of the State university spent Thanksgiving at home.

Louis Glessing, who had been since Thursday visiting friends, started Tuesday for his home in Minnesota.

George Berney expects to go next Saturday to Cedar Rapids to visit two brothers of his, who live near that place.

Ed. North came up from Omaha to spend Thanksgiving. He was accompanied by little Marian Pearsall, daughter of Charles Pearsall.

Rudolph Miller of Fullerton was in the city Thursday passing the time among old friends, and incidentally to witness the game of foot-ball.

Dr. Geer's mother, Mrs. Geer, and her two daughters, Mrs. Kilpatrick and Miss Geer all of Madison, spent Thanksgiving with the Geer family here.

Mrs. Wm. Pinson of Platte Center, was in the city Monday. She was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Willard Chapin of Washington, who is visiting her parents.

Carl Henching, for many years the trusted clerk of Dr. Heintz, who has been in Germany visiting for several months, sailed tor home last Saturday, and is expected here next week.

Low Rates—West and Northwest.

Every Tuesday during October and November the Burlington Route will sell tickets at the following remarkably low rates:

Ogden, Salt Lake City, Butte, Helena and Anaconda, one way $23. Round trip, $40. Return limit, 30 days.

Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle, Portland, Victoria and Vancouver, one way, $28. Round trip, $45. Return limit, 30 days.

Tickets and information at all Burlington ticket offices. 5c

—WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD Character to deliver and collect in Nebraska for old established manufacturing wholesale house. $900 a year, cash pay. Honesty more than experience required. Our references, any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope: Manufacturers, Third Floor, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago. 13nsch

The Hottest Coon in Dixie.

What is positively the largest and best high-class colored amusement organization in the country. "The Hottest Coon in Dixie" will be seen for one performance only at the opera house Wednesday, Dec. 5th. "The Hottest Coon in Dixie" is a "rousing, rollicking, rag-time revel," presented by an organization of thirty-five of the leading singers and fun-makers of the colored race, including such artists as Miss Neale G. Hawkins, Wm. H. Proctor, Bob Kelly, Fred T. Cary, the Grundies, Billy Cole, Eddie Harris, Harry Smith, Wm. Hixon, Arthur Payne, James and Sallie Douglass, Bessie Hamilton, Clara Bell, Mollie Minor, George Dobbs, Bessie Kinney, Stella Brown, the Dixie Quartette and the famous original "Clorindy" Chorus of New York Casino Roof Garden fame. The company is en route on its second tour to the Pacific Coast and back, and will appear in the leading theatres of Denver, Omaha, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, Sacramento, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Victoria and Vancouver, B. C., Butte, Helena, Spokane, Winnipeg, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, New York and Boston. The girls are all pretty, the costumes handsome, the music and specialties lively and novel, and the attraction as a whole one of the best things of the season. Prices 25, 35, 50c.

Real Estate Transfers

Becher, Hockenberger & Chambers, real estate agents, report the following real estate transfers filed in the office of the county clerk since our last report:

Joseph L Evans to Esther K Wilson, pt out lot "D" Creston, wd	$ 1200 00
E A White to Fred C Zeller, lot 9 blk 5, Creston, wd	750 00
J Gilsdorf et al to F M Cookingham, lots 5 and 6 blk 3 Lockner's add to Humphrey, Nebr., wd	150 00
A M Hall to R S Hilliard, lot 3 blk 7 Oconee, wd	290 00
A J Coleman to F C Riley, lot 3 blk 9 Platte Center, wd	100 00
G C Smith to Lyman D Smith, pt ne4 sw4 6-17-2w, wd	125 00
H E Ayres to Daniel Griffin, lots 24 and 25 blk 6, Hope add to Lindsay, Nebr., wd	675 00
Henry Kersch to J R Linaberry w2 lot 10 blk 3, Fedderson's add to Humphrey, wd	25 00
Geo W Duffy to Chas W Duffy, lot 11 blk 6, Gerrard's add to Columbus, wd	600 00
S C Terry to J E Hicks, s2 se4 sw4 ne4, 1-17-3w, wd	800 00
H F J Hockenberger to H I Murdock, lots 3 and 4 in blk "C" Becker's subd of out lot 8, Columbus, wd	850 00
Geo F Alexander to Mary C Engberg, lot 8 blk "D" Monroe, wd	900 00
Twelve transfers, total	$6,465 00

To Chicago and the East.

Passengers going east for business, will naturally gravitate to Chicago as the great commercial center. Passengers re-visiting friends or relatives in the eastern states always desire to "take in" Chicago en route. All classes of passengers will find that the "Short Line" of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, via Omaha and Council Bluffs, affords excellent facilities to reach their destinations in a manner that will be sure to give the utmost satisfaction.

A reference to the time tables will indicate the route to be chosen, and, by asking any principal agent west of the Missouri river for a ticket over the Chicago, Council Bluffs & Omaha Short Line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul Railway, you will be cheerfully furnished with the proper passport via Omaha and Chicago. Please note that all of the "Short Line" trains arrive in Chicago in ample time to connect with the express trains of all the great through car lines to the principal eastern cities.

For additional particulars, time tables, maps, etc., please call on or address F. A. Nash, General Agent, Omaha, Neb.

Free Until January 1, 1901.

In order to introduce The Semi-Weekly State Journal to a whole lot of new homes it will be sent free from now until January 1, 1901, to any person sending us One Dollar for a year's subscription. This gives you the paper from now until January 1, 1902, for only One Dollar. The State Journal is the recognized state paper and should be in every home in the state. Printed at the capital it gives more prompt and accurate reports of Nebraska doings than any other paper, and as it gives you two papers each week it furnishes you with the latest news several days ahead of other papers. You will not want to be without The Journal during the legislature and the great senatorial contest. The earlier you send the dollar the more papers you will get for your money. Address, The Journal at Lincoln, Neb.

He Believed the Sign.

It was a newly opened furnishing store, and one window was resplendent with neckties and cravats of glorious brilliancy. Confidently they announced in gilt letters, "Any article removed from the windows." So when Smithson walked in and requested to see that "bright pink and green shot with peacock blue in the front row" the polite salesman disarranged the front and after some considerable trouble brought out the desired object.

"Rather loud, isn't it?" remarked Smithson.

The affable salesman was in complete accord. "Certainly it is striking."

"I thought so. You needn't put it back."

"Very well, sir," and the man began to wrap up the thing of beauty in its bed of tissue paper. "Anything else today, sir?"

"Oh, I don't want it," said Smithson, "only you know you advertise, 'Any article taken from the window,' and as this hideous thing offends my æsthetic taste I thought I'd ask you to remove it, that's all. Good day."

Then that salesman philosophized audibly and with much fervor.

A FAST BALL PLAYER

HE MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE PLAYED WITH THE ROARERS.

Steve Speed, Who Could Beat His Own Throw to First and Who Could Get Behind the Plate In Time to Catch His Own Pitching.

"The fastest base runner I ever saw," said the fat ex-mascot of the Lightfoot Lilies in comparing baseball of the present with that of the old days, "was little Sammie Salmon of the Lilies. But the fastest base runner I ever heard of was, or wasn't, as the case may have been, Steve Speed, who played, or who didn't play, I don't know which, with the Ringtail Roarers. At any rate, whether he ever played with the Roarers or not, he was certainly the fastest that ever came over the crossways. You don't understand? Well, I'll tell you all about him.

"One afternoon about a month before the last game we ever played with the Ringtail Roarers the boys were all sitting round in the postoffice discussing our chances for the big contest. Captain Slugger Burrows, who was tending postoffice that day, was over in the corner reading the ball news in a Jones County Courier that had accidentally slipped its wrapper before delivery. Suddenly he clutched the paper tightly and sprang to his feet. For heaven's sake, boys, listen to this: 'We have it from a high source,' he began to read breathlessly, 'that the Roarers have unearthed a phenomenal base runner, with whose services they feel confident of wresting the Jones county laurels from the erstwhile invincible Lightfoot Lilies. The newcomer's name is Steve Speed. His extraordinary ability was first discovered while he was in the box one day last week. He stopped an easy grounder and tossed it over to first to catch the runner. The ball had no sooner left his hand than, to his horror, he discovered that first was uncovered. Without a moment's hesitation he made a dive for the bag and succeeded in reaching it just in time to catch the ball that he had thrown but an instant before, thereby scoring a put out and an assist unassisted.'

"'Boys,' said the Slugger, crumpling the paper savagely in his fists, 'to Lily park with you. Practice begins at once. Hustle!'

"Well, sir, that week we practiced. In the morning the boys would all go down to the station and race the trains as they steamed out of town. Afternoons they'd ease up a bit and just indulge in short sprints paced by the town trolley car. At night the daily practice would conclude with a brisk cross country run around the township. The work began to show. At the end of the week we began to have some hopes of beating the Roarers after all. And then came a second copy of The Courier knocking our hopes higher than taxes.

"'The wonderful baseball feat performed by Steve Speed,' the article said, 'which was published exclusively by The Jones County Courier, has been eclipsed by an even more astonishing performance by the same player. We have it from the same high source from which we obtained our former news that Speed has now become so proficient in running that he is able to pitch the ball from the box and by an incredibly quick start reach the plate in time to catch the ball behind the bat. The Roarers have released their catcher.' Wouldn't that hasten your pulse? It did ours.

"And the next week's accounts were even worse. The Courier got straight from their own private high source that this guy Speed was even better than the week before. He was now so super at the game that he not only ran down behind the plate and caught the balls that he pitched, but in case the batter knocked a fly he darted out in the field and caught it himself. The Roarers had, according to The Courier, released their whole outfield. When we read that, Bull Thompson wanted to cancel the game, but the Slugger wouldn't hear of it. 'The Lightfoot Lilies,' he said, 'may be made to look like tarheel thistles, but we won't wither before we're picked.'

"When the big game finally did come off, the Roarers certainly had us on the run. For three innings they piled up runs almost at will. But then we began to get wise. Where was this fast running phenom? Cy Priest was still in the pitcher's box, and the whole outfield seemed to be in their usual places Perhaps he was sick. The thought gave us courage, and we began to pick up a bit. You all know how we finally pulled the game out of the fire in the last half of the tenth. That's a matter of history now. Well, after it was over the Slugger went up to Cy Priest.

"'Say,' he asked, 'where's that hot base runner of yours, Cy?'

"'You mean Steve Speed?' replied Cy, with a funny look in his eye. 'Oh, we couldn't pay the salary he demanded and had to let him go. The last I heard of him he was touring the northwest, playing exhibition games to enormous crowds.'

"Yes, sir; he was the best that ever was—if he was. As I said, I don't really know. Of course The Courier said that they had it from a high source, but then— Well, you know Cy Priest was over six feet."—New York Sun.

A FAMOUS BEAUTY'S RESCUE

Emily Marshall's Walk Over a Human Bridge at Niagara.

Writing of "The Loveliest Woman In All America," William Perrine, in The Ladies' Home Journal, recalls the thrilling adventure of Emily Marshall, the famous Boston beauty, at Niagara Falls. She, with Nathaniel P. Willis and a young, ungainly college student, Job Smith, attempted to go under the falls, in those days a perilous undertaking. After they had proceeded a short distance under the sheet of water there was a rumbling noise and a commotion, and a part of the ledge which formed the path disappeared, cutting Miss Marshall off from her companions by an abyss six feet in width and leaving her but a small stone in the swirling torrents to stand upon.

"In the commotion Job had been forgotten, but instantly a ray of hope shot into Willis' heart when he saw his rugged features, his sandy hair plastered over his forehead, his scanty dress clinging to his form like a skin and his hand trembling on the poet's shoulder as he steadied his steps. Without saying what he intended to do he crept down carefully to the edge of the foaming abyss till he stood up to his knees in the breaking bubbles. It seemed impossible that he could reach the lovely creature or that she could jump forward safely from the slippery rock into his arms.

"Willis covered his eyes in fear and wonder. The next moment when he opened them there lay at his feet the quivering and exhausted girl. Job was nearly seven feet high. He had flung himself over the gulf, caught the rock with his fingers and with certain death if he missed his hold, Miss Marshall had quickly walked over his body in its bridgelike posture. At this moment the guide returned with a rope, fastened it around one of Job's feet and dragged him back through the whirlpool. When he recovered from his immersion, he fell on his knees in a prayer of thanks to God, in which the poet and the beauty devoutly joined him."

HE ASPIRED TO OFFICE.

And He Will Never Forget His First Lesson In Politics.

One Detroiter who hopes some day to be elected to the legislature jollies the reporters by saying that he used to be a member of the craft. One of them, who prefers evidence to bare assertion, asked the political aspirant all about it and extorted this reluctant explanation:

"Well, just between you and me, it was this way: My father ran a weekly paper down in Indiana, and it was the party organ in the county. When I got home from college, I made up my mind that I was about ripe to be the clerk of courts. The old gentleman told me that I was pretty raw, but he agreed to be my strategy board and said he reckoned he could pull me through if I'd obey orders and make no moves on my own responsibility. I can see now that he was a great general, but you know how heady a young fellow is before the world has bumped him a few times.

"So I put up what I thought was a great scheme and kept it from the governor. The truth is that I thought him just a little slow for my class. The man against me on the opposition ticket lived in another town, and we had never met. So I went over there, told him that I was a reporter from my father's paper and proceeded to get his plans for making the fight.

"We had a delightful talk for an hour, smoking his cigars and sampling the juice of the grape from his own vineyard. I was too tickled for words till I got about half way home. Then I'd liked to have gone into a faint. It just dawned upon me that my smooth host hadn't told me a confounded thing and had got out of me my campaign to the minutest details. I was beaten to a standstill, and the old gentleman advised me to move."—Detroit Free Press.

Quicksilver.

The ore from which quicksilver is obtained is a brilliant red rock known as cinnabar. When of high purity, it is actually vermilion in color. Cinnabar is the original source of the pigment known commercially as vermilion. It is a compound of sulphur and quicksilver, and in order to separate the latter from the sulphur the rock is roasted. Passing off in the form of a gas, the mercury is afterward condensed and flows out in a fine stream, like a continuous pencil of molten silver.

The discovery of the famous California mines came about in an odd sort of way by observation of the vermilion paint with which certain Indians in that part of the country frescoed their bodies. It was ascertained where they got the pigment, and thus were revealed the rich deposits which subsequently became of such commercial importance. Like gold and silver, mercury is occasionally found in a native or pure state. Sometimes the miner's pick penetrates a cavity that contains a cupful or more of the elusive and beautiful fluid.

Miners suffer much from the poisonous effects of the quicksilver fumes. Extreme cleanliness is the best safeguard for workers in this dangerous occupation. Use is also made of a sort of lemonade which serves to a certain extent as an antidote, a strong acid taking the place of lemon juice in the composition of the drink.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Lady and the Cobra.

An English woman residing in India one evening found to her horror that a huge cobra had coiled itself about her veranda rails, near which she sat playing the violin. She was too near the snake to run with safety, so she continued playing while she gradually edged away. At first her only idea was to keep the creature thus engaged while she escaped, but when she had gained a safer distance and perhaps fascinated by the unwonted sight a strange inspiration seized her. She played air after air of different characters.

The effect was magical. That snake behaved like an ardent, hot blooded disciple of Paganini. Every variation in the music, whether of volume or of tone, produced instantly a corresponding change in the attitude of the cobra. If she played a lively dance, it swayed its body sideways in quick time and yet in graceful curves. Once she struck a number of false notes in rapid succession on purpose. The cobra winced and writhed in pain as if suddenly struck with a whip.

Thus the creature behaved like a mad musician till the lady, getting tired of the sport, gradually worked herself farther and farther and then made a sudden bolt into her room and banged the door, leaving the cobra to wander disconsolate to its lair in the fields.

What's In a Name?

Although the present fashion of christening children with family surnames is much to be commended for many reasons, it carries with it some awful possibilities unknown in the days of Mary Anns and John Henrys. A glance at the following list, each name of which is genuine, will illustrate sufficiently well the possibilities of nomenclature resting with parents in their choice of names for the men and women of tomorrow:

Edna Broker Mothershead, Marian English Earle, Sawyer Turner Somerset, Will W. Upp, Nealon Pray Daily, Benton Killin Savage, Owen Taylor Money, Ima Little Lamb, Broker Husbands Hart, R. U. Phelan-Goode, Marie A. Bachelor. May Tyus Upp, Will Waltz Wither, Waring Green Cotes, Iva Winchester Rifle, Etta Lotta Hammond-Degges, Barber Cutting Mann, Weir Sick O'Bryan, Makin Loud Noyes, Hurd Copp Cumming, Rodenor Pullman Karr, Doody Spies Sourwine and Knott Worth Reading.—Life.

The Temple of Zeus.

All that remains of the great temple of Zeus, which was 700 years in building, is to be found about 150 yards from the foot of the Acropolis at Athens. The ruins consist of 16 columns of the Corinthian order 6½ feet in diameter and 60 feet high. It was the second largest temple erected by the Greeks, one superior to it in size being the temple of Diana at Ephesus. According to a legend, its foundation was built by Dukalion, the Greek Noah, who from this point witnessed the waters of the flood subside. An opening in the ground is said to be the orifice through which the flood disappeared.

Shakespearean Authority.

"This expression of yours, Miss De Muir," said the teacher of the class in rhetoric, who had been examining her essay, "is exceedingly faulty. You say 'It made the very air sick.' How can you think of the atmosphere being 'sick?'"

"It seems to me," replied Miss De Muir, "I have read somewhere of an ill wind."—Chicago Tribune.

Sympathy Not What Was Wanted.

A native of the mountain district of Kentucky had occasion to go on a journey recently and before starting took out an accident policy. He chanced to be one of the victims of a railway collision, and the next morning his widow, armed with a newspaper report, in which his name was mentioned among the killed, called on the agent of the insurance company and demanded the money.

"But, madam," said the agent, "we will have to have more definite proof before we can pay your claim."

"More proof!" exclaimed the bereaved woman. "Why, he's dead'rn a doornail, I reckon."

"Possibly, my dear madam," answered the polite agent, "and I'm very sorry."

"Sorry! You are sorry, are you?"

"I certainly am, madam. I sincerely sympathize with you in your sad affliction."

"But hain't you goin to give me the money what's comin to me?"

"Not today. Your claim will have to be investigated first."

"That's just like a good fer nothin man," angrily retorted the bereaved woman. "You all are mighty perlite 'bout things so long as they hain't costin you nothin, but the minnet a poor, lone female does git a chance to git holt of a leetle spendin money you got the gall to say you're sorry."

And the indignant female slammed the door.—Chicago News.

Telegraphers' Grip.

"I have lost my grip."

This phrase is applied by men to all kinds of failures. One of the technical usages of losing one's grip is in the case of telegraph operators.

Many of the most skilled operators suffer at times from a loss of the "grip" and are compelled to give way temporarily to a substitute. This "grip" is the hold on the key, and the moment the operator begins to lose the control of this "grip" he realizes a rest, although for only a brief time, is due him.

Another but unpleasant term applied to this loss of "grip" is "telegraphers' paralysis." It shows itself in many curious ways, all showing that the muscles brought into play in working the key are badly worn.

One of the most skillful operators in Louisville, who is subject to these attacks, cannot send "P." The Morse manual calls for five dots for this letter. The operator in question has by some hook or crook lost the power to stop at the fifth dot, and it is a common thing for him to warn the taker to look out for his "P's."

Recently he asked a fellow operator to watch him send "P's" and to stop him at the end of the fifth dot. It resulted that, although he would be warned at the fourth dot, the fingers, no longer mastered by the brain, would continue dotting beyond the fifth.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Quick Witted.

"It was simply an exhibition of nerve and quick wit," said the old banker who was dining at his club with a number of friends. "No one but the paying teller knew what was happening at the time, and what might have been a tragedy was turned into a comedy by his quick wit.

"During the noon hour one day an old man approached the paying teller and presented a check for $1,000,000. With it was a badly written letter to the effect that if the immediate payment of the check was not forthcoming the teller would have his head blown off. He was nothing but a crank, but he had come armed for business, and if the wit of the paying teller had failed him for an instant there might have been a tragedy. But the paying teller coolly took up the check, glanced at it and then handed it back with the remark that the crank had neglected to put a stamp upon it. In an instant the crank was full of apologies at his oversight and departed to get a stamp. It took but a moment to notify the police, and the crank was put where there is no danger of his demanding the payment of any more $1,000,000 checks at the point of a gun."—Detroit Free Press.

Miss Kingsley and the Gorillas.

On the Gabun river Miss Mary Kingsley's guide one day called to her to creep quietly through the bushes and then she saw a family of five gorillas—an old male, three females and a young one. The guide sneezed, which alarmed the gorillas, and they fled with a bark and a howl, the old male swinging from bough to bough like an acrobat on a trapeze.

On another day Miss Kingsley and her two guides came suddenly upon a solitary male gorilla, who, as usual, had appropriated a forest glade as a park for his private enjoyment. Furious at the intrusion, the brute, instead of fleeing, came shambling toward them, growling fiercely. "Shoot him," whispered Miss Kingsley. "I dare not," said the guide, "until he comes quite close. I have only one gun. The other is out of order. If I miss, he will kill us."

The gorilla came nearer. Rearing himself on his hind legs he beat his breast and roared, just as Du Chaillu described long ago. Then, running forward, he stopped and roared again and again ran forward until quite close. Then the guide fired and the gorilla dropped dead.—Chambers' Journal.

Interested.

Mrs. Newrich—I never can remember how many cards to leave when calling.

Old Gentleman—The rules are very simple, madam. You hand one to the servant and then on departing leave as many on the plate as there are adult members of the family, adding two of your husband's cards and occasionally dumping in a few more for good measure. Do not be niggardly in dealing out cards, as that suggests vulgar poverty.

"I am very much obliged. Are you a professor of etiquette?"

"No, madam. I am Mr. Bristol, the card manufacturer."—Exchange.

Explained.

"This," said the drug clerk, "is a most wonderful hair renewer. It's our own preparation.

"Well, give me a bottle," said the baldheaded man. "But, say, come to think of it, why don't you use it? You're pretty bald yourself."

"I can't use it. You see, I'm the 'before using' clerk. The 'after using' clerk is out at lunch. You should see him."—Philadelphia Press.

Appropriate Shades.

A party of Americans were sitting on the upper deck of a Rhine river boat enjoying the charming scenery. One was reading aloud from a guidebook about the various castles as they came into view. Just as the boat was passing one of the finest old buildings a woman in the party exclaimed to her companions: "Why, that old castle is inhabited. See, there are blinds at the windows."

"No," said a man standing by her side; "those are the shades of their ancestors."

A Jockey's Sensation When Riding.

"If you ride with your head down—that is to say, bent slightly, so that the wind does not beat right on to your face—you can breathe easily, but if you hold your mouth wide open and let the air beat right in your face then you will have great difficulty in breathing, and if the race is a long one you will become exhausted by the end of the ride." So said a well known jockey when questioned on the subject of what his sensations were when riding in a race.

"A mile race on a good horse is run in about 1 minute and 40 seconds. A mile in 1 minute and 40 seconds is at the rate of 36 miles an hour, so, you see, a race horse travels at train speed.

"If you want to know how it feels to go through the air at race horse speed, just hang your head out of a railway carriage window, turning your face toward the way the train is traveling. At the same time imagine that you are sitting in a saddle and have to hold on to your horse and guide him on to victory if possible, keeping him from being run down or interfered with.

"It is no easy task to ride a horse in a race. The jockey must have all his wits about him. He does not have much time to think how he feels. When riding in a neck and neck race down the home stretch. I forget everything except that I must strain every nerve to pass the other horses. No thought is then given to the plaudits from the grand stand."

The Gentle Reader.

What has become of the gentle reader? asks Samuel M. Crothers in The Atlantic. One does not like to think that he has passed away with the stagecoach and the weekly news letter and that henceforth we are to be confronted only with the stony glare of the intelligent reading public. Once upon a time—that is to say, a generation or two ago—he was very highly esteemed. To him books were dedicated with long rambling prefaces and with episodes which were their own excuse for being. In the very middle of the story the writer would stop with a word of apology or explanation addressed to the gentle reader or at the very least with a nod or a wink no matter if the fate of the hero be in suspense or the plot be inextricably involved.

"Hang the plot!" says the author. "I must have a chat with the gentle reader and find out what he thinks about it."

And so confidences were interchanged, and there was gossip about the universe and suggestions in regard to the queerness of human nature until at last the author would jump up with: "Enough of this, gentle reader; perhaps it's time to go back to the story."

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NOTICE OF REFEREES' SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given that, whereas in an action pending in the district court of Platte county, Nebraska, wherein Franz Horalek is plaintiff, and Marie Horalek, Annie Blecha, *nee* Horalek, Frank Blecha, Mary Blecha, *nee* Horalek, Michael Blecha, Antonie Sweenie, *nee* Horalek, Michael Sweenie, Fannie Blecha; *nee* Horalek, Frank F. Blecha, Meline Karas, *nee* Horalek, Frank Karas, James Wencel Horalek, Edward Horalek, Ladisla Horalek and Minnie Horalek are defendants, judgment was entered on the 20th day of November, 1900, for the partition of the real estate hereinafter described, and appointing the undersigned as referees to make partition thereof, and

Whereas, Upon report that said real estate cannot be partitioned without great loss to the owners, the undersigned, as such referees, were by said court ordered to sell said real estate, as upon execution, at public auction, to the highest for cash in hand,

The undersigned, referees, will on the 31st day of December, 1900, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day at the front door of the court house, in the city of Columbus, in the county and state aforesaid, sell to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the south half of the northwest quarter of section ten (10), township nineteen (19) north of range three (3) west of the 6th P. M. in Platte county, Nebraska.

EDWIN H. CHAMBERS,
GUS. G. BECHER,
HENRY F. J. HOCKENBERGER,
28nov5 Referees.

PROBATE NOTICE.

THE STATE OF NEBRASKA, } ss.
County of Platte.

In the county court, in and for said county. In the matter of the estate of Katherine Behr, deceased, late of said county.

At a session of the county court for said county, holden at the county judge's office in Columbus, in said county on the 21st day of November, A. D. 1900, present, T. D. Robinson, county judge. On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Gus. G. Becher, praying that letters of administration be issued to him on the estate of said decedent.

Thereupon, it is ordered that the 18th day of December, A. D. 1900, at 2 o'clock, p. m., be assigned for the hearing of said petition at the county judge's office in said county.

And it is further ordered, that due legal notice be given of the pendency and hearing of said petition by publication in THE COLUMBUS JOURNAL for three consecutive weeks prior to said day of hearing.

(A true copy of the order.)

Dated, Columbus, Neb., Nov. 21st, 1900.

T. D. ROBINSON,
28-nov-3 County Judge.

J. M. CURTIS,

Justice of the Peace.

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