

Items of Interest Taken From Here and There Over the State.

Four hundred birds made noise and attracted attention when the Dodge county poultry show opened at Fremont.

Gen. Casement, who died recently at Painesville, Ohio, laid the original rails of the Union Pacific as far west as Cheyenne. He is well remembered by many old-timers in Omaha and throughout the state.

Joseph Dukes, who was one of the prize winners at the fiddlers' carnival in Nebraska City captured a sixty-three-pound catfish from the Missouri river, near his home at Minersville, and brought the captive to the city alive and put him on exhibition.

Denver dispatch: Hogs sold at a new record price in the Denver market, when a carload from Wauweta, Neb., sold at \$8.47 1/2. A carload some days previous went at \$8.40, the previous highest price having been \$8.27 1/2 in February.

Charles Cerel, son of a Saunders county farmer, will not be tried on the charge of being the father of the child of Miss Rosie Sanda of Lancaster county. The case has been dismissed and it is understood a marriage between the complaining witness and the accused is to follow.

Uncle Sam takes deep interest in road building and in the government exhibit at the National Corn exposition, had quite an extensive exhibit on roads. There was a large steam roller at work showing just how to roll the roads and how to prepare them in various forms.

The plans and specifications for the new wing of the Normal building at Kearney are now ready and bids will be called for the construction of the building. The plans call for a fireproof construction, and the building will add greatly to the convenience of the school and also give it a chance to expand.

Adjutant General Hartigan's office is busy furnishing a tabulation of the records made by the Nebraska guards to the war department. The individual score of each member must be submitted. Compared with other states Nebraska will not make a very good showing, although the record as a whole will surpass last year's.

Judge Hostetter gave Robert Radcliff one year in the penitentiary for forging a check on the Union Pacific hotel of Kearney last April. Radcliff is the man whom the sheriff of Buffalo county captured at Des Moines and had difficulty in getting him from Iowa, owing to attorneys fighting the granting of a requisition for his return to Nebraska.

Emphasis on the attention that should be paid to the proper preparation of the younger people of the state for their part in the agricultural life, which constitutes the backbone of all the business of Nebraska was the burden of a speech by W. C. Coupland, member of the Board of Regents of the University of Nebraska, delivered at the National Corn exposition.

Physicians of Fairbury were summoned to the home of August Theye, living seven miles west of the city, to attend a young son of Mr. Theye, who met with a very serious accident. While running with an open pocket knife in his hand the lad fell in such a manner that the blade of the knife penetrated the abdomen. He will recover.

The supreme court directed mandamus to issue to compel the Board of Regents of the university to locate and maintain two experimental stations in the sand hills, according to the provisions of an act of the late legislature. The law provided that the money should be paid out of the university temporary fund, and the regents alleged this money could not be spent for that purpose.

A series of important experiments are to be started in Columbus by the department of agriculture, beginning early in the new year, for the testing of corn, as to the moisture contained and as to its keeping qualities. The corn to be tested will be placed in bins which will be electrically wired, so that the temperature of the corn in the interior of the bin can be tested as accurately as that at the edges.

On complaint of his wife John Patton of Buffalo county was arrested for incest. A full confession was made and Patton was sentenced to fifteen years at hard labor in the state penitentiary. Patton is about 35, and industrious, but ignorant. His wife is a rather comely young woman of average intelligence, and they have six bright children, the oldest of whom, a girl of 12, was the victim of her inhuman father.

A Zapp met with a peculiar accident at Emerson Saturday. He was working in his planing mill alone when in some unknown manner he was caught in the belting of the machinery. Every thread of clothing was stripped from him and he was thrown unconscious to the floor, where he lay for several hours suffering greatly from the cold. While he is bruised and sore it is thought he is not dangerously hurt.

Will M. Maupin, head of the bureau of labor, is getting out an innovation in the form of a blank to be sent to all labor organizations. The blank contains a long and comprehensive list of questions in regard to the wage schedules existing over the state.

E. C. Hurd, engineer in charge of the work of finding the physical valuation of railroad property under the provision of the physical valuation law enacted by the recent legislature has submitted his report to the State Railway commission and it has been made a part of that body's report to the governor.

Frank Schmidt was arrested in Belleville, Kan., and brought to Fairbury, charged with forgery. It is alleged that Schmidt, who was working for R. M. Tyson of Tobias, took a blank checkbook and wrote a check in favor of himself and signed Mr. Tyson's name to it.

A well-earned promotion has come to a former Lyons boy now of Des Moines, Ia. Harry Durrie, who has been working for the last three years with the Bankers' Accident Insurance company, has been placed at the head of a branch department that will be opened soon at Omaha.

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM By William Pitt

Keep chick free from mites. Be sure that the hens are provided with a dust bath. A lazy hen will soon be a sick hen. Make her stir around. Warm milk is better for fowls than that which is very cold. The crown of the thrasher is part of the world's popular music. Get as much painting as possible done before winter sets in. Too heavy feeding is apt to cause breaking down among the poultry. Truck teams used in the large cities are mated as carefully as coach teams. There is good in all breeds; but it is true that while all are good some are better. When pigs are growing grazing is important, and is conducive to health and profit. Time in live stock breeding is one of the most costly factors that enters into the business. New corn is not a safe feed for fowls of any kind. Let it get fairly seasoned before you begin on it. Style and finish count in the market value of draft horses as well as in coach or driving horses. There is no short cut to success in poultry raising any more than there is to success in anything else. The improvement that is now being made in the cattle herds of the country has never before been equaled. The water used in the barn and for cleaning the milk utensils must be absolutely free from contamination. A decrease of from 10 to 50 per cent. in milk yield follows exposure at this season, or any other, for that matter. The dairy industry is one of the large industries, and in valuation when dairy cattle are included, ranks first. Potatoes are good for swine, but they are best when cooked and mixed with some meal into a mash and fed warm. If there is anything about the farm worth all its costs, it is a windmill and pump pumping water just where it is needed. Be careful of the brood mare as foaling time draws near. Light farm work will not hurt her if you use good judgment. Sheep despise a low, muddy place. They will not thrive there, but will soon have sore feet and will be all wrong every way. No person having any communicable disease, or one caring for persons who have, should be allowed to handle the milk or milk utensils. The use of any preservative or coloring matter in butter or milk is an adulteration and its use is sufficient cause for the exclusion of the product from the market. If you wish to kill an evergreen tree, girdling will do it. If you wish to avoid the labor of girdling there is an easier method; let the poultry roost in the branches. There is no better time than before you'll need it to build a feed floor for that bunch of shoats. It certainly will not pay to shovel corn into a muddy feed yard, this winter. More hogs are being raised in Colorado than for some time and it is predicted that it will not be long before the state will supply a large portion of its own consumption of pork. Old, over fed, under fed or neglected breeding stock can never profit the owner. The eggs are few and weak or infertile. If the egg don't hatch, it isn't the fault of the egg but of the duck that laid it, or perhaps the man that failed to care for the duck that laid it. There is more feed in the shock on some farms than there will be stock to eat it, while in other instances stock may go hungry before spring. Any farm produces more feed of the rough nature than the usual amount of stock kept can consume, at least in the corn belt, but some just refuse to put it in shock. We bought a corn binder this year just to keep us from getting tired of corn cutting before enough was up. Owing to the extreme dry weather which has prevailed throughout many sections of the country this season, bees were unable to secure much honey except that from honeydew. Beekeepers will do well to be very cautious in offering such honey for sale, or they may get into trouble for violating the pure food laws. As this honey is likely to be of fair quality, and bees short on stores for winter use to the protracted drought, it will be well to feed this product back to the bees.

Sheep are efficient weed killers. The sow should be large and roomy. If the hens are too fat they will lay soft shelled eggs. The watched clock never strikes "Come thou up higher!" A brooder will raise more chicks than the average old hen. It is just as easy to grade your flock up as it is to grade it down. A brooder can easily be kept free from vermin. Not so the hen. Good management of the poultry plants allows no waste or leaks. Wood ashes are good in their place, but that place is not in the hen house. Too constant sitting makes the hens of bad disposition and difficult to manage. Molasses is highly recommended as a portion of the ration for draft horses. Many farmers are finding the use of harness collars a remedy for shoulder galls. Roots should not, generally speaking, be fed alone, as they carry too much water. Some trees will bear planting quite thick, while heavy foliaged trees must be set far apart. The hands of milkers must be washed and thoroughly dried immediately before milking. Sheep of the common mutton breeds are not even fairly well developed until fully eighteen months of age. Buckwheat is fine food for young turkeys and should be given them as soon as they are old enough to eat. Swine need more room, more freedom, more grass and succulent feed than they get on the average farm. If an orchard is on low ground it should be drained because air must be admitted to the soil or the trees will die. Breeders should be in no hurry to dispose of rams in service, as sometimes lambs of little promise develop into good sheep. Clean the chicken coops thoroughly before you put them away. Get them under cover, too, if you can. They will last so much longer. Wyandottes, like other breeds that are not listed to lay pure white eggs do so in individual cases, or under certain systems of feeding. A two-year-old tree can be started more easily than a three-year-old. With some varieties a one-year-old tree is even better than a two-year-old. One cannot afford to pay for gain on an animal, then lose it. Making stock live on scant pasture, when there is plenty of feed in the field, is poor economy. The more than usual number of worms applies this season is a reminder that we must spray the trees thoroughly in the spring in order to have clean fruit in the fall. Since the farm is the source of our wealth it behooves us to learn more of our property, and the methods to keep it at its fullest producing capacity without impoverishment. If there is a patch of late corn, cure and store it away. When chopped into sizeable pieces, it will be found valuable feed, when all green forage is sealed up with snow and ice. Were the turkeys good judges of human nature they would know that the extra feed and kindness now being bestowed upon them are but the beginning of a plot for their downfall. Do not have pullets and hens in the same pen, for if you do it will be impossible to so feed that the pullets will come to laying at the right time. The house should be kept open and the pullets allowed outdoor conditions as nearly as possible. When cabbage is to be stored over winter, the heads should be examined critically and diseased ones rejected and kept by themselves. Black rot may be detected by breaking off the lower leaves and examining the stalk. If the fibers of the leaf stalk are blackened the head should be destroyed. The farmer is not dependent on the prosperity of his neighbor for success. The husbandman is close to nature and derives his wealth from her inexhaustible resources while other industries depend on success in the exploitation of their fellow men. The farmer looks to the soil for his success and becomes responsible for his own failures. In grading the surplus poultry and dividing it into lots for fattening, after the plan suggested a few weeks ago, farmers having pure-bred flocks will find an occasional cockerel which it seems a pity to send to the slaughter pen. The owner instinctively feels that more cash would be realized from the sale of such fellows as breeders than in the form of market poultry, and he is tempted to remove them before the lot enters the fattening pen. The notion that any old kind of a wagon will do for the feed wagon is all wrong. It is true that when one goes on the road away from home he wants a vehicle that will bring him back without a breakdown, but it is not pleasant to get a ton of fodder on, only a few rods from the house, and have a wheel smash or an axle break. Put a wagon that could not be sold for a dollar with a box on, sell for a ten-dollar bill at a sale, providing it carries a rickety rack and is called a feed wagon.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL BY RANDALL PARISH

CHAPTER I. In Which Begins Adventure. Some may question the truth of this narrative, yet they will scarcely be found among those who "go down to the sea in ships." To them the unfathomable mystery abiding upon the face of the great deep, the constant marvel of huge, heaving leagues of watery solitude, secret and profound, must ever remain so vast, so inexplicable, as to be beyond any interrogatory of the finite—the strange, the unexpected, lurking everywhere. To others, mere landmen, confidently imagining that all phenomena can be reduced within the contracted limits of human comprehension, I need say no more than that witnesses still survive to corroborate the principal incidents of this story, which I now purpose writing in the full glow of a memory still dominated by the events to be recorded. It had come to be the 5th day of April, the year 1879. I, John Stephens, aged 24, occupied a rather comfortable seat upon the shaded balcony of that large, ultra-fashionable hotel at Valparaiso, which, as travelers will recall, clings to the steep hillside overlooking both the city and harbor beneath. I was alone, not having as yet ordered the serving of the evening meal. A gayly attired military band was playing noisily in a near-by plaza, and through the intervening distance I was able to distinguish plainly the patriotic notes of national music. I even believed that a medley of shouting voices, mingled with an echo of cheers, was borne to me on the rising night wind, and I leaned above the low railing to gaze down, slightly interested, as a regiment of Chilean infantry—regulars of the line, from their white trousers and stiff hats—swept swiftly past the hotel corner in rapid time, to disappear suddenly over the steep crest in the direction of the quay. Far away, toward the right, where the long row of gray-stone barracks was still dimly visible against the darker background of surrounding hills, was to be discerned a glimmer of steel, as squadrons of cavalry and artillery engaged in dress parade, their numerous banners flapping against the sky. At the moment these several occurrences served to awaken the merest interest, tending rather to bring home to memory a freshening knowledge of the desperation of my situation. It can all be told in few words: I was persona non grata to the Chilean authorities, with apparently every possible avenue leading forth from the country fully and effectively barred. While personally unknown to those officials, thus far successful in masking my movements under the guise of a foreign gentleman of leisure temporarily resident at a fashionable hotel, I nevertheless discovered it impossible to break through the cordon of watchful government spies and shake the Chilean dust from off my feet. A native of Massachusetts, of excellent family connections, together with prospects of future wealth, I early developed the unrestrainable propensities of a rover, and after a vain effort to turn my reluctant ambition toward one of the learned professions my parents, despairing of ever doing better, finally consented to apprentice me to the sea. Unfortunately for the realization of their more secret hopes, I took to that hard, adventurous life as a duck to water, so that, at the end of five years' service, I had risen, through the various grades, to the non-older position of first officer in the old Leyland line, my steamship being the Vulcan, trading between New York and South American ports. Soon after I attained this berth my father died suddenly, leaving behind him a fair amount of property, a goodly share of which came to me in cash. It chanced that, during a previous voyage, a passenger on board had succeeded in interesting me deeply in certain operations which he was conducting under a Bolivian consular seal. Finding myself in possession of abundant means, and experiencing that occasional disgust for sea life common to all sailor-men, I embarked with boyish enthusiasm in this new enterprise, not only investing a considerable amount of money, but likewise giving the company my personal services as assistant superintendent. Beyond doubt our cohesion was an extremely valuable one, but, as we were soon destined to discover, it came to us with an unfortunate flaw in the title, there developing a spirited controversy between the constituted authorities of Bolivia and Chile, over which country the territory involved belonged. From harsh words in public, and the private exchange of diplomatic notes, the argument rapidly advanced to blows, and was finally referred to the arbitration of the rifle. As our financial interests were entirely Bolivian, and our invested money at stake, it was no more than natural that we should openly ally ourselves with that struggling faction which the Chilean authorities promptly denounced as insurgents, and proceeded to crush. It was something of a comic opera war, resulting in two or three skirmishes wherein ill-equipped and poorly officered partisans were pitted against regular troops of the line, and, as we received from Bolivia no more substantial aid than vague promises, our resistance, though rather stubborn, was soon overcome. When the fleet was stampeded for safety, I discovered myself, as quartermaster gen-



Three Were in the Party, Apparently Father, Mother and Daughter.

eral of the late revolutionary forces, still in possession of a considerable sum of money, to which no one else possessed any better claim, the unhealed scar of a Chilean bullet in my shoulder, and an exceedingly flattering chance of being summarily shot by drumhead court-martial if caught. All opportunity for retreat across the Bolivian frontier was already effectively blocked, but after several weeks of excessive hardship, skulking amid the dark recesses of Indian huts in the mountains, I succeeded in steaming unobserved into Valparaiso, feeling confident that, as a sailor, I should be able to discover in that busy seaport some early opportunity for escape. This confidence was doomed to bitter disappointment. The Chilean authorities were especially desirous of apprehending me, inspired doubtless by visions of the war-chest, rumored to be of far greater value than truth could justify. They were both alert and suspicious. The American consul was obdurate to pleading, refusing peremptorily to become involved in the affair, while no vessel floating the flag of the United States, to which I might flee for protection, entered the harbor. Manifestly it was impossible for me to depart on any foreign vessel as a passenger without possessing the necessary papers properly vided, nor could I even ship as seaman before the mast without running the gantlet of numerous suspicious officials especially warned to apprehend me. In brief, though possessing ample means, I was a helpless prisoner, my only safety the keeping out of sight from all in authority within the narrow confines of the hotel. Sitting there in solitude that evening I thought it out all over again for the hundredth time, bitterly cursing myself for a stupid fool, yet utterly unable to discover any venturesome prospect of ultimate escape. I was trapped as securely as though the hand of actual arrest was about to be placed upon my shoulder. I might, by thus continuing to skulk in the dark, delay the result, yet the final ending was inevitable. Beyond doubt I was cornered, and the time was ripe for the eager acceptance of any reckless opportunity. Yet, desperate as I was, I could perceive none; everywhere arose the same blank wall of Chilean power, impassable, unassailable, insurmountable. Saint Andrew's mine was a situation to chill the blood. The stars began to gleam in the black void of sky overhead, those brilliant, scintillating stars of the south in their unfamiliar constellations, forever reminding me that I was an alien and a stranger. The city itself, wrapped within the deepening folds of this early night mantle, appeared unusually noisy and demonstrative. I dimly wondered at it. There was a ceaseless clatter of bands, a medley of haphazard cries, mingled with the continuous disorder of shuffling feet along the roughly paved streets. I could distinguish nothing definite as I hung curiously over the balcony rail, staring idly down, yet it was plainly evident that the entire population was astir with some increasing excitement. Far out toward the distant mouth of the harbor a fort-rune battery was firing salvos of artillery, the swift flames of discharge cleaving the black shadows in vicious spurts of yellowish red, the million verberations of sound shaking the hotel casements. Some Holy Saint's day, I imagined, wondering idly what special devotion of the church could be responsible for so much of uproar, so general an outpouring of enthusiasm. Still, the thought held me barely for a moment; my own personal affairs were far too serious and insistent for any wasted attention upon the saints. I turned back from the rail and glanced carefully within. The great dining hall was already brilliantly illuminated, and a number of the tables were surrounded by guests. It formed a cosmopolitan scene, the grouped faces being representative of a wide variety of races, the scraps of conversation which floated to me through the open window revealing half the languages of Europe. Swarthy Spaniards, volatile Frenchmen, silent sons of Al-bion, talkative Yankees, bewhiskered and bespectacled Germans, blonde, rosy-cheeked Swedes, together with representatives from half a dozen South American countries, were indiscriminately mingled in sudden brotherhood. This motley, interesting company was composed principally of men, exhibiting here and there the glimmer of military uniform, or some peculiarity of attire attesting the presence of the inevitable globe-trotter, although the majority were plainly enough commercial gentlemen, interested in various lines of trade, and drawn into this vortex from the four corners of the globe in the wild scramble after gold. No foreign passenger steamer had entered the harbor within the past 24 hours, and I had already studied those faces before in the vague, shadowy hope of discovering a friend. I lit another cigar, out of sheer nervousness, and sat silently watching a Chinese attendant lighting the colored lanterns suspended along the balcony roof. A sudden ricket went swiftly and sizzling up from out the center of the great plaza below, and my eyes followed its swift light into a thousand miniature stars. When I turned once again, now half inclined to beckon a waiter and order the serving of dinner, a newly arrived

company of guests had taken possession of the small round table just within the open window. Three were in the party, apparently father, mother and daughter, beyond question of high social class. Paterfamilias, sitting in stately dignity at what might be considered the head of the board, a broad napkin spread across his right knee, was typically aristocratic, of spare figure, stern lean face, with iron-gray hair, and mustaches trimmed to perfect point, his eyes, cold and emotionless, gleaming like steel points behind gold-rimmed glasses—a man certainly over 60, possessing to the extreme that irritating haughtiness possible only to an Englishman of recognized family and position. The lady occupying the seat opposite him, whom I naturally presumed to be his wife, was fleshy enough to own an ample double chin, which drooped to a vaster expanse below; most expensively gowned, her fingers laden with diamonds, and a lorgnette at her eye, through which she deliberately surveyed the assembled company. Her evident attempt at duplicating the calm haughtiness of her emotionless companion was nevertheless somewhat of a counterfeited, as it failed to conceal wholly a slight twinkle of amusement curving the corners of her mouth, and certain slight winks suggestive of manner. His ideal was evidently that of a marble statue, cold, immaculate, his slightest movement revealing the frigidity of one born to the purple, while my lady retained some semblance to flesh and blood, although well veneered by long social artifice. He was nature, while she had evidently been developed by skill; yet the matron, to my thinking, proved far the more interesting specimen of the two. I must confess, however, wasting precious little attention upon either, for my eyes early rested upon the younger woman seated between the two, and hence directly confronting me. I will not say I never saw a fairer picture of womanhood just when the lovely flower becomes a blossom fully blown, yet assuredly none other ever possessed for me the same indefinable fascination, the same ineffable charm. Twenty-two, possibly, although her age was difficult to guess, with oval face and clear, fresh skin, the rich, red blood of perfect health crimsoning the rounded cheeks; eyes of deepest, darkest gray, the kind of eyes pledging a thoughtful soul behind to yield them such rare power of expression; a face reflecting the joy of living, yet responsive, and, in moments of quietness, saddened beyond its years; an entrancing dimple visible in the rather broad chin; the lips moist and rosy with health, sufficiently parted to reveal a tantalizing glimpse of white, regular teeth behind; the forehead low and broad, the wealth of shadowing hair of darkest brown, yet with an odd gleam of reddish gold causing the gathered masses to seem a surfeit of beauty. But it was not the outward face alone, nor any combination of pleasing features which yielded such rare and indescribable charm—it was rather a distinct and unusual personality which gave to these both life and attractiveness. Her slightest glance or movement, natural and unaffected, seemed a new revelation of self, the outer expression of a secret inward life which I instinctively longed to penetrate, the guarded mystery of which was invitation. The three conversed little, speaking English with that lack of emphasis common to those who have been accustomed to having discreet servants behind their chairs, the man grumbling felly over the quality of food furnished and the indifferent service, my lady commenting with audible distinctness on the personal appearance of the various people present, the girl contenting herself with an occasional monosyllable when directly addressed. I dispatched my own order, and while idly waiting the return of the servant, had my attention attracted toward a group gathered about a second table just beyond the one occupied by the English family party. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Getting Along All Right. A young Japanese in one of our institutions of learning, having acquired a very good knowledge of English, went out to deliver a lecture in that language. On his return, says the Hartford Courant, one of the instructors asked if he had a pleasant time. He replied: "Yes, very." "How did you get on with the lecture?" "Oh, quite well, but the audience smiled at some things when I could see no jokes." "Could you give me an instance?" "Well, I opened my lecture by saying that although I was new in English language I thought I could deliver the goods; and they all smiled." Now, doubtless, the audience smiled at what they thought was the ready way in which a foreigner had adapted a bit of American slang; but he did not understand the smile because he thought he was speaking good English. Proving It. "You say women are smarter than men?" "It's a check." "Upon what grounds do you base your opinion?" "Look at the number of men they have married."