

THE NEBRASKA FISHERY.

Village of Falling Waters and Artificial Fish. THOUSANDS OF OVA AND FINS. The Hatchery Which Supplies the Streams and Ponds of the State With Useful and Beautiful Specimens of Fish.

[Written for the Omaha Sunday Bee.] The Plate is spanned at South Bend by a long wooden bridge owned by H. T. Clark and several other gentlemen. The southern end of this structure is in Cass, the northern in Sarpy county. To cross this bridge, a toll of one dollar must be paid for a double team, wagon and driver. Seventy-five cents are assessed against the individual with a horse and wagon, while foot-passengers are classed with horses and cattle and asked for twenty-five cents each as a tariff for crossing. Sheep are privileged individuals, being taxed but five cents. There are two railroads running over this bridge, one a narrow and the other a standard gauge. The latter is made for the cars which run semi-occasionally to Stout's quarries on the Sarpy side, and the former for the fussy little locomotive which pulls them back and forth.

The northern bank of the river is lined with bluffs, covered with coarse grass, ill-concealing the out-cropping of rock strata in various degrees of worthlessness. On a shelf, cut on the hill side, runs a rural road, at times skirting the base of the bluffs and hugging the margin of the stream. This leads, after a drive of about ten minutes, to the hatchery.

Here there is a notable difference in the nature of the land. There is more verdure, fewer rocks, better trees and richer soil, and one feels that he has forsaken a rock-ribbed country only to fine a terrestrial paradise. This feeling is increased as the drive is continued, and the picturesque glen of the fishery is brought to view. A short distance above the road, on the right, is a fall of water flowing in a steady musical stream, the white sparkling like silver in the sunlight. Beyond, and far up in the glen, where the view is more or less obscured in the leafy vista, are other falls, varying in size and resonance, each subserving a practical utility while appealing to the refined sense of the beautiful. There is little about these miniature falls to suggest the extract of Lodore, and yet the poets who have visited the place have been more happy in likening it to that celebrated fancy than to anything else. Still, there is wanting but the hamlet, to justify its being known as the Village of Falling Waters.

There is a dramatic creek above the place in which the inhabitants of Irving's creation would revel, to sit and smoke and gossip and dream dreams and see apparitions to their hearts content. Skirting a ledge of rock, and winding upward and ends upon the eminence, from which may be had a delightful view of the Plateau and the wooded depths and cultivated fields beyond. Upon this height, the residence of the superintendent, M. E. O'Brien, has been built. This is a neat little structure, interiorly as well as exteriorly, giving every evidence of a calm, tranquil and happy rural life.

On the day of my visit, Mr. W. L. May of Fremont, the oldest member of the State Fish commission, was present. In company with him, and the superintendent, I made a tour of the place, first descending several flights of steps down the hill side to the ponds in the glen, and then walking along the tortuous path to the head waters of the streams. These burst through a crevice in a rock, and into the reservoir of the spring house, where they lie for a few moments, when they flow through a large pipe to the hatching house. The purity of this water is remarkable, so pure is it indeed, that in the spring, it seems as if it were even a hundred feet deep, a pin could be distinguished in its depths. The spring house is a stone structure eight by twelve feet in size, with a window and door, the latter being always carefully locked at night. This is done for many different reasons. One, however, being to prevent malicious people from tampering with or poisoning the water, as was once done. The cowardly deed, however, was discovered and the injurious effects averted by shutting off the fluid from the hatchery.

In the vicinity of the spring house, there are several "draws" or openings in the hills from which other rivers gush. One of these supplies pond No. 1, and when I visited it, there were 20,000 young brook trout. The water in this was seemingly dark green, caused doubtless by the reflection of the surrounding hills and above, and closely resembling the celebrated Green Lake in Colorado.

At the southern extremity of this pond, is a stone dam thirty-five feet high, three feet thick and two feet wide, which with a gate and screen, through a lattice of which the water flows and then falls into pond No. 2, with a grateful sound. In this pond are 7,000 mountain trout, a fine variety of brook trout, and also Colorado and Utah trout more or less after their return from their journeying. Another dam and cascade mark the boundary of this pond, when the third pond is reached.

This contains mountain trout two years old, many of them being about eight inches long. As we journeyed by the ponds Mr. O'Brien, who is in charge, carried a large pan full of pulverized beef liver, and, when he cast it into the water, in a second every fish in the ponds rose to the surface and the next darted away with the fragments of it in his imagination. Finally, however, the water was so turbid that this breakfast was seized with most noticeable with the mountain trout last mentioned, some of them jumping out of and lashing the water into foam. In the fourth pond were two-year-old trout. Each of these ponds is framed with water cross, which in some places is very beautiful indeed, contrasting in its light green with the more sombre hue of the surface of the pond.

THE HATCHERY is reached at this point. It is a two-story frame structure, painted in dark brown. The second story is used for storing fish casks while the first is used for hatching. The water, as before stated, is received from the main spring at the head of the glen. It forces its way through an upright pipe, and falls in sparkling purity, into a long wooden trough extending across the building. From this trough run twenty-five faucets, beneath each of which, in another trough, is a tin nail of peculiar construction. The bottom is perforated and a slight distance above the lower rim of the nail. Near the upper rim is a circular opening of about one inch in diameter. A tin pipe perforated is fixed to this and may be removed at leisure. When the water is suffered to run through the faucets mentioned, it flows into the next trough and thence, through the perforated bottom, rises gradually in the pails. When it reaches the perforated tin pipe near the upper rim, it flows out and drops into another trough which leads it to a narrow wooden box called a nursery.

The rise of the water in the pails is most gradual, scarcely perceptible, just such as is necessary to gently agitate the ova which are there deposited.

After the ova are placed there, the mit is deposited in the same place, and with almost immediate effect upon the ova, which are seen to largely increase in size. These ova are procured from the females when in a state of fecundity, after which she is at liberty to again be set free in the waters. The mit is procured in the same manner, without injury to the male. The ova remain in the cans until the fry is hatched, the moderate rise of the water keeping them in motion akin to that of the stream. When the fry is hatched, however, the perforated tin pipe which guards the outlet is removed, and the fry float to the nursery.

Besides these cans there is a series of wooden troughs, about ten feet long, two feet wide and six inches deep. These troughs are placed below the trough from which the main supply of water is received, and from this by means of faucets and hose, they are supplied. Small supports run along on each side of these troughs, upon which rest square frames with wire gauze containing openings about one-eighth of an inch in width and three-fourths of an inch in length. Upon these trays or sieves trout eggs are placed, the water is allowed to rise up to and flow over them, and then pass away. The capacity of these trays is about 200,000 brook, mountain or lake trout, which require about ten weeks to hatch. When hatched, they swim through the sieve, sport for a time in the waters, and are then sent to the pond. In the cans mentioned, 25,000,000 eggs can be accommodated at one time, and require about six weeks in which to hatch.

The fish raised at the hatchery are those mentioned, namely brook trout, California or mountain trout, eight weeks; lake or salmon trout ten weeks; walleyed pike, ten days; black bass, fifteen days; German carp, six to ten days. The eggs of the pike are imported from St. Clair river and East Saginaw bay, in flannel bottom trays, covered with moist moss, and packed in boxes with fine ice. They are then hatched at the hatchery.

In this same room is a small but interesting collection of alcoholic specimens which have already done duty at the state fair. There are also fine aquaria with beautiful specimens of the several kinds of fish raised, among them being the quill-back sucker, the mirror carp, partially covered with scales; young German carp, covered with scales; a pair of turtles, one a venerable old snapper, with a moss-bark, which it comports with the vicious visage which he turns up toward the surface. In the nursery are a cat fish and a hideous bullhead fish with white lips and dark sides. He sulks in the shadows and seems annoyed over our inquisitiveness.

South of the hatchery is a series of other ponds, larger and more beautiful than those described. The first of these is almost an oval, with solid banks and a terraced island with flowers in the center. This is a large pond, about 200 feet long, six wide and fourteen high. A fall of water drops into a basin and is thence conducted by a pipe under the roadway, to several other ponds beyond. One of these is the carp breeding pond, 200 feet square. The water had been drawn out of this pond and the fish removed to the small pond preparatory to shipping. The bottom showed a number of cedar logs, which the carp eat, and which are another pond 150x200 feet contains 25,000 walleyed pike, while a smaller enclosure shelters about 7,000 black bass. Two other ponds complete the collection and in these little adult carp disport themselves. Mr. O'Brien with an assistant seined one of these ponds and brought up some beautiful specimens, each of which seemed to be in the possession of the greatest vitality.

The carp are fed on squash, but Mr. May's story that they make nightly peregrinations to the neighboring fields for their vegetables may be received with doubt. The trout luxuriate on liver while the bass and pike are fed with smaller fry.

The hatchery was commenced on a small scale about four years ago, when it was authorized by an act of the legislature, the commission then consisting of Dr. Livingston of Plattsmouth W. L. May of Fremont and H. S. Kaley of Red Cloud, hiring a man to breed some California salmon. It soon got into the hands of the present management, by whom everything outlined above has been done in a few months. The hatchery now has eleven ponds, and the fishery property comprises fifty-two acres. The superintendent has two assistants in summer and one in winter. The last appropriation was \$8,000 for two years, when salaries and other incidentals are deducted leaves but about \$1,700 for improvements. In view of this fact, the amount of work done, the transformation of the place from a place of no account to the fishery, and the number of streams and private ponds stocked throughout the state, the success of the undertaking must be considered remarkable.

The commission is at all times ready to supply people, in season, with fish for streams or ponds, and during this month, October and November, with fish for applicants with carp without other expense than that of express charges. It is probable that a larger appropriation will be requested next year to successfully carry out the plan now matured.

The superintendent is one of the most painstaking of our state officials, and is ably assisted by the commission, especially Mr. May, whose interest in the undertaking is hearty and warm.

E. A. O'BRIEN.

THE YOUNG GLEEMAN'S FIRST FEELING. Chicago Inter-Ocean. It was their first wedding. The groom was "new," so was the bride, and the congregational gleeman had committed matrimony only in his imagination. "Really how- ever," he said, "it is all over, the wine and flesh, and the little wife is weeping in the arms of the mother. The groom slipped up to the nervous minister, and as the man was about to pass out into the night, pressed a coin into his hand.

"A \$20 gold piece," thought the young preacher. His heart beat faster now than when he was officiating at the wedding. He needed the money so much. Indeed, he often wished his meagre salary was only half its size, he had such difficulty in collecting it. And now he received \$20 all at once!

Then it occurred to him that it was customary for the minister to make the bride a present of his first marriage fee. The good man sighed as he removed the coin from his pocket and returned to the room where the guests were offering their congratulations to the newly wedded couple.

"I have something," said he, as he approached the bride. "This is the first marriage fee I have ever received. It is yours. It should be kept as a reminder of this occasion."

The bride stretched out her hand and the coin rang as it touched her marriage ring. The guests looked up; the unconscious wife did not close her eyes, and all saw it. The minister was glad it was his first marriage. The guests tried to appear as if they did not see the half dollar, and the reporter quietly mailed and thought perhaps the young husband was saving up to buy the divorce.

A California youth sneezed his girl so tight that he broke two of her ribs, but was comforted when she said: "Go on, Hank and bust the other twenty-two."

WOMEN AND THEIR WAWS.

The Great Lack of Proper Education of Girls in the Affairs of Every-Day Life.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE SEX.

The Charming Girl and the Tom-Boy at Womanhood—Scandal, Marriages, Deaths and Etiquette.—A Love-Laden Ditty.

All for My Love. Temple Bar. Lanch me a golden argosy, Hoist me the silver sails, Let me the wayward dancing sea, Wait me, ye favoring gales, Go tell the night by stars to light, The moon to stoop and shine, Because my love hath sent for me, Because my love is mine!

Go bid the nightingale to sing, The pearly fountains play, A melody of joy to night, A dream of night by day, Tell ye the world it draw not near, Tell ye the hills and sea, The glory of my love to me, My love hath come to me!

A New Idea. Health and Honor. One of the great curses of this intellectual age is the great lack of proper education of our girls in the practical affairs of every-day life. They all want to be "school marm's," governesses or the wives of rich men. Housework which should be the basis of their economic life, is stigmatized by them as something degrading. A young woman will stand behind a dry-goods counter fourteen hours a day for a miserable wage, and then, when her health becomes anemic and unfitted for the performance of her natural duties, rather than accept a position as a domestic where she would have a comfortable home, go to a sewing society, properly fitted for the duties of a wife and mother. The ranks of the unfortunate are filled with slank-girls who, having no place to spend their evenings, seek the man and woman who are young men, as it were, lie in wait for them as their natural prey. How many young women can trace their downfall to this misplacement of their talents? Good domestics, and wives who are good, are so rare that when one is found she is worth her weight in gold.

We have schools in which our girls are taught cooking, embroidery, music, painting, school teaching, the languages, but positively not one in which is taught the art of housekeeping. Why? Simply because of the prejudice against it. Yet all girls desire to be married, which is very easy to do, but it is very, very difficult to live happily in marriage; and where the wife has no knowledge of the art of housekeeping, domestic economy, or is a poor cook, her husband, as such as Croesus, her lot will be miserable. Such a woman is totally incompetent to be a wife; her proper place is in some garret "singing the song of the shirt."

While a man admires a woman who is yet in married life he admires much more a good square meal, cooked by the hands of his wife or under her immediate direction. What we mean by a good square meal is not simply roast beef and potatoes, with a piece of indigestible pie and a cup of ordinary coffee, but a table covered with snow-white linen, the china and glassware shining like so many mirrors, with bouquets of fresh blooming flowers in season, and napkins soft and fresh from the laundry, not stiff as pasteboard, so that they will slide from your knee. The table is set with a trifle and are the invariable precursor of a good appetite. No dish should be served unadorned; the fish or meat should be surrounded with small pieces of either parsley or lettuce, or tiny knick-knack devices, not so much for eating as for ornamentation, and also as an appetizer. For puddings, custards, etc., pulverized sugar should always be used, and for iced tea a slice or two of lemon with granulated sugar. These, and a thousand and one other little things we could mention concerning the art of housekeeping, are not more than the slovenly-served appetite-destroying-foods of the present time. Cleanliness of the table should be coimpartant with cleanliness of the body. Such a table would be a great boon to the home abiding place of true love and solid comfort.

But as we have no schools for teaching the above art, what are we to do? Why not establish one, which would be in every city and in every village. Have it a school for practical housekeeping. Instruct the pupils in every department, from the scrubbing of the front door steps to the mysteries of the kitchen. Issue diplomas of graduation to your servant-pupils after a two, three, or even four years course, and let them begin by learning the most menial labor, by degrees advance her until she is thoroughly qualified in every department of the scullery, chamber, laundry, and kitchen. Have her do the housework, not work in theory. Take in boarders, charge good prices, give first-class service, and, as Colonel Sellers would say, "there's millions in it." Will any of our readers object to the use of a common work, not institution would insure marriage, and what is still better, happiness in marriage.

What Catches the Feminine Eye in the Newspapers. Brooklyn Eagle: A man who has started a number of papers and who is keen on the subject, has been asked to give an account of what he had at last hit upon a highly valuable scheme.

"I have ascertained through a careful series of observations," he said, "that the most interesting news items are those which are reported in four subjects—scandals, marriages, deaths and etiquette. Take any woman in town and toss a paper in her lap, and she is looking on 'splashing' and 'spilling' her tea. The Little Maids, or is engaged in some equally absorbing work, and what does she do? First she glances along the headlines and comes to the 'splashing' or 'spilling' episode. She at once drops her work, taps her teeth meditatively with her thumb and wades through every word of the report. The moral she draws from the article is that she does not see why so much fuss is made about that Morosini creature, whom she saw one night on the stage of the Casino and found to be as awkward as a cow. Then she reads the account of the woman who died in a green house, and often they meet the turbanic near the cross-roads from where she spent the summer in Connecticut four years ago. After arguing this over for some time and settling it positively one way or the other, she goes to the next item. If she discovers the death of a child she dives at once that it was scarlet fever, and decides to have the doctor look her up, and if Lucy's neck the comes to the 'splashing' episode, then she comes to the marriage column. Did you ever see anything more amusing than the absorption of the woman over the fact that the bridegroom is a widower? She invests every couple with the romance of her own courtship, and goes off into speculations on the groom's prospects and the style of the bride's wedding outfit. The sturgeon column, that always makes her chatter. 'Here,' she says, 'is the most absurd young woman, who writes to the editor to know whether she ought to go to the dealer with her young man, without a chaparran. I remember the first time dear Henry took me to the theater,' and so on. After she has waded through this great mass of news, she goes to the 'splashing' episode, and that night when her husband comes home she tells him how much she is interested in the newspaper. 'Yes,' he says,

with a terrible sneezing. Starting with an inherited feeble constitution, even this is deteriorated by a life of indoor inactivity in the best hours of the day and late hours at night. Through the complex mental and physical organization requires the most careful treatment, they do not even try to recuperate after a severe strain. There is thus given an aptitude to morbid degeneracy, with no reserve force to fall back upon. Fleeting pains, which in a more active life would pass unnoticed, are treated as cause for alarm. Druggists and doctors are commenced; the high-keyed nature, which has a sensitiveness of the violin, broods over them until a morbid pitch is reached; from agitated apprehension they sink into a state of morbid gloom, and become burdens to themselves and friends. Who cannot turn the gamut of the disease of the valetudinarian Malartic illness, the morbid, nervous, and morose, what changes have been rung upon them? What fugues written? Malaria (bad air) might not be heard of if constant and sufficient exercise were taken; biliousness and dyspepsia, names which women to any manifestations of stomach trouble, would frequently vanish were proper attention paid to dietary rules; neuralgia, and other pains, in many a case, often the effect of indigestion, taxed nerves, weakened vitality or exposure to cold. Of course, these things may be, and sometimes are, serious matches, but the morbid, nervous, and morose names given to passing disturbances and slight derangements of function, which would pass quickly away if left to themselves.

The Charming Girl. "It is a little difficult to describe the 'charming girl.' She has not as yet perceived the remote money places, except in the faint reflections to be found in the columns of the illustrated story-papers, says the Boston Record. She has succeeded the 'type' girl, however, in the current of nature, a somewhat better order, and is a decided relief from the over-ingenious, too-quickly loving, extra-spontaneous maiden who preceded her. The charming girl usually knows a good deal more than she is talking to her that she has ideas, that she is quite out of the transitional stage between an affectionate creature of impulses and a rational human being. She is a companionable girl, which is an impressive name given to passing disturbances and slight derangements of function, which would pass quickly away if left to themselves.

As Mrs. Howe says, girls don't fall in love any more. It would be impossible for the truly charming girl to fall in love in the old-fashioned way, the way which led the amiable predecessor of the Angelina type to set her affections on a villain or idiot and cling to him through thick and thin with a fidelity and an earnestness which looks very silly to the charming girl. She knows herself better than to ever give a girl herself before. She is taught wisely and well by her careful mother, and no man can surprise her heart and surrender unless he has at least a few of the elements of genuine manliness and nobility, attractions of mind and spirit as well as of face and manner.

By and by, when the ideal girl comes to bless the world, there will without doubt be a sweet and pretty sham of her kind, and she will be a very good girl, and on his old-fashioned way, the way which led the amiable predecessor of the Angelina type to set her affections on a villain or idiot and cling to him through thick and thin with a fidelity and an earnestness which looks very silly to the charming girl. She knows herself better than to ever give a girl herself before. She is taught wisely and well by her careful mother, and no man can surprise her heart and surrender unless he has at least a few of the elements of genuine manliness and nobility, attractions of mind and spirit as well as of face and manner.

The Tom-Boy at Womanhood. The girl romp, otherwise known as the Tom-boy, is an eager, earnest, impulsive, glad-hearted, kind-souled specimen of our race. If her laugh is not too frequent, and her tone a trifle too emphatic, we are willing to overlook these for the sake of the true life and exulting vitality to which they are the exulting valves, and which she shows through, to imitate the ways of the girl who is genuinely charming, and she gets up a very clever and interesting counterfeit oftentimes, and on which she is extremely good to look at on a pleasant summer's day.

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Not Many Women Are Good Listeners. San Francisco Report: Good listeners among women are scarcer than fresh eggs at a corner grocery. Women, as a rule, but they cannot listen. And yet listening attentively is the first rule of agreeable conversation. If women could only realize this, talks between them would not be the tiresome, trivial efforts they always are. Personal subjects, their standard stock in hand of interest to the one, bore the other, and she, not being trained in the second rule of conversation, answering exactly, let us what she pleases to call her mind run riot. In consequence, the listening air is pierced by jagged ends of "You don't tell me," "I am surprised," and "Just what we might have expected," until the exclamation and interrogation fiend himself, on whom they have drawn so freely, sinks from exhaustion.

Thunder Storms. Scientific American: From certain meteorological statistics published in Germany we learn that thunder storms in that country have, during the last thirty years, been steadily increasing both in frequency and severity. The number of deaths per annum from lightning has increased in a far greater ratio than that of the increase of population. In the present state of our knowledge of the whole subject of atmospheric electricity, the cause of the phenomena of thunder storms is confessedly obscure. It is, however, very possible that some light could be thrown on the question by a comparative study of the frequency and severity of storms during a lengthened period and over a wide geographical area. The German wants incline to the opinion that the increase is to be attributed to the enormously increased production of smoke and steam which has taken place during the last three decades. But although we may admit this to be to some extent a probable vera causa, yet when we consider the very local character of thunder storms we should naturally expect to find that it would follow that the neighborhoods of large cities, and especially of manufacturing districts, would suffer the most severely. But the statistics referred to show distinctly that the very reverse is the case. The number of storms attended by fatal results from lightning is far larger in the agricultural districts than in the towns. Upon the other hand, we ought to take into consideration the protective action of lightning conductors, with which the prominent buildings in the towns of Germany are well provided.

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JOHN LINDERHOLM.

'the papers are mighty readable now. That was an awful catastrophe in Charleston, was it?' The wife looked up at him and says: 'What was that, dear?' 'Why, the earthquake.' 'Was there one?' 'Well, there, that stupid old paper didn't have a word about it. The husband goes and gets the paper and shows her a six column article on the first page. She had not seen it, of course.' Now, that's a pointer for any man with brains," continued the projector of newspapers somewhat out of breath, but very much in earnest, "and I'm going to work it out. Every woman in America will buy a paper that puts forth intelligence on scandal, marriage, death and etiquette in the most alluring style of art."

SOME OLD PERSONS.

Robert Cratty, of Prospect, Ohio, was 112 on August 24. Brunoff, the historian, is eighty-six years old. John O'Mally, of Dallas county, Ia., is 112 years old, has chewed tobacco and smoked since he was a boy, takes a nip of old Kentucky when he feels like it, and says that he never recited more than three verses at a time in Sunday school, and did not go to sea as a cabin boy.

The first anti-slavery man sent to the United States senate on that issue is still living. Joseph C. H. is the man, and he remains on his old family homestead at Nottingham, N. H. He is ninety-six years old. Colonel George L. Perkins, of Norwich, Conn., who began his ninety-ninth year in August, is the active financial head of the Norwich & Worcester railroad, and works as regularly now as he did twenty-five years ago.

Abraham Emerson, of Canada, recently celebrated his eighty-third birthday by digging forty bushels of potatoes in seven hours. Joseph Rosenberg, 102 years old, died in New Orleans a few days ago. He was one of Napoleon's soldiers, and participated in the memorable retreat which followed the burning of Moscow.

Andrew Lucas, who claims to have been a body servant of Andrew Jackson, died the other day in Brantford, Ont., at the alleged age of 135 years. Next. William Kendall, aged ninety years, died recently at Beloit, Wis. The oldest inhabitant of Cape Cod is Mrs. Donisila Laba, who is familiarly known as "Aunt Laba." She recently passed her ninety-ninth birthday.

Mary Ennis, who died in Philadelphia on Wednesday, was 101 years old, and until just before her death maintained her mental faculties remarkably. The census shows that M. Chevreul is not the only centenarian in France, there being 126 others who can show that they have lived a hundred years.

Thomas Smith, of Ipswich, Mass., died a few days ago, aged ninety-four years. He was a veteran of the war of 1812 and voted for eighteen presidential candidates. Francis Margaret Walpole died in London September 30, aged ninety-eight. She was, on the maternal side, the granddaughter of the great Lord Clive, and paternal grandmother of the Duke of Wellington. She died a spinster, though a belle in her youth.

John Hayes, of Williston, Chester county, Pa., died on Sunday, October 3, in his ninety-second year of his age. The deceased was born at Skebema, County Tipperary, Ireland. He came to this country in 1854, and settling in Delaware county, engaged in farming. He retained his faculties unimpaired up to the time of his death. Of his six children one son and three daughters are now living in Chester county; also seventeen grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Mrs. Grace Rodgers died at Minersville, Cambria county, Pa., a few days ago. She was probably the oldest person in the state, having lived one hundred and four years. She was vigorous to the

last and six hours before she died arranged her hair unaided. She was the mother of eleven children, several of whom live in Johnston.

Captain James Luskman, one of the oldest residents of Malden, Mass., celebrated his 90th birthday October 3, in an appropriate manner.

The Rev. John Rodney, rector emeritus of St. Luke's Church, Germantown, Pa., died at home in that city September 28, at the age of 90 years.

The body of Benjamin Skinner, colored, familiarly known as "Uncle Ben," who had lived here for about twenty years, was buried in Upper Alton yesterday. He was aged, upon the best attainable authority, 115 years. The emmigrant for this district for the census of 1850 wrote to his old Virginia home for information as to his age, and the figures given are based upon records received by him. Skinner has been married three times. His third wife died a few months ago. He leaves a large family of children, several of whom reside in this vicinity.

Hon. John H. Ewing, of Washington, Pa., on October 5, celebrated his 90th birthday. During the entire day hosts of the venerable old gentleman's friends were paying their congratulations.

Novaya, Conn. (Age 3)—A significant event recurring for many years in the quiet village of Wilton has been the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Clarissa Davenport Raymond, who is the oldest lady with documentary evidence to prove it, in Connecticut. Entering upon her one-hundred and fifth year, Mrs. Raymond began to show signs of falling health, and gradually she grew weaker till few weeks ago, when her legs refused to sustain her trembling form and she was obliged to take to her couch. Her mental condition has also been somewhat impaired, and at times her mind wanders.

Galveston News: Mrs. Marie Farreau one of the early settlers of Galveston, who arrived in this city in September, 1837, died September 22, in the 96th year of her age, and was buried yesterday afternoon from the residence of Mrs. A. O. Grand, corner of Twenty-sixth and Winnie, with whom she has been living for the past twenty years. She was born in France (France to this country, and her husband died here in the early days of Galveston, her son, now also dead, having served as vice president of the city soon after its incorporation. She leaves no relatives, and has been cared for during the last days of her life by Mrs. Girard.

Pursue the Same Course. "If a lady is beautiful, my son," said a latter-day Lord Chesterfield, "never fail to refer to her beauty." "What am I to do when the lady is plain?" "Just the same, stick to the beauty!" Piling It On. Dunley—Robinson, I want you to advise. Brown, I hear, has offered to me as an inspired idiot. What had I better do? Robinson (thoughtfully)—Well, Dunley, I think you ought to make him take back that word "inspired."