FIERCE BATTLE OF INSECTS.

A School of Red Ants Attacked by an Army of Black Ants.

THEY DEPLOY SCOUTS AND SKIRMISHERS

The Wonderful and Interesting Manoeuvres and Stratagems Displayed by These Little Insect Warriors.

On Saturday afternoon in August as I was walking across a pasture field near a town on Long Island, I noticed in the grass before me, two ants fighting; one, a slim, black fellow nearly an inch long, the other a small, thick set, red one, somewhat resembling a beetle. They were having a lively tussel, and I stopped to watch them to see which would be the victor, says a writer in Christian at Work.

The red ant seemed to have the advantage; one after another he bit off the black ants legs from one side. When the last of the three was removed he withdrew from the contest, and, saving a few scratches on his back, seemed not much the worse for the fight. Retiring to the top of a small lump of earth he cleaned himself and dressed his wounds much as a fly washes itself. While engaged in this work, which occupied him for some time, a black ant, smaller than the vanquished one, jet black, glossy and plump—a handsome fellow and evidently a young one—came out from the grass a few feet away, went up to the ant lying helpless on his side, went all about him, troubling him with his antennæ, and returned the way he came. A minute or two later several other black ants came up to the cripple, went about him in the same manner as the first had done, and returned the way they came. The red ant had now left his lump of earth, and started toward the west at right angles to the direction the black ants had taken.

I stuck up a bit of St. Johnswort to mark the position of the vanquished ant, and followed the red ant to see where he was going. He led me about six rods westward to the base of an old white stump. Between two widespreading roots of the stump, on the south side of it, where the ground was sloping, were a number of openings as large as a man's finger. Down one of these the red ant disappeared.

A few minutes afterward red ants came swarming out like bees from under the stump, tumbling over each other in their haste to get out. They ran about the stump, and over and around it in great numbers, and finally settled down in solid mass in a belt as broad as a man's hand, that extended from the ground over the southern face of the stump nearly to the top, forming a circle about the entrance to their home, and every ant with his head pointing to the perimeter of the belt.

This proceeding aroused my curiosity intensely, and it was further increased by a low, not unmusical hissing noise they seemed to make as they were forming the belt. I went close to them and stooped down to make sure the noise came from them. Having satisfied myself that it did, I started back to the scene of the combat.

When within two rods of the place, I met a line of black ants approaching. Two or three of them were some feet in advance of the others, and were running back and forth rapidly. They were moving on the line the red ant had taken, and appeared to act as scouts for the army that followed. They ran about a yard ahead at each advance, and on each return touched the foremost of the line with their antennæ, as if imparting information. The column of ants advancing grew more and more dense and widened to a breadth of not less than two feet; at the sign of the St. Johnswort the ground was literally black with the moving mass. The place where the red ant had stood on the bit of earth seemed to be of special interest to each ant, who ran around and over it, and then made off through the grass on the line the red ant had taken.

When the column of ants had arrived to within twenty feet of the stump I returned to it, eager to see the outcome of such extensive preparations. I found the ants arranged over the face of the stump and on the ground about the openings to their nest in a ring nearly six inches wide and as red as the reddest. On the ground, stationed two inches from the outside of the belt, a few larger and apparently older ants were continually running out a short ways and back again, but always keeping on their return about the same distance from the belt. There were others running over the stump on the outside of the circle, and on the they faced the direction from which the black ants were coming.

The black ants continued to move forward till they reached the stump, where they formed a mass from two to three feet wide in a curving line on the east and south of it. Many began running over the stump on the outside of the belt of red ants, apparently looking for some place to enter the stump from the rear of the line. On the near approach of a black ant, a struggle was immediately begun with one of the red ants that stood guard on the outside of the belt. In an instant the two became a fighting mass as big as a butternut by contestants added from both sides. In the thickest of the battle there were six or more of these bunches engaged at once, in which at times the red ants seemed to predominate, and at times the black. The main bodies of ants, both black and red, took no part in the fight, remaining quiet throughout. The red ants were still in order on the stump when the sun sinking warned me that it was time to leave.

The black ants were, however, now quietly dissolving their numbers, returning by the way they came, leaving their dead on the field. On examination, these all appeared to have lost their legs on one side only, such disabling of his antagonist being apparently the red ant's method of fighting. The bodies were mere empty shells, and with innumerable legs strewed the ground. The bodies of the few red ants killed were also empty shells. There appeared to be little reason for the retreat of the black ants, which were individually much larger than the red, and outnumbered them four to one. I watched the organization and warring of these ants all the afternoon, full five hours, that seemed less than half that time, so fascinating had been the occupation.

Being a country youth, working from sun to sun, I had no opportunity to revisit the field until the following Sunday. Then I hastened to the nest of the black ants. I found it all torn up, rooted out and trampled down. But it plainly had been an oval hillock, about a foot high and about two by four feet in diameter. It had been built in a sandy spot on the southern slope of the field, with the entrances to the south. Before the entrances, for a space of eight or ten inches out, the ground was entirely clear of any growth, and was as clean and flat as a flagstone.

I picked up pieces of the roofing that were nearly two inches thick. It was composed of short bits of grass and dirt, the top overlaid with short pieces of grass with the blades all pointing to top of the roof. The under side of the roof was glossed over with a hard, gum-like substance. The entrances were about an inch and a quarter in diameter, and smooth with the same substance. A few ants were trying to rebuild the nest, and had already repaired the mound to a considerable extent.

A neighbor, noting my curiosity, told me that a bull put into the pasture had torn the nest to pieces with his horns and pawed the pieces about; that the ants in return had led him a dance over the field. The pawings and bellowings and mad antics that followed showed that the black ant knew how to fight his larger foe, though no match for the little red one. I went over to the stump, some twelve or fifteen rods away. The red ants were gone. The roughest treatment failed to call one forth from the stump. Not a trace of them was on the ground about.

Whether they had emigrated to a more peaceful section, or had attacked the blacks and been destroyed; whether the organized warfare I had witnessed was simply to avenge the wrongs of one of their number, or the fight that first attracted my attention was but the skirmish of scouting parties and it had been the intention of the black ants to steal the larvæ of the red ants, as I had known the honey bee to steal the larvæ of their enemies—all remained a mystery.

You cannot be too particular about the medicine you use. When you need a blood purifier be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and no other. It will mingle with, purify, and vitalize every drop of blood in your body. It makes the weak strong.

The New Metal and Its Possibilities.

Aluminum, aside from its lightness and strength, is malleable, ductile, does not rust, is as beautiful as silver, and is much more abundant in its native state than any metal in use, says Harper's Weekly. Cryolite, or Iceland-spar, is the mineral from which it has been mostly obtained, but it is a constituent of clay and of other earths and prevails almost everywhere. The statement has been made that it composes more than a twentieth part of the crust of the globe. The difficulty is to secure it in a pure state at a moderate cost. Much has yet to be learned also as to the methods of using it, and there remains some doubt as to its adaptation to certain important uses. But within the last half-century its cost has been reduced from over $30 a pound to less than $3, and it is now being put to practical use as an alloy. Recently a series of tests to determine the virtues of aluminum bronze was made by government naval officers at the Watertown (Mass.) arsenal. A tensile strength of 90,000 pounds to the square inch was shown, which is largely in excess of anything before developed. The tranverse strength of the composite metal was found to be 6,600 pounds to the square inch—a result which has been only equalled by the finest quality of crucible steel.

There are busy brains and hands constantly at work to reduce the expense of manufacturing the pure metal; and as the incentive to success is very powerful, their labors are not likely to be discontinued. Its capabilities, sooner or later, are very sure to be exhaustively tested. If they prove as satisfactory as there is reason to hope they will, and the laboratory processes give way to mill production at low cost, a wonderful revolution in works of construction will have been entered upon. How far in the future the desired end will be there is no telling.

Remove two-thirds of its own weight, without diminution of strength, from the vast structure that connects New York and Brooklyn, and its effectiveness for service, provided room were supplied, would be correspondingly increased. Bridges of aluminum—supposing always its qualities are truly represented—could be thrown across streams and ravines to span which is now impossible. The capacity of steamships would be similarly enlarged. Not only would cargoes take the place of the lessened weight of the body of the vessels, but also of that of their machinery. Enough coal could be stored to indefinitely lengthen voyages without fresh supplies. The cost of transportion would be lowered in many ways, foreseen and unforeseen, and speed and safety increased as well. The calculations of a competent engineer as to the advantages to be gained would produce a showing difficult of belief rt first. The Eiffel tower as a constructive feat would sink into insignificance. The field for architectural advance would be all but unlimited. Air navigation would leap forward with a bound—if feasible at all—when its great desideratum, a material combining strength and lightness in a degree never before known, or even approximated, had been secured. Street cars, wagons, carriages, etc., would be improved, and save immensely in draught power and wear and tear. Machines and instruments would partake in the benefits of the change, and new ones invented that are now unthought of. These are but suggestions which experts in each particular branch of mechanics can seize the meaning of and amplify. Should the reasonable hopes of the aluminum workers be realized, mankind would seem to have been emancipated from a burden of heavy material which it had been wrestling with for ages, and posterity would talk of the unspeakable waste of human energy that had been involved in the use of iron.

The new offices of the great Rock Island route, 1602, Sixteenth and Farnam streets, Omaha, are the finest in the city. Call and see them. Tickets to all points east at lowest rates.

Pretty Husky Specimens.

A North Dakota dispatch in the morning papers made it out that the Indians on the reservations up there were swiftly going the way of all flesh and would soon be all good Indians, which is the same as dead Indians, and that once flourishing tribes were already but a pitiful remnant, owing to the prevalence of consumption, the influence of firewater and the other ills that Lo is peculiarly heir to, says the St. Paul Pioneer-Press. If the writer of the above could drop down into the government building these days and size up the numerous specimens of the North Dakota red man who lie about the corridors awaiting their turn to appear before the grand jury, he would feel like eating every last word that he has said. For if ever there was a plumper, healthier, more robustious-looking lot of people than the bucks, squaws and papooses representing this contingent, they existed back in periods unbeknown to modern men. If they represent their tribe fairly, it is in no danger of perishing from the earth for some centuries to come.

Tickets at lowest rates and superior accommodations via the great Rock Island route. Ticket office, 1602—Sixteenth and Farnam streets, Omaha.

How They Make Wooden Shoes.

One of the most interesting places in a Holland village is the "klompen' maker's shop, where klompen, or wooden shoes, are made, says Anna Page Scott in the September St. Nicholas.

Not far from Rotterdam, surrounded by high dikes, lies the little village of Rijsoord; in that village, beside the Skalkydijk river, is a shop in which an old man and his son work early and late, supplying the peasants (who never go barefoot) with shoes. There are at first roughly shaped from blocks of willow wood, as a statue at first rudely outlined by chipping the marble block, and afterward the shoes are finished smoothly with sand paper and pumice stone.

The willow trees are grown for this purpose and when they attain the required size they are cut down, the branches are trimmed off and only the trunk is used, being divided into blocks, each one of which is the length of the longest shoe.

The work goes on without interruption through the morning, unless some friendly neighbor looks in over the half-open Dutch door; and this is the occasion seized upon by the two men for refilling and lighting their pipes, and drawing a few long whiffs, while they listen to a little village gossip.

At eleven o'clock the good "vrouw" appears at the door with "koffij, jongens," (coffee, boys), and they follow her into the adjoining room. It has a low, thatched roof of deep-yellow reeds, and contains the great fire-place, where in damp weather the newly made shoes are placed before the fire to dry.

All their food is cooked in the same fire-place, excepting the bread, which in every peasant's home is supplied by the baker.

The shoes are piled round the smoldering embers, often with the tea-kettle simmering among them; and while the sap dries out, they give little groans, and sighs, as if they knew the hard fate awaiting them when the time shall come for them to cover the feet of some sturdy Dutch peasant or workman, and to clatter over the pavements of the town.

After this morning's refreshment, which all of the peasants enjoy, they return to work.

PURSUED BY SHARKS.

Thrilling Experience of Fishermen in a Yacht off Jersey Coast.

Townsend's inlet runs down to Hereford inlet. Stone harbor is midway between the two inlets, and is a famous place for shark fishing, says the Philadelphia Times. There occurred at Stone harbor the rarest and raciest adventure of this summer season. J. B. Ratcliffe, the comic actor, made up his mind to take a day off with Richard Stevenson, a gentleman farmer from west New Jersey. Sherman Todd's cat-rigged yacht, the William Boothby was engaged. What surprised the party most was that after an hour's hard fishing neither fisherman could corral ontoa single bite, not even a tiny blackfish. This was soon explained. Stone harbor was full of big sharks devouring the mossbunkers, chased in from the deep sea by the all-devouring mackerel.

Ratcliffe, who is an all-around sportsman, always travels with a parrot and a monkey, both given him by some of his admirers in Brazil. He brought the parrot and money with him to see the sport. Ratcliffe also brought on board with him that latest and most effective agent of civilization, a repeating rifle. When the shark came too near the boat the actor fired his repeater into them, and the inlet soon ran red at ebb tide with blood of the hungry man-eaters. This raised, as he expressed it, "a bloody great commotion among the sharks," who began forthwith to fight each other.

There must have been fifty of them. Two of the most conspicuous gave battle in a sea war to the death. The man-eater was fifteen feet long and the other at least ten feet. Stevenson dropped his bluefish line, and, against Sherman Todd's earnest remonstrance, picked up a fish harpoon and let fly at the biggest shark and struck him square on the spinal column. The shark dashed off toward Avalon, pulling up the killick, lashing the water into a white foam as he ran away with the boat as if it had been a shell propelled by crack oarsmen of the Schuylkill navy.

There was commotion on that boat. The monkey flew to the rigging. Stevenson went below. The parrot, who had sat serenely aloft in his cage up to this moment, began to scream. "Jim Ratcliffe, give the shark h—l." Ratcliffe stood, rifle in hand, bold as the boy who stood on the burning deck. Sherman Todd was cool enough to keep the yacht in the channel and turn her toward the drawbridge. All the sharks pursued the captive.

Nearing the drawbridge the harpoon pulled out, and the boat giving a sudden lurch over went Stevenson in thirty feet of water, yelling lustily. He is a capital swimmer, but he was in imminent danger of being devoured alive by the fifteen-foot shark, whose anger was kindled as he made vicious lunges at the boat and with dull thuds struck her bottom with resounding blows. Ratcliffe refilled his rifle's magazine after throwing a life line to Stevenson, who struggled, a spent swimmer, to regain the yacht. Ratcliffe's good aim at the school of sharks surrounding us clearly saved Stevenson's life. He was soon pulled aboard—wet, but happy as "a Laverock in a lilt."

All the sharks within a mile gathered around the boat. The fight was renewed between the big and little shark, the fifteen-footer and his gamy and determined adversary. They tried to sail away, but the big wounded shark came up near the boat, took a flying leap, and fell plump into the bottom of the yacht. Jocko, chattering, flew to the top of the mainmast, and the parrot screamed with rage: "Kill the d—d shark and be done with it."

There lay the monster thrashing the bottom of the boat. Stevenson disappeared in the cabin, but Ratcliffe stood his ground, safe behind the big mast, with only two cartridges in his rifle. He fired at the big shark, but in his nervous haste, killed the little one. Stevenson came up from below with new-born courage, seized the small axe and aimed a deadly blow at the vicious enemy, flappling the deck as with a trip-hammer. The axe struck the shark on the tail, and up went his flukes with a tremendous whisk, sending the axe spinning into the thoroughfare twenty feet away and knocking Stevenson senseless near the rudder post.

Just as Ratcliffe was aiming his last round at the shark's heart Jocko came down from the rigging, seized a belaying pin which nobody else had seen, and gave the big shark a resounding blow on the back of the head, which made the monster quiver like an aspen as the monkey flew back again up the rigging like a streak of greased lightning.

Ratcliffe was equal to the emergency and delivered his last shot, ten feet away, into the shark's brain. One convulsive throb and all was over. Jocko came down from his perch up aloft and seemed as happy as a clam at high tide. The parrott preened his feathers and in shrill falsetto voice, cried out:

"We've won the bloody day!"

A bucket of salt water thrown over the prostrate Stevenson brought him back to this mundane sphere, a place, he says, "I am loth to quit by reason of a blow from a shark's tail!" The two sharks were weighed at Angleesea and together turned the scales at 1,467 pounds. Ratcliffe and the monkey were the real heroes of the hour.

Van Houton's Cocoa—Largest sale in the world.

A DESERTER'S ADVENTURE.

Trying Moments in the Life of a United States Soldier.

PRIVATE BROWN AND THE SIOUX INDIANS

Fighting the Redskins Under Manifold Disadvantages—How it Fared with Three Men Intent on Exploring the Black Hills Country.

About twelve years ago a private soldier—Private Brown I'll call him—was stationed at one of the United States frontier posts. His military service had not been of so long duration as to entitle him to the appellation of "veteran," as his date of enlistment was a little less than a year preceding the tragedy here related, says a writer in the Toledo Blade. The regular routine of military service had become exceedingly irksome to Private Brown. He grew tired of his post, of his duties, of his surroundings, of everything pertaining to martial life, and pined to throw off the "blue" and once more don the familiar habiliments of a citizen. While in this frame of mind the tempter came to Private Brown, and the bold soldier yielded, unfortunately for himself, as the sequel will show, and still more unfortunate in their subsequent adventures were his companions.

At that time the Sioux war was raging. Sitting Bull's warriors were committing depredations all over that section, and it was unsafe for persons, unless well armed and in considerable numbers to leave the post. Notwithstanding this state of affairs every now and then small parties of adventurers, sometimes only two or three in number, would come into the fort, stop a day, and proceed on, generally to the Black Hills, then the great objective point of all western-bound wanderers.

One day two men came into the fort and, tarrying awhile, made the acquaintance of Brown. Being mutually agreeable they proposed to the soldier that he accompany them to the Black Hills. The proposition suiting Private Brown he assented thereto, and the next evening they set out on their journey, the soldier deserting his command and taking his rifle with him. They traveled all that night, the deserter being anxious to place as long an interval as possible between himself and the military authorities.

They continued their journey more leisurely the next day, taking a long halt for breakfast, and resting two or three hours for dinner.

Toward the close of the afternoon they saw at a distance what they took to be a herd of elk, which shortly disappeared, but in less than an hour again became visible on a distant hill. From this time the objects drew gradually nearer, and about sundown it was discovered that the supposed band of elk was a small party of Sioux warriors, who seemed to have detected the adventurers early in the afternoon, and had leisurely followed them, purposely keeping at a distance until the time for action had arrived. Upon discovering who their pursuers were, the white men immediately sought shelter. Any they could find was inadequate, but in that country, as is common in the plains, frequent depressions are found in the ground, of slight depth, in which, if a man lie prostrate, he is partially screened from any missile that may be directed at him. The three fugitives speedily found and ensconced themselves in separate rifle-pits as provided by nature, and awaited the onset. The savages, however, did not charge upon them, nor did they for some time commence any offensive movements. After the manner of the Indians, they waited until it became so dark that objects became indistinct, when they began to circle around the besieged, riding faster and faster, and occasionally discharging their rifles, all the time yelling like demons. Every instant the unfortunate white men expected the entire band to ride over them. During all this time they did not fire a shot, partly because their supply of ammunition was very limited, but principally because in the obscurity a shot fired at the swiftly circling savages would almost certainly be thrown away.

After amusing themselves in this manner for an hour or more, the Indians ceased their operations and apparently withdrew from the field. During the remainder of the night until daybreak all was quiet. Not a sign of an Indian was visible. The three adventurers, however, fearing a ruse, remained in their holes, keeping vigilant watch all night. Their suspicions were well founded. Just as day was breaking, with a fierce yell the Indians burst suddenly upon them. This time they came in deadly earnest. Round and round they rode, circling nearer and nearer their victims, the bullets falling about them like hail.

The as sailed endeavored toreturn the fire, but with no effect, the savages rode so fast, leaning on the farther side of their ponies as they rode. The light was indistinct, and most unfortunate of all, none of the whites were accustomed to scenes like this, nor even to the ordinary use of firearms.

One of Brown's companions, an elderly man, was struck by a bullet. He could barely gasp, "I am shot," and died. The three lay so near each other that conversation in an ordinary tone could easily be carried on. The surviving companion, shortly after his comrade's death, proposed to Brown to "rise" and "run for it." As he was speaking, he unconsciously half arose. Hardly had he uttered the words when a bullet pierced his head, and without a groan or a struggle he fell back dead.

Brown truly felt that his situation was a desperate one. He was constitutionally timid, but it has been said that a coward when cornered is the most formidable of antagonists. Brown proved no exception to the rule. He was most emphatically cornered; to run was impossible, and to raise himself to an erect position was almost certain death. There was no alternative but to fight or die, with the chances strongly in favor of death. He was more favorably situated than either of his companions had been. In the hurry with which they had scrambled for the holes he had chanced upon the deepest one, and, besides, was much better armed than they, having the United States regulation rifle, with a belt nearly filled with cartridges. After the death of the last of his companions he began to fire rapidly, taking as careful aim as he could. He shortly succeeded in shooting one of the ponies, after which the Indians became more wary. They continued, however, a brisk fusillade until day fully broke, when the entire band suddenly disappeared. All day long Brown laid upon the plains, not daring to arise from the depression which sheltered him for fear that he would become the target for some unseen marksman. After the withdrawal of his foes his natural timidity reasserted itself, and his imagination pictured an Indian behind every hillock. Tales he had heard of Indian cunning and perseverance in laying in wait, rushed upon his mind, and the real terror of his situation was magnified by his imaginary horrors conjured up by his fertile imaginations. All day long in the hot sun he lay, not daring to move, and expecting surely by nightfall that his lurking enemies would again assail him. But night came and no Indians. Complete darkness enveloped the plain, but no attack was made during the night. Brown had such snatches of feverish sleep as thirst hunger and fear would allow; but still he remained in his place. He still feared an attack at daylight, but when, after daybreak, no Indians appeared, exhausted nature could endure no longer. He fearfully crept from his hole, and first of all, examined the canteen of his nearest dead comrade. To his joy, it was half full of water. Draining the contents at a draught, he next examined their haversacks for something to eat. All he found was some raw bacon and beans. He greedily ate the bacon and munched the beans, and without any hesitation set his face toward the post, and began to retrace his steps which had led to the scene of the tradegy. Obtaining all the refreshments practicable from the bacon and beans, filling his pockets with the one, and with his hands full of the other, he trudged alone eating as he went, intent on leaving behind him, as speedily as possible, this scene of horrors. On reaching the post, which he did early the next morning, Private Brown promptly reported to the sergeant of the guard, and was with equal promptitude placed under arrest for desertion, for which he was subsequently tried, and on his own confession convicted. The stony-hearted authorities, although sympathizing with his misfortunes, did not allow their sympathy to influence their verdict, and Private Brown was sentenced to the usual term of two years confinement in the military prison for the crime of desertion.

Economy: "100 doses for one dollar."
Merit: "Peculiar to itself."
Purity: Hood's Sarsaparilla.

RIPE FOR REVOLUTION.

Exiled General Maceo on the State of Things in Cuba.

General Antonio Maceo, who was one of the leaders in the last Cuban insurrection recently, arrived with his family by the steamer Cienfuegos in New York says the Times. He has been exiled by the new governor general of Cuba, General Palaviaja, who assumed the government of the island on August 25.

General Maceo was at Santiago de Cuba at the time. A few days ago the mayor of that city handed him a letter that he had just received from the governor general. In it the mayor was instructed to inform General Maceo that it would be best for him to leave Cuba for some foreign country, and that he should sail by the first American steamer that would leave Santiago. The mayor was directed to pay the passage and other expenses of General Maceo and his family. Should General Maceo insist on calling on the governor general, the mayor of Santiago was to inform him that the governor general could not receive him. So General Maceo and his family were sent on board the Cienfuegos and came to New York.

General Maceo said that no reasons whatever were given him, and he could not tell why he had been thus treated except it was that the authorities of the island were jealous of his popularity among all classes of the population. The condition of affairs all over the island, General Maceo said, was very bad, in commerce, politics and social life. The administration, to begin with, was very defective. The government employes were badly paid, and their situations were not permanent, for with every change of the ministry in Madrid the governor general of Cuba was also changed, and so were all or nearly all of his subordinates. Therefore everybody did his best to make as much money as he possibly could while he remained in office. The result was corruption and extortion everywhere. The head of a department generally did the robbing and then divided the proceeds with his subordinates and supporters.

All this produced its natural effects upon the commerce of the country. There was a want of confidence among merchants arising from a feeling of uncertainty as to what the future might bring forth. There was a lack of credit and business was to a great extent paralyzed. In the country districts matters were no better. Banditti abounded and extorted blackmail from the planters. The civil guards were greater ruffians and thieves than the banditti. The latter had a sense of honor, and after getting their blackmail they kept their promise not to molest the planters until the next season. On the other hand, the civil guards had no sense of honor.

General Chinchilla, the predecessor in office of General Palaviaja, General Maceo said, was a sincere and wise man. He did all that he could to ameliorate the condition of the Cubans, but his hands were tied by the corrupt ring by which he was surrounded. His removal was caused by the fall of the liberal ministry. General Palaviaja was the appointee of the conservative ministry.

General Maceo did not think that Cuban affairs would be improved under Palaviaja's administration. The new governor general had been a brigadier in the Spanish army during the last Cuban insurrection, and was without any experience whatever in civil affairs. What Cuba at present needed most was a man who had a thorough knowledge of men and of civil affairs. Taxes had been steadily growing heavier; and dissatisfaction was found everywhere. Many prominent Cuban families who did not sympathize with the last revolution were now thoroughly disgusted with the administration. General Maceo thought that most of the Cubans would be glad to overthrow the Spanish yoke. The country seemed ripe for another revolution, and was only waiting the proper man to start it.

The only railroad train out of Omaha run expressly for the accommodation of Omaha, Council Bluffs, Des Moines and Chicago business is the Rock Island vestibuled limited, leaving Omaha at 4:15 p. m. daily. Ticket office 1602, Sixteenth and Farnam sts. Omaha.

CURIOUS DEFINITIONS.

What May Be Found in the English Dictionary of 1626.

New York Star: Many of the definitions in the English dictionary of 1626 are amusing and some of them are ludicrously absurd. The "pole" is described as "the end of the axle-tree whereon the heavens do move," a very primitive explanation. The "Hebridean wave" seems rather a poetical substitute for the Irish sea, and a "badger" is a still more extraordinary equivalent for a corn merchant—"one that buys corn or other victual in one place to sell it in another." Still dennier are some of the natural history definitions. A "baboon" is said to be "a last like an ape, but farre bigger;" a "lynx" is "a spotted beast—it hath a most perfect sight, insomuch as it is said that it can see thorow a wall." The account of the "salamander" reads like an elaborate joke—"a small, venomous beast with foure feet and a short taile; it lives in the fire and at length, by his extreme cold, puts out the fire."

Turning to more general topics, we have the "alphabet" defined as "the cross rowe of letters," and "abederian" is "one who teaches the cross rowe." According to Cockeram "an idiote" is "an unlearned asse;" a "labourer" is a "swinker;" and "a heretick" is sketched more roundaboutly, but with a clear assertion of the right of private opinion, as "he which maketh a choice of himselfe what poynts of religion he will believe and what he will not." Then from classic times the "Olympic games" are "solemn games of activity," and "Amphitrite" is not as usual, the goddess of the sea, but the "sea" itself. "Mathematicks" and "mathematicians" are hardly dealt with.

The latter means a "soothsayer," and the science, as defined, includes nearly all knowledge—"the arts of arithmetic, musick, geographie, geometrie, astronomy, astrology, cosmography," reminding one of the triumvim and quadrumvium of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages. "Actresse" has a very literal and interesting signification—"a woman doer," but at this decade of the seventeenth century there were no actresses in the modern sense of the term, the female parts being then taken by boys and young men. Women actors first appeared in 1660.

Bad drainage causes much sickness, and bad blood and improper action of the liver and kidneys is bad drainage to the human system, which Burdock Blood Bitters remedy.

HE PAID FOR HIS FRESHNESS.

How the Captain of a Pacific Steamer Protected a Lady.

On a through eastern train of the Pennsylvania road, one day last week all the seats in the car were taken except two, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. A lady sat in one and a man from the west with a big sombrero occupied the other. He was a fine looking, manly fellow, and was taken by those around him for a lawyer. At the next station an attractive drummer got on the car. He sized up the situation at a glance. The lady was pretty and that settled it. Without even asking her he sat down by her and at once commenced to make himself agreeable. She tried to avoid him and looked out of the window, but the fellow's gall was immaculate, and he maintained the one-sided talk. The western man was calmly watching the proceeding and stood it as long as he could. Going up to the lady he said: "Madam, I see you are annoyed. Wouldn't you prefer to have my seat?" "O, thank you," she replied, "certainly," and the big man helped her to transfer her valise, while the other passengers tittered at the drummer's discomfiture.

The latter was boiling over, but kept his wrath until he got to Altoona, and then he demanded satisfaction for the insult. The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the western man banged him on the jaw, and then with his foot kicked him around as a football. "Stand back!" yelled some of the tickled passengers. "Kick him harder!" they shouted together, and that drummer finally crawled under a car to escape further punishment, a wiser and sadder man. Everybody wanted to know who the western man was. He turned out to be the captain of a Pacific mail steamer out on a vacation.

Change of life, backache, monthly irregularities, hot flashes are cured by Dr. Miles' Nervine. Free samples at Kuhn & Co., 15th and Douglas.

The Only Survivor.

Fort Riley is now the headquarters of the Seventh cavalry, made famous by General Custer in his Indian campaigns, says the Kansas City Star. The only surviver of that part of the command led by General Custer at the battle of the Little Big Horn is Comanche, the dun colored horse ridden by Colonel Keogh who was slain early in the battle. At midnight after the battle Comanche was found on the field of carnage with scarcely a spot on his body that was free from wounds inflicted by Indian bullets and arrows. Another horse was found alive, but a leg was broken and it had to be killed. When Comanche was raised to his feet his wounds bled so freely that the soldiers tore up the clothes of some of their brave comrades who had fallen a few hours before and staunched the flow of blood, thus enabling them to get the suffering beast a few miles away to a steamboat where its wounds were carefully dressed, after which he was taken down the river. Comanche is the hero of the regiment, and has never been ridden since his master fell. There is a standing order that anyone who elevates himself to Comanche's back shall at once be court-martialed and summarily dealt with. The horse is twenty-seven years old and his dun-colored coat is rapidly turning gray.

Mrs. Winslow's soothing Syrup is an unexcelled medicine for children while teething. 25 cents a bottle.

Conversation in Maine.

A stock broker who was recently in Maine was impressed very greatly with the extreme cleanliness of the hotel at which he was a guest during a brief stay in the town of Kittery, says the New York Sun. It was kept by two old maiden ladies. One morning the broker heard a conversation between them.

"Jane," called out one of the old maids, who was at the head of the stairs, "O Jane."

"Well?" answered Jane.

"Get some hot water from the kettle and fetch it up here. I want to scrub the floor."

"They ain't no hot water in the kettle."

"What! no hot water in the kettle?"—surprisedly.

"No. No hot water in the kettle"—sadly.

"What! No hot water in the kettle?"—sharply.

"No. No hot water in the kettle!"—very sadly.

"Well, I be durned!"

M. L. Blair, alderman, 5th ward, Scranton, Pa., stated Nov. 9, '88. He had used Dr. Thomas' Electric oil for sprains, burns, cuts, bruises and rheumatism. Cured every time.

New Books.

McPHERSON'S HANDBOOK OF POLITICS FOR 1890. Published by J. J. Chapman, Washington, D. C.

Hon. Edward McPherson has issued another volume of his handbook of politics, covering the period from August, 1888, to July, 1890. It is replete with valuable statistics upon important matters of public concern and furnishes the texts of the principle enactments of national and state legislative bodies during the period covered. It is quite up to the standard of previous volumes of the series and also contains several new features. An interesting chapter traces the history of the coinage act os 1873 showing the numerous and gradual steps by which the act demonetizing silver became a law. A misunderstanding of the history of this law has been the cause of a great deal of controversy during the recent discussion of the silver question.

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Surplus, - - - 44,000
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