

Special Correspondence.

[WILLIAM REED DUNROY.]

LA MOILLE, Ill., May 23, '98.

Mercy on me! I wouldn't live in a town of this size for all the gold in the Klondike. Why everybody knows everybody else too well! When people congregate they talk of their neighbors, and alas! everybody has some besetting sin that needs roasting, and when the people get together the roasting is done to a turn. No sir, I do not want a little town in mine! I much fear me that I, with my many frailties, would be the subject of too many a back door conference among the natives. As it is, I have already brought down the wrath of several old gossips because I inadvertently got into a religious discussion with a woman who was trying to scare a couple of invalids into the kingdom of heaven. Ugh! the lugubrious face the woman did bring into the room when the two people were! It was enough to frighten a well person. And she began to talk about death and repentance and other spiritual subjects. I felt like choking her, but got along by talking quite impudently to her.

"What are 'queer sprigs of gentility' here as elsewhere. Perhaps queerer than elsewhere. In one of the finest homes in town lives a woman who has some talent as a sculptor. In the winter time she moulds the snow into very graceful statues, and the gleaming figures under the tall pine trees are a pretty sight. The people of the village liked the snow figures, but when the embryo artist began to mould the butter she sold at the store into Apollon and Venuses, they began to kick. How ever much pleasure the lady might take in the making of the figures, it was disconcerting to say the least for the less aesthetic butter buyers to have the head of an Apollo adorning the butter dish.

On the inside of a cellar door in one of the old, old houses in the village is the print of a girl's hand. It was made years and years ago in the fresh paint. The girl was beautiful and a favorite, and the print of her hand was always left on there. The woman now is old and worn. Her eyes are faded and her hair streaked with gray. The vicissitudes of life have changed her, but the print of her girlish hand yet remains on the old cellar door.

There is a mighty hunter in the village. He is tall and strong, a sturdy man who loves to tramp through the woods with a gun over his shoulders. When the red squirrels run in the woods he goes out with his gun and home he comes at night with game bag filled with the pretty game. In the summer days he goes with rod and worms, and a string of the sweetest fish that ever epicure ate is the prize he brings home at night. He loves to wander alone in the woods, and he knows where the squirrels live, where the best fishing places are, and also where the walnuts and butternuts grow. Altogether he is a man of the woods, and one that it is well for a person to know.

Once more the time for decorating the soldiers' graves draws near. In the edges of this little town lies the village of the dead. And 'tis a populous village for it is an old place of burial. It is like a garden in its neatness and on nearly every grassy bed there lies a tribute of flowers. In one corner where sleep the old soldiers a mighty cannon points from a little knoll to the eastward. About the grim old iron tube the tender vines twine and the birds make it their home. The old monster now is as silent as the men who lie around it in their endless sleep. Meanwhile the flowers are bursting into bloom on every lawn. The great shaggy peonies are unfolding, the syringas, bridal wreaths and pure white snowballs adorn the velvety green-

sward. The hedges are green and the roads are fringed with all manner of wild flowers.

After a week of rain the sun shines out again this morning with a glory almost too brilliant to be borne. A few fleecy clouds float in the azure, and a great and beautiful silence broods over everything. There is no harsh sound to mar the stillness, only the twitter of the wrens and the call of the robin is heard. The streets of the village are deserted. It is Monday morning and the house wives are busy washing, and the loafers have not yet come down town.

THE THEATRE

The citizens of Lincoln have an opportunity of viewing the startling animated war scenes reproduced by Edison's latest marvel, The Wargraph, which touches gently the souls of the boys in blue and brings them up and on to victory.

This is not a craze for dress or novelty or recreation, but a craze to enthuse by viewing magnificent battle ships in actual motion. The cruiser Nashville credited with capturing the first Spanish prize. Cruisers Castine, Cincinnati, Detroit and Baltimore. The speedy monitor Terror. Dewey's flagship Olympia and the flying dispatch boat Hugh McCulloch that brought the first message from Admiral Dewey after his glorious victory. Admiral Sampson's Oh-for-one-chance gallant fleet, showing battleships New York, Indiana and Iowa, the pride of the navy. The once majestic battleship Maine, wreck of the Maine and the funeral of its victims. Hearing the log on the Raleigh in a storm at sea. You would deem it a rare treat were the opportunity presented to view this collection of Uncle Sam's navy and even in time of peace to locate them and visit each would require travel of thousands of miles and hundreds of dollars expense. By Edison's latest process you view them in actual motion just as plainly as were you in Brooklyn navy yard watching them. Moving in splendor as gracefully as swans. See United States and Cuban flags in bright colors moving defiantly. Its an educational series of vivid moving scenes, an intellectual treat every business man owes to himself and family to view them.

The craze is justly prevalent and prices are such that every man, woman and child may see. At the Funke this afternoon and night.

The Coconut Crab.

The coconut crab is one of the oddest specimens of the whole crab family. He lives in the South Islands, and makes a diet of coconuts. This species has a pair of front legs terminated with a strong pair of pinchers, and it is with these that he husks the nuts and breaks through the weakest portion of the shell. The crab begins by tearing the husk, fiber by fiber, and always at the end where the eyeholes of the nut are situated, that being the weakest place in the shell. When the husk has been removed the crab commences hammering the shell with his heavy claws, and soon makes an opening, through which he extracts the meat of the nut. Mr. Darwin, writing of this crab, says: "I think this is as curious a case of instinct as I ever heard of, especially in structures so remote from each other in the scheme of nature as a coconut and a crab."

A Squirrel's Capacious Mouth.

A Dummerston (Vt.) man wished to ascertain how many kernels of corn a chipmunk could carry in its mouth. Thirty kernels were placed on a board. A squirrel carried them all away at one time. Forty-five kernels were then placed in position, and chippy got away with all of them at that trial. Seventy kernels were put on the board for a third trial. The little striped animal was beaten this time, but succeeded in carrying fifty-eight of the kernels in his mouth.—Boston Herald.

A Bargain In Summer Corsets.

Today

We will offer 300 Ladies' Summer Corsets of as good value as any we have ever sold. They are well shaped, made of good quality net, neatly finished, are well boned and satiny striped, have wide side and two wide steels on each side. To meet with we have a complete assortment of sizes. Price until all are sold

43c.

43c.

MILLER & PAINE

FUNKE OPERA HOUSE

F. C. ZEHRUNG, Mgr. Corner O and Twelfth streets

TODAY!

MATINEE AND NIGHT

FIRST TIME IN LINCOLN OF

Vivid Moving Scenes

BY EDISON'S WARGRAPH.

Many United States Battleships, Cruisers, Gunboats, Monitor Terror, Dispatch Boat McCullough, wreck of the Maine and the funeral of its victims, a storm at sea. Old Glory and Cuban flags in colors moving.

Prices 10 and 25 Cents.

TALENT NOT APPRECIATED.

Men of Distinction Frequently Laughed at by Their Contemporaries.

In the recent memoirs of Dean Buckland an amusing picture is given of the antipathy felt fifty years ago by the old classical scholars at Oxford to the new scientific learning. They described it as "mischievous and absurd." When Buckland once went to Rome for a long vacation one of the elder dons is said to have exclaimed: "Well, Buckland has gone to Italy. Thank heaven, we shall hear no more of his silly geology."

Learned men do not always appreciate the achievements of their fellows. It is said that a friend brought Milton's "Paradise Lost" to a great Scotch mathematician, who remarked when he had finished it:

"It's verra pretty, but, mon, what does it prove?"

An American, who stated recently in a London club that he was going to Enfield in search of the grave of Charles Lamb was astonished to hear him contemptuously described by an English statesman as "a flighty writer of silly papers, in which there was no mention of political questions of his day."

Paganini, while in England, was mentioned by a great jurist in a letter as "poor fiddler who had driven the town mad with his squeaks and scrapes," and he, no doubt, would have described his critic as soulless and deaf to the highest expression of emotion.

An anecdote is told of Henry Clay in the zenith of his popularity and fame. Meeting an old schoolmate at a reception, he expressed regret that another friend, a mutual acquaintance, whose career promised to be brilliant, had given up his life to the raising of pigs and making a fortune. The friend

presently met the gentleman referred to, who exclaimed, with a shake of the head:

"Poor Henry Clay! He might have made a good stock grower and be a comfortable planter now if he had not wasted his time in politics."

Try It.

A curious and slightly known fact is that it is impossible to move the eye while looking at its reflection in a mirror. The eye is the most movable part of the face, yet if you try to look at it and move it a thousandth part of an inch you will be balked in your purpose. The moment you endeavor to perceive the motion of the eye it becomes fixed. That is why a person's expression as he sees himself in the glass is entirely different from the one by which his friends recognize him.

Living French Town.

The record for quickly increasing population, as shown by the recent census, says a Paris correspondent, certainly belongs to Roubaix. In 1800 the population of this town was 2,200; at the taking of the last census it was 114,917, of which 53,075 were Belgians. Of this increase 61,000 were immigrants, while the remaining 53,075 were due to the excess of births over deaths. There is certainly no other town in France where the population has increased so rapidly. The rate of increase is ten times that of the rest of France and three times that of Paris.

Youngest School Teacher.

The youngest school teacher in the United States is 11 years old. At the examination he secured a first-grade certificate and finished his papers before many of the older teachers. His name is Marion Glasgow, and of course he lives in Ohio.