

THREE HEROIC GIRLS.

The bravest of the three Nebraska school teachers, Miss Freeman, Miss Royce and Miss Shattuck, in the terrible blizzard that passed through Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa and Nebraska in January, has been the subject of much newspaper writing, but a complete and correct recital of their self-sacrificing heroism has not yet been told.

Miss Lois M. Royce was teaching a school near Plainfield, Neb., on the day of the great storm. At noon six of the children went home and the blizzard coming up, they did not return. Miss Royce and the three remaining pupils stayed at the school house until 3 o'clock, and the fuel giving out the young lady determined to take her little ones to her boarding house, situated only fifteen rods from the school house. They started out, but in the fury of the storm wandered out of their way and became lost. The storm increased, and after hours of endeavor the brave teacher sank down in the snow and gathered her little brood about her. Darkness came on. Weary and frightened, the little ones began to cry. Sinking to the snow covered ground, they sobbed themselves into a restless sleep. The brave young girl realized that this exposure would result in death to her little flock, and stretching herself at full length upon the snow, and to the north, she huddled the three little ones to her breast, covering them with her own cloak, and thus shielding them from the wind with her own form. In the night one of the little boys sank into a silence which the teacher knew was death. The feelings of the young guardian, herself suffering with the awful cold, cannot be described nor imagined. At midnight the other boy died without a word of warning, and with an effort the brave woman gathered little Hattie Rosburg, aged 7, in her arms. The child became delirious, and between her sobs came the piteous appeal: "Oh, I'm so cold, mamma; please cover me up; an appeal which rent the heart of the faithful teacher. At daylight the little girl died. At 6 o'clock in the morning Miss Royce reached shelter, both feet and her left arm and hand being frozen. Both of her feet have since been amputated at the ankles. It is believed her arm will be saved. Though unsuccessful in her efforts to save the lives of her little charges, Lois Royce did the best she could, and the angels could do no more.

Another heroine is Miss Minnie Freeman, who was teaching a school in the M'ra Valley district, near Ord, Neb. The pupils were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement by the fury of the storm. In the midst of the teacher's assurance that all would be well, a terrible gust of wind struck the building, the windows rattled, the house shook and the door of the structure was torn from its hinges. It was then the young teacher realized the necessity of preparing for emergencies. With an exhibition of rare judgment she gathered her little brood together, and securing a coil of strong, heavy twine, began with the largest ones and tied the children together by the arms and bodies, three abreast. This completed, she huddled her charges around the stove. This was scarcely accomplished when the blizzard struck the building and carried away in the twinkling of an eye the entire roof of the structure, leaving the frightened little ones exposed to the elements. The time for prompt action had now arrived but the plucky teacher was equal to the emergency. Taking the youngest and frailest of her charges in her arms, she tied the remaining end of the twine around her own body, and with all the words of encouragement she could muster, the courageous young woman started with the frightened little ones out into the fury of the storm. After a wearisome journey of about three quarters of a mile, the little band reached a farm house and warmth and shelter.

On the same night Miss Etta Shattuck, who was a teacher near Emmet, Holt county, Neb., took refuge in a hay stack, and was exposed to the elements for a period of seventy-eight hours. From Thursday night to the following Sunday evening she was without food or drink. Unlike the Misses Royce and Freeman, she was not burdened with the care of little ones, all of her pupils had been sent to their homes in time to avoid the effects of the storm. To the

every obligation. After each had been sent home she started out herself. She wandered around the prairie until she stumbled against a hay stack, and, feeling it was her only chance of safety, she dug a hole in the stack, crawled in and passed some of the hay into the mouth of the hole over her feet. Then she sat down and over the place, and protected her from the cold. She sang hymns until she felt warm and comfortable, and finally went to sleep. She awoke after a time, out was lulled to sleep by the howling of the storm. When she awoke again the snow had drifted and packed over the hay with such a weight, that although she tried with all her strength she could scarcely move. So she lay there helpless and hungry Friday, Saturday and Sunday. The mice nibbled her hands. She was faint and weary. She lost all account of time, but prayed for delivery from the prison. Her friends searched for her, but they finally gave up. On Sunday a farmer drove to the hay stack to get some hay. He noticed the hay had been disturbed, and reaching into the hole, caught hold of the lady's overshoe. He quickly liberated her from her living grave. It was found that both of her lower limbs were frozen and both feet had to be amputated. It was at first thought that she would survive, but death relieved her sufferings early in the present month, and the girl's remains were laid at rest at Seward, Neb.

The heroism and the sufferings of these brave and noble girls have called out the deepest sympathy and warmest recognition from the good people of Nebraska. The Omaha Daily Bee, on learning of the devotion of these teachers to their pupils, immediately started a testimonial fund. When the amputation of Miss Shattuck's feet became necessary, and it was found she would have no way in which to earn a livelihood, the Heroine fund rapidly increased, and at the date of the noble girl's death \$3,752.01 had been paid for her benefit. Miss Shattuck's father is a veteran of the late war, and by reason of wounds received in the service he is incapacitated for labor. The family was dependent upon the earnings of their brave daughter, and the above named amount, together with about \$1,000 more from The Bee's special fund, is to be paid to the parents of the unfortunate girl. A prominent jeweler of San Francisco sent a handsome gold watch to Miss Freeman. The chain is wrought in semblance of a rope, as a reminder of the means by which she led precious lives from peril to safety. Already the fund for Miss Royce has reached \$2,000, and it is hoped the amount may be increased to such a figure that the interest will provide for her during the rest of her life.

PRECIOUS STONES.

With the artistic advance which this country has made during the past ten years, and with the wider distribution of wealth men and women have become more critical and exacting in their tastes, and a much higher art standard now prevails. In nothing is this more noticeable than in the matter of personal adornment, in which precious stones play so prominent a part. Sharp contrasts in the arrangement of colors are seldom seen, and instead of incongruous and lavish decoration there are shown a love of harmony and an art in arrangement which satisfy the eye and are in keeping with the principals of beauty.

In the list of precious stones, the diamond, the ruby, the emerald, and the sapphires may be said to hold an equal place in public estimation. The American people are not only the most critical judges of fine gems, but are also the largest purchasers. So far as diamonds are concerned, they buy more perfect stones than do the people of any country in Europe. European purchasers are more inclined to be satisfied with the good general effect of a precious stone, not demanding that perfection required here by the same class of buyers. Twenty years ago \$25,000 would have been considered a large sum for any family in this country to have invested in diamonds, while to-day more than one family holds gems valued at \$500,000. In 1867 the value of diamonds and other stones imported into the United States was \$1,818,617 in 1875 it rose to \$3,478,757, in 1884 it was \$9,139,460, and in 1886 it reached \$8,259,747. From 1867 to 1886 inclusive, the total value of imported diamonds and other stones can be set down in rough numbers at \$85,000,000. That fine diamonds hold their value well has been evidenced by sales of collections of gems which were appraised, for inventory more than a century ago, when stones, bought by dealers to be sold at a profit, brought astonishingly high prices. Regarded simply as a profitable investment, diamonds are a safe pur-

chase. They are not affected by political changes or social disturbance, as many securities are; and, although in times of financial stringency the owners of valuable stones may often have been compelled to dispose of them at a great sacrifice, this has been generally due to special circumstances, rather than to any depreciation in the value of the gems themselves.

In spite of the enormous number of diamonds which have been thrown upon the market by the opening of the South African mines, there never was a time when fine diamonds were rarer or when the price of perfect gems were stiffening more perceptibly; and people who own this class of stones may feel assured that they have made advantageous purchases. To a great extent of course, the laws of supply and demand regulate the price of diamonds, just as they do that of any other commodity. Still, as with all other luxuries the prices are largely a matter of fancy and are not governed by any commercial schedule or known rule. A great deal has been said as to the immense number of diamonds which have been thrown upon the market from the mines of South Africa, and as to the means which have been adopted by the owners of these mines to restrict the output within the bounds of legitimate demand, so that something like a standard value might be established, while, at the same time, measures would be taken to prevent the product of the mines from reaching the illicit channels. It should be remembered, however, that thousands of these stones are of an inferior grade. The output of really fine stones is very limited. The South African mines are the chief source of the world's supply, and a fluctuation in or lowering of values of fine gems need not be feared.

There is nothing the proper purchase of which calls for more judgment than that of diamonds. There must, of necessity, be implicit confidence between the dealer and the buyer, for few people who are not experts can detect all the minute differences which go to make up the flawless or the imperfect diamond. American buyers run great risks by buying stones in Europe, as these, when examined afterwards, are likely to show some defect which had not before been noticed by the purchaser.

New cuttings have lately been introduced, the proportions of each part being based upon scientific principles, and bringing out a brilliancy and beauty of which the same stones would not have been thought capable ten years ago. The final effectiveness of a true gem is a work of art to which expert knowledge and skilled handicraft contribute in no less important degree than the original stone. By the latest improved cutting there is a great gain a diamond being given about one-fifth more brilliancy than by the old methods, due to a more exact compliance with the laws governing reflection and refraction, in proportioning the "spread" of the stone to the depth below the girdle, to the height above it, and to the faceting. Even the polish is a matter of careful scrutiny, unless perfectly done marred to some extent the beauty of the cutting and its resultant brilliancy. Attention of this character is, however, bestowed only upon stones of the highest grade. The business in really fine gems in this country is confined to a few houses, although there are many dealers in inferior stones.

The combinations of diamonds with other gems largely need an eye for effect in arrangement, so as to give the appearance of rounded harmony and completeness. Several American houses that have devoted themselves to work of this character have been able to produce combinations which in harmony and delicacy are equal to any that have come from the famous workshops of Europe. Emeralds are now sought after, as, in fact, are all colored stones—rubies and sapphires especially. Rubies which come from Burmah are scarce, while prices are phenomenal; and a really blue diamond is unusually rare and of great value. What is believed to be the most perfect blue diamond in this country is owned by the large diamond importing house of Bailey, Banks & Biddle, Philadelphia, who have one of the finest collections of precious stones in this country.

In the United States, although government reports place the estimated production of precious stones as follows: 1883, \$74,050; 1884, \$82,975; 1885, \$73,450; yet this is made up of semi-precious gems; or, if any of the real precious stones be included, they are of such poor quality as to be of no practical use for the finer purposes of the jeweller. In Maine and North Carolina systematic mining has been carried on to some extent, but without profitable result. The geological formation of Elliott County, Kentucky, is singularly analogous to that of the South African diamond district; but search there has not proved fruitful. Many semi-precious stones are, however, found in the United States—beryls, aquamarines, and hiddenites

in North Carolina, topazes and agates in Colorado, and in Arizona, Montana and New Mexico the finest garnets in the world.

Yet notwithstanding the encouragement that some writers find in these facts, and in the general mineral wealth of the country, for indulging the patriotic hope that the United States will become an important contributor to the world's supply of precious stones, the few competent American experts generally see no substantial basis at present for such expectations. This view is shared by Mr. Joseph T. Bailey, who is not only one of the best judges of gems, but who has also made himself thoroughly familiar with those sections of the United States that show any signs of being the natural abiding-place of gem stones.

It is sometimes suggested that much might be accomplished were the state and national governments to offer encouragement to systematic prospecting for precious stones in certain promising localities; but the universal experience is that such development is best committed to private enterprise, and unfortunately, there has been little to induce the investment of money or time in it as a business.

JOHN V. HOOD.

DEACON BURDETTE.

HOW TO MAKE KEYS SPELLS.

Mrs. Whitegoods (wearily)—I must see a physician, dear; I have such bad spells every day. Old Whitegoods (impatiently)—Bah, so has the typewriter girl at the office and she's bright as a cricket all the time. Live-lie she is the worse spells she has.

HE LACK INFORMATION.

Are you the cow? asked the boarder from town, pausing before the pump. No, replied the pump, speaking through his nose like a true American, I am the milk made. Haw, haw, haw. And next morning the awe-stricken guest ate his gruel in silence, nor once complained when he found a water spider in his cream.

LOK PLEASEANT YOU VILLAIN.

Some philanthropists always make us think of a story that is told of Frederick of Prussia. The king had a way of going around like a common mortal and holding brief conversations with his subjects which were pretty sure to terminate in some decidedly unpleasant remark by the monarch. One day he paused to speak to a Jew, but the weary Hebrew took to his heels. The king pursued, and after a brisk chase overtook the flying subject. Why did you run away from me,ascal? Because, frankly admitted the Hebrew, I was afraid. Fritz hit him a tremendous whack with his cane; Villain! he roared, I don't want to be feared; I want to be loved.

RIGHT FROM THE VIAL.

A scientific journal has an article headed, "How to taste." We haven't had time to read it, but our own idea is that it depends a great deal on what you are going to taste. If it is quinine or castor oil or anything of that sort it won't require any previous training or a university education to enable you to taste all you want of it in one brief, hasty swallow. The poor immigrant, who is still sitting on a green trunk in Castle Garden and hasn't been in this country long enough even to make the oration at the constitutional centennial or get on the police, can taste it with one hand tied behind him, just as easily as Joe L. Sullivan or President Elliott or any other man of science. But if it is something real good; something that you like better and get less of than any other man in America, you want a neck a yard long, full of all sorts of back stops and dampers all the way down. That is the theory of an unlettered man who tastes by main strength and natural selection, and if fair Science thinks she has a better way we'd like to trot her one heat, anyhow, just for fun.

A COLD DAY IN SEPTEMBER.

Family man, in great haste, rushes into a drug store—big paw'd'—chemist's. Can you put this up for me right away? In an awful hurry. Drug store man reads prescription and turns pale. I'm afraid I can't do it to-day, sir; I—I think we are out of some of the ingredients. Man of family takes back paper and reads: Half a dozen safety pins; Three nutmegs; A pound of West Chester butter; One quart of cider vinegar; Two yards white flannel; A paper of needles; A box of Rough on Rats.

This was the shopping list his wife had given him. Then the prescription for himself that he had got from the doctor must have been the paper he threw out the window. Thus does Jane W. Nemesis, avenger at law, keep her glassy eye nailed upon him who needs the most watch-bug.

A WARNING PLAGUE.

"Abigail!" wants to know what is the best way to rid a room of flies. Go into the next room and try to read Abigail and they'll follow you, every, last buzzing, crawling, tickling, buggar of 'em.

THE ONE YOU SHOULD WRITE FIRST. Let me tell you, said the contributor, about my first poem. I haven't time, said the editor, gently, with a finge of weariness, but I'll sit here all night if you'll tell me about your last one.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A TRUE BEAR STORY.

A special to the New York Sun from Scranton, says that as Harvey Rogers and Charles Houck were driving home through a piece of woods in Lehigh township, their horses pricked up their ears and stopped suddenly at something in the road ahead of them. The dim light of the new moon revealed the outlines of a dark object, but the men could not tell what it was, and so Houck jumped out of the sleigh and ran ahead. As he got in front of the team Houck saw what he took to be a boy standing in the middle of the highway, and he walked slowly toward him and was about to ask him what he was doing there all alone, when a low grunt from the object stopped him. Houck then saw that instead of a boy a large bear, standing upright on its haunches, was what the horses stuck up their ears at.

Thinking that he could easily scare the bear out of the road, Houck pulled the mitten from his big right hand, dashed up to the bear and gave it a smart slap on the side of the head with the flat of his hand. No sooner had he done this, Houck said, than the bear plunged at him and almost downed him before he had a chance to realize that he had aroused the animal's anger. Quickly recovering himself, Houck dealt the bear another stinging blow on the head, and then there was such a roaring and snarling around there that Rogers, who had remained in the sleigh, knew what kind of a creature Houck had run foul of. Again the bear sprang at Houck and knocked him down in the snow, but before the furious beast could trample on him he got on his feet again.

Seeing the bear was a fighter of the first order, Houck flung off his muffler and overcoat and went at him in earnest, giving it three or four lively thumps on the nose. Instead of turning tail at this sort of treatment, the raging animal tackled Houck savagely, striking him in the face with one of his big claws, and making his nose bleed freely. Houck then saw that the bear was too much for him, and so ran toward the sleigh, the bear following close at his heels.

Rogers saw the maddened animal thrashing through the snow, and he rushed in front of it and threw a big horse blanket over its head. That stopped the bear's wild dash for a moment, but it soon shook the blanket off, and then it made for Rogers, gnashing its teeth and bellowing till the woods rang. By the time the bear had pawed and shaken the blanket from its head, Rogers had gone to the sleigh and got the other planket, and the moment the bear lunged toward him again, he threw the blanket over its head, falling on the bear at the instant and seizing it around the neck.

The bear struggled terribly to free itself, but Rogers hung on like a good fellow, at the same time telling Houck to get the other blanket. Before Houck could assist him the murderous beast rose up on its haunches and threw Rogers several feet away. The bear then floundered and pawed and kicked and jumped till it had got its head free again, when it tried to renew the attack, its rage being frightful to witness.

Then they quickly placed the blankets together, making a double thickness of them. Then each grabbed an end of the double blanket, and, when the infuriated bear plunged at them again, they flung it over its head, and falling upon it with all their weight, thus forcing the bear to the ground.

Once or twice the powerful animal lifted both of them off their feet, but they kept the blankets over its head by clinging to its neck with their muscular arms. They soon downed the struggling brute, however, but he didn't stay down long. At this stage of the fight he rose upon his haunches with a spring, lunged forward and struck on his fore feet, and then sprang up again and flung himself to one side.

The men still hung to the bear's neck for dear life, believing that they would be able to smother and choke him to death in the course of a few minutes more. The bear was apparently partially exhausted, for it lay still a short time, and then it reared up and floundered about, but the men soon floored him once more. After another rest of a few seconds the bear made a desperate attempt to get rid of the two strong men, but they had rested, and they locked their fingers together under his throat and kept on

top of him as he struggled and swung this way and that.

When the bear became quiet for an instant the two men got a grip on his gullet with both hands. Then he made another desperate struggle to get loose, but they had him completely in their power, and they soon choked the life out of him. Both Rogers and Houck were pretty well tuckered out when they loosened their holds on the limp and lifeless bear, and they said that if it had not been for the blankets, the bear would in all probability have killed both of them. When they got home that night they found that the carcass of the murderous brute weighed 396 pounds, and before noon of the next day the people of the entire settlement were talking about the terrific fight that the two plucky farmers had had with the meddlesome bear.

PROTECTION FOR FARMERS.

A committee of gentlemen who consented to assume the task of examining several thousand letters addressed to the New York Tribune by citizens and organizations interested in agricultural pursuits, discussing the tariff question, has prepared a long and interesting report.

It gives the conclusions reached as regards the general tendency of sentiment manifested in that mass of correspondence. The outcome is strongly indicative of a belief on the part of a vast majority of the farmers of this country that the protective system, as developed in the imposition of customs duties upon imports, has been of great value in promoting the welfare of agricultural as well as other industries.

And the views thus expressed are verified not only by theory and common observation, but also in the form of official statements. For example, the last census showed that the increase in area of cultivated lands in ten great farming states of the west between 1860 and 1880 was 160 per cent., involving, of course, a corresponding volume of agricultural productions.

This would have created a disastrous glut if no ready means of consumption had appeared. But owing to the encouragement afforded to enterprise in all directions by the protective tariff the hands employed in manufactures increased 251 per cent., the wages paid them 303 per cent., and the material they used 389 per cent.

The wages these manufacturing operatives had to spend averaged \$1.10 for each improved acre of land in 1860 and had advanced to \$1.71 in 1880. The materials purchased for manufacturing uses, many from farms, which averaged only \$4.02 for each improved acre in 1860, had reached an average of \$7.58 in 1880.

But for this augmented consuming power, derived from manufacturing activities, tillers of the soil could have disposed of only a small portion, comparatively of their products and their industry must have suffered ruinous depression. Agriculture as sustained and made fairly remunerative only by the prosperity of manufacturing interests which naturally become tributary to it.

It appears from the tenor of many of the letters that the writers, while appreciating the value of protection to manufacturing industries, are desirous of extending the system in such a way as to cover more completely products of the soil, and hence the committee has included considerable information in its report concerning specific points in respect of which changes may be desirable.

These are enumerated in the subjoined draft of a memorial to congress, which farmers are recommended to forward either through their senators and representatives or through The Tribune office:

PETITION FOR MORE EFFECTUAL PROTECTION OF AGRICULTURE.

To the Speaker of the House of Representatives:

The undersigned respectfully pray that agriculture may be more effectually protected, by preventing fraudulent importations of cattle on pretense that they are for breeding only;

By a duty of 20 cents per bushel on barley, with proportionate increase of duty on malt;

By duties of 25 cents per bushel on potatoes and onions, \$2 per 100 on cabbages, \$3 per ton on hay, 10 cents per pound on hops, 20 per cent. on beans and peas, 5 cents per dozen on eggs, 30 per cent. on fowls and poultry and on vegetables in their natural state or brine, not otherwise provided for, with no removal or reduction of duties on market garden products;

By such increased duties on flax and on linen goods as will effectually encourage the preparations of fiber and manufactured goods;

By abolishing all duties on sugar, with a bounty to home producers;

By preventing imports of leaf tobacco suitable for wrappers at the duty imported on other leaf tobacco, and repealing all internal taxes on tobacco;

By restoring to wool growing the substantial protection enjoyed under the tariff of 1867, so modified as to meet the later forms of foreign competition and of evasion.

The committee which has had this matter in charge consists of gentlemen who are well known throughout the country as friends of agricultural enterprise, and most of them are or have been connected with some branch of it.